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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

A NEW EDITION.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOLUMES SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

LIVES

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BY

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The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened.

BEAUMONT.

VOL. VI.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1850.

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ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace—Chamber of the Virgins—Remark of her mother, queen Anne Boleyn—Christening—Placed first in the succession—Marriage negotiation with France — Execution of her mother — Elizabeth declared illegitimate—Her governess—Want of apparel—Altered fortunes—Appears at her brother's christening — Her early promise — Education — Her first letter—Patronised by Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard—Residence with her sister Mary—Offered in marriage to the heir of Arran—Her letter to queen Katharine Parr — Proficiency in languages — Her early compositions—Her brother's love for her—Shares his studies—Her father's death—Her grief—Wooed by Seymour, the lord admiral—Refuses his hand—Offended at his marriage with the queen dowager—Princess Mary invites her to live with her—She resides with queen Katharine Parr — Her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and Roger Ascham—Freedoms of the admiral—The queen's jealousy—Elizabeth removes to Cheston — Her letters to the queen and admiral — Death and bequest of queen Katharine Parr — The admiral's clandestine courtship of Elizabeth — Injurious reports concerning it — Elizabeth's conferences with Parry—Her governess, Ashley, sent to the Tower—Examination of Elizabeth—Restraint at Hatfield—Defends her governess—Letter to the protector—Her confessions—Her governess superseded by lady Tyrwhit—Disdainful conduct of Elizabeth—She writes again to the protector—Serious scandals on Elizabeth—She intercedes for her governess — Execution of the admiral — Elizabeth's regard for his memory—The ladies of her household.

We now come to the most distinguished name in the annals of female royalty, that of the great Elizabeth, second queen regnant of England. The romantic circumstances of her birth, the vicissitudes of her childhood, and the lofty spirit with which she bore herself, amidst the storms and perils that darkened over her during her sister's reign, invested her with almost poetic interest, as a royal heroine, before her title to the regal succession was ratified by the voice of a generous people, and the brilliant success of her government, during a long reign, surrounded her maiden diadem with a blaze of glory which has rendered her the most popular of our monarchs, and blinded succeeding generations to her faults.

It is not, perhaps, the most gracious office in the world to perform, with strict impartiality, the duty of a faithful biographer to a princess so endeared to national pride as Elizabeth, and to examine, by the cold

calm light of truth, the flaws which mar the bright ideal of Spenser's "Glorianna," and Shakespeare's

"Fair vestal throned by the west."

Like the wise and popular Augustus Caesar, Elizabeth understood the importance of acquiring the good will of that class whose friendship or enmity goes far to decide the fortunes of princes; the might of her throne was supported by the pens of the master spirits of the age. Very different might have been the records of her reign, if the reasoning powers of Bacon, the eloquence of Sidney, the poetic talents of Spenser, the wit of Harrington, and the genius of Shakespeare had been arrayed against her, instead of combining to represent her as the impersonification of all earthly perfection—scarcely, indeed, short of divinity.

It has been truly said, however, that no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and it is impossible to enter into the personal history of England's Elizabeth without showing that she occasionally forgot the dignity of the heroine among her ladies in waiting, and indulged in follies which the youngest of her maids of honour would have blushed to imitate. The web of her life was a glittering tissue, in which good and evil were strangely mingled, and as the evidences of friend and foe are woven together, without reference to the prejudices of either, or any other object than to show her as she was, the lights and shades must sometimes appear in strong and even painful opposition to each other, for such are the inconsistencies of human nature, such the littlenesses of human greatness.

Queen Elizabeth first saw the light at Greenwich palace, the favourite abode of her royal parents, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Her birth is thus quaintly but prettily recorded by the contemporary historian, Hall:—"On the 7th day of September, being Sunday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the queen was delivered of a faire ladye, on which day the duke of Norfolk came home to the christening."

The apartment in which she was born was hung with tapestry representing the history of holy virgins, and was from that circumstance called the Chamber of the Virgins. When the queen, her mother, who had eagerly anticipated a son, was told that she had given birth to a daughter, she endeavoured, with ready tact, to attach adventitious importance to her infant, by saying to the ladies in attendance:—"They may now, with reason, call this room the Chamber of Virgins, for a virgin is now born in it on the vigil of that auspicious day, on which the church commemorates the nativity of the Virgin Mary."[1]

Heywood, though a zealous eulogist of the Protestant principles of Elizabeth, intimates that she was under the especial patronage of the blessed Virgin from the hour of her birth, and for that cause devoted to a maiden life. "The lady Elizabeth," says he, "was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of the Virgin's annunciation. Even that she is now in heaven with all those blessed virgins that had oil in their lamps."

[1] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment felt by king Henry at the sex of the infant, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in honour of her birth, and the preparations for her christening were made with no less magnificence than if his hopes had been gratified by the birth of a male heir to the crown.

The solemnization of that sacred rite was appointed to take place on Wednesday, 10th of September, the fourth day after the birth of the infant princess. On that day the lord mayor, with the aldermen and council of the city of London, dined together at one o'clock, and then, in obedience to their summons, took boat in their chains and robes, and rowed to Greenwich, where many lords, knights, and gentlemen, were assembled to witness the royal ceremonial.

All the walls between Greenwich palace and the convent of the Grey Friars were hung with arras and the way strewn with green rushes. The church was likewise hung with arras. Gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks guarded the font, which stood in the middle of the church, it was of silver and raised to the height of three steps, and over it was a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold—about it, a space railed in, covered with red say. Between the choir and chancel, a closet with a fire had been prepared lest the infant should take cold in being disrobed for the font. When all these things were ready, the child was brought into the hall of the palace, and the procession set out to the neighbouring church of the Grey Friars; of which building no vestige now remains at Greenwich.

The procession began with the lowest rank, the citizens two and two led the way, then gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains, a gradation of precedence, rather decidedly marked, of the three first ranks, whose distinction is by no means definite in the present times; after them the aldermen, and the lord mayor by himself, then the privy council in robes, then the peers and prelates followed by the earl of Essex, who bore the gilt covered basons; then the marquis of Exeter, with the taper of virgin wax; next the marquis of Dorset, bearing the salt, and the lady Mary of Norfolk (the betrothed of the young duke of Richmond) carrying the chrisom, which was very rich with pearls and gems; lastly came the royal infant, in the arms of her great-grandmother, the dowager duchess of Norfolk, under a stately canopy which was supported by the uncle of the babe, George Boleyn lord Rochford, the lords William and Thomas Howard, the maternal kindred of the mother, and lord Hussey, a newly made lord of the Boleyn blood. The babe was wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, with a train of regal length, furred with ermine, which was duly supported by the countess of Kent, assisted by the earl of Wiltshire, the grandfather of the little princess, and the earl of Derby. On the right of the infant marched its great uncle, the duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's staff—on the other, the duke of Suffolk. The bishop of London, who performed the ceremony, received the infant at the church door of the Grey Friars, assisted by a grand company of bishops and mitred abbots; and, with all the rites of the Church of Rome, this future great Protestant queen received the name of her grandmother, Elizabeth of

York. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was her godfather, and the duchess of Norfolk and marchioness of Dorset her godmothers. After Elizabeth had received her name, garter king-at-arms cried aloud:—"God of his infinite goodness, send a prosperous life and long, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!"

Then a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the royal child was borne to the altar, the gospel was read over her, and she was confirmed by Cranmer, who, with the other sponsors, presented the christening gifts. He gave her a standing cup of gold, the duchess of Norfolk a cup of gold fretted with pearls, being completely unconscious of the chemical antipathy between the acidity of wine and the misplaced pearls. The marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover; and the marchioness of Exeter three standing bowls, graven and gilt, with covers. Then were brought in wafers, comfits, and hypocras, in such abundance that the company had as much as could be desired.

The homeward procession was lighted on its way to the palace with five hundred staff torches, which were carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, but the infant herself was surrounded by gentlemen bearing wax flambeaux. The procession returned in the same order that it went out, save that four noble gentlemen carried the sponsor's gifts before the child, with trumpets flourishing all the way preceding them, till they came to the door of the queen's chamber. The king commanded the duke of Norfolk to thank the lord mayor and citizens heartily in his name for their attendance, and after they had powerfully refreshed themselves in the royal cellar, they betook themselves to their barges.

The queen was desirous of nourishing her infant daughter from her own bosom, but Henry, with his characteristic selfishness, forbade it, lest the frequent presence of the little princess in the chamber of her royal mother should be attended with inconvenience to himself.[1] He appointed for Elizabeth's nurse the wife of a gentleman named Hokart, whom he afterwards ennobled; and he invested the dutchess-dowager of Norfolk with the office of state governess to the new-born babe, giving her for a residence the fair mansion and all the rich furniture, which he had bestowed on Anne Boleyn when he created her marchioness of Pembroke, with a salary of six thousand crowns.[2]

The lady Margaret Bryan, whose husband, sir Thomas Bryan, was a kinsman of queen Anne Boleyn, was preferred to the office of governess in ordinary to Elizabeth, as she had formerly been to the princess Mary: she was called "the lady mistress."

Elizabeth passed the two first months of her life at Greenwich Palace, with the queen her mother, and during that period she was frequently taken for an airing to Eltham, for the benefit of her health. On the 2d of December, she was the subject of the following order in council:—

"The king's highness hath appointed that the lady princess Elizabeth (almost three months old) shall be taken from *hence* towards Hatfield upon Wednesday next week; that on Wednesday night she is to lie and repose at the house of the earl of Rutland at Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and

[1] Leti. [2] Ibid.

there to remain with such household as the king's highness has established for the same."[1]

Hertford Castle was first named, but scratched through and changed to Hatfield.

A few weeks afterwards she became, in virtue of the act of Parliament which settled the succession, in default of heirs male to Henry VIII., on the female issue of that monarch by Anne Boleyn, the heiress-presumptive to the throne, and her disinherited sister, the princess Mary, was compelled to yield precedency to her.

Soon after this change in the prospects of the unconscious babe, she was removed to the palace of the bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea,[2] on on whom the charge of herself and her extensive nursery appointments were thrust. When she was thirteen months old, she was weaned, and the preliminaries for this important business were arranged between the officers of her household and the cabinet ministers of her august sire, with as much solemnity as if the fate of empires had been involved in the matter. The following passages are extracted from a letter from sir William Powlet to Cromwell, on this subject:—

"The king's grace, well considering the letter directed to you from my lady Brain and other my lady princess' officers, his grace, with the assent of the queen's grace, hath fully determined the weaning of my lady princess to be done with all diligence."

He proceeds to state that the little princess is to have the whole of any one of the royal residences thought best for her, and that consequently he has given orders for Langley to be put in order for her and her suite; which orders, he adds—

"This messenger hath, withal, a letter from the queen's grace to my lady Brian, and that his grace and the queen's grace doth well and be merry, and all theirs, thanks be to God.—From Sarum, Oct. 9th."[3]

Scarcely was this nursery affair of state accomplished, before Henry exerted his paternal care in seeking to provide the royal weanling with a suitable consort, by entering into a negociation with Francis I. of France for a union between this infant princess and the duke of Angoulême, the third son of that monarch. Henry proposed that the young duke should be educated in England, and stipulated that he should hold

[1] Strype, vol. i., p. 236.

[2] The air of this beautiful village agreed so well with the royal infant, that Henry VIII. built a palace there, of which the husband of her governess, lady Bryan, was given the post of keeper; and so lately as the time of Charles II., one room in the Manor-house, as it was afterwards called, was known by the name of queen Elizabeth's nursery. There is an old mulberry tree in the gardens, which claims the honour of having been planted by her hand. The king also erected a conduit at Kensington for supplying the nursery palace with spring water. This conduit still exists within her majesty's forcing grounds, on the west side of Kensington palace green; it is a low building, with walls of great thickness, the roof covered with bricks instead of tiles: the roof is groined with rude arches, and the water pours copiously into a square reservoir. Tradition declares that it was used by queen Elizabeth, when a child, as a bathing house; it is therefore regarded with peculiar interest.—Faulkner's Kensington, p. 26.

[3] The letter occurs in 1534. State Papers, Cromwell's correspondence, in the Chapter-house, Bunde P.

the duchy of Angoulême,[1] independently of the French crown, in the event of his coming to the crown of England through his marriage with Elizabeth.[2]

The project of educating the young French prince, who was selected for the husband of the presumptive heiress of England, according to the manners and customs of the realm of which she might hereafter become the sovereign, was a sagacious idea, but Henry clogged the matrimonial treaty with conditions which it was out of the power of the king of France to ratify, and it proved abortive.

The tragic events which rendered Elizabeth motherless in her third year, and degraded her from the lofty position in which she had been placed by the unjust and short-lived paternal fondness of her capricious father, have been fully detailed in the memoir of her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn. By the sentence which Cranmer had passed on the marriage of her parents and her own birth, Elizabeth was branded with the stigma of illegitimacy; and that she was for a time exposed to the sort of neglect and contempt which is too often the lot of children to whom that reproach applies, is evidenced by the following letter from lady Bryan to Cromwell, imploring for a supply of necessary raiment for the innocent babe who had been so cruelly involved in her mother's fall:—

"My lord,

"After my most bounden duty I recommend me to your good lordship, beseeching you to be good lord to me, now in the greatest need that ever was; for it hath pleased God to take from me *hem* (them) that was my greatest comfort in this world to my great heaviness. Jesu have mercy on her soul! and now I am succourless, and as a *redles* (without redress) creature, but only from the great trust which I have in the king's grace and your good lordship, for now in you I put all my whole trust of comfort in this world, beseeching you to * * * me that I may do so. My lord, when your lordship was last here, it pleased you to say that I should not mistrust the king's grace nor your lordship. Which word was more comfort to me than I can write, as God knoweth. And now it boldeth (emboldens) me to show you my poor mind. My lord, when my lady Mary's Grace was born, it pleased the king's grace to appoint me lady-mistress and made me a baroness, and so I have been governess to the children his grace have had since.

"Now it is so, my lady Elizabeth is put from that degree she was afore, and what degree she is at (of) now, I know not but by hearsay. Therefore, I know not how to order her, nor myself, nor none of hers that I have the rule of—that is her women and grooms, beseeching you to be good lord to my lady, and to all hers. and that she may have some raiment."[3]

Here Strype has interpolated a query for mourning. There is nothing of the kind implied in the original. If Strype had consulted any female

[1] Herbert; Hall; Rapin.

[2] This condition bears decidedly upon the now important question, whether the husband of a queen-regnant of England be entitled to the style of king-consort. It was Henry VIII.'s opinion, that the husband of his daughter, in the event of her succeeding to the crown, might, by her favour, bear that title. Mary I., as we have seen, overstepped the constitutional boundary, by actually associating Philip of Spain in the executive power of the crown; but the law of nature and of reason decides that the husband of a queen-regnant of England ought not to occupy an inferior position in the state to the wife of a king of England, who derives a regal title from her marriage.

[3] Cott. MS. Otho. E. c. x. fol. 230.

on the articles enumerated, he would have found that few indeed of them indeed were requisite for mourning. The list shows the utter destitution the young princess had been suffered to fall into in regard to clothes, either by the neglect of her mother, or because Anne Boleyn's power of aiding her child had been circumscribed long before her fall. Let any lady used to the nursery read over the list of the poor child's wants, represented by her faithful governess, and consider that a twelvemonth must have elapsed since she had a new supply:—

"She," continues lady Bryan, "hath neither gown nor kirtle (slip), nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen—nor forsmocks (day chemises), nor kerchiefs, nor rails (night dresses), nor body-stitchets (corsets), nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers (mobcaps), nor biggens (night-caps). All these her grace must take. I have driven off as long as I can, that by my troth I can drive it off no longer. Beseeching you, my lord, that ye will see that her grace may have that which is needful for her, as my trust is that ye will do. Beseeching ye, mine own good lord, that I may know from you, by writing, how I shall order myself, and what is the king's grace's pleasure and yours; and that I shall do in everything? And whatsomever it shall please the king's grace or your lordship to command me at all times, I shall fulfil it to the best of my power.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton (a kinsman of Anne Boleyn) saith 'he be master of this house.' What fashion that may be I cannot tell, for I have not seen it afore. My lord, ye be so honourable yourself, and every man reporteth that your lordship loveth honour, that I trust you will see the house honourably ordered, as it ever hath been aforetime. And if it please you that I may know what your order is, and if it be not performed, I shall certify your lordship of it. For I fear me it will be hardly enough performed. But if the head (evidently Shelton) knew what honour meaneth, it will be the better ordered—if not, it will be hard to bring to pass.

"My lord, Mr. Shelton would have my lady Elizabeth to dine and sup every day at the board of estate. Alas, my lord, it is not meet for a child of her age to keep such rule yet. I promise you, my lord, I dare not take it upon me to keep her grace in health an' she keep that rule. For there she shall see divers meats, and fruits, and wine, which it would be hard for me to restrain her grace from. Ye know, my lord, there is no place of correction there; and she is yet too young to correct greatly. I know well an' she be there, I shall neither bring her up to the king's grace's honour, nor hers, nor to her health, nor to my poor honesty. Wherefore, I show your lordship this my desire, beseeching you, my lord, that my lady may have a mess of meat at her own lodging, with a good dish or two that is meet (fit) for her grace to eat of; and the reversion of the mess shall satisfy all her women, a gentleman usher, and a groom, which be eleven persons on her side. Sure am I it will be as great profit to the king's grace this way—(viz., to the economy of the arrangement)—as the other way. For if all this should be *set abroad*, they must have three or four messes of meat,—whereas this one mess shall suffice them all, with bread and drink, according as my Lady Mary's grace had afore, and to be ordered in all things as her grace was afore. God knoweth my lady (Elizabeth) hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come very slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life. Jesu preserve her grace!

"As for a day or two, at a high time (meaning a high festival), or whensoever it shall please the king's grace to have her *set abroad* (shown in public), I trust so to endeavour me, that she shall so do as shall be to the king's honour and hers; and then after to take her ease again."

That is, notwithstanding the sufferings of the young Elizabeth with her teeth, if the king wishes to exhibit her for a short time in public, Lady Bryan will answer for her discreet behaviour, but after the drilling requisite for such ceremonial, it will be necessary for her to revert to the unconstrained playfulness of childhood. Lady Bryan concludes with this remark:—

"I think Mr. Shelton will not be content with this. He need not know it is my desire, but that it is the king's pleasure and yours that it should be so. Good, my lord, have my lady's grace, and us that be her poor servants, in your remembrance; and your lordship shall have our hearty prayers by the grace of Jesu, who ever preserve your lordship with long life, and as much honour as your noble heart can desire. From Hunsdon, with the evil hand (bad writing) of her who is your daily bead-woman. MARGT. BRYAN."

"I beseech you, mine own good lord, be not miscontent that I am so bold to write thus to your lordship. But I take God to my judge, I do it of true heart, and for my discharge, beseeching you, accept my good mind. Endorsed to the right noble and my singular good lord, my lord Privy Seal, be this delivered."

This letter affords some insight into the domestic politics of the nursery-palace of Hunsdon at this time. It shows that the infant Elizabeth proved a point of controversy between the two principal officials there, Margaret lady Bryan and Mr. Shelton; both placed in authority by the recently immolated queen Anne Boleyn, and both related to her family. Her aunt had married the head of the Shelton or Skelton family in Norfolk, and this officer at Hunsdon was probably a son of that lady, and consequently a near kinsman of the infant Elizabeth. He insisted that she should dine and sup at a state table where her infant importunity for wine, fruit, and high-seasoned food could not conveniently be restrained by her sensible governess, lady Bryan. Shelton probably wished to keep regal state as long as possible round the descendant of the Boleyns; and, in that time of sudden change in royal destinies, had perhaps an eye to ingratiate himself with the infant, by appearing in her company twice every day, and indulging her by the gratification of her palate with mischievous dainties. Lady Bryan was likewise connected with the Boleyn family—not so near as the Sheltons, but near enough to possess interest with queen Anne Boleyn, to whom she owed her office as governess or lady mistress, to the infant Elizabeth. There can scarcely exist a doubt, that her lamentation and invocation for the soul of some person lately departed, by whose death she was left succourless, refer to the recent death of Anne Boleyn.[1] It is evident that if Lady Bryan had not conformed to king Henry's version of the Catholic religion she would not have been in authority at Hunsdon, where she was abiding not only with her immediate charge, the princess Elizabeth, but with the disinherited princess Mary. Further there may be observed a striking harmony between the expressions of this lady and those of the princess Mary, who appealed to her father's paternal feelings in behalf

[1] For some reason best known to himself, Strype has omitted the opening clause of this letter. Perhaps on account of the invocation for the soul of lady Bryan's friend, which proves that Elizabeth's governess belonged to the Catholic church. She was, indeed, the same person under whose care the princess Mary had imbibed that faith with such extraordinary fervency.

of her sister the infant Elizabeth, a few weeks later, almost in the same words used by lady Bryan in this letter.[1] A coincidence which proves unity of purpose between the governess and the princess Mary, regarding the motherless child.

Much of the future greatness of Elizabeth may reasonably be attributed to the judicious training of her sensible and conscientious governess, combined with the salutary adversity, which deprived her of the pernicious pomp and luxury that had surrounded her cradle while she was treated as the heiress of England. The first public action of Elizabeth's life was her carrying the chrisom of her infant brother, Edward VI., at the christening solemnity of that prince. She was borne in the arms of the earl of Hertford, brother of the queen her step-mother, when the assistants in the ceremonial approached the font; but when they left the chapel, the train of her little grace, just four years old, was supported by Lady Herbert, the sister of Katharine Parr, as, led by the hand of her elder sister, the princess Mary, she walked with mimic dignity, in the returning procession, to the chamber of the dying queen.[2]

At that period the royal ceremonials of Henry VIII.'s court were blended with circumstances of wonder and tragic excitement, and strange and passing sad, it must have been, to see the child of the murdered queen, Anne Boleyn, framing her innocent lips to lisp the name of mother to her, for whose sake she had been rendered motherless, and branded with the stigma of illegitimacy. In all probability the little Elizabeth knelt to her, as well as to her cruel father, to claim a benediction in her turn, after the royal pair had proudly bestowed their blessing on the newly-baptized prince, whose christening was so soon to be followed by the funeral of the queen his mother.

It was deemed an especial mark of the favour of her royal father, that Elizabeth was considered worthy of the honour of being admitted to keep company with the young prince her brother. She was four years older than he, and having been well trained and gently nurtured herself, was "better able," says Heywood, "to teach and direct him, even from the first of his speech and understanding." Cordial and entire was the affection betwixt this brother and sister, insomuch that he no sooner began to know her but he seemed to acknowledge her, and she, being of more maturity, as deeply loved him. On the second anniversary of Edward's birth, when the nobles of England presented gifts of silver and gold, and jewels, to the infant heir of the realm, the lady Elizabeth's grace gave the simple offering of a shirt of cambric worked by her own hands.[3] She was then six years old. Thus early was this illustrious lady instructed in the feminine accomplishment of needle-work, and directed to turn her labours in that way to a pleasing account.

From her cradle, Elizabeth was a child of the fairest promise, and possessed the art of attracting the regard of others. Wriothesley, who visited the two princesses, when they were together at Hertford castle, December 17th, 1539, was greatly impressed with the precocious under-

[1] See Life of Queen Mary, vol. v. of this work.
[2] See the Memoir of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.
[3] Ellis. Royal Letters.

standing of the young Elizabeth, of whom he gives the following pretty account:—

"I went then to my lady Elizabeth's grace, and to the same made his majesty's most hearty commendations, declaring that his highness desired to hear of her health, and sent his blessing; she gave humble thanks, inquiring after his majesty's welfare, and that with as great a gravity as she had been forty years old. If she be no worse educated than she now appeareth to me, she will prove of no less honour than beseemeth her father's daughter, whom the Lord long preserve."[1]

The feelings of jealous dislike, which the princess Mary naturally felt towards her infant rival, were gradually subdued, by the endearing caresses of the innocent child, when they became sisters in adversity. When Mary again incurred the displeasure of her capricious sire, and was forbidden to come within a certain distance of the court, Elizabeth became once more the associate of her little brother's sports, and afterwards shared his studies. The early predilection of these royal children for their learning was remarkable. "As soon as it was light they called for their books; so welcome," says Heywood, "were their *horæ matutinæ* that they seemed to prevent the night's repose for the entertainment of the morrow's schooling." They took no less delight in the practice of their religious exercises and the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours were exclusively devoted. "The rest of the forenoon," continues our author, "breakfast, alone, excepted, they were instructed in languages and science, or moral learning, collected out of such authors as did best conduce to the instruction of princes, and when he was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needle-work."

On the marriage of the king, her father, with Anne of Cleves, in 1540, the young Elizabeth expressed the most ardent desire to see the new queen, and to be permitted to pay her the homage of a daughter. When her governess made this request, in the name of her royal pupil, to the king, he is said to have replied, "That she had had a mother so different from the queen, that she ought not to wish to see her, but she had his permission to write to her majesty."[2] On which, the following letter, probably the first ever written by Elizabeth, was addressed by her to her new step-mother.

"Madame,

"I am struggling between two contending wishes — one is — my impatient desire to see your majesty, the other that of rendering the obedience I owe to the commands of the king my father, which prevent me from leaving my house till he has given me full permission to do so. But I hope that I shall be able shortly to gratify both these desires. In the meantime, I entreat your majesty to permit me to show, by this billet, the zeal with which I devote my respect to you as my queen, and my entire obedience to you as to my mother. I am too young and feeble to have power to do more than to felicitate you with all my heart in this commencement of your marriage. I hope that your majesty will have as much good will for me as I have zeal for your service."[3]

[1] State Papers, 30th Hen. VIII. [2] Leti's Life of Elizabeth.

[3] Leti's Elizabeth. Leti always modernizes not only the orthography but the phraseology of the documents he quotes.

This letter is without date or signature, and Leti, who rarely gives his authorities, does not explain the source whence it was derived; but there is no reason to dispute its authenticity. He tells us "that Anne of Cleves, when she saw Elizabeth, was charmed with her beauty, wit, and endearing caresses—that she conceived the most tender affection for her—and when the conditions of her divorce were arranged, she requested, as a great favour, that she might be permitted to see her some times—adding, "that to have had that young princess for her daughter would have been greater happiness to her than being queen." The paternal pride of Henry was gratified at this avowal, and he agreed that she should see Elizabeth as often as she wished, provided that she was only addressed by her as the lady Anne of Cleves.[1]

Elizabeth found no less favour in the eyes of her new step-mother, the young and beautiful Katharine Howard, who being cousin-german to her unhappy mother, Anne Boleyn, took the young princess under her especial protection, and treated her with every mark of tenderness and consideration. On the day that she was publicly acknowledged by Henry as his queen, she directed that the princess Elizabeth should be placed opposite to her at table because she was of her own blood and lineage. It was also observed that at all the fêtes and public shows which took place in honour of her marriage with the king, queen Katharine gave the lady Elizabeth the place of honour nearest to her own person, saying "that she was her cousin."[2] It was supposed that this partial step-mother intended to use her powerful influence with the king for the repeal of the act of parliament which had pronounced Elizabeth to be illegitimate, and thus would she have been given a second time the preference to her elder sister in the succession. Notwithstanding the favour which was shown to Elizabeth by the Howard queen, she was always entreating the king her father to allow her to remain with the lady Anne of Cleves, for whom she ever manifested a very sincere regard. The attachments formed by Elizabeth in childhood and early youth were of an ardent and enduring character, as will be hereafter shown.

After the disgrace and death of queen Katharine Howard, Elizabeth resided chiefly with her sister Mary, at Havering Bower. In the summer of 1543, she was present when Mary gave audience to the imperial ambassadors;[3] she was then ten years old. Soon after, king Henry offered her hand to the earl of Arran for his son, in order to win his co-operation in his darling project of uniting the crowns of England and Scotland by a marriage between the infant queen, Mary Stuart, and his son prince Edward. Perhaps the Scottish earl did not give Henry credit for the sincerity of a proposal so derogatory to the dignity of the princess Elizabeth, for he paid little attention to this extraordinary offer, and espoused the interest of the French court. According to Marillac, Henry had previously mentioned his intention of espousing Elizabeth to an infant of Portugal, but all Henry's matrimonial schemes for his children were doomed to remain unfulfilled, and Elizabeth, instead of being sacrificed in her childhood in some political marriage, had the good fortune

[1] Leti. [2] Leti's Elizabeth.
[3] State Paper MS. See Memoir of Mary, vol. v.

[illegible] ete a most superior education under the auspices of the good [illegible]rned Katharine Parr, Henry's sixth queen and her fourth step-[illegible]er. Katharine Parr was well acquainted with Elizabeth before she [illegible]ame queen, and greatly admired her wit and manners. On her mar-[illegible]ge with the king she induced him to send for the young princess to court, and to give her an apartment in the palace of Whitehall, contiguous to her own, and bestowed particular attention on all her comforts. According to Leti, Elizabeth expressed her acknowledgments in the following letter:—

"Madame,

"The affection that you have testified in wishing that I should be suffered to be with you in the court, and requesting this of the king my father, with so much earnestness, is a proof of your goodness. So great a mark of your tenderness for me obliges me to examine myself a little, to see if I can find anything in me that can merit it, but I can find nothing but a great zeal and devotion to the service of your majesty. But as that zeal has not yet been called into action so as to manifest itself, I see well that it is only the greatness of soul in your majesty which makes you do me this honour, and this redoubles my zeal towards your majesty. I can assure you also that my conduct will be such that you shall never have cause to complain of having done me the honour of calling me to you; at least, I will make it my constant care that I do nothing but with a design to show always my obedience and respect. I await with much impatience the orders of the king my father for the accomplishment of the happiness for which I sigh, and I remain, with much submission, your majesty's very dear

"ELIZABETH."[1]

There is no date to this letter, and as Elizabeth certainly was present at the nuptials of her royal father with Katharine Parr, it is more probable that it was written after the return of Henry and Katharine from their bridal progress, as she addresses the latter by her regal title. Elizabeth at that time was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty and very graceful manners. She had wit at command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her, "that God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world." At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture,

[1] This and the preceding, addressed to Anne of Cleves, are the earliest letters ever written by Elizabeth. There is another, two or three years later, addressed by her to sir Thomas Carden, who was one of her father's gentlemen of the privy chamber, a great favourite of his, and a very greedy recipient of church property. This person had the care of the castle and lands of Donnington, once belonging to Chaucer, and afterwards part of the spoils confiscated to the crown on the attainder of De la Pole, and at this time an appanage presented to Elizabeth by her father. She afterwards, by her own account, forgot she had such a house as Donnington, nevertheless she was perfectly well informed as to its minutest details before the death of Henry VIII. The letter itself is not worth transcribing, being a perplexed piece of composition, in which the young princess, commencing—"Gentle Mr. Carden," proceeds to exonerate herself from having listened to an enemy of his, "one Mansel, a person of evil communication and worse life," she subscribes herself, "Your loving friend, Elizabeth."

the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. Hentzner, the German traveller, mentions having seen a little volume in the royal library at Whitehall, written by queen Elizabeth, when a child, in French, on vellum. It was thus inscribed:

"A treshaut, et tres puissant, et redoubté prince Henry VIII., de ce nom, roy d'Angleterre, dc France et de Irelande, defenseur de la foy.

"Elisabeth, sa tres humble fille, rend salut et obedience."[1]

Among the royal manuscripts, in the British Museum is a small volume, in an embroidered binding, consisting of prayers and meditations, selected from different English writers by queen Katharine Parr, and translated and copied by the princess Elizabeth, in Latin, French, and Italian. The volume is dedicated to queen Katharine Parr, and her initials, R. K. P., are introduced in the binding between those of the Saviour, wrought in blue silk and silver thread by the hand of Elizabeth. It is dated Hertford, December 20, 1545. Camden also mentions a "Godly Meditation of the Soule, concerning love towardes Christe our Lorde," translated by Elizabeth from the French. Her master for the Italian language was Castiglione. Like her elder sister, the princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age by the ease and grace with which she conversed in that language. French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, she both spoke and wrote, with the same facility, as her native tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit, but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else. To this early predilection she probably owed her future greatness as a sovereign. Accomplishments may well be dispensed with in the education of princes, but history is the true science for royal students, and they should early be accustomed to reflect and draw moral and philosophical deductions from the rise and fall of nations, and to trace the causes that have led to the calamities of sovereigns in every age; for neither monarchs nor statesmen can be fitted for the purposes of government unless they have acquired the faculty of reading the future by the lamp of the past.

Elizabeth was indefatigable in her pursuit of this queenly branch of knowledge, to which she devoted three hours a day, and read works in all languages that afforded information on the subject. It was, however, in this predilection alone that she betrayed the ambition which formed the leading trait of her character. While thus fitting herself in her childhood for the throne, which as yet she viewed through a vista far remote, she endeavoured to conceal her object by the semblance of the most perfect humility, and affecting a love for the leisure and quiet of private life.[2]

In the treaty between Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles, in 1545,[3]

[1] Hentzner's Visit to England [2] Leti.
[3] Herbert's Henry VIII

there was a proposal to unite Elizabeth in marriage to Philip of Spain who afterwards became the consort of her elder sister Mary. The negotiation came to nothing. The name of Elizabeth was hateful to Charles V. as the child of Anne Boleyn. During the last illness of the king her father, Elizabeth chiefly resided at Hatfield House,[1] with the young prince her brother, whose especial darling she was. It is said she shared the instruction which he there received from his learned preceptors, sir John Cheke, doctor Cox, and sir Anthony Cooke. Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, made Cox bishop of Ely, and bestowed great favour on Cooke and his learned daughters, lady Bacon and lady Burleigh. They were the companions of her youth, and afterwards the wives of two of her most esteemed ministers of state.

The tender love that endeared Edward and Elizabeth to each other, in infancy, appears to have ripened into a sweeter, holier friendship, as their kindred minds expanded, "for," says sir Robert Naunton, "besides the consideration of blood, there was between these two princes a concurrence and sympathy of their natures and affections, together with the celestial bond, conformity in religion, which made them one." In December, 1546, when the brother and sister were separated, by the removal of Elizabeth to Enfield and Edward to Hertford, the prince was so much afflicted that she wrote to him, entreating him to be comforted, and to correspond with her; he replied in these tender words:

"The change of place, most dear sister, does not so much vex me as your departure from me. But nothing can now occur to me more grateful than your letters. I particularly feel this, because you first began the correspondence and challenged me to write to you. I thank you most cordially both for your kindness and the quickness of its coming, and I will struggle vigorously that if I cannot excel you I will at least equal you in regard and attention. It is a comfort to my regret that I hope shortly to see you again if no accident intervene."[2]

The next time the royal brother and sister met was on the 30th of January, 1547, when the earl of Hertford and sir Anthony Brown brought young Edward privately from Hertford to Enfield, and there, in the presence of the princess Elizabeth, declared to him and her the death of the king their father. Both of them received the intelligence with passionate tears, and they united in such lamentations as moved all pre-

[1] Henry VIII. had forced Goodrich, bishop of Ely, to surrender this residence, which was a country palace pertaining to his see, in exchange for certain lands in Cambridgeshire, and established it as a nursery palace for his children: it had been used as such in his father's reign, for the youngest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII. Edmund, duke of Somerset, died there. It is (for the structure still exists) a venerable witness of the past, situated on the brow of a pleasant hill, overlooking the ancient town of Bishop's Hatfield, with the river Lea winding through its grounds: the most antiquated part of the building was erected by Morton, bishop of Ely, in the reign of Edward IV., and a little square pleasure-garden, with its hedges clipped in arches, is kept precisely in the same state as when Elizabeth sported therein with her little brother. She received a grant of this demesne from her brother's regency in 1550, and resided with some splendour and magnificence therein during the last years of her sister's life. The cradle of Elizabeth is shown here.—History of Hatfield House, by P. F. Robinson, F. A. S.

[2] Strype.

sent to weep. "Never," says Hayward, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces."[1]

The boy-king was conducted the next day to London, preparatory to his inauguration; but neither the grief which he felt for the death of his parent, nor the importance of the high vocation to which he had been thus early summoned, rendered him forgetful of his sweetest sister, as he ever called Elizabeth; and in reply to the letter of condolence, which she addressed to him, on the subject of their mutual bereavement, he wrote—"There is very little need of my consoling you, most dear sister, because from your learning you know what you ought to do, and from your prudence and piety you perform what your learning causes you to know." In conclusion, he compliments her on the elegance of her sentences, and adds, "I perceive you think of our father's death with a calm mind."

By the conditions of her royal father's will, Elizabeth was placed the third in the order of the royal succession after himself, provided her brother and sister died without lawful issue, and neither queen Katharine Parr nor any future queen bore children to the king. In point of fortune, she was left on terms of strict equality with her elder sister—that is to say, with a life annuity of three thousand pounds a year, and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds, provided she married with the consent of the king her brother and his council; otherwise she was to forfeit that provision.

More than one historian[2] has asserted that sir Thomas Seymour made a daring attempt to contract marriage with the youthful princess Elizabeth, before he renewed his addresses to his old love, Katharine Parr. He had probably commenced his addresses to the royal girl before her father's death, for her governess, Katharine Ashley, positively deposed that it was her opinion that if Henry VIII. had lived a little longer, she would have been given to him for a wife. Leti tells us, that the admiral offered his hand to Elizabeth, immediately after king Henry's death: she was then in her fourteenth year. According to Sharon Turner, the ambitious project of the admiral was detected and prevented by the council; but Leti, who, by his access to the Aylesbury MSS., appears to have obtained peculiar information on the private history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., assures us, that the refusal proceeded from Elizabeth herself. He gives us a truly frenchified version of the correspondence which passed between her and Seymour, exactly a month after the death of Henry VIII.;[3] for Seymour's letter, in which he requests the young princess to consent to ally herself to him in marriage, is dated February 26, 1547; and Elizabeth, in her reply, February 27, tells him, "That she has neither the years nor the inclination to think of marriage at present, and that she would not have any one imagine that such a subject had ever been mentioned to her, at a time when she ought to be wholly taken up in weeping for the death of the king her father, to whom she owed so many obligations, and that she

[1] Life of Edward VI.
[2] Sharon Turner; Burnet.
[3] Leti's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

intended to devote at least two years to wearing black for him, and mourning for his loss; and that even when she shall have arrived at years of discretion, she wishes to retain her liberty, without entering into any matrimonial engagement."

Four days after the admiral received this negative, he was the accepted lover of his former *fiancée*, the queen-dowager Katharine Parr. Elizabeth, who had been, on the demise of the king her father, consigned by the council of the royal minor, her brother, to the care and tutelage of queen Katharine, with whom she was then residing, was, according to our author, much displeased at the conduct of that lady, not only on account of the precipitation with which she had entered into a matrimonial engagement, which was considered derogatory to the honour due to the late king's memory, but because she had induced her to reject the addresses of the admiral, by representing to her how unsuitable such an alliance would be to her, in every point of view. Now, although the queen-dowager only performed her duty, as the widow of the deceased majesty of England, in giving such counsel to the orphan princess, to whom she had undertaken the office of a mother, her own proceedings, by rendering the motives of her advice questionable, excited reflections little to her advantage in the mind of Elizabeth, and perhaps sowed the first seeds of the fatal jealousy which afterwards divided them.

According to Leti, the princess Mary, who was no less offended than Elizabeth, at the indecorous haste of their royal stepmother's marriage, wrote to Elizabeth, offering her a residence in her house, entreating her to quit that of the queen-dowager, and come to her, that both might unite in testifying their disapproval of this unsuitable alliance.

Elizabeth, however, young as she was, had too much self-command to commit herself by putting a public affront on the best-loved uncle of the king her brother, who was by no means unlikely to supersede Somerset in his office of protector; neither did she feel disposed to come to a rupture with the queen-dowager, whose influence with king Edward was considerable: therefore, in reply to her sister, she wrote a very political letter,[1] "telling her that it behoved them both to submit with patience to that which could not be cured, as neither of them were in a position to offer any objection to what had taken place, without making their condition worse than it was; observing, that they had to do with a very powerful party, without themselves possessing the

[1] The whole of this curious letter may be seen in Leti's Life of Elizabeth; but, unfortunately, our author's desire of rendering his book entertaining has led him to modernize the language and construction so considerably, that very few traces are discernible of the peculiar style of that princess. The readers of the 17th and 18th centuries neither understood nor valued documentary history; hence Leti, who had access to so many precious and now inaccessible records, in the collection of his friend the earl of Aylesbury, and also to our national archives, as historiographer to king Charles II., only availed himself of such facts as were of a romantic character, and presented the royal letters of the 16th century in phraseology more suitable to the era of Louis XIV. than that of Edward VI.; consequently, many things that were true in substance have been doubted, because of the inconsistent form in which they were introduced.

slightest credit at court; so that the only thing they could do was to dissemble the pain they felt at the disrespect with which their father's memory had been treated. She excuses herself from accepting Mary's invitation, "because," she says, "the queen had shown her so much friendship, that she could not withdraw herself from her protection without appearing ungrateful;" and concludes in these words:—"I shall always pay the greatest deference to the instructions you may give me, and submit to whatsoever your highness shall be pleased to ordain." The letter is without date or signature.

For a year, at least, after the death of her royal father, Elizabeth continued to pursue her studies under the able superintendence of her accomplished stepmother, with whom she resided, either at the dower palace at Chelsea, or the more sequestered shades of Hanworth. Throckmorton, the kinsman of queen Katharine Parr, draws the following graceful portrait of the manners of the youthful princess at this era of her life:

"Elizabeth there sojourning for a time,
Gave fruitful hope of blossom blown in prime.

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree would scorn,
To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound.

"If some of us that waited on the queen,
Did ought for her, she past in thankfulness,
I wondered at her answers, which have been
So fitly placed in perfect readiness;
She was disposed to mirth in company,
Yet still regarding civil modesty."[1]

The princess Elizabeth, while residing with queen Catharine Parr, had her own ladies and officers of state, and a retinue in all respects suitable to her high rank as sister to the reigning sovereign. Her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, to whom she was fondly attached, was married to a relative of the unfortunate queen her mother, Anne Boleyn, and it is to be observed that Elizabeth, although that mother's name was to her a sealed subject, bestowed to the very end of her life her chief favour and confidence on her maternal kindred.

The learned William Grindal was Elizabeth's tutor, till she was placed under the still more distinguished preceptorship of Roger Ascham. The following letter from that great scholar was addressed to Mrs. Katharine Ashley, before he had obtained the tutelage of her royal charge, and, both on account of the period at which it was written and its being in English, it is very curious.[2]

"Gentle Mrs. Astley, Would God my wit wist what words would express the thanks you have deserved of all true English hearts, for that noble *imp* (Elizabeth) by your labour and wisdom now flourishing in all goodly godliness, the fruit whereof doth even now redound to her Grace's high honour and profit.

[1] Throckmorton MS.

[2] Whittaker's History of Richmondshire, vol. ii., p. 270.

"I wish her Grace to come to that end in perfectness with likelyhood of her wit, and painfulness in her study, true trade of her teaching, which your diligent overseeing doth most constantly promise. And although this one thing be sufficient for me to love you, yet the knot which hath knit Mr. Astley and you together, doth so bind me also to you, that if my ability would match my good will you should find no friend faster. He is a man I loved for his virtue before I knew him through acquaintance, whose friendship I account among my chief gains gotten at court. Your favour to Mr. Grindall, and gentleness towards me, are matters sufficient enough to deserve more good-will than my little power is able to requite.

"My good-will hath sent you this pen of silver for a token. Good *Mrs.*, I would have you in any case to labour, and not to give yourself to ease. I wish all increase of virtue and honour to that, my good lady (Elizabeth), whose wit, good Mrs. Astley, I beseech you somewhat favour. Blunt edges be dull and (en-) *dure* much pain to little profit; the free edge is soon turned if it be not handled thereafter. If you pour much drink at once into a goblet, the most part will dash out and run over; if ye pour it softly, you may fill it even to the top, and so her Grace, I doubt not, by little and little, may be increased in learning, that at length greater cannot be required. And if you think not this, gentle Mrs. Astley, yet I trust you will take my words as spoken, although not of the greatest wisdom, yet not of the least good-will. I pray commend you to my good Lady of Troye, and all that company of godly gentlewomen. I send my Lady (Elizabeth) her pen, an Italian book, a book of prayers. Send the silver pen which is broken, and it shall be mended quickly. So I commit and commend you all to the Almighty's merciful protection. Your ever obliged friend,

"ROGER ASCHAM.

"To his very loving friend, Mrs. Astley."[1]

On the death of his friend, William Grindall, Ascham was appointed tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, then about sixteen, with whom he read nearly the whole of Cicero's works, Livy, the orations of Isocrates, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the New Testament in Greek. Some disturbances in Ascham's own family separated him from his royal pupil in 1550.

Sufficient account has been given, in the memoir of queen Katharine Parr, of the rude and improper conduct of the lord admiral sir Thomas Seymour to the fair young royal student, while under the care of his consort the queen dowager, at Chelsea, Hanworth, and Seymour-Place.[2] The boisterous romping to which the queen was at first a party, was repeated in her absence, and when Mrs. Ashley remonstrated with the admiral on the indecorum of his behaviour to the young princess, and entreated him to desist, he replied with a profane oath, "that he would not, for he meant no harm."[3]

Few girls of fifteen have ever been placed in a situation of greater peril than Elizabeth was at this period of her life, and if she passed through it without incurring the actual stain of guilt, it is certain that she did not escape scandal. The queen-dowager, apparently terrified at the audacious terms of familiarity on which she found her husband endeavouring to establish himself with her royal stepdaughter, hastened to prevent further mischief by effecting an immediate separation between them.

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[1] Ascham spells Elizabeth Ashley's name, *Astley*.

[2] Vol v., Life of Katharine Parr.

[3] Haynes' State Papers.

The time of Elizabeth's departure from the house and protection of queen Katharine Parr, was a week after Whitsuntide 1548. She then removed with her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the rest of her establishment, to Cheston, and afterwards to Hatfield and Ashridge.[1]

That Katharine Parr spoke with some degree of severity to Elizabeth, on the levity of her conduct, there can be no doubt, from the allusions made by the latter, in the following letter, to the expressions used by her majesty when they parted. Nothing, however, can be more meek and conciliatory than the tone in which Elizabeth writes, although the workings of a wounded mind are perceptible throughout. The penmanship of the letter is exquisitely beautiful.

"The Princess Elizabeth to Katharine Parr.[2]

"Although I could not be plentiful in giving thanks, for the manifold kindnesses received at your highness's hand, at my departure, yet I am something to be borne withal, for truly I was replete with sorrow to depart from your highness, especially seeing you undoubtful of health, and albeit I answered little, I weighed it more deeper when you said,—'you would warn me of all evilnesses that you should hear of me,' for if your grace had not a good opinion of me, you would not have offered friendship to me that way at all,—meaning the contrary. But what may I more say than thank God for providing such friends for me, desiring God to enrich me with their long life, and me grace to be in heart no less thankful to receive it than I am now made glad in writing to show it? and although I have plenty of matter here, I will stay, for I know you are not quick to rede. From Cheston, this present Saturday.

"Your highness's humble daughter,

"Elizabeth."

Superscribed—"To the Queen's highness."

From another letter addressed by Elizabeth to her royal stepmother, which has been printed in the memoir of that queen, there is every reason to believe that they continued to write to each other on very friendly and affectionate terms. Queen Katharine even sanctioned a correspondence between her husband and the princess, and the following elegant, but cautious letter, was written by Elizabeth, in reply to an apology which he had addressed to her for not having been able to render her some little service which he had promised.

"The Lady Elizabeth to the Lord Admiral.[3]

"My lord,—

"You needed not to send an excuse to me, for I could not mistrust the not fulfilling your promise to proceed from want of good-will, but only that opportunity served not. Wherefore I shall desire you to think that a greater matter than this could not make me impute any unkindness in you, for I am a friend not won with trifles, nor lost with the like. Thus I commit you and your affairs into God's hand, who keep you from all evil. I pray you to make my humble commendations to the Queen's highness.

"Your assured friend, to my little power,

"Elizabeth."

Katharine Parr, during her last illness, wished much to see Elizabeth, and left her, in her will, half her jewels, and a rich chain of gold. She had often said to her, "God has given you great qualities, cultivate

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] State Paper MS., Edward VI.—No. 27.

[3] Hearne's Sylloge.

them always, and labour to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be queen of England."[1]

One of the admiral's servants, named Edward, came to Cheston, or Cheshunt, where the lady Elizabeth was then residing with her governess and train, and brought the news of queen Katharine's death. He told the officers of Elizabeth's household "that his lord was a heavy," that is to say, a sorrowful "man, for the loss of the queen his wife."[2] Elizabeth did not give Seymour much credit for his grief; for when her governess, Mrs. Ashley, advised her, as he had been her friend in the lifetime of the late queen, to write a letter of condolence to comfort him in his sorrow, she replied, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." "Then," said Mrs. Ashley, "if your grace will not, then will I."[3] She did, and showed the letter to her royal pupil, who, without committing herself in any way, tacitly permitted it to be sent. Lady Tyrwhit, soon after, told Mrs. Ashley "that it was the opinion of many that the lord-admiral kept the late queen's maidens together to wait on the lady Elizabeth, whom he intended shortly to marry." Mrs. Ashley also talked with Mr. Tyrwhit about the marriage, who bade her "take heed, for it were but undoing, if it were done without the council's leave." At Christmas the report became general that the lady Elizabeth should marry with the admiral, but Mrs. Ashley sent word to sir Henry Parker, when he sent his servant to ask her what truth were in this rumour, "that he should in no-wise credit it, for it was *ne* thought *ne* meant."[4] Mrs. Ashley, however, by her own account, frequently talked with Elizabeth on the subject, wishing that she and the admiral were married. Elizabeth, who had only completed her fifteenth year two days after the death of queen Katharine Parr, had no maternal friend to direct and watch over her—there was not even a married lady of noble birth or alliance in her household—a household comprising upwards of one hundred and twenty persons—so that she was left entirely to her own discretion, and the counsels of her intriguing governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and the unprincipled cofferer, or treasurer of her house, Thomas Parry, in whom, as well as in Mrs. Ashley, she reposed unbounded confidence. These persons were in the interest of the lord-admiral, and did every thing in their power to further his presumptuous designs on their royal mistress.

Leti, who, from his reference to the Aylesbury MSS., had certainly the best information on the subject, gives Elizabeth credit for acting with singular prudence under these circumstances: he tells us, that very soon after the death of queen Katharine, the lord-admiral presented himself before Elizabeth, clad in all the external panoply of mourning, but having, as she suspected, very little grief in his heart. He came as a wooer to the royal maid, from whom he received no encouragement, but he endeavoured to recommend his cause to her through her female attendants. One of her bedchamber women, of the name of Mountjoye, took the liberty of speaking openly to her youthful mistress in favour of a marriage between her and the admiral, enlarging at the same time

[1] Leti's Elizabeth. [2] Haynes' State Papers. [3] Ibid.
[4] Haynes' State Papers, p. 101

on his qualifications in such unguarded language that Elizabeth, after trying in vain to silence her, told her at last, "that she would have her thrust out of her presence if she did not desist."

There can, however, be little doubt that a powerful impression was made on Elizabeth by the addresses of Seymour, seconded, as they were, by the importunity of her governess, and all who possessed her confidence. The difference of nearly twenty years in their ages was, probably, compensated by the personal graces which had rendered him the Adonis of her father's court, and she was accustomed to blush when his name was mentioned, and could not conceal her pleasure when she heard him commended. In a word, he was the first, and perhaps the only, man whom Elizabeth loved, and for whom she felt disposed to make a sacrifice. She acknowledged that she would have married him provided he could have obtained the consent of the council.[1] To have contracted wedlock with him in defiance of that despotic junta, by which the sovereign power of the crown was then exercised, would have involved them both in ruin; and even if passion had so far prevailed over Elizabeth's characteristic caution and keen regard to her own interest, Seymour's feelings were not of that romantic nature which would have led him to sacrifice either wealth or ambition on the shrine of love. My lord-admiral had a prudential eye to the main chance, and no modern fortune-hunter could have made more particular inquiries into the actual state of any lady's finances than he did into those of the fair and youthful sister of his sovereign, to whose hand he, the younger son of a country knight, presumed to aspire. The sordid spirit of the man is sufficiently unveiled in the following conversation between him and Thomas Parry, the cofferer of the princess Elizabeth, as deposed by the latter before the council:[2]—

"When I went unto my lord-admiral the third and fourth time," says Parry, "after he had asked me how her grace did? and such things, he had large communications with me of her, and he questioned me of many things, and of the state of her grace's house, and how many servants she kept, and I told him '120 or 140, or thereabouts.' Then he asked me what houses she had and what lands? I told him where the lands lay as near as I could—in Northamptonshire, Berkshire, Lincoln, and elsewhere. Then he asked me if they were good lands or no? and I told him they were out on lease, for the most part, and therefore the worse.[3] He asked me also whether she had the lands for term of life or how? and I said, I could not perfectly tell, but I thought it was such as she was appointed by her father's will and testament, the king's majesty that then was."

The admiral proceeded to inquire if she had had her letters patent out? and Parry replied, "No; for there were some things in them that could not be assured to her grace yet, (probably till she was of age,) and that a friend of her grace would help her to an exchange of lands that would be more commodious to her." The admiral asked, "What friend?" and Parry replied, "Morisyn, who would help her to have

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Ewelm for Apethorpe." On which the admiral proposed making an exchange with the princess himself for some of their lands, and spake much of his three fair houses, Bewdley, Sudeley, and Bromeham, and fell to comparing his housekeeping with that of the princess,[1] and that he could do it with less expense than she was at, and offered his house in London for her use. At last he said, "when her grace came to Asheridge it was not far out of his way, and he might come to see her in his way up and down, and would be glad to see her there." Parry told him, "he could not go to see her grace till he knew what her pleasure was." "Why," said the admiral, "it is no matter now, for there hath been a talk of late that I shall marry my lady Jane!" adding, "I tell you this merrily—I tell you this merrily."[2]

When these communications had been made to the lady Elizabeth, she caused Mrs. Ashley to write two letters to the admiral; one declaring her good will, but requesting him not to come without the council's permission for that purpose; the other declaring "her acceptation of his gentleness, and that he would be welcome, but if he came not, she prayed God to speed his journey;" concluding in these words from Ashley herself—"No more hereof until I see my lord myself, for my lady is not to seek of his gentleness or good will."

There is no absolute evidence to prove that Seymour availed himself of this implied permission to visit the princess, but every reason to suppose he did, and that by the connivance of her governess and state officers he had clandestine interviews with the royal girl, at times and places, not in accordance with the restraints and reserves with which a maiden princess, of her tender years, ought to have been surrounded. Reports of a startling nature reached the court, and the duchess of Somerset severely censured Katharine Ashley "because she had permitted my lady Elizabeth's grace to go one night on the Thames in a barge, and for other light parts," saying, "that she was not worthy to have the governance of a king's daughter."[3]

When Elizabeth was preparing to pay her Christmas visit to court, she was at a loss for a town residence, Durham house, which had formerly been granted to her mother, queen Anne Boleyn, before her marriage with king Henry, and to which Elizabeth considered she had a right, having been appropriated by king Edward's council to the purpose of a mint. Elizabeth made application by her cofferer, Thomas Parry, to the lord-admiral for his assistance in this matter, on which he very courteously offered to give up his own town-house for her accommodation and that of her train,[4] adding, "that he would come and see her grace." "Which declaration," says Parry, "she seemed to take very gladly, and to accept it joyfully. On which," continues he, "casting in my mind the reports which I had heard of a marriage between them, and observing, that at all times when, by any chance, talk

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Bath Inn, a house of the bishops of Bath and Wells, which had been torn from that see by the rapacious Seymours, was the town residence of the lord-admiral at that time, which, with all its furniture, he offered to Thomas Parry for the use of the princess Elizabeth during her stay in London.—Burghley's State Papers.

should be had of the lord-admiral, she showed such countenance that it should appear she was very glad to hear of him, and especially would show countenance of gladness when he was well spoken of, I took occasion to ask her whether, if the council would like it, she would marry with him? To which she replied, 'When that comes to pass, I will do as God shall put into my mind.'"[1]

"I remember well," continues Parry, "that when I told her grace how that the lord-admiral would gladly, she should sue out her 'letters patents,' she asked me, 'whether he were so desirous or no, indeed?' I said 'yes, in earnest he was desirous of it;' and, I told her farther, 'how he would have had her have lands in Gloucestershire, called Prisley, as in parcel of exchange, and in Wales;' and she asked me, 'what I thought he meant thereby?' and I said, 'I cannot tell, unless he go about to have you also, for he wished your lands and would have them that way.'"[2]

This broad hint Elizabeth received, as it appears, in silence; but when Parry proceeded to inform her, that the admiral wished her to go to the duchess of Somerset, and by that means to make suit to the protector for the exchange of the lands, and for the grant of a house, instead of Durham house, for herself; and so to entertain the duchess for her good offices in this affair, the spirit of the royal Tudors stirred within her, and she said, "I dare say he did not say so, nor would."

"Yes, by my faith," replied the cofferer.

"Well," quoth she, indignantly, "I will not do so, and so tell him;" she expressed her anger that she should be driven to make such suits, and said, "In faith I will not come there, nor begin to flatter now."[3]

Shortly after, the lady Elizabeth asked Parry, "whether he had told Kate Ashley of the lord-admiral's gentleness and kind offers, and those words and things that had been told to her."

"I told her, no," said Parry.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "in any wise go tell it her, for I will know nothing, but she shall know it. In faith, I cannot be quiet until ye have told her of it."

When Parry told the governess, she said—"that she knew it well enough;" and Parry rejoined, "that it seemed to him that there was good-will between the lord-admiral and her grace, and that he gathered both by him and her grace."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ashley, "it is true; but I had such a charge in this that I dare nothing say in it, but I would wish her his wife of all men living. I wis," quoth she, "he might bring the matter to pass at the council's hands well enough."

A long gossiping conversation between the cofferer and the governess then followed, in which Mrs. Ashley, after adverting to some passages in the early stage of the princess's acquaintance with the admiral, and the jealousy queen Katharine Parr had conceived of her, suddenly recollected herself, and told Parry she repented of having disclosed so many particulars to him, especially of the late queen finding her husband, with his arms about the young princess, and besought the cofferer not to re-

[1] Haynes' State Papers [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

peat it, for if he did, so that it got abroad, her grace should be dishonoured for ever, and she likewise undone.[1] Parry replied, "that he would rather be pulled with horses than he would disclose it." Yet it is from his confession that this scandalous story has become matter of history.

While the admiral was proceeding with this sinister courtship of Elizabeth, and before his plans were sufficiently matured to permit him to become a declared suitor for her hand, Russell, the lord privy-seal, surprised him by saying to him, as they were riding together, after the protector Somerset to the parliament house, "My lord-admiral, there are certain rumours bruited of you, which I am very sorry to hear." When Seymour demanded his meaning, Russell told him, "that he was informed that he made means to marry either with the lady Mary, or else with the lady Elizabeth," adding, "My lord, if ye go about any such thing, ye seek the means to undo yourself, and all those that shall come of you." Seymour replied, "that he had no thought of such an enterprise," and so the conversation ended for that time.[2] A few days afterwards, Seymour renewed the subject in these words, "Father Russell, you are very suspicious of me; I pray you tell me, who showed you of the marriage, that I should attempt, whereof, ye brake with me the other day?" Russell replied, "that he would not tell him the authors of that tale, but that they were his very good friends, and he advised him to make no suit of marriage *that way*."

Though no names were mentioned, Seymour, who well knew the allusion was to the sisters of their sovereign, replied significantly, "It is convenient for *them* to marry, and better it were, that they were married within the realm, than in any foreign place without the realm; and why," continued he, "might not I or another man, raised by the king their father, marry one of them?"

Then said Russell, "My lord, if either you, or, any other within this realm shall match himself, in marriage, either with my lady Mary or my lady Elizabeth, he shall undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing, and you especially, above all others, being of so near alliance to the king's majesty." And, after explaining to the admiral the perilous jealousies which would be excited by his marrying with either of the heirs of the crown, he asked this home question, "And pray you, my lord, what shall you have with either of them?"

"He who marries one of them shall have three thousand a year," replied Seymour.

"My lord, it is not so," said Russell; "for ye may be well assured that he shall have no more than ten thousand pounds in money, plate, and goods, and no land; and what is that to maintain his charges and estate, who matches himself there?"

"They must have the three thousand pounds a year also," rejoined Seymour.

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[1] Haynes' State Papers, p. 96.
[2] Tytler's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 6.

Russell, with a tremendous oath, "protested that they should not;" and Seymour, with another, asserted, "that they should, and that none should dare to say nay to it."[1]

Russell, with a second oath, swore, "that he would say nay to it, for it was clean against the king's will;" and the admiral, profligate as he was, finding himself outsworn by the hoary-headed old statesman, desisted from bandying oaths with him on the subject.

The most remarkable feature in this curious dialogue is, however, the anxiety displayed by Seymour on the pecuniary prospects of his royal love. He sent one of his servants, about this time, to lady Brown (celebrated by Surrey under the poetic name of Fair Geraldine) who appears to have been a very intimate friend and ally of his, advising her to break up housekeeping, and to take up her abode with the lady Elizabeth's grace to save charges. Lady Brown replied, "that she verily purposed to go to the lady Elizabeth's house that next morning," but she appears to have been prevented by the sickness and death of her old husband. It was suspected that Seymour meant to have employed her in furthering some of his intrigues.[2]

The protector and his council, meantime, kept a jealous watch on the proceedings of the admiral, not only with regard to his clandestine addresses with the lady Elizabeth, but his daring intrigues to overthrow the established regency, and get the power into his own hands. There was an attempt, on the part of Somerset, to avert the mischief by sending the admiral on a mission to Boulogne; and the last interview the princess Elizabeth's confidential servant, Parry, had with him was in his chamber, at the court, where he was preparing for this unwelcome voyage.[3] The following conversation then took place:—The admiral asked, "How doth her grace, and when will she be here?"

Parry replied, "that the lord protector had not determined on the day."

"No," said the admiral, bitterly; "that shall be when I am gone to Boulogne."

Parry presented Mrs. Ashley's commendations, and said "it was her earnest wish that the lady Elizabeth should be his wife."

"Oh!" replied the admiral, "it will not be," adding, "that his brother would never consent to it."[4]

On the 16th of January, the admiral was arrested on a charge of high treason, having boasted that he had ten thousand men at his command, and suborned Sharrington, the master of the mint at Bristol, to coin a large sum of false money to support him in his wild projects. He was committed to the Tower, and not only his servants, but the principal persons in the household of the princess Elizabeth were also arrested, and subjected to very strict examination by the council, in order to ascertain the nature of the admiral's connexion with the princess, and how far she was implicated in his intrigues against the government. In fact, Elizabeth herself seems to have been treated as a prisoner

[1] Tytler's State Papers.
[2] Haynes' State Papers.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.

of state, while these momentous investigations were proceeding; for, though she made earnest supplication to be admitted to the presence of the king her brother, or even to that of the protector, in order to justify herself, she was detained at her house at Hatfield, under the especial charge of sir Thomas Tyrwhit, who certainly was empowered by the council to put her and her household under restraint.

Very distressing must this crisis have been to a girl in her sixteenth year, who had no maternal friend to counsel and support her, under circumstances, that were the more painful, because of the previous scandal in which she had been involved, at the time of her separation from her royal stepmother, on account of the free conduct of the admiral. All the particulars of his coarse familiarity and indelicate romping with Elizabeth, had been cruelly tattled by her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, to Parry the cofferer, and were by him disclosed to the council, and confirmed by the admissions of Mrs. Ashley. The fact, that, notwithstanding those things, Elizabeth was receiving the clandestine addresses of this bold bad man, almost before queen Katharine was cold in her grave, was injurious to her reputation, and caused her to be treated with less respect and consideration from the council, than ought to have been shown to a royal lady, of her tender age, and the sister of the sovereign.

Sir Robert Tyrwhit first announced to her the alarming tidings that Mrs. Ashley and her husband, with Parry, had all been committed to the Tower on her account; on which, he says, "her grace was marvellously abashed, and did weep, very tenderly, a long time, demanding 'whether they had confessed anything?'" Tyrwhit assured her, "that they had confessed everything, and urged her to do the same." Elizabeth was not to be thus easily outwitted, and Tyrwhit then endeavoured t terrify her by requiring her "to remember her honour, and the peril tha might ensue, for she was but a subject"[1]—an inuendo that might have been somewhat alarming to so young a girl, considering her mother, though a queen, had died by the sword of the executioner; but the lofty spirit of Elizabeth was not to be thus intimidated, and Tyrwhit told Somerset "that he was not able to get anything from her but by gentle persuasion, whereby he began to grow with her in credit," "for I do assure your grace," continues he, "she hath a good wit, and nothing is to be gotten from her but by great policy." She was, however, greatly disturbed when he told her that Parry and Mrs. Ashley had both confessed, and in confirmation showed her the signatures to their depositions; on which she called Parry "false wretch."[2]

Tyrwhit told her what sort of a woman Mrs. Ashley was, and assured her "that if she would open all things, that all the evil and shame should be ascribed to them, and her youth taken into consideration by his majesty, the protector, and the whole council." "But in no way," continues he, "will she confess any practice by Mrs. Ashley, or the cofferer concerning my lord admiral; and yet I do see it in her face that

[1] Haynes. [2] Haynes' State Papers.

she is guilty, and yet perceive that she will abide more storms ere she will accuse Mrs. Ashley."

On the 28th of January, Tyrwhit informs the protector "that he has, in obedience to his letter of the 26th, practised with her grace, by all means and policy, to induce her to confess more than she had already done, in a letter which she had just written to the duke, with her own hand, which contained all that she was willing to admit; and Tyrwhit expresses his conviction that a secret pact had been made by the princess, Mrs. Ashley, and Parry, never to confess anything to the crimination of each other; "and if so," continues he, "it will never be drawn from her grace, unless by the king her brother, or the protector." The following is the letter written by Elizabeth to Somerset, which tallies, as Tyrwhit very shrewdly observes, most remarkably with the depositions of Ashley and Parry, and induces him to think that they had all three agreed in their story, in case of being questioned, or, to use his own expression, "set the note before."[1]

THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"My lord, your great gentleness and good will towards me, as well in this thing as in other things, I do understand, for the which even as I ought, so I do give you humble thanks; and whereas your lordship willeth and counselleth me as an earnest friend, to declare what I know in this matter, and also to write what I have declared to Master Tyrwhit, I shall most willingly do it I declared unto him first, that after the cofferer had declared unto me what my lord admiral answered, for Allen's matter,[2] and for Durham Place (that it was appointed to be a mint), he told me that my lord admiral did offer me his house for my time being with the king's majesty, and further said and asked me, 'if the council did consent that I should have my lord admiral, whether I would consent to it, or no?' I answered, 'that I would not tell him what my mind was;' and I further inquired of him 'what he meant by asking me that question, or who bade him say so?' He answered me, and said, 'Nobody bade him say so, but that he perceived, as he thought, by my lord admiral inquiring whether my patent were sealed or no, and debating what he spent in his house, and inquiring what was spent in my house, that he was given that way rather than otherwise.' And as concerning Kat Ashley, (*by which familiar name Elizabeth always speaks of her governess,*) she never advised me to it, but said always, when any talked of my marriage, 'that she would never have me marry, neither in England nor out of England, without the consent of the king's majesty, your grace's, and the council's.' And after the queen was departed—(*A cool way, by the bye, of alluding to the death of queen Katharine Parr, from whom Elizabeth had in her tender childhood received the most essential offices of friendship and maternal kindness*) — when I asked of her — 'What news she heard from London?' she answered merrily, 'They say, 'your grace shall have my lord admiral, and that he will shortly come to woo you. And, moreover, I said unto him, that the cofferer sent a letter hither, that my lord said that he would come this way as he went down into the country. Then I bade her write as she thought best, and bade her show it to me when she had done; so she wrote, 'that she thought it not best, (that the admiral should come,) for fear of suspicion,' and so it went forth, (that is, the letter was sent,) and the lord admiral, after he had heard that, asked the cofferer, 'why he might not come to me as well as to my sister?' and then I desired Kat Ashley to write again (lest my lord might think that she knew

[1] Haynes' State Papers. This curious simile alludes to the note being pitched for singing in unison.

[2] A request made by Elizabeth to the admiral in behalf of one of her chaplains.

more in it than he), that she knew nothing, but only suspected, and I also told Master Tyrwhit that to the effect of the matter—(*Here Elizabeth evidently alludes to the report of his intended courtship*)—I never consented to any such thing without the council's consent thereto. And as for Kat Ashley and the cofferer, they never told me that they would practise it, (i. e., *compass the marriage.*) These be the things which I declared to Master Tyrwhit, and also, whereof my conscience beareth me witness, which I would not for all earthly things offend in anything, for I know I have a soul to be saved as well as other folks have, wherefore I will, above all things, have respect unto this same. If there be any more things which I can remember, I will either write it myself, or cause Mr. Tyrwhit to write it.

"Master Tyrwhit and others have told me that there goeth rumours abroad which be greatly both against my honour and honesty, which, above all other things, I esteem, which be these, that I am in the Tower, and with child by my lord admiral.[1] My lord, these are shameful slanders, for the which, besides the great desire I have to see the king's majesty, I shall most heartily desire your lordship that I may come to the court after your first determination that I may show myself there as I am. Written in haste from Hatfield, this 28th of January.

"Your assured friend to my little power, "ELIZABETH."

This letter, which is in Haynes' edition of the Burleigh State Papers, entitled, "The Confession of the lady Elizabeth's grace," is one of the most interesting documents connected with her personal history. There is a curious mixture of child-like simplicity and diplomatic skill, in her admissions, with that affectation of candour which often veils the most profound dissimulation. Her endeavours to screen her governess are, however, truly generous, and the lofty spirit with which she adverts to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her reputation, is worthy of the daughter of a king, and conveys a direct conviction of her innocence. There is no affectation of delicacy or mock modesty in her language; she comes to the point at once, like an honest woman, and in plain English tells the protector of what she had been accused, and declares that it is a shameful slander, and demands that she may be brought to court that her appearance may prove her innocence. It is to be remembered that Elizabeth was little turned of fifteen when this letter was penned.

On the 7th of February, Tyrwhit succeeded in drawing a few more particulars from Elizabeth, which he forwarded to the duke of Somerset, enclosed in the following note to his grace:—

"I do send all the articles I received from your grace, and also the lady Elizabeth's confession, withal, which is not so full of matter as I would it were, nor yet so much as I did procure her to; but in no way will she confess that either Mrs. Ashley or Parry willed her to any practices with my lord admiral, either by messages or writing. They all sing one song, and so I think they would not, unless they had set the note before.—Feb. 7, Hatfield."

IN ELIZABETH'S HAND.

"Kat Ashley told me, 'that after the lord admiral was married to the queen if he had had his own will he would have had me afore the queen.' Then I asked her, 'How she knew that?' She said, 'she knew it well enough, both by himself and others.' The place where she said this I have forgotten, but she spoke to me of him many times."

[1] Haynes' State Papers, 90.

Then Tyrwhit wrote the rest of the confession, but under the inspection of the princess, as follows :—

"Another time, after the queen was dead, Kat Ashley would have had me to have written a letter to my lord admiral to have comforted him in his sorrow, because he had been my friend in the queen's lifetime, and would think great kindness therein. Then I said, 'I would not, for he needs it not.' Then said Kat Ashley, 'If your grace will not, then will I.' I remember I did see it, (i.e., *the consolatory letter Elizabeth thought so superfluous to the widower*,) but what the effect of it was I do not remember."

"Another time I asked her, 'what news was at London,' and she said, 'The voice went there that my lord admiral Seymour should marry me.' I smiled at that, and replied, 'It was but a London news.' One day she said, '*He* that fain would have had you before he married the queen will come now to woo you.' I answered her, 'Though peradventure he himself would have me, yet I think the (privy) council will not consent, but I think by what you said if *he* had his own will he would have had me.' I thought there was no let (hindrance) of his part, but only on that of the council. Howbeit, she said another time, 'that she did not wish me to have him, because she who had him was so unfortunate.'"

Elizabeth then informs the duke that Parry asked her, "if the council consented, whether she would have the lord admiral or no." "I asked him," pursues she, "what he meant by that question, and who bade him ask me?" He replied, 'No one, but he gathered by questions asked by the lord admiral before, that *he* meant some such thing.' I told him it was but his foolish gathering." She says, Parry brought a message from the lord admiral, advising her, "first to get her patents sealed and sure, and then he would apply to the council for leave to marry her." Likewise that the lord admiral wished her to reside at Ashridge, because it was in his way, when he went into the country, to call and see her. Elizabeth signed this confession with her own hand, and very blandly concludes the paper with an assurance to Somerset "that if she remembered any more she would be sure to forward the items to him."[1]

It was, doubtless, for the purpose of shaking Elizabeth's confidence in Mrs. Ashley that Tyrwhit showed her the deposition of that trusty official, which revealed all the particulars of the liberties the admiral had presumed to offer to her, while she was under the care of his late consort, queen Katharine. Elizabeth appeared greatly abashed and half breathless, while reading the needlessly minute details, which had been made before the council, of scenes in which she had been only a passive actor, but as Mrs. Ashley had abstained from disclosures of any consequence, touching her more recent intercourse with Seymour, she expressed no displeasure, but when she had read to the end, carefully examined the signatures, both of Katharine Ashley and Parry, as if she had suspected Tyrwhit of practising an imposition, "though it was plain," observes he, "that she knew both at half a glance."[2]

In one of Tyrwhit's letters to Somerset, he says, "that master Beverly and himself have been examining the cofferer's accounts, which they find very incorrect, and the books so '*indiscreetly*' kept, that he

[1] Haynes' State Papers.

[2] Ibid., where the depositions are in full.

appears little fit for his office; that her grace's expenses are at present more than she can afford, and therefore she must perforce make retrenchments. She was desirous that the protector should not appoint any one to be her cofferer till she had spoken to him herself, for she thought an officer of less importance would serve for that department, and save in her purse a hundred pounds a year."[1]

This proved to be only an excuse, on the part of the young lady, to keep the office open for Parry, whom she took the first opportunity of reinstating in his post, although she had been given full proof of his defalcations; and so far was she from resenting the nature of his disclosures, with regard to the improper confidence that had been reposed in him by her tattling governess, that she afterwards, on her accession to the throne, appointed him the comptroller of her royal household, and continued her preferment to him and his daughter to the end of their lives,—conduct which naturally induces a suspicion that secrets of greater moment had been confided to him—secrets that probably would have touched not only the maiden fame of his royal mistress, but placed her life in jeopardy, and that he had preserved these inviolate. The same may be supposed with respect to Mrs. Ashley, to whom Elizabeth clung with unshaken tenacity through every storm, even when the council dismissed her from her office, and addressed a stern note to her grace the lady Elizabeth, apprising her that they had, in consequence of the misconduct of Mrs. Katharine Ashley, removed her from her post, and appointed the lady Tyrwhit to take her place as governess to her grace, and requiring her to receive her as such.[2]

The disdainful manner in which the young lioness of the Tudor-Plantagenet line received the new duenna, who had been contumeliously put in authority over her by her royal brother's council, is best related in the words of sir Robert Tyrwhit himself, who, in his two-fold capacity of spy and jailer, seems to have peculiar satisfaction, in telling tales of the defenceless orphan of Anne Boleyn, to the powerful brother of her murdered mother's rival, Jane Seymour. "Pleaseth your grace to be advertised," he writes, "that after my wife's repair hither, she declared to the lady Elizabeth's grace, that she was called before your grace and the council, and had a rebuke, that she had not taken upon her the office to see her well governed in the lieu of Mrs. Ashley."[3] This reproof to lady Tyrwhit must have had reference to the time when all the parties concerned were living under the roof of queen Katharine Parr, whose lady-in-waiting lady Tyrwhit was.

The lady Elizabeth replied, "that Mrs. Ashley was *her* mistress, and that she had not so demeaned herself that the council should now need to put any more mistresses unto her." "Whereunto," pursues Tyrwhit, "my wife answered, 'seeing she did allow Mrs. Ashley to be her mistress, she need not to be ashamed to have any honest woman to be in that place.' She took the matter so heavily that she wept all that night, and loured all the next day till she received your letter; and then she sent for me, and asked me 'whether she were best to write to you again

[1] Haynes' State Papers. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

or not.' I said, 'if she would follow the effect of your letter (meaning if she would comply with the injunctions contained in it) I thought it best that she should write, but in the end of the matter, I perceived that she was very loth to have a governor, and to avoid the same, she said, that the world would note her to be a great offender, having so hastily a governor appointed over her,' and all is no more than that she fully hopes to recover her old mistress again. The love she yet beareth her is to be wondered at. I told her (Elizabeth), that if she would consider her honour, and the sequel thereof, she would, considering her years, make suit to your grace to have one, rather than be without one a single hour.'"

"She cannot digest such advice in no way," continues sir Robert, drily; "but if I should say my fantasy, it were more meet she should have two than one." He then complains, that although he favoured her grace with his advice as to the manner in which she should frame her reply to Somerset, she would in no wise follow it, "but writ her own fantasy." And in the right of it too, we should say, considering the treacherous nature of the counsellor, who, serpent-like, was trying to beguile her into criminating herself, for the sake of employing her evidence against the luckless admiral, who was at that very time struggling in the toils of his foes, and vainly demanding the privilege of a fair trial. That Elizabeth did not contemplate his fall, and the plunder of his property without pain Tyrwhit bears witness. "She beginneth now to droop a little," writes that watchful observer, "by reason that she heareth my lord-admiral's houses be dispersed;[1] and my wife telleth me, now, that she cannot hear him discommended but she is ready to make answer, which," continues Tyrwhit, "she hath not been accustomed to do, unless Mrs. Ashley were touched, whereunto, she was ever ready to make answer, vehemently in her defence."

The following is the letter which Elizabeth addressed to Somerset, instead of that which his creature, Tyrwhit, had endeavoured to beguile her into writing. It is marked with all the caution that characterized her diplomatic correspondence, after the lessons of worldcraft, in which she finally became an adept, were grown familiar to her. She, however, very properly assumes the tone of an injured person with regard to the scandalous reports that were in circulation against her, and demands that he and the council should take the requisite steps for putting a stop to those injurious rumours:—

"LETTER FROM THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.

"My lord,—

"Having received your lordship's letters, I perceive in them your good-will towards me, because you declare to me plainly your mind in this thing, and again for that you would not wish that I should do anything that should not seem good unto the council, for the which thing I give you most hearty thanks. And, whereas, I do understand, that you do take in evil part the letters that I did write unto your lordship, I am very sorry that you should take them so, for my mind was to declare unto you plainly, as I thought, in that thing which I did,

[1] Haynes' State Papers. The meaning is, the lord admiral's houses were given away, and his household discharged.

also the more willingly, because (as I write to you) you desired me to be plain with you in all things. And as concerning that point that you write, that I seem to stand in mine own wit, in being so well assured of mine own self, I did assure me of myself, no more than I trust the truth shall try; and to say that which I know of myself, I did not think should have displeased the council or your grace. And, surely, the cause why that I was sorry that there should be any such about me, was because that I thought the people will say that I deserved, through my lewd demeanour, to have such a one, and not that I mislike anything that your lordship, or the council, shall think good, for I know that you and the council are charged with me, or that I take upon me to rule myself, for I know that they are most deceived that trusteth most in themselves, wherefore I trust you shall never find that fault in me, to the which thing I do not see that your grace has made any direct answer at this time, and seeing they make so evil reports already, shall be but an increasing of these evil tongues. Howbeit, you did write 'that if I would bring forth any that had reported it, you and the council would see it redressed,' which thing, though I can easily do it, I would be loth to do, because it is mine own cause; and, again, that it should be but abridging of an evil name of me that am glad to punish them, and so get the evil will of the people, which thing I would be loth to have. But if it might seem good to your lordship, and the rest of the council, to send forth a proclamation into the countries that they refrain their tongues, declaring how the tales be but lies, it should make both the people think that you and the council have great regard that no such rumours should be spread of any of the king's majesty's sisters (as I am, though unworthy), and also that I should think myself to receive such friendship at your hands as you have promised me, although your lordship hath showed me great already. Howbeit, I am ashamed to ask it any more, because I see you are not so well minded thereunto. And as concerning that you say that I give folks occasion to think, in refusing the good to uphold the evil, I am not of so simple understanding, nor I would that your grace should have so evil an opinion of me that I have so little respect of my own honesty, that I would maintain it if I had sufficient promise of the same, and so your grace shall prove me when it comes to the point. And thus I bid you farewell, desiring God always to assist you in all your affairs. Written in haste. From Hatfelde, this 21st of February.

"Your assured friend, to my little power,

"ELIZABETH."

Superscribed.—"To my very good lord, my lord protector."[1]

To such a horrible extent had the scandals to which Elizabeth adverts in this letter proceeded, that not only was it said that she had been seduced by Seymour, and was about to become a mother, but that she had actually borne him a child. From the MS. life of Jane Dormer, duchess of Feria, who had been in the service of her sister the princess Mary, we learn, "that there was a report of a child born and miserably destroyed, but that it could not be discovered whose it was. A midwife testified that she was brought from her house blindfold to a house where she did her office, and returned in like manner. She saw nothing in the house but candle-light, and only said it was the child of a very fair young lady." This wild story was but a modern version of an ancient legend, which is to be met with among the local traditions of every county in England, in border minstrelsy and ballad lore, and even in oriental tales; and it had certainly been revived by some of the court gossips of Edward the Sixth's reign, who thought proper to make the youthful sister of that prince the heroine of the adventure.

[1] Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Mus.

The council had offered to punish any one whom Elizabeth could point out as the author of the injurious rumours against her character, and her observation in her letter to Somerset, in reply to this offer, "that she should but gain an evil name as if she were glad to punish, and thus incur the ill-will of the people, which she should be loth to have," is indicative of the profound policy, which throughout life, enabled this great queen to win and retain the affections of the men of England. Popularity was a leading object with Elizabeth from her childhood to the grave, and well had nature fitted her to play her part with eclat in the splendid drama of royalty.

On the 4th of March, 1549, the bill of attainder against Thomas Seymour baron Sudley, lord-admiral of England, was read for the third time in the house of lords; and though his courtship of Elizabeth formed one of the numerous articles against him, and it must have been a season replete with anxious alarm and anguish to herself, she generously ventured to write an earnest appeal to Somerset in behalf of her imprisoned governess, Mrs. Ashley, and her husband, who were, as she had every reason to suppose, involved in the same peril that impended over her rash lover, with whom they had been confederate.

Her letter is written in a noble spirit, and does equal credit to her head and heart, and is a beautiful specimen of special pleading in a girl of fifteen.

"LETTER FROM ELIZABETH TO THE PROTECTOR SOMERSET.[1]

"My lord, I have a request to make unto your grace which fear has made me omit till this time for two causes; the one because I saw that my request for the rumours which were spread abroad of me took so little place, which thing when I considered, I thought I should little profit in any other suit; howbeit, now I understand that there is a proclamation for them (for the which I give your grace and the rest of the council most humble thanks), I am the bolder to speak for another thing; and the other was, because, peraventure your lordship and the rest of the council will think that I favour her evil doing, for whom I shall speak, which is Kateryn Ashley, that it would please your grace and the rest of the council to be good unto her. Which thing I do, not to favour her in any evil (for that I would be sorry to do), but for these considerations, that follow, the which hope doth teach me in saying, that I ought not to doubt, but that your grace and the rest of the council will think that I do it for other considerations. First, because that she hath been with me a long time, and many years, and hath taken great labour and pain in bringing me up in learning and honesty; and, therefore, I ought of very duty speak for her: for Saint Gregorie sayeth, 'that we are more bound to them that bringeth us up well than to our parents, for our parents do that which is natural for them that bringeth us into this world, but our bringers up are a cause to make us live well in it.' The second is, because I think that whatsoever she hath done in my lord-admiral's matter, as concerning the marrying of me, she did it because knowing him to be one of the council, she thought he would not go about any such thing without he had the council's consent thereunto: for I have heard her many times say 'that she would never have me marry in any place without your grace's and the council's consent.' The third cause is, because that it shall, and doth make men think, that I am not clear of the deed myself; but that it is pardoned to me because of my youth, because that she I loved so well is in such a place. Thus hope, prevailing more with me than fear, hath won the battle, and I have at

[1] MSS. Lansd. 1236, fol. 35.

this time gone forth with it; which I pray God be taken no otherwise than it is meant. Written in haste, from Hatfield, this seventh day of March. Also, if I may be so bold, not offending, I beseech your grace and the rest of the council to be good to master Ashley, her husband, which, because he is my kinsman, I would be glad he should do well.

"Your assured friend, to my little power,

"ELIZABETH.

"To my very good lord, my lord-protector."

There is something truly magnanimous in the manner in which Elizabeth notices her relationship to the prisoner Ashley, at the time when he was under so dark a cloud, and it proves that the natural impulses of her heart were generous and good. The constitutional levity, which she inherited from her mother, appears, at that period of her life to have been her worst fault, and though she afterwards acquired the art of veiling this under an affectation of extreme prudery, her natural inclination was perpetually breaking out, and betraying her into follies which remind one of the conduct of the cat in the fable, who was turned into a lady, but never could resist her native penchant for catching mice.

On the 20th of March, Seymour was brought to the block: he had employed the last evening of his life in writing letters to Elizabeth and her sister, with the point of an aglet, which he plucked from his hose, being denied the use of pen and ink. These letters, which he concealed within the sole of a velvet shoe, were discovered by the emissaries of the council, and opened. No copies of these interesting documents have apparently been preserved, but Bishop Latimer, in his sermon in justification of the execution of the unhappy writer, described them to be "of a wicked and dangerous nature, tending to excite the jealousy of the king's sisters against the Protector Somerset, as their great enemy."[1]

When Elizabeth was informed of the execution of the admiral, she had the presence of mind to disappoint the malignant curiosity of the official spies, who were watching to report every symptom of emotion she might betray on that occasion, and merely said,

"This day died a man, with much wit, and very little judgment."

Although this extraordinary instance of self-command might, by some, be regarded as a mark of apathy in so young a woman, there can be no doubt that Elizabeth had been entangled in the snares of a deep and enduring passion for Seymour—passion that had rendered her regardless of every consideration of pride, caution, and ambition, and forgetful of the obstacle which nature itself had opposed to a union between the daughter of Anne Boleyn and a brother of Jane Seymour That Elizabeth continued to cherish the memory of this unsuitable lover with tenderness—not only after she had been deprived of him by the axe of the executioner, but for long years afterwards—may be inferred from the favour which she always bestowed on his faithful follower, Sir John Harrington the elder,[2] and the fact, that when she was

[1] See the Memoir of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v.

[2] Sir John Harrington the elder was originally in the service of king Henry

actually the sovereign of England, and had rejected the addresses of many of the princes of Europe, Harrington ventured to present her with a portrait of his deceased lord, the admiral, with the following descriptive sonnet:

"Of person rare, strong limbs and manly shape,
By nature framed to serve on sea or land;
In friendship firm, in good state or ill hap,
In peace head-wise, in war-skill great bold hand,
On horse or foot, in peril or in play,
None could excel, though many did essay.
A subject true to king, a servant great,
Friend to God's truth, and foe to Rome's deceit;
Sumptuous abroad for honour of the land,
Temperate at home, yet kept great state with stay,
And noble house, that fed more mouths with meat
Than some, advanced on higher steps to stand;
Yet against nature, reason, and just laws,
His blood was spilt, guiltless, without just cause."

The gift was accepted, and no reproof addressed to the donor.

Elizabeth had six ladies of honour in her household at Hatfield whose names are celebrated by Sir John Harrington, in a complimentary poem which he addressed to that princess early in Mary's reign. The poem commences:

The great Diana chaste,
In forest late I met,
Did me command in haste
To Hatfield for to get;

And to you, six a-row,
Her pleasure to declare,
Thus meaning to bestow
On each a gift most rare.

First she doth give to *Grey*
The falcons' courteous kind,
Her lord for to obey
With most obedient mind.

He proceeds to praise Isabella Markham for her modesty and beauty Mrs. Norwich for goodness and gravity; Lady Saint Lowe[1] for stability; Lady Willoughby for being a laurel instead of a willow; and Mrs Skipwith for prudence. Elizabeth chose to personate Diana or Pallas all her life.

VIII., and much in his confidence. He married Ethelred Malte, alias Dyngley, the king's natural daughter, by Joanna Dyngley or Dobson, and obtained with her a large portion of the confiscated church lands, which the king, out of his special love and regard for her, gave for her use and benefit; but she always passed for the illegitimate daughter of John Malte, the king's tailor, to whose care she was committed in her infancy, for nurture and education. Harrington married this young lady in 1546, and settled with her at Kelston, the gift of Henry VIII. After the death of this illegitimate scion of royalty, Harrington entered into the service of the lord-admiral, and was very strictly examined by the council of Edward VI. as to the intercourse of his lord with the lady Elizabeth; but he could neither be cajoled nor menaced into acknowledgments tending to criminate them. Elizabeth took him into her own household, and he remained faithfully attached to her interest to the end of his life. His second wife, the beautiful Isabella Markham, was one of Elizabeth's maids of honour whom he has immortalized in his poetical works as "Sweet Isabella Markham." See Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington the younger.

[1] Lady Saint Lowe was afterwards the countess of Shrewsbury, who has acquired an infamous celebrity by her injurious treatment of Mary, queen of Scots, while a prisoner under her lord's charge.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's scholastic pursuits—Ascham—Elizabeth's letter to Edward VI.—Her first communication with Cecil—She goes to court—Her simplicity of attire—Her conformity to the Reformation — Prevented from seeing king Edward — Her letter to him — Her household at Hatfield — Privy purse expenses — Her letter to the council—Death of Edward VI.—Elizabeth escapes Northumberland's snares — Required to acknowledge lady Jane Grey's title — Prudent answer — Meets her sister — Enters London with Mary — Admiration of the people—Popularity with the protestants—Queen's jealousy—Elizabeth refuses the mass—Queen Mary's displeasure—Elizabeth dissembles and conforms — Given precedency next the queen at the coronation — Dines with the queen and Anne of Cleves—Intrigues of the French ambassador—Plots in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay — Increasing coolness of the queen — Elizabeth forbidden to quit the palace — Or to receive visits — Matrimonial proposals — Offered an asylum in France—Courtenay betrays the plot—Wyatt's rebellions —Elizabeth implicated therein — Queen Mary sends for her—Her excuses—Mandate for her appearance — Her journey from Hatfield to court — Entrance into London—Queen refuses to see her—Her death desired by the council—Intercepted letters to Elizabeth — Gardiner's accusations against her — Her household discharged — Her distress — Her letter to queen Mary—She is carried by water to the Tower—Her disconsolate condition.

The disastrous termination of Elizabeth's first love affair, appears to have had the salutary effect of inclining her to habits of a studious and reflective character. She was for a time under a cloud, and during the profound retirement in which she was doomed to remain for at least a year after the execution of the lord admiral, the energies of her active mind found employment and solace in the pursuits of learning. She assumed a grave and sedate demeanour, withal, and bestowed much attention on theology, which the polemic spirit of the times rendered a subject of powerful interest.

Her new governess, lady Tyrwhit, had been the friend of the late queen, Katharine Parr, and was one of the learned females who had supported the doctrines of the Reformation, and narrowly escaped the fiery crown of martyrdom; and though Elizabeth had, in the first instance, defied her authority, there is reason to believe that she was reconciled to her after the first effervescence of her high spirit had subsided, and the assimilation of their religious feelings produced sympathy and good-will between them. A curious little devotional volume is mentioned by Anthony-a-Wood, as having once belonged to queen Elizabeth, which was compiled by this lady for her use, when acting as her preceptress. It was of miniature size, bound in solid gold, and entitled,

"Lady Elizabeth Tyrwhit's Morning and Evening Prayers, with divers Hymns and Meditations."[1]

It was probably about this period that Elizabeth translated an Italian sermon of Occhines, which she transcribed in a hand of great beauty, and sent to her royal brother, as a new year's gift. The dedication is dated Enfield, December 30, but the year is not specified; the MS. is now in the Bodleian library.

Not in vain did Elizabeth labour to efface the memory of her early indiscretion, by establishing a reputation for learning and piety. The learned Roger Ascham, under whom she perfected herself in the study of the classics, in his letters to Sturmius, the rector of the Protestant university, at Strasburg, is enthusiastic in his encomiums on his royal pupil, of whose scholastic attainments he is justly proud. "Numberless honourable ladies of the present time," says he, "surpass the daughters of sir Thomas More, in every kind of learning; but amongst them all, my illustrious mistress, the lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues than by the glory of her royal birth. In the variety of her commendable qualities, I am less perplexed to find matter for the highest panegyric, than to circumscribe that panegyric within just bounds; yet, I shall mention nothing respecting her but what has come under my own observation. For two years she pursued the study of Greek and Latin under my tuition, but the foundations of her knowledge in both languages were laid by the diligent instruction of William Grindal, my late beloved friend, and seven years my pupil in classical learning, at Cambridge. From this university he was summoned by John Cheke to court, where he soon after received the appointment of tutor to this lady.

"After some years, when through her native genius, aided by the efforts of so excellent a master, she had made a great progress in learning, and Grindal, by his merit and the favour of his mistress, might have aspired to high dignities, he was snatched away by a sudden illness. I was appointed to succeed him in his office, and the work which he had so happily begun, without my assistance, indeed, but not without some counsels of mine, I diligently laboured to complete. Now, however, released from the throng of a court, and restored to the felicity of my former learned leisure, I enjoy, through the bounty of the king,[2] an honourable appointment in this university.

"The lady Elizabeth has completed her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and the best kind of literature; the constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with masculine power of application; no apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin with fluency, propriety, and judgment. She also spoke Greek with me frequently, willingly and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant

[1] This precious relic was, at the time Anthony-a-Wood wrote, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Ashley, of Barrow, in Suffolk.

[2] Edward VI.

than her handwriting, whether in the Greek or the Roman character. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance, to show and splendour, so despising the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and wearing of gold, that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phædra.

"She read with me almost the whole of Cicero, and a great part of Livy: from those two authors her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select orations of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction, she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, the 'Commonplaces' of Melancthon, and similar works, which convey pure doctrine in elegant language.

"In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill adapted or far-fetched expression. She could not bear those feeble imitators of Erasmus, who bind the Latin language in the fetters of miserable proverbs. On the other hand, she approved a style, chaste in propriety, and beautiful in perspicuity, and she greatly admired metaphors when not too violent, and antitheses when just, and happily opposed. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ear became so practised and so nice, that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English prose or verse, which according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight."

The letters from which these passages have been extracted, were written by Ascham, in Latin, in the year 1550, when he had for some reason been compelled to withdraw from his situation in Elizabeth's household. The commendations of this great scholar, had probably some share in restoring her to the favour of the learned young king, her brother, whose early affection for the dearly-loved companion of his infancy, appears to have revived after a time, and though the jealousy of the selfish statesmen who held him in thrall, prevented the princely boy from gratifying his yearnings for her presence, he wrote to her to send him her portrait.

Elizabeth, in her reverential, and somewhat pedantic epistle, in reply, certainly gives abundant evidence of the taste for metaphors to which Ascham adverts in his letters to Sturmius.

"Letter from the Princess Elizabeth to King Edward VI., with a Present of her Portrait.[1]

"Like as the rich man that daily gathereth riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite, so methinks your majesty, not being sufficed with many benefits and gentlenesses showed to me afore this time, doth now increase them in asking and desiring where you may bid and command, requiring a thing not worthy the desiring for itself, but made worthy for your highness's request. My picture, I mean, in which, if the inward good

[1] Cotton. MS., Vesp. F. iii., fol. 20.

mind toward your grace might as well be declared as the outward face and countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment, but prevented it, nor have been the last to grant, but the first to offer it. For the face I grant I might well blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. For though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spotted by chance; yet the other, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowerings may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow.

"Of this, although yet the proof could not be great, because the occasions hath been but small, notwithstanding as a dog hath a day, so may I perchance have time to declare it in deeds, where now I do write them but in words. And further, I shall most humbly beseech your majesty, that when you shall look on my picture, you will vouchsafe to think, that, as you have put the outward shadow of the body afore you, so my inward mind wisheth that the body itself were oftener in your presence; howbeit, because both my so being I think could do your majesty little pleasure, though myself great good; and again, because I see as yet not the time agreeing thereunto, I shall learn to follow this saying of Orace (Horace), '*Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest.*' And thus I will (troubling your majesty I fear) end with my most humble thanks. Beseeching God long to preserve you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realm's profit, and to my joy. From Hatfield, this 15th day of May.

"Your majesty's most humble sister, ELIZABETH."

In the summer of 1550, Elizabeth had succeeded in reinstating her trusty cofferer, Thomas Parry, in his old office, and she employed him to write to the newly-appointed secretary of state, William Cecil, afterwards lord Burghley, to solicit him to bestow the parsonage of Harptree, in the county of Somerset, on John Kenyon, the yeoman of her robes. A lamentable instance of an unqualified layman, through the patronage of the great, devouring that property which was destined for the support of efficient ministers of the church. Such persons employed incompetent curates as their substitutes, at a starving salary, to the great injury and dissatisfaction of the congregation.

Parry's letter is dated September 22d, from Asheridge.[1] "Her grace," he says "hath been long troubled with rheums (rheumatism),[2] but now, thanks be to the Lord, is nearly well again and shortly ye shall hear from her grace again." A good understanding appears to have been early established between Elizabeth and Cecil, which possibly might be one of the under-currents that led to her recal to court, where, however, she did not return till after the first disgrace of the duke of Somerset.

On the 17th of March, 1551, she emerged from the profound retirement in which she had remained since her disgrace in 1549, and came in state to visit the king her brother. She rode on horseback through London to St. James's palace, attended by a great company of lords, knights, and gentlemen, and after her about two hundred ladies. On the 19th, she came from St. James's, through the park, to the court. The way from the park-gate to the court was spread with fine sand. She was attended by a very honourable confluence of noble and worshipful persons of both sexes, and was received with much ceremony at the court gate.[3]

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[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i.

[2] Or catarrh—cold; the word rheums being used indifferently at that era for both maladies.

[3] Stryde's Memorials.

That wily politician, the earl of Warwick, afterwards duke of Northumberland, had considered Elizabeth, young and neglected as she was, of sufficient political importance to send her a duplicate of the curious letter addressed by the new council jointly to her and her sister, the lady Mary, in which a statement is given of the asserted misdemeanours of Somerset, and their proceedings against him.[1] The council were now at issue with Mary on the grounds of her adherence to the ancient doctrines, and as a conference had been appointed between her and her opponents on the 18th of March, it might be to divert popular attention from her and her cause, that the younger and fairer sister of the sovereign was permitted to make her public entrance into London, on the preceding day, and that she was treated with so many marks of unwonted respect. Thus we see Mary makes her public entry on the 18th, with her train all decorated with black rosaries and crosses,[2] and, on the 19th, Elizabeth is again shown to the people, as if to obliterate any interest that might have been excited by the appearance of the elder princess. The love of Edward VI. for Elizabeth was so very great, according to Camden, that he never spoke of her by any other title than his "dearest sister," or "his sweet sister Temperance."[3] Elizabeth at that period affected extreme simplicity of dress, in conformity to the mode, which the rigid rules of the Calvinistic church of Geneva was rendering general, among the stricter portion of those noble ladies who professed the doctrines of the Reformation.

"The king her father," says Dr. Aylmer,[4] "left her rich clothes and jewels, and I know it to be true that in seven years after his death she never, in all that time, looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will; and that there never came gold or stone upon her head, till her sister forced her to lay off her former soberness, and bear her company in her glittering gayness, and then she so wore it, that all men might see, that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in king Edward's time made the noblemen's wives and daughters ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example, than with all that ever Paul or Peter wrote, touching that matter."[5]

The first opening charms of youth Elizabeth well knew required no extraneous adornments, and her classic tastes taught her that the elaborate magnificence of the costumes of her brother's court, tended to obscure, rather than enhance, those graces, which belonged to the morning bloom of life.

The plainness and modesty of the princess Elizabeth's costume, was particularly noticed, during the splendid festivities that took place on the occasion of the visit of the queen-dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lor-

[1] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. i. [2] Memoir of Mary, vol. v.

[3] Camden's Introduction to Elizabeth's Life.

[4] The learned tutor of lady Jane Grey, in an encomium which he wrote on Elizabeth, after her accession to the throne, entitled, "The Harbour for Faithful Subjects."

[5] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

raine, to the court of Edward VI., in October, 1551. The advent of the beautiful regent of the sister kingdom, and her French ladies of honour, fresh from the gay and gallant Louvre, produced no slight excitement among the noble belles of king Edward's court, and it seems that a sudden and complete revolution in dress took place, in consequence of the new fashions that were then imported, by queen Mary and her brilliant *cortège;* "so that all the ladies went with their hair frounsed, curled, and double curled, except the princess Elizabeth, who altered nothing," says Aylmer, "but kept her old maiden shamefacedness."[1]

At a later period of life, Elizabeth made up, in the exuberance of her ornaments, and the fantastic extravagance of her dress, for the simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of sweet seventeen. What would her reverend eulogist have said, if, while penning these passages in her honour, the vision of her three thousand gowns, and the eighty wigs of divers coloured hair, in which his royal heroine finally rejoiced, could have arisen in array before his mental eye, to mark the difference between the Elizabeth of seventeen and the Elizabeth of seventy? The Elizabeth of seventeen had, however, a purpose to answer, and a part to play, neither of which were compatible with the indulgence of her natural vanity, and that inordinate love of dress which the popular preachers of her brother's court were perpetually denouncing from the pulpit. Her purpose was the re-establishment of that fair fame, which had been sullied by the cruel implication of her name by the protector Somerset and his creatures, in the proceedings against the lord admiral; and in this she had, by the circumspection of her conduct, the unremitting manner in which she had, since that mortifying period, devoted herself to the pursuits of learning and theology, so fully succeeded, that she was now regarded as a pattern for all the youthful ladies of the court.

The part, which she was ambitious of performing, was that of heroine of the reformed party in England, even as her sister Mary was of the Catholic portion of the people. That Elizabeth was already so considered, and that the royal sisters were early placed in incipient rivalry to each other, by the respective partisans of the warring creeds which divided the land, may be gathered from the observations of their youthful cousin, lady Jane Gray, when urged to wear the costly dress that had been presented to her by Mary — "Nay, that were a shame, to follow my lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word."

Elizabeth wisely took no visible part in the struggle between the Dudley and Seymour factions, though there is reason to believe that Somerset tried to enlist her on his side. The following interrogatory was put to him on one of his examinations: — "Whether he did not consent that Vane should labour the lady Elizabeth to be offended with the duke of Northumberland, then earl of Warwick, the earl of Pembroke, and others of his council?"[2] The answer to this query has not

[1] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.
[2] Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 49.

been found, or it might possibly throw some light on the history of Elizabeth at this period. She certainly had no cause to cherish the slightest friendship for Somerset, for though it appears, from her letter to her sister Mary, that he had succeeded in persuading her that he was not guilty of his brother's death, yet, by bringing all the particulars of the indiscretions that had taken place between her and the admiral before the council, he had acted with the utmost cruelty towards herself, and cast a blight on her morning flower of life.

If we may believe Leti, Somerset sent a piteous supplication to Elizabeth from the Tower, imploring her to go to the king, and exert her powerful influence to obtain his pardon; and she wrote to him in reply, "that being so young a woman, she had no power to do anything in his behalf," and assured him "that the king was surrounded by those who took good care to prevent her from approaching too near the court, and she had no more opportunity of access to his majesty than himself."

The fall of Somerset made, at first, no other difference to Elizabeth, than the transfer of her applications for the restoration of Durham House from him to the duke of Northumberland, who had obtained the grant of that portion of Somerset's illegally acquired property. Elizabeth persisted in asserting her claims to this demesne, and that with a high hand, for she addressed an appeal to the lord chancellor on the subject. She openly expressed her displeasure, that Northumberland should have asked it of the king, without first ascertaining her disposition touching it, she made a peremptory demand that the house should be delivered up to her, and sent word to Northumberland, "that she was determined to come and see the king at Candlemas, and requested that she might have the use of St. James's Palace for her abode, *pro tempore*, because she could not have her things so soon ready at the Strand House."[1]

"But," concludes Northumberland, after relating these energetic proceedings of the young lady, "I am sure her grace would have done no less, though she had kept Durham House." This observation certainly refers to her wish of occupying St. James's Palace.

It was, however, no part of Northumberland's policy to allow either of the sisters of the young king to enjoy the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, and least of all, Elizabeth, whom, from the tender friendship that had ever united them, and, more than all, the conformity of her profession with Edward's religious opinions, he might naturally have been desirous of appointing as his successor, when his brief term of royalty was drawing to a close. That Elizabeth made an attempt to visit her royal brother in his sickness (at what period is uncertain), and that she was circumvented in her intention, and intercepted on her approach to the metropolis, by the agents of the faction that had possession of his person, she herself informs him in the following letter, in which she evinces a truly sisterly solicitude for his health.

"LETTER FROM THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO KING EDWARD VI.[2]

"Like as a shipman in stormy weather plucks down the sails tarrying fo-

[1] See Northumberland's letter in Tytler, vol. ii., pp. 161—163.

[2] Harl. MSS., 6986.

better winds, so did I, most noble king, in my unfortunate chance on Thursday, pluck down the high sails of my joy and comfort, and do trust one day that, as troublesome waves have repulsed me backward, so a gentle wind will bring me forward to my haven. Two chief occasions moved me much and grieved me greatly,—the one, for that I doubted your majesty's health,—the other, because for all my long tarrying I went without that I came for. Of the first, I am relieved in a part, both that I understood of your health, and also that your majesty's lodging is not far from my lord marquis' chamber.[1] Of my other grief I am not eased, but the best is, that whatsoever other folks will suspect, I intend not to fear your grace's good-will, which as I know that I never deserved to forfeit, so I trust will still stick by me. For if your grace's advice that I should return (whose will is a commandment) had not been, I would not have made the half of my way the end of my journey. And thus, as one desirous to hear of your majesty's health, though unfortunate to see it, I shall pray God for ever to preserve you. From Hatfield, this present Saturday.

"Your majesty's humble sister, to commandment,

"ELIZABETH.

"To the king's most excellent majesty."

The same power that was employed to prevent the visit of Elizabeth to her sick, perhaps dying, brother, probably deprived him of the satisfaction of receiving the letter which informed him that such had been her intention. It was the interest of those unprincipled statesmen to instil feelings of bitterness into the heart of the poor young king, against those to whom the fond ties of natural affection had once so strongly united him. The tenour of Edward VI.'s will, and the testimony of the persons who were about him at the time of his death, prove that he was at last no less estranged from Elizabeth, his "sweetest sister Temperance," as he was formerly wont to call her, than from Mary, whose recusancy had been urged against her as a reasonable ground for exclusion from the throne. Both were alike excluded from their natural places in the succession, and deprived of the benefit of their father's nomination in the act for settling the royal succession in the year 1544, and subsequently in his will — Mary, first, because of her papistry, and secondly, because she had been declared illegitimate. The reproach of papistry could not, with any consistency, be objected to Elizabeth; for, had not the lady Jane Gray herself, the innocent rival to her title, declared that "the lady Elizabeth was a follower of God's word?"[2] And as to the second objection of their declaring Mary illegitimate, the direct contrary would have been the result, for the establishment of the legitimacy of either of these sisters, no matter which, must infallibly have stigmatized the birth of the other. The next objection to Mary and Elizabeth was, that being only sisters to Edward by the half blood, they could not be his lawful heirs; but this was indeed a fallacy, for their title was derived from the same royal father, from whom Edward inherited the throne, and would in no respect have been strengthened by the comparatively mean blood of Jane Seymour, even if they had been her daughters by the late king. The third reason given for the exclusion of Edward's sisters was, that they might marry foreign princes, and thus

[1] Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, whom Edward called uncle, and whom Elizabeth held in great regard.

[2] Aylmer's Harbour for Faithful Subjects.

be the means of bringing papistry into England again, which lady Jane Gray could not do, as she was already married to the son of the duke of Northumberland.

Latimer preached in favour of the exclusion of Elizabeth as well as Mary, declaring that it was better that God should take away the ladies Mary and Elizabeth, than that, by marrying foreign princes, they should endanger the existence of the reformed church. Ridley set forth the same doctrine, although it was well known that Elizabeth had rejected the offer of one foreign prince, and had evinced a disinclination to marriage altogether. Nothing, therefore, could be more unfair than rejecting her, for fear of a contingency that never might, and in fact never did, happen.

The name of conscience was, however, the watchword under which Northumberland and his accomplices had carried their point with their pious young sovereign, when they induced him to set aside the rightful heirs, and bequeath the crown to lady Jane Gray.

Elizabeth kept her state at Hatfield House during the last few months of Edward's reign. The expenses of her household amounted to an average of 3938*l.* according to one of her household books, from October 1st, 5th of Edward VI., to the last day of September in the 6th year of that prince, in the possession of lord Strangford. It is entitled, "The Account of Thomas Parry, Esq., Cofferer to the Right Excellent Princess the Lady Elizabeth, her Grace, the King's Majesty's Most Honourable Sister." The above was the style and title used by Elizabeth during her royal brother's reign. Every page of the book is signed at the bottom by her own hand. Her cellar appears to have been well stocked with beer, sweet wine, Rhenish and Gascoigne wines. Lamprey pies are once entered as a present. The wages of her household servants for a quarter of a year amounted to 82*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* The liveries of velvet coats for thirteen gentlemen, at forty shillings the coat, amounted to twenty-six pounds; the liveries of her yeomen to 78*l.* 18*s.* She paid for the making of her turnspits' coats nine shillings and twopence. Given in alms, at sundry times, to poor men and women, 7*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

Among the entries for the chamber and robes, are the following:

"Paid to John Spithonius, the 17th of May, for books, and to Mr. Allen for a Bible, 27*s.* 4*d.* Paid to Edmund Allen for a Bible, 20*s.* Third of November, to the keeper of Hertford Jail for fees of John Wingfield, being in ward, 13*s.* 4*d.* Paid, 14th of December, to Blanche Parry for her half-year's annuity, 100*s.*; and to Blanche Courtnaye for the like, 66*s.* 8*d.* Paid, December 14th, at the christening of Mr. Pendred's child, as by warrant doth appear, 1*s.* Paid in reward unto sundry persons at St. James's—her grace then being there—viz., the king's footmen, 11*s.*; the under-keeper of St. James's, 10*s.*; the gardener, 5*s.*; to one Russell, groom of the king's great chamber, 10*s.*; to the wardrobe, 11*s.*; the violins, 10*s.*; a Frenchman that gave a book to her grace, 10*s.*; the keeper of the park-gate at St. James's, 10*s.*"

From another of Elizabeth's account books, in possession of Gustavus Brander, esq., the Antiquarian Repertory quotes the following additional items:—

"Two French hoods, 2*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* Half-a-yard and two nails of velvet, for part-

lets, 18*s.* 9*d.* Paid to Edward Allen for a Bible, 1*l.* Paid to the king's (Edward VI.) *droner* (bagpiper) and *phipher* (fifer), 20*s.* To Mr. Haywood, 30*s.*; and to Sebastian, towards the charge of the children, with the carriage of the players' garments, 4*l.* 19*s.* Paid to sundry persons at St. James's, her grace being there, 9*l.* 15*s.* To Beamonde, the king's servant, for his boys that played before her grace, 10*s.* In reward to certain persons, on the 10th of August (*this was after Mary's accession*), to Former, who played on the lute; to Mr. Ashfield's servant, with two *prize* oxen and 10 muttons, 20*s.* more; the harper, 30*s.*; to him that made her grace a table of walnut tree, 44*s.* 9*d.*; to Mr. Cockus' servant that brought her grace a sturgeon, 6*s.* 8*d.*; to my lord Russell's minstrels, 20*s.*

"Accounts of Thomas Parry, cofferer of her household, till Oct., 1553."[1]

The last documentary record of Elizabeth, in the reign of Edward VI., is a letter addressed by her to the lords of the council, relating to some of her landed property, concerning which there was a dispute between her tenant, Smith, and my lord privy seal, the earl of Bedford. She complains of having been "evilly handled" by the minister, though she denies taking part with Smith in the controversy against him. All she wishes is, she says, "to enjoy her own right in quietness." She requests, in conclusion, "her humble commendations to the king's majesty, for whose health," she says, "I pray daily and daily, and ever more shall so do, during my life. At Hatfield, the last day of May, 1553."

On the morning of the 6th of July, Edward expired at Greenwich, but his death was kept secret for the purpose of securing the persons of his sisters, to both of whom deceitful letters were written in his name, by order of Northumberland, requiring them to hasten to London to visit him in his sickness. The effect of this treacherous missive on Mary, her narrow escape and subsequent proceedings, have been related in her memoir in the preceding volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England."[2] Elizabeth, more wary, or better informed of what was in agitation by some secret friend at court, supposed to be Cecil, instead of obeying the guileful summons, remained quietly at Hatfield to watch the event. This was presently certified to her by the arrival of commissioners from the duke of Northumberland, who, after announcing the death of the young king, and his appointment of lady Jane Gray for his successor, offered her a large sum of money and a considerable grant of lands, as the price of her acquiescence, if she would make a voluntary cession of her own rights in the succession, which she was in no condition to assert. Elizabeth, with equal wisdom and courage, replied, "that they must first make their agreement with her elder sister, during whose lifetime she had no claim or title, to resign." Leti assures us, that she also wrote a letter of indignant expostulation to Northumberland, on the wrong that had been done to her sister and herself, by proclaiming his daughter-in-law queen. A fit of sickness, real, or, as some have insinuated, feigned, preserved Elizabeth from the peril of taking any share in the contest for the crown. Her defenceless position, and her proximity to the metropolis, placed her in a critical predicament, and if by feigning illness she avoided being conducted to the Tower, by Northumberland's partisans, she acted as a wise woman,

[1] Antiq. Repertory, vol. i., p. 64.

[2] Vol. v.

seeing that discretion is the better part of valour. But, sick or well, she preserved her integrity, and as soon as the news of her sister's successes reached her, she forgot her indisposition and hastened to give public demonstrations of her loyalty and affection to her person, by going in state to meet and welcome her, on her triumphant progress to the metropolis. The general assertion of historians that Elizabeth raised a military force for the support of queen Mary is erroneous; she was powerless in the first instance, and the popular outburst in favour of Mary, rendered it needless after the first week's reign of the nine-days queen was over.

On the 29th of July, according to the Cottonian MS., quoted by Strype, Elizabeth came riding, from her seat in the country, along Fleet-street to Somerset House, which now belonged to her, attended by 2000 horse armed with spears, bows, and guns. In this retinue appeared sir John Williams and sir John Bridges, and her chamberlain, all being dressed in green, but their coats were faced with velvet, satin, taffeta, silk, or cloth, according to their quality. This retinue of Elizabeth assumed a less warlike character on the morrow, when it appears that Mary had disbanded her armed militia. When Elizabeth rode through Aldgate next day, on her road to meet her sister, she was accompanied by a thousand persons on horseback, a great number of whom were ladies of rank.[1] The royal sisters met at Wanstead, where Elizabeth and her train paid their first homage to queen Mary, who received them very graciously, and kissed every lady presented by Elizabeth.

On the occasion of Mary's triumphant entrance into London, the royal sisters rode side by side, in the grand equestrian procession. The youthful charms of Elizabeth, then in her twentieth year, the majestic grace of her tall and finely-proportioned figure, attracted every eye, and formed a contrast disadvantageous to Mary, who was nearly double her age, small in person, and faded prematurely by early sorrow, sickness, and anxiety.[2] The pride and reserve of Mary's character, would not allow her to condescend to the practice of any of those arts of courting popularity, in which Elizabeth, who rendered everything subservient to the master-passion of her soul, ambition, was a practised adept. In every look, word, and action, Elizabeth studied effect, and on this occasion it was noticed that she took every opportunity of displaying the beauty of her hand, of which she was not a little vain.[3]

Within one little month after their public entrance into London, the evil spirits of the times had succeeded in rekindling the sparks of jealousy between the Catholic queen and the Protestant heiress of the throne. That Mary, after all the mortifications that had been inflicted upon her at Elizabeth's birth, had had the magnanimity to regard her with sisterly feelings, is a fact, that renders the divisions, that were effected between them, the more deeply to be regretted.

[1] Stowe says, Elizabeth was accompanied by 1000 horse, consisting of knights, ladies, gentlemen, and their servants. Lingard reduces this number to 150 persons; but the people of London then, as now, doubtless poured forth in mass, to hail the approaching sovereign.

[2] Turner; Lingard; Michele.

[3] Report of Michele, the Venetian ambassador.

When Mary, who had never dissembled her religious opinions, made known her intention of restoring the mass and all the ancient ceremonials, that had been abolished by king Edward's council, the Protestants naturally took the alarm. Symptoms of disaffection towards their new sovereign betrayed themselves, in the enthusiastic regard which they lavished on Elizabeth, who became the beacon of hope, to which the champions of the Reformation turned, as the horizon darkened around them. But it was not only on those to whom a sympathy in religious opinions endeared her, that Elizabeth had succeeded in making a favourable impression, for she was already so completely established as the darling of the people of England, that Pope Julius III., in one of his letters, adverting to the report made by his envoy, Commendone, on the state of queen Mary's government, says, "that heretic and schismatic sister, formerly substituted for her (queen Mary) in the succession by their father, is in the heart and mouth of every one."[1]

The refusal of Elizabeth to attend mass, while it excited the most lively feelings of admiration for her sincerity and courage among the Protestants, gave great offence to the queen and her council, and the princess was sternly enjoined to conform to the Catholic rites. Elizabeth was resolute in her refusal; she even declined, under pretext of indisposition, being present at the ceremonial of making her kinsman Courtenay an earl. This was construed into disrespect for the queen. Some of the more headlong zealots, by whom Mary was surrounded, recommended that she should be put under arrest.[2] Mary refused to consent to a measure at once unpopular and unjustifiable, but endeavoured, by alternate threats, persuasions, and promises, to prevail on her sister to accompany her to the chapel-royal.[3] The progress of the contest between the queen and her sister, on this case of conscience, is thus detailed by the French ambassador, Noailles, in a letter dated September 6th:

"Elizabeth will not hear mass, nor accompany her sister to the chapel, whatever remonstrance, either the queen or the lords on her side, have been able to make to her on this subject. It is feared, that she is counselled in her obstinacy by some of the magnates, who are disposed to stir up fresh troubles. Last Saturday and Sunday," continues he, "the queen caused her to be preached to, and entreated by all the great men of the council, one after the other, but their importunity only elicited from her, at last, a very rude reply."[4] The queen was greatly annoyed by the firmness of Elizabeth, which promised to prove a serious obstacle to the restoration of papacy in England. The faction, that had attempted to sacrifice the rights of both the daughters of Henry VIII. by proclaiming lady Jane Gray queen, gathered hopes from the dissension between the royal sisters. Elizabeth, however, who had no intention of unsettling the recently established government of the sickly sovereign, to whom she was heir presumptive, when she found that it was suspected that her nonconformity proceeded from disaffection, de-

[1] Letters of Pope Julius III., p. 112. Sharon Turner.
[2] Lingard; Noailles; Turner. [3] Ibid.
[4] Depeches du Noailles, 147.

manded an audience with queen Mary, and throwing herself on her knees before her, she told her, weeping at the same time, "that she saw plainly how little affection her majesty appeared to have for her, and that she knew she had done nothing to offend her, except in the article of religion, in which she was excusable, having been brought up in the creed she at present professed, without having ever heard any doctor, who could have instructed her in the other." She entreated the queen, therefore, to let her have some books, explanatory of doctrine, contrary to that set forth in the Protestant books she had hitherto read, and she would commence a course of study, from works composed expressly in defence of the Catholic creed, which, perhaps, might lead her to adopt other sentiments. She also requested to have some learned man appointed for her instructor."[1]

The queen received these overtures in a conciliatory spirit, and Elizabeth appeared with her at the celebration of mass, on the 8th of September, a festival, by which the church of Rome commemorates the nativity of the blessed Virgin. Griffet affirms, that Elizabeth did this with a bad grace, and gave evident tokens of repugnance, but she voluntarily wrote to the emperor Charles V., requesting him to send a cross, chalices, and other ecclesiastical ornaments for a chapel, "which she intended," she said, "to open in her own house."[2] By these condescensions to expediency, Elizabeth succeeded for a time in maintaining her footing at court, and securing her proper place in the approaching ceremonial of the coronation, as next in rank to her sister the queen. In the splendid pageant of the royal cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster, on the preceding day, Elizabeth wore a French dress of white and silver tissue, and was seated with Anne of Cleves, her sometime stepmother, in a chariot drawn by six horses, trapped also with white and silver, which followed immediately after the gold-canopied litter in which the sovereign was borne.[3]

At the coronation, Elizabeth was again paired with the lady Anne of Cleves, who had precedency over every other lady in the court. These two princesses, also, dined at the same table with the queen at the banquet, an honour which was not vouchsafed to any other person there.[4]

During all the festivities and royal pageants that succeeded the coronation, Mary gave public testimonials of respect and sisterly regard for Elizabeth, by holding her by the hand,[5] and placing her next to herself at table. This Noailles notices that she did in particular at the great banquet given to the Spanish ambassador and his suite. Elizabeth was also prayed for, as the queen's sister, by Dr. Harpsfield, at the opening of the convocation at Westminster, immediately after the coronation. Strype,[6] who honestly narrates the fact, complains that nothing was added in her commendation; but this, as she was opposed to the doctrines of the church of Rome, was scarcely to be expected from their divines, neither were the deceitful terms of flattery, which were conven-

[1] Renaud à l'Emp. Charles V. Griffet, p. 106–7.
[2] Griffet; Lingard; Tytler.
[3] Stowe.
[4] Noailles.
[5] Sharon Turner; Noailles.
[6] Strype's Memorials, vol. iii., p. 62, Oxford edition.

tionally used towards the members of the royal family, of such importance to Elizabeth, as her public recognition, by her sister's hierarchy and divines, as the heiress presumptive to the throne. This was of the greater moment to Elizabeth, because, by the act which passed immediately after the meeting of Mary's first parliament, confirming the marriage of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon, and establishing the legitimacy of the queen, the subsequent marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn was rendered null and void,[1] and the birth of Elizabeth illegitimate in point of law, although, from motives of delicacy, as well as sound policy, it was not declared so. Elizabeth was the darling of the people, and as long as her reversionary claims to the regal succession were recognised by the reigning sovereign, she stood beside the throne, as a check to the plots of the aspiring house of Suffolk, on the one hand, and the designs of the French party on the other. Lady Jane Gray was still living and unforgotten, and Henry II. of France treated his daughter-in-law, the young queen of Scots, as the rightful sovereign of England, on the plea that *neither* of the daughters of Henry VIII. were legitimate. Their father had stigmatized the birth of both Mary and Elizabeth, and the subservient parliament of June, 1536, had, in obedience to his unjust intention of preferring any future daughters, that might be born to him by Jane Seymour or her successors, to the issue of Katharine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn, formally declared the royal sisters illegitimate, and incapable of succeeding to the throne.

The act for settling the succession in 1545, and the will of Henry VIII., had indeed taken away the latter clause, but the declaration of illegitimacy remained unrepealed, and had been further insisted upon in the will of the late king Edward VI., by the exclusion of both princesses, in favour of the grand-daughter of the youngest sister of Henry VIII. The experiment of placing a juvenile scion, from a collateral branch of the royal family, on the throne, had been displeasing to the nation in general; not only Catholics, but Protestants had united, in opposing so flagrant a violation of the old established laws of the regal succession in England. The miseries caused by the wars of the roses, had proved a salutary lesson, on the danger of permitting a temporary alienation of the crown from the direct line of primogeniture; and a mighty majority of the people had vested the sovereignty in the person of Mary Tudor, according to the letter of her father's will, the conditions of which, she never violated with regard to Elizabeth's reversionary claim to the succession. So far, the interests of Elizabeth were united with those of her sister, but when the act which established the legitimacy of the queen passed, she and her friends took umbrage, because it tacitly implied the fact that she was not born in lawful wedlock.

If Elizabeth had acted with the profound policy which marked her subsequent conduct, she would not have called attention to this delicate point, by evincing her displeasure, but her pride was piqued, and she demanded permission to withdraw from court.[2] It was refused, and

[1] Journals of Parliament, 1st of Queen Mary. [2] Noailles; Turner; Lingard.

a temporary estrangement took place between her and the queen. Noailles, the French ambassador, whose business it was to pave the way for the succession of the young queen of Scots to the throne of England, by the destruction of the present heiress presumptive, fomented the differences between the royal sisters with fiendlike subtlety and satisfaction.[1]

Henry II. made the most liberal offers of money and advice to Elizabeth while, in fancy, he exulted in the idea of her disgrace and death, and the recognition of his royal daughter-in-law as the future sovereign of the Britannic Isles, from sea to sea, under the matrimonial dominion of his eldest son. The brilliancy of such a prospect rendered the French monarch and his ministers reckless of the restraints of honour, conscience, or humanity, which might tend to impede its realization, and Elizabeth was marked out, first as their puppet, and finally, as the victim of a plot, which might possibly end in the destruction not only of one sister, but both.

The Protestant party, alarmed at the zeal of queen Mary for the re-establishment of the old Catholic institutions, and detesting the idea of her Spanish marriage, were easily excited to enter into any project for averting the evils they foresaw. A plot was devised for raising the standard of revolt, against queen Mary's government, in the joint names of the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay earl of Devonshire, to whom they proposed to unite her in marriage. That Courtenay, who had been piqued at Mary's declining to accept him for her husband, entered into a confederacy, which promised him a younger and more attractive royal bride, with the prospect of a crown for her dowry, there is no doubt; though, the romantic tales in which some modern historians have indulged, touching his passion for Elizabeth, are somewhat apocryphal. The assertion that he refused the proffered hand of Mary, on account of his disinterested preference for Elizabeth, is decidedly untrue. It was not till convinced of the hopelessness of his suit to the queen, that he allowed himself to be implicated in a political engagement to marry Elizabeth, who, if consenting to the scheme, appears to have been wholly a passive agent, cautiously avoiding any personal participation in the confederacy, till she saw how it was likely to end. It is therefore difficult to say how far her heart was touched by the external graces of her handsome but weak-minded kinsman.[2]

The difficulties of her position at this crisis were extreme; distrusted by the queen, watched and calumniated by the Spanish ambassador, Renaud, assailed by the misjudging enthusiasm of the Protestant party, with spiritual adulation, and entreated to stand forth as the heroine of their cause, and tempted by the persuasions and treacherous promises of the subtle Noailles, it required caution and strength of mind seldom

[1] Depeches de Noailles.

[2] Leti has inserted, in his History of Elizabeth, several love-letters, which he declares passed between that princess and Courtenay; but even if he had reference to the original documents, he has, according to his usual custom, rendered them into a phraseology so modern and suspicious, as to create doubts of their authenticity

to be found in a girl of twenty, not to fall into some of the snares which so thickly beset her path.[1] Noailles made his house a rendezvous for the discontented Protestants and the disaffected of every description. Midnight conferences were held there, at which Courtenay was a prominent person, though the pusillanimity of his character rendered it difficult to stir him up to anything like open enterprise. Noailles informed his court "that though Elizabeth and Courtenay were proper instruments, for the purpose of exciting a popular rising, Courtenay was so timorous that he would suffer himself to be taken before he would act." The event proved the accuracy of this judgment. By the dint, however, of great nursing, the infant conspiracy began to assume a more decided form, and as Elizabeth could not be induced to unite herself openly with the confederates, Noailles affirms "that they intended to surprise and carry her away, to marry her to Courtenay, and conduct them into Devonshire and Cornwall, where Courtenay had powerful friends." They imagined that a general rising would take place in their favour, in the west of England, with a simultaneous revolt of the Suffolk faction in the east and other parts, where they greatly miscalculated the popular feeling against the queen.[2]

Elizabeth, meantime, perceiving the perils that beset her, on the one hand, from the folly of her injudicious friends, and, on the other, from the malignity of her foes, and alarmed at the altered manner of the queen towards her, reiterated her entreaties to be permitted to retire to one of her houses in the country.[3] The leave was granted, and the day for her departure actually fixed, but the representations of the Spanish minister, "that she was deeply engaged in plots against her majesty's government, and that she only wished to escape from observation by withdrawing herself into the country, in order to have the better opportunity of carrying on her intrigues with the disaffected," caused queen Mary to forbid her to quit the palace. So much incensed was the queen, at the reports that were daily brought to her, of the disloyalty of Elizabeth, that she would not admit her to her presence, and inflicted upon her the severe mortification of allowing the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk to take precedency of her. Elizabeth then absented herself from the chapel-royal, and confined herself to her own chamber; on which, the queen forbade any of her ladies to visit her there without especial permission.

So considerable, however, was the influence Elizabeth had already acquired among the female aristocracy of England, and so powerful was the sympathy excited for her at this period, that, in defiance of the royal mandate, all the young gentlewomen of the court visited her daily, and all day long in her chamber, and united in manifesting the most ardent affection for her.[4] Elizabeth received these flattering tokens of regard with answering warmth, in the vain hope that the strength of her party would place her on a more independent footing, but of course it only rendered her case worse, by exciting jealousy and provoking anger

[1] Noailles' Despatches; Griffet; Lingard; Turner.
[2] Noailles, 11, 246, 254–58. [3] Noailles; Lingard; Turner. [4] Noailles.

She was sedulously watched by the council, spies in her own household made almost hourly reports of all her movements, and every visit she received. By one of these traitors information was conveyed to Mary's ministers, that a refugee French preacher had secret interviews with her; on which the Spanish ambassador advised, that she should be sent to the Tower. Renaud also charged Noailles, the French ambassador, with holding private nocturnal conferences with the princess in her own chamber; this, Noailles angrily denied, and a violent altercation took place between the two diplomatists on the subject. Two of the queen's ministers, Paget and Arundel, then waited on Elizabeth, and informed her of the accusation. She found no difficulty in disproving a charge of which she was really innocent, and with some emotion expressed her gratitude "for not having been condemned unheard," and entreated them, "never to give credit to the calumnies that might hereafter be circulated against her, without allowing her an opportunity of justifying herself."[1]

The queen, after this explanation, as a pledge of her reconciliation with Elizabeth, presented her with a double set of large and valuable pearls, and having granted her permission to retire into the country, dismissed her with tokens of respect and affection.[2]

It was in the beginning of December, that Elizabeth obtained the long delayed leave from her royal sister to retire to her own house at Asheridge, in Buckinghamshire; but even there a jealous watch was kept on all her movements, and those of her servants. Never had captive bird panted more to burst from the thraldom of a cage, than she to escape from the painful restraints and restless intrigues of the court, where she was one day threatened with a prison, and the next flattered with the prospect of a crown;[3] but the repose for which she sighed was far remote. Instead of enjoying the peaceful pursuits of learning, or sylvan sports, in her country abode, she was harassed with a matrimonial proposal, which had been suggested to Mary by the Spanish cabinet, in behalf of the prince of Piedmont;[4] it not being considered expedient for the queen to solemnize her unpopular nuptials with Philip of Spain, till Elizabeth was wedded to a foreign husband.

Elizabeth resolutely refused to listen to the pretensions of the prince of Piedmont, and she also declined the overtures, that were privately renewed to her by the king of Denmark, in favour of his son, whom she had refused during her brother's reign. In all the trials, mortifications, and perplexities which surrounded her, she kept her eye steadily fixed on the bright reversion of the crown of England, and positively refused to marry out of the realm, even when the only alternative appeared to be a foreign husband or a scaffold.

The sarcastic proverb, "defend me from my friends, and I will take care of my foes," was never more fully exemplified than in the case of Elizabeth, during the first year of her sister's reign, for an army of de-

[1] Noailles. [2] Lingard. [3] Ibid.

[4] Philibert Emanuel, heir of the dukedom of Savoy. He was cousin-german to Philip of Spain, and his dearest friend. He was the son of the sister of the empress Isabel, wife to Charles V.—Brantome.

clared enemies would have been less perilous to her than the insidious caresses of the king of France, and his ambassador. Henry wrote to her letters, with unbounded offers of assistance and protection; and he advanced just enough money to the conspirators, to involve them in the odium of receiving bribes from France, without bearing the slightest proportion to their wants. He endeavoured to persuade Elizabeth to take refuge in his dominions; but if she had fallen into such a snare, she would have found herself in much the same situation as Mary queen of Scots was, when she sought an asylum in her realm. The only result of this correspondence was, that it involved Elizabeth in the greatest peril, when letters in cipher, supposed to be from her in reply to Henry, were intercepted.

On the 21st of January, 1553–4, Gardiner drew from the weak or treacherous Courtenay the secrets of the confederacy, of which he was to have been the leader and the hero. The conspirators on the following day learned that they had been betrayed, and found themselves under the fatal necessity of anticipating their plans by taking up arms.[1]

Wyat immediately sent to Elizabeth an earnest recommendation to retire from the vicinity of the metropolis. Young Russell, the son of the earl of Bedford, who was a secret member of the confederacy, was the bearer of the letter, and it seems, that he was the agent, through whom all communications between Wyat and her were carried on.[2] Sir James Crofts also saw and urged her to adopt this plan. Elizabeth perceived her peril, and determined not to take any step, that might be construed into an overt act of treason. She knew the weak and unsteady elements of which the confederacy was composed. Courtenay had proved a broken reed; and of all people in the world, she had the least reason to place confidence in either the wisdom, the firmness, or the integrity of the duke of Suffolk, who would, of course, if successful, endeavour to replace his daughter, lady Jane Gray, on the throne. Common sense must have convinced Elizabeth, that he could have no other motive for his participation in the revolt. It was probably her very apprehension of such a result, that led this suspicious princess into an incipient acquiescence in the conspiracy, that she might obtain positive information as to the real nature of their projects, so that if she found them hostile to her own interests, the power of denouncing the whole affair to the queen would be in her own hands. Under any circumstances, Elizabeth would have found a straight-forward path the safest. Letters addressed to her by the French ambassador, and also by Wyat, were intercepted by queen Mary's ministers. Russell was placed under arrest, and confessed that he had been the medium of a secret correspondence, with the leaders of the confederacy and Elizabeth.[3] Wyat unfurled the standard of revolt on the 25th of January, and the queen sent her royal mandate to Elizabeth on the 26th, enjoining her immediate return to court, "where," however, she assured her, "she would be heartily welcome."[4] Elizabeth mistrusted the invitation, and took to

[1] Tytler; Lingard. [2] Ibid. [3] Griffet; Tytler.
[4] Strype.—See the Memoir of Queen Mary, vol. v.

her bed; sending a verbal message to the queen "that she was too ill at present to travel, that as soon as she was able she would come, and prayed her majesty's forbearance for a few days."

After the lapse of several days, the officers of Elizabeth's household addressed a letter to her majesty's council, to explain "that increased indisposition, on the part of their mistress, was the sole cause that prevented her from repairing to the queen's highness, and though they continued in hope of her amendment, they saw no appearance of it, and therefore they considered it their duty, considering the perilous attempts of the rebels, to apprise their lordships of her state." [1]

Mary received this excuse, and waited for the coming of Elizabeth till the 10th of February. During that eventful fortnight a formidable insurrection had broken out, of which the ostensible object was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to the regal office. The French and Venetian ambassadors had both intrigued with the disaffected, and supplied them with money and arms. Mary had been attacked in her own palace by Wyat's army of insurgents; she had quelled the insurrection, and proceeded to measures of great severity, to deter her factious subjects from further attempts to disturb the public peace. Terror was stricken into every heart when it was known that a warrant was issued for the immediate execution of lady Jane Gray and her husband. Wyat, and others of the confederates, with the view of escaping the penalty of their own rash attempts, basely denounced Elizabeth and Courtenay as the exciters of the treasonable designs that had deluged the metropolis with blood, and shaken the throne of Mary. Elizabeth had fortified her house meantime, and introduced an armed force within her walls, probably for a defence against the partisans of lady Jane Gray, but, of course, her enemies and the Spanish party insisted that it was intended as a defiance to the royal authority. The queen, who had every reason to distrust her loyalty, then despatched lord William Howard, sir Edward Hastings, and sir Thomas Cornwallis, to bring her to court.[2] With these gentlemen she sent her own physicians, Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendy, to ascertain whether Elizabeth was really able to bear the journey. Now, Dr. Wendy, to his honour be it remembered, was instrumental in the preservation of queen Katharine Parr's life, by the prudent counsel he gave her at the time of her extreme peril, and also, as it has been supposed, by acting as a mediator between her and king Henry.[3] He had known Elizabeth from her child-

[1] Strype's Memorials, Eccl. iii. 83. From Petyt MS.

[2] That accurate historian, Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., has, with great clearness, traced the discrepancies of Fox, when tested with the authentic State Paper Records of that memorable passage in the early life of our great Elizabeth. After carefully examining and collating all contemporary authorities on the subject, it is impossible not to coincide with the view Mr. Tytler has taken from the evidence of dates and documents. The statement of Fox, that Mary gave a peremptory commission to three of the members of her council, "to repair to Asheridge and bring the lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead," as asserted in that author's romantic biography of Elizabeth, in the Appendix of his Martyrology, is a distorted version of the facts, of which a plain narrative is given in these pages. See also Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii.

[3] See the Life of Queen Katharine Parr, vol. v.

hood, and his appearance would rather have had the effect of inspiring her with hope and confidence, than terror. Be that as it may, he and his coadjutor decided, that she might be removed without peril of her life. The three commissioners then required an audience of the princess, who, guessing their errand no doubt, refused to see them, and when they entered the chamber, it being then past ten o'clock at night, she said, "Is the haste such, that it might not have pleased you to come in the morning?" They made answer, "that they were sorry to see her grace in such a case."

"And I," replied she, "am not glad to see you at this time of night!"

This little dialogue, which rests on the authority of Holinshed, is characteristic, and likely enough to have taken place, although it is not mentioned in the following letter of the commissioners to the queen. We are, however, to bear in mind, that Elizabeth's great-uncle, lord William Howard, who appears to have been the leading man on the occasion, would scarcely have related any speech on the part of his young kinswoman, likely to have been construed by the queen and her council, into an act of contumacy. On the contrary, he describes Elizabeth as using the most dutiful and compliant expressions, only fearful of encountering the fatigue of a journey in her weak state; any one, from his report, would imagine her to be the meekest and gentlest of all invalids.

"The Lord Admiral (Lord W. Howard), Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, to the Queen.[1]

"In our humble wise. It may please your highness to be advertised, that yesterday, immediately upon our arrival at Asheridge, we required to have access unto my lady Elizabeth's grace, which obtained, we delivered unto her your highness's letter; and I, the lord admiral, declared the effect of your highness's pleasure, according to the credence given to us, being before advertised of her state by your highness's physicians, by whom we did perceive the state of her body to be such, that, without danger to her person, we might well proceed to require her, in your majesty's name (all excuses set apart), to repair to your highness, with all convenient speed and diligence.

"Whereunto we found her grace very willing and conformable, save only 'that she much feared her weakness to be so great' that she should not be able to travel, and to endure the journey without peril of life, and therefore desired some longer respite, until she had better recovered her strength; but in conclusion, upon the persuasion, as much of us, as of her own council and servants (whom we assure your highness we have found very ready and forward to the accomplishment of your highness's pleasure, in this behalf), she is resolved to remove hence to-morrow towards your highness with such journies as by a paper, herein enclosed, your highness shall perceive; further declaring to your highness, that her grace much desireth, if it might stand with your highness's pleasure, that she may have a lodging, at her coming to court, somewhat further from the water (the Thames) than she had at her last being there; which your physicians, considering the state of her body, thinketh very meet, who have *travailed* (taken great pains) very earnestly with her grace both *before our coming*[2] and after, in this matter.

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[1] State Papers, Feb. 11, 1553–4. Edited by P. F. Tytler, Esq. Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 426.

[2] This sentence leads to the conclusion that Dr. Wendy and Dr. Owen had been at Asheridge, in attendance on Elizabeth, since her first summons to court.

"And after her first day's journey, one of us shall await upon your highness, to declare more at large, the whole state of our proceedings here. And even so, we shall most humbly beseech Christ long to preserve your highness in honour, health, and the contentation of your godly heart's desire.

"From Asheridge, the 11th of February, at four of the clock in the afternoon.

"Your highness's most humble and bounden servants and subjects,

"W. Howard, Edward Hastings, T. Cornwaleys."

The paper enclosed, sketching the plan of their progress to London, a document of no slight importance, considering the falsified statement which has been embodied in history, is as follows:—

"The order of my lady Elizabeth's grace's *voyage* to the court.

"Monday.—Imprimis to Mr. Cooke's, vi miles.

"Tuesday.—Item, to Mr. Pope's, viii miles.

"Wednesday.—To Mr. Stamford's, vii miles.

"Thursday.—To Highgate, Mr. Cholmeley's house, vii miles.

"Friday.—To Westminster, v miles."

Such is the official report of Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, lord William Howard, attested by the signatures of two other noble gentlemen. Motives of worldly interest, to say nothing of the ties of nature, would have inclined lord William Howard to cherish and support, as far as he could with safety to himself, an heiress presumptive to the crown, so nearly connected in blood with his own illustrious house. He was the brother of her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard, and in the probable event of queen Mary's death without issue, it was only reasonable for this veteran statesman to calculate on directing the councils of his youthful niece, and exercising the executive power of the crown. He was a man whom Elizabeth both loved and honoured, and she testified her grateful remembrance of his kindness after her accession to the crown. If Mary had intended Elizabeth to be treated as barbarously as Fox has represented, she would have selected some other agent for the minister of her cruelty.

The letter of the commissioners to the queen is dated February 11th, which was Sunday; contrary to the assertions of Fox and Holinshed, they remained at Asheridge the whole of that day and night, and it was not till Monday morning, the 12th, that they proceeded to remove Elizabeth. It was the day appointed for the execution of the lady Jane Gray and lord Guildford Dudley, and even the strong mind and lion-like spirit of Elizabeth must have quailed, at the appalling nature of her own summons to the metropolis, and the idea of commencing her journey in so ominous an hour. Thrice she was near fainting as she was led between two of her escort, to the royal litter, which the queen had sent for her accommodation.[1] Her bodily weakness, or some other cause, appears to have caused a deviation from the original programme of the journey, for the places where she halted were not the same as those specified by the commissioners in their letter to the queen. She reached Redburn in a feeble condition the first night. On the second, she rested at Sir Ralph Rowlet's house, at St. Alban's; on the third, at Mr Dod's, at Mimmes; on the fourth, at Highgate, where she remained

[1] Holinshed.

at Mr. Cholmeley's house a night and day, according to Holinshed, but most probably it was longer, as she did not enter London till the 23rd of February; and Noailles, in a letter, dated the 21st, makes the following report of her condition to his own court.

"While the city is covered with gibbets, and the public buildings crowded with the heads of the bravest men in the kingdom, (*who, by the bye, had given but an indifferent sample of their valour*) the princess Elizabeth, for whom no better fate is foreseen, is lying ill, about seven or eight miles from hence, so swollen and disfigured that her death is expected."[1] He expresses doubts "whether she would reach London alive." Notwithstanding this piteous description of her sufferings and prospects, his excellency in another place calls the indisposition of Elizabeth "a favourable illness," and the phrase has led some persons into the notion that her sickness was feigned for the purpose of exciting popular sympathy, but he certainly means merely to intimate, that it occurred at a seasonable time for her, and was probably the means of saving her from the same punishment that had just been inflicted on her youthful kinswoman, lady Jane Gray. That Elizabeth was suffering severely, both in mind and body, at this terrific crisis, there can be no doubt, and if she made the most of her illness to gain time, and delay her approach to the dreaded scene of blood and horror, which the metropolis presented, in consequence of the recent executions, no one can blame her. But when the moment came for her public entrance into London as a prisoner of state, her firmness returned, and the spirit of the royal heroine triumphed over the weakness of the invalid and the terrors of the woman. Her deportment on that occasion is thus finely described by an eye-witness who thirsted for her blood—Simon Renaud, the Spanish ambassador, in a letter to her great enemy, the emperor Charles Vth, dated February 24th, 1554.

"The lady Elizabeth," says he, "arrived here yesterday, dressed all in white, surrounded with a great company of the queen's people, besides her own attendants. She made them uncover the litter in which she rode, that she might be seen by the people. Her countenance was pale and stern, her mien proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavoured to conceal her trouble."

A hundred gentlemen in velvet coats formed a sort of guard of honour for Elizabeth on this occasion, next her person, and they were followed by a hundred more "in coats of fine red cloth guarded with black velvet;"[2] this was probably the royal livery. The road on both sides the way, from Highgate to London, was thronged with gazing crowds, some of whom wept and bewailed her. It must indeed have been a pageant of almost tragic interest, considering the excited state of the public mind, for Suffolk had been executed that morning, and it was only eleven days since the young, lovely, and interesting lady Jane Gray had been brought to the block. Many persons in that crowd remembered the execution of Elizabeth's mother, queen Anne Boleyn, not quite

[1] Elizabeth's illness appears to have been an attack of dropsy, from her swollen and pallid appearance.

[2] MS. Cotton., Vitell. f. 5.

seventeen years ago, and scarcely anticipated a better fate for her, whom they now saw conducted through their streets a guarded captive, having arrayed herself in white robes, emblematic of innocence. Her youth, her pallid cheek and searching glance, appealed to them for sympathy, and it might be for succour; but neither arm nor voice was raised in her defence in all that multitude; and this accounts for the haughty and scornful expression which Renaud observed in her countenance as she gazed upon them. Perhaps she thought, with sarcastic bitterness, of the familiar proverb—"A little help is worth a deal of pity."

The cavalcade passed through Smithfield and Fleet Street to Whitehall, between four and five in the afternoon, and entered the palace through the garden. Whatever might be her inward alarm, Elizabeth assumed an intrepid bearing.

> "Her cheek was pale, but resolved and high
> Were the words of her lip and the glance of her eye."

She boldly protested her innocence, and demanded an interview with her sister the queen, on the plea of Mary's previous promise never to condemn her unheard. Mary declined seeing her, and she was conducted to a quarter of the palace at Westminster, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guards. Six ladies, two gentlemen, and four servants of her own retinue, were permitted to remain in attendance on her person, the rest of her train were sent into the city of London and lodged there. It was on the fidelity and moral courage of these persons, that the life of Elizabeth depended; and it is certain that several of them were implicated in the conspiracy. Courtenay, her affianced husband, had been arrested on the 12th of February, in the house of the earl of Sussex, and was safely lodged in the bell-tower, and subjected to daily examinations. He had previously given tokens of weakness and want of principle sufficient to fill every one with whom he had been politically connected, with apprehension. Yet he seems to have acted honourably with regard to Elizabeth, for none of his admissions tended to implicate her.

Nothing could be more agonizing than the state of suspense, in which, for three weeks, Elizabeth remained at Whitehall, while her fate was debated by her sister's privy council. Fortunately for her, this body was agitated with jealousies and divided interests. One party relentlessly urged the expediency of putting her to death, and argued against the folly of sparing a traitress who had entered into plots with foreign powers against her queen and country.[1] Lord Arundel and Lord Paget were the advocates of these ruthless counsels, which, however, really emanated from the emperor Charles V., who considered Elizabeth in the light of a powerful rival to the title of the bride elect of his son Philip, and he laboured for her destruction, in the same spirit that his grandfather Ferdinand had made the execution of the unfortunate earl of Warwick one of the secret articles in the marriage treaty of Katharine of Arragon, and Arthur prince of Wales. Besides this political animosity, Charles entertained a personal hatred to Elizabeth, because she was the daughter

[1] Renaud's letter to the emperor Charles V.

of Anne Boleyn, whose fatal charms had been the cause of so much evil to his beloved aunt.

Bishop Gardiner, who was at that time opposed to the Spanish party, acted in this instance as the friend of Elizabeth and Courtenay. He contended "that there was no proof of a treasonable correspondence between them during the late insurrections," alleging the residence of Courtenay in the queen's household at St. James's palace, and Elizabeth's dangerous sickness at Asheridge, as reasons why they were not, and could not have been actually engaged in acts of treason, whatever might have been their intentions. In this matter, Gardiner acted in the true spirit of a modern politician: he threw all the weight of his powerful talents and influence into the scale of mercy and justice, not for the sake of the good cause he advocated, but because it afforded him an opportunity of contending with his rivals on vantage-ground. The murderous policy of Spain is thus shamelessly avowed by Renaud in one of his letters to his imperial master:—"The queen," he says,[1] "is advised to send her (Elizabeth) to the Tower, since she is accused by Wyat, named in the letters of the French ambassador, and suspected by her own council; and it is certain that the enterprise was undertaken in her favour. Assuredly, sire, if they do not punish her and Courtenay, now that the occasion offers, the queen will never be secure, for I doubt that if she leaves her in the Tower, when she goes to meet the parliament, some treasonable means will be found to deliver her or Courtenay, or perhaps both, and then the last error will be worse than the first."

The council was in possession of two notes addressed to Elizabeth by Wyat, the first, advising her to remove to Donnington, which was close to their head-quarters; the second, after her neglecting to obey the queen's summons to court, informing her of his victorious entry into Southwark. Three despatches of Noailles to his own government had been intercepted and deciphered, which revealed all the plans of the conspirators in her favour. Noailles, too—and that made the matter worse—had married one of her maids of honour;[2] which circumstance, of course, afforded a direct facility for more familiar intercourse, than otherwise could publicly have taken place, between the disaffected heiress of the crown, and the representative of a foreign power. In addition to these presumptive evidences, a letter, supposed to have been written by her to the king of France, had fallen into the hands of the queen. The duke of Suffolk, doubtless with a view to the preservation of his own daughter, lady Jane Gray, had declared that the object of the conspiracy was the dethronement of the queen, and the elevation of Elizabeth to her place.[3] Wyat acknowledged that he had written more than one letter to Elizabeth, and charged Courtenay, face to face, with having first suggested the rebellion. Sir James Crofts confessed "that he had conferred with Elizabeth, and solicited her to retire to Donnington;" Lord Russell, "that he had privately conveyed letters to her from Wyat;" and another prisoner, "that he had been privy to

[1] Mackintosh; Lingard; Tytler.
[2] Kempe's Losely MSS.
[3] Lingard's Elizabeth, Hist. Eng., vol. vii.

a correspondence between Carew and Courtenay respecting the intended marriage between that nobleman and the princess."[1] In short, a more disgusting series of treachery and cowardice never was exhibited than on this occasion; and if it be true, that there is honour among thieves—that is to say, an observance of good faith towards each other in time of peril—it is certain nothing of the kind was to be found among these confederates, who respectively endeavoured, by the denunciation of their associates, to shift the penalty of their mutual offences to their fellows in misfortune.

Wyat's first confession was, "that the Sieur D'Oysell, when he passed through England into Scotland with the French ambassador to that country, spoke to sir James Crofts to persuade him to prevent the marriage of queen Mary, with the heir of Spain, to raise Elizabeth to the throne, marry her to Courtenay, and put the queen to death." He also confessed the promised aid that was guaranteed by the king of France to the confederates, and the projected invasions from France and Scotland.

"We have this morning," writes Mr. Secretary Bourne, "travailed with sir Thomas Wyat, touching the lady Elizabeth and her servant, sir William Saintlow; and your lordship shall understand that Wyat affirmeth his former sayings (depositions), and says further, that sir James Crofts knoweth more, if he be sent for and examined. Whereupon, Crofts has been called before us and examined, and confesseth with Wyat, charging Saintlow with like matter, and further, as we shall declare unto your said lordships. Wherefore, under your correction, we think necessary, and beseech you to send for Mr. Saintlow, and to examine him, or cause him to be sent hither, by us to be examined. Crofts is plain, and will tell all."[2]

The Spanish ambassador, in his report to the emperor, dated March 1st, affirms that Crofts had confessed the truth in a written deposition, and admitted, in plain terms, the intrigues of the French ambassador with the heretics and rebels; but this deposition has been vainly sought for at the State Paper Office.

Great pains were taken by the Spanish faction to incense the queen, to the death, against Elizabeth; Renaud even presumed to intimate that her betrothed husband, Don Philip, would not venture his person in England till Elizabeth and Courtenay were executed, and endeavoured, by every sort of argument, to tempt her to hasten her own marriage by the sacrifice of their lives. Irritated as Mary was against both, she could not resolve on shedding her sister s blood. She told the subtle statesman, "that she should act as the law decided, on the evidences of their guilt, but that the prisoners, whose guilt had actually been proved, should be executed before she left her metropolis" to open her parliament, which was summoned to meet at Oxford. She was in great perplexity in what manner to dispose of Elizabeth for her own security, before she herself departed from London, and she asked the lords of

[1] Renaud's Letters to Charles V.

[2] Report of Bourne, Southwell, Pope, and Hyggins, in State Paper Office, February 25, 1553–4.

her council, one by one, "if either of them would take charge of that lady." They all declined the perilous responsibility, and then the stern resolution was adopted of sending her to the Tower,[1] after a stormy debate in council on the justifiableness of such a measure. The truth was, Gardiner, finding himself likely to be left in a minority by his powerful rivals in the cabinet, succumbed to their wishes, and, instead of opposing the motion, supported it, and kept his chancellorship, for a temporary reconciliation was then effected between him and the leaders of the Spanish faction, Arundel, Paget, and Petre, of which the blood of Elizabeth was the intended cement. From the moment this trimming statesman abandoned the liberal policy he had for a few brief months advocated, he shamed not to become the most relentless and determined of those who sought to bring the royal maiden to the block.[2] On the Friday before Palm Sunday, he, with nine more of the council, came into her presence, and there charged her, both with Wyat's conspiracy, and the rising lately made in the west by sir Peter Carew and others, and told her it was the queen's pleasure that she should be removed to the Tower." The name of this doleful prison, which her own mother, and, more recently, her cousin, lady Jane Gray, had found their next step to the scaffold, filled her with dismay.

"I trust," said she, "that her majesty will be far more gracious, than to commit to that place a true and most innocent woman, that never has offended her in thought, word, or deed." She then entreated the lords to intercede for her with the queen, which some of them compassionately promised to do, and testified much pity for her case. About an hour after, four of them—namely, Gardiner, the lord steward, the lord treasurer, and the earl of Sussex—returned with an order to discharge all her attendants, except her gentleman usher, three gentlewomen,[3] and two grooms of her chamber.[3] Hitherto Elizabeth had been in the honourable keeping of the lord chamberlain, no other than her uncle, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, but now that a sterner policy was adopted, a guard was placed in the two ante-rooms leading to her chamber, two lords with an armed force in the hall, and two hundred Northern white coats in the garden, to prevent all possibility of rescue or escape. The next day, the earl of Sussex and another lord of the council, announced to her "that a barge was in readiness to convey her to the Tower, and she must prepare to go as the tide served, which would tarry for no one."[4] This intimation seems to have inspired Elizabeth with a determination to outstay it, since the delay of every hour was important to her whose fate hung on a balance so nicely poised. She implored to see the queen her sister, and that request being denied, she then entreated for permission to write to her. This was peremptorily refused by one of the noblemen, who told her "that he durst not suffer it, neither, in his opinion, was it convenient."[5] But the

[1] Renaud's Despatches.
[2] Tytler; Renaud; Speed; Fox.
[3] Speed; Fox.
[4] Ibid.
[5] The name of this ungentle peer is not recorded, from motives of delicacy, by Fox and Holinshed, but he is supposed to be Paulet, marquis of Winchester, who was alive when these books were written.

earl of Sussex, whose generous nature was touched with manly compassion, bent his knee before her, and told her "she should have liberty to write her mind," and swore, "as he was a true man, he would himself deliver it to the queen, whatsoever came of it, and bring her back the answer."

Elizabeth then addressed, with the earnest eloquence of despair, the following moving letter to her royal sister, taking good care not to bring it to a conclusion till the tide had ebbed so far as to render it impossible to shoot the bridge with a barge that turn.

"THE LADY ELIZABETH TO THE QUEEN.[1]

"If any ever did try this old saying, 'that a king's word was more than another man's oath,' I must humbly beseech your majesty to verify it in me, and to remember your last promise[2] and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof—which it seems that I now am: for without cause proved, I am by your council from you commanded, to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor, than a true subject. Which though I know I deserve it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing; and to this present hour I protest before God (who shall judge my truth whatsoever malice shall devise) that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person any way, or dangerous to the state by any means. And therefore I humbly beseech your majesty to let me answer afore yourself, and not suffer me to trust to your councillors—yea, and that afore I go to the Tower—if it be possible—if not, before I be further condemned. Howbeit, I trust assuredly your highness will give me leave to do it afore I go, that thus shamefully I may not be cried out on, as I now shall be—yea, and that without cause!

"Let conscience move your highness to pardon this my boldness, which innocency procures me to do, together with hope of your natural kindness, which I trust will not see me cast away without desert, which what it (*her desert*) is I would desire no more of God, but that you truly knew—but which thing I think and believe, you shall never by report know, unless by yourself you hear. I have heard of many in my time cast away, for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my lord of Somerset say, that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered, but persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief, that he could not live safely if the admiral (*lord Thomas Seymour*) lived, and that made him give consent to his death. Though these persons are not to be compared to your majesty, yet I pray God the like evil persuasions persuade not one sister against the other, and all, for that they have heard false report, and the truth not known.

"Therefore, once again, kneeling with humbleness of heart, because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire, if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true.

"And as for the traitor Wyat, he might, peradventure, write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him. And as for the copy of the letter

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[1] MS. Harleian., 7190–2. The document, in its original orthography, may be seen in Sir H. Ellis's Original Letters, 2d series, vol. ii., p. 255. The commencing sentence of this letter is a quotation from the noble speech of king John of France, when he returned to his captivity in England.

[2] This promise must have been given at the last interview of the royal sisters, before Elizabeth retired to Asheridge, when she had to clear herself from conspiring with Noailles, the French ambassador, as before related.

sent to the French king, I pray God confound me eternally if ever I sent him word, message, token, or letter, by any means, and to this truth I will stand in till my death.

"Your highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end. ELIZABETH.

"I humbly crave but only one word of answer from yourself."

This letter, written, as has been shown, on the spur of the moment, possesses more perspicuity and power than any other composition from the pen of Elizabeth. She had not time to hammer out artificial sentences, so completely entangled with far-fetched metaphors and pedantic quotations, that a commentator is required to construe every one of her ambiguous paragraphs. No such ambiguity is used here, where she pleads for her life in good earnest, and in unequivocal language appeals boldly, from the inimical privy council, to her sister's natural affection, and the event proved in the end, that she did not appeal in vain. Yet her majesty showed no symptoms of relenting, at the time it was delivered, being exceedingly angry with Sussex for having lost the tide, and, according to Renaud, she rated her council soundly for having presumed to deviate from the instructions she had issued.[1] The next tide did not serve till midnight, misgivings were felt, lest some project were in agitation among her friends and confederates, to effect a rescue under cover of the darkness, and so it was decided that they would defer her removal till the following day. This was Palm Sunday, and the council considered that it would be the safest plan to have the princess conveyed to the Tower by water during the time of morning service, and on that account the people were strictly enjoined to carry their palms to church.

Sussex and the lord treasurer were with Elizabeth soon after nine o'clock that morning, and informed her that the time was now come, that her grace must away with them to the Tower. She replied, "The Lord's will be done; I am contented, seeing it is the queen's pleasure." Yet as she was conducted through the garden to the barge, she turned her eyes towards every window in the lingering hope, as it was thought, of seeing some one who would espouse her cause, and finding herself disappointed in this, she passionately exclaimed, "I marvel what the nobles mean by suffering me, a prince, to be led into captivity, the Lord knoweth wherefore, for myself I do not."[2]

Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of the water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed, and they lay hovering upon the water in extreme danger for a time, and at length their caution was overpowered, by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly

[1] See his letter to the emperor Charles, dated March 22, 1553–4, in Tytler's Mary.

[2] Speed; Fox.

essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty and much peril succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses which at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of that boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from a watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the traitor's gate, "neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe," she said. One of the lords told her "she must not choose," and as it was then raining, offered her his cloak. "She dashed it from her, with a good dash," says our author,[1] and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!" To which the nobles who escorted her, replied, "If it were so, it was the better for her." When she came to the gate a number of the warders and servants belonging to the Tower were drawn up in rank, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and "prayed God to preserve her grace," for which they were afterwards reprimanded. Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering a prison which had proved so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, "Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely." "Better sit here than in a worse place," she replied, "for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."[2]

On hearing these words, her gentleman usher burst into a passion of weeping, which she perceiving, chid him for his weakness in thus giving way to his feelings, and discouraging her, whom he ought rather to comfort and support, "especially knowing her truth to be such that no man had any cause to weep for her;" when, however, she was inducted into the apartment appointed for her confinement, and the doors made fast upon her with locks and bolts, she was sore dismayed, but called for her book, and gathering the sorrowful remnant of her servants round her, begged them to unite with her in prayer for the divine protection and succour. Meantime the lords of the council who had brought her to the Tower proceeded to deliver their instructions to the authorities there for her safe keeping; but when some measure of unnecessary rigour was suggested by one of the commissioners, the earl of Sussex, who appears to have been thoroughly disgusted with the ungracious office that had been put upon him, and the unmanly conduct of his associates, sternly admonished them in these words:—"Let us take heed, my lords, that we go not beyond our commission, for she was our king's daughter, and is, we know, the prince next in blood, wherefore let us so deal with her now, that we have not, if it so happen, to answer for our dealings hereafter."[3]

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[1] Speed; Fox. [2] Fox; Speed; Holinshed. [3] Ibid

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Elizabeth in the Tower—Examined by Gardiner and the council—Confronted with sir J. Crofts—Her expostulation—Rigorous examination of her servants—Compelled to hear mass—Harsh treatment of her Protestant ladies—Her deportment in prison—Precautions against her escape—The Spanish ambassador urges her execution—Wyat exonerates her on the scaffold—She is permitted to take the air—Sympathy of children for Elizabeth—Flowers brought her in the Tower garden—Warden's child examined by the council—Her cause favoured by her uncle (Lord W. Howard) and Arundel—Illness of the queen—Attempt of Gardiner to destroy Elizabeth—Mary replaces her sister's picture—Refuses to have her tried—Elizabeth taken from the Tower to Richmond by water—Refuses to marry Philibert of Savoy—Harsh treatment on her journey to Woodstock—Sympathy of the people—Lord William's hospitality to Elizabeth—Her captivity at Woodstock—Her prison verses—Her needle-work—Dangerous illness—Recovery—Journey to Hampton Court—Interview with Gardiner, &c.—Her spirited conduct—Her interview with the queen—Reconciliation—Joins the royal parties at Christmas—Takes her place next the queen—Homage paid to her by Philip II.—She again rejects Philibert of Savoy—Returns to Woodstock—Accusations of sorcery with Dr. Dee—Philip II.'s friendship for Elizabeth—She is permitted to return to Hatfield—Sir T. Pope her castellan—His courtesy to Elizabeth—Fetes and pageants—Implication in new plots—Her letter to the queen—She visits the court—Meditates withdrawing to France—Fresh reconciliation with the queen—Offer by the prince of Sweden—Her prudent conduct—Appointed successor to the crown—Mary's last requests to her—Contradictory statements—Interview with the Spanish ambassador—Sups with him at lady Clinton's—Their conversation—Queen Mary sends her the crown jewels—Premature reports of Mary's death—Elizabeth sends Throckmorton—Death of the queen announced to her—Her exclamation on being saluted queen.

It was on the 18th of March that Elizabeth was lodged in the Tower, and she was soon afterwards subjected to a rigorous examination by the lord-chancellor Gardiner, with nine other of the lords of the council. They questioned her on her motives for her projected remove to Donnington Castle during the late insurrection. Elizabeth, being taken by surprise, allowed her natural propensity for dissimulation to betray her into the childish equivocation of affecting to be unconscious that she had such a house as Donnington.[1] When sir James Crofts was brought in and confronted with her, she recollected herself, and said, "As touching my remove to Donnington, my officers, and you, sir James Crofts, being then present, can well testify whether any rash or unbeseeming word

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth; Lingard.

did then pass my lips, which might not have well become a faithful and loyal subject."

Thus adjured, sir James Crofts knelt to her, and said, "He was heartily sorry to be brought in that day to be a witness against her grace, but he took God to record that he never knew anything of her, worthy the least suspicion."[1]

"My lords," said Elizabeth, "methinks you do me wrong to examine every mean prisoner against me: if they have done evil, let them answer for it. I pray you, join me not with such offenders. Touching my remove from Asheridge to Donnington, I do remember me that Mr. Hoby, mine officers, and you, sir James Crofts, had some talk about it; but what is that to the purpose? Might I not, my lords, go to mine own houses at all times?"[2]

Whereupon the lord of Arundel, kneeling down, observed, "that her grace said truth, and that himself was sorry to see her troubled about such vain matters."

"Well, my lords," rejoined she, "you sift me narrowly, but you can do no more than God hath appointed, unto whom I pray to forgive you all."[3]

This generous burst of feeling on the part of the earl of Arundel must have had a startling effect on all present, for he had been foremost in the death-cry against Elizabeth, and had urged the queen to bring her to trial and execution. Blinded by the malignant excitement of party feeling, he had, doubtless, so far deceived himself as to regard such a measure as a stern duty to the nation at large, in order to prevent future insurrections, by sacrificing one person for the security of Mary's government; but when he saw and heard the young defenceless woman, whom he and his colleagues had visited in her lonely prison-room, to browbeat and to entangle in her talk, his heart smote him for the cruel part he had taken, and he yielded to the generous impulse which prompted him to express his conviction of her innocence, and his remorse for the injurious treatment to which she was subjected. So powerful was the re-action of his feelings on this occasion, that he not only laboured as strenuously for the preservation of Elizabeth, as he had hitherto done for her destruction, but even went so far as to offer his heir to her for a husband, and subsequently made her a tender of his own hand, and became one of the most persevering of her wooers. It is to be feared that Elizabeth, then in the bloom of youth, and very fairly endowed by nature, exerted all her fascinations to entangle the heart of this stern pillar of her sister's throne in the perplexities of a delusive passion for herself. That the royal coquette indulged the stately old earl with deceitful hopes, appears evident by the tone he assumed towards her after her accession to the throne, and his jealousy of his handsome, audacious rival, Robert Dudley; but of this, hereafter.

Elizabeth's confinement in the Tower was, at first, so rigorous, that

[1] Heywood; Fox. [2] Speed; Fox; Bright's Miraculous Preservation.
[3] Speed.

she was not permitted to see any one but the servants who had been selected by the council to wait upon her—a service fraught with danger even to those who were permitted to perform it. As for the other members of her household, several were in prison, and one of these, Edmund Tremaine, was subjected to the infliction of torture in the vain attempt to extort evidence against her.[1]

Before Elizabeth had been two days in the Tower, the use of English prayers and Protestant rites was prohibited, and she was required to hear mass. One of her ladies, Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, refused to attend that service; on which her father brought abbot Feckenham to persuade her to it; but as she continued firm in her resistance, she was dismissed from her office, and another lady, Mrs. Coldeburn, appointed in her stead.[2] Another of Elizabeth's ladies, the beautiful Isabella Markham, who was just married to sir John Harrington, was also sequestered from her service, on account of her heretical opinions, and committed to a prison lodging in the Tower, with her husband, whose offence was having conveyed a letter to the princess. This misdemeanor, however, appears to have been committed as far back as the second year of Edward VI., if we may judge from the allusions Harrington makes to his former master, the lord admiral, Thomas Seymour, in the spirited letter of remonstrance which he addressed to Gardiner, on the subject of his imprisonment and that of his wife. Nothing can afford a more beautiful picture, of the attachment subsisting between the captive princess and these faithful adherents than this letter, which is written in the fearless spirit of a true knight and noble-minded gentleman:—

"My lord,—

"This mine humble prayer doth come with much sorrow, for any deed of evil that I have done to your lordship; but, alas! I know of none, save such duty to the lady Elizabeth as I am bounden to pay her at all times; and if this matter breedeth in you such wrath towards her and me, I shall not, in this mine imprisonment, repent thereof. My wife is her servant, and doth but rejoice in this our misery when we look with whom we are holden in bondage. Our gracious king Henry did ever advance our family's good estate, as did his pious father aforetime; wherefore our service is in remembrance of such good kindness, albeit there needeth none other cause to render our tendance, sith the lady Elizabeth beareth such piety and godly affection to all virtue. Consider that your lordship aforetime hath combated with much like affliction: why, then, should not our state cause you to recount the same, and breed pity to us-ward? Mine poor lady hath greater cause to wail, than we of such small degree, but her rare example affordeth comfort to us, and shameth our complaint. Why, my good lord, must I be thus annoyed for one deed of special good-will to the lady Elizabeth, in bearing a letter sent from *one that had such right to give me his commands*,[3] and to one that had such right to all mine hearty service?

"May God incline you to amend all this cruelty, and ever and anon turn our prayer in good and merciful consideration. My lord-admiral Seymour did truly win my love amidst this hard and deadly annoyance. Now may the same like pity touch your heart, and deal us better usage. His service was ever joyful, and why must *this* be afflicting? Mine auncient kindred have ever held their duty and liege obeysance, nor will I do them such dishonour as may blot out

[1] Speed. [2] Strype.

[3] This can only allude to Harrington's former master, Seymour of Sudley, as the context proves.

their worthy deeds, but will ever abide in all honesty and love. If you should give ear to my complaint, it will bind me to thankfully repay this kindness; but if not, we will continue to suffer, and rest ourselves in God, whose mercy is sure and safe, and in all true love to her (the princess Elizabeth) who doth honour us in tender sort, and scorneth not to shed her tears with ours. I commend your lordship to God's appointment, and rest, sorely afflicted,

"From the *Toure*, 1554." [1] "JOHN HARRINGTON."

The above most interesting letter is the more valuable because it affords the testimony of the accomplished writer as to the personal deportment of Elizabeth among her own immediate friends during their mutual imprisonment in the Tower. Sir John Harrington the younger says—"that his parents had not any comfort to beguile their affliction but the sweet words and sweeter deeds of their mistress and fellow-prisoner, the princess Elizabeth."

In after years Elizabeth herself told Castlenau, the French ambassador, when adverting to this period,[2] "that she was in great danger of losing her life from the displeasure her sister had conceived against her, in consequence of the accusations that were fabricated, on the subject of her correspondence with the king of France; and having no hope of escaping, she desired to make her sister only one request, which was, that she might have her head cut off with a sword, as in France, and not with an axe, after the present fashion adopted in England, and therefore desired that an executioner might be sent for out of France, if it were so determined." What frightful visions, connected with the last act of her unfortunate mother's tragedy, must have haunted the prison-musings of the royal captive! who having but recently recovered from a long and severe malady, was probably suffering from physical depression of spirits at this time. The traditions of the Tower of London affirm, that the lodging of the princess Elizabeth was immediately under the great alarum bell, which in case of any attempt being made for her escape, was to have raised its clamorous tocsin, to summon assistance,

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[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington the younger, the son of this faithful man, to whom Elizabeth stood godmother. The imprisonment and harsh treatment of his parents is indignantly recorded by the godson of Elizabeth among the evil deeds of Gardiner, which he sums up in these words:—"Lastly, the plots he laid to entrap the lady Elizabeth, his terrible hard usage of all her followers, I cannot yet scarce think of with charity, nor write of with patience. My father, only for carrying of a letter to the lady Elizabeth, and professing to wish her well, he kept in the Tower twelve months, and made him spend a thousand pounds ere he could be free of that trouble. My mother, that then served the said lady Elizabeth, he caused to be sequestered from her as an heretic, so that her own father durst not take her into his house, but she was glad to sojourn with one Mr. Topclife; so, as I may say in some sort, this bishop persecuted me before I was born."—Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii., pp. 67, 68.

It was on the discharge of lady Harrington, which took place some months before that of her husband, that she was refused an asylum by her father. Sir John Harrington, becoming weary of his long incarceration, vented his indignant feelings in some bitterly satirical verses, addressed to Gardiner, which he had the temerity to send to his powerful adversary. Gardiner instantly ordered him to be released from his captivity, observing, that but for his saucy sonnet he was worthy to have lain a year longer in the Tower.

[2] Memoir de Castelnau, i., p. 32.

and the hue and cry for pursuit. It seems scarcely probable, however, that she would have been placed in such close contiguity with Courtenay, unless the proximity were artfully contrived, as a snare to lure them into a stolen intercourse, or attempts at correspondence, for the purpose of furnishing a fresh mass of evidence against them.

In a letter, of the 3rd of April, Renaud relates the particulars of two successive interviews, which he had had with the queen and some of the members of her council, on the measures necessary to be adopted for the security of Don Philip's person, before he would venture himself in England. His excellency states, "that he had assured the queen, that it was of the utmost importance that the trials and executions of the criminals, especially those of Courtenay and Elizabeth, should be concluded before the arrival of the prince. The queen evasively replied "that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming." Gardiner then remarked, "that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquil, but if every one went to work as *roundly* as he did in providing remedies, things would go on better."

"As touching Courtenay," pursues Renaud, "there is matter sufficient against him to make his punishment certain, but for Elizabeth they have not yet been able to obtain matter sufficient for her conviction, because those persons with whom she was in communication have fled.[1] Nevertheless, her majesty tells me, "that from day to day they are finding more proofs against her. That especially they had several witnesses, who deposed as to the preparation of arms and provisions, which she made for the purpose of rebelling with the others, and of maintaining herself in strength in a house to which she sent the supplies." This was of course Donnington Castle, to which allusion has so often been made.

Renaud then proceeds to relate the substance of a conversation he had had with Paget, on the subject of Elizabeth, in which he says, that Paget told him, "that if they could not procure sufficient evidence to enable them to put her to death, the best way of disposing of her would be, to send her out of the kingdom, through the medium of a foreign marriage," and the prince of Piedmont was named as the most eligible person on whom to bestow her. Great advantages were offered to all parties. Paget considered if this convenient union could be effected, i would obviate all the dangers and difficulties involved in the unpopular marriage between Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, and if Elizabeth could be induced to consent to such an alliance, her own rights in the succession were to be secured to her consort, in the event of the queen having no children, for the minister added, "he could see no way by which she could at present, be excluded or deprived of the right, which the Parliament had given her."

If we may rely on Holinshed, whose testimony as a contemporary, is, at any rate, deserving of attention, Elizabeth's table, while she was a

[1] Among these was Sir Francis Knollys, the husband of the daughter of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

prisoner in the Tower, was supplied at her own cost. He gives a curious account of the disputes that took place daily, between the authorities in the Tower, and the servants of the princess, who were appointed to purvey for her. These, when they brought her daily diet to the outer gate of the Tower, were required to deliver it, says our chronicler, "to the common rascal soldiers," and they considering it unmeet that it should pass through such hands, requested the vice chamberlain, sir John Gage, who had personal charge and control over the royal captive, that they might be permitted to deliver it within the Tower themselves. This he refused, on the plea that the lady Elizabeth was a prisoner and should be treated as such, and when they remonstrated with him, he threatened that "if they did either frown or shrug at him, he would set them where they should neither see sun nor moon." Either they, or their mistress, had the boldness to appeal to the lords of the council, by whom ten of the princess's own servants were appointed to superintend the purveyances and cooking department, and to serve at her table—namely, two yeomen of her chamber, two of her robes, two of her pantry and ewry, one of her buttery, one of her cellar, another of her larder, and two of her kitchen. At first the chamberlain was much displeased, and continued to annoy them by various means, though he afterwards behaved more courteously, and good cause why, adds the chronicler, "for he had good cheer, and fared of the best, and her grace paid for it."

From a letter of Renaud to the emperor, dated the 7th of April, we find there were high words between Elizabeth's kinsman, the admiral, lord William Howard, and sir John Gage, about a letter full of seditious expressions in her favour, which had been found in the street. In what manner lord William Howard identified sir John Gage with this attempt to ascertain the state of public feeling towards Elizabeth, or whether he suspected it of being a device for accusing her friends, it is difficult to judge, but he passionately told Gage, that "she would be the cause of cutting off so many heads that both he and others would repent it."

On the 13th of April, Wyat was brought to the block, and on the scaffold publicly retracted all that he had formerly said, in the vain hope of escaping the penalty of his own treason, to criminate Elizabeth and Courtenay.

Up to this period, the imprisonment of Elizabeth had been so extremely rigorous, that she had not been permitted to cross the threshold of her own apartments, and now, her health beginning to give way again, she entreated permission to take a little air and exercise. Lord Chandos, the constable of the Tower, expressed "his regret at being compelled to refuse her, as it was contrary to his orders." She then asked leave to walk only in the suite of apartments called the queen's lodgings. He applied to the council for instructions, and, after some discussion, the indulgence was granted, but only on condition that himself, the lord chamberlain, and three of the queen's ladies, who were selected for that purpose, accompanied her, and that she should not be permitted to show herself at the windows, which were ordered to be kept shut. A few days afterwards, as Elizabeth evidently required air

as well as exercise, she was allowed to walk in a little garden that was enclosed with high pales, but the other prisoners were strictly enjoined "not so much as to look in that direction while her grace remained therein."[1]

The powerful interest that was excited for the captive princess at this fearful crisis, may be conjectured by the lively sympathy manifested towards her by the children of the officers and servants of the royal fortress, who brought her offerings of flowers. One of these tender-hearted little ones was the child of Martin, the keeper of the queen's robes; another was called little Susanna, a babe not above three years old; there was also another infant girl, who having one day found some little keys, carried them to the princess when she was walking in the garden, and innocently told her, "she had brought her the keys now, so she need not always stay there, but might unlock the gates and go abroad."[2]

Elizabeth was all her life remarkable for her love of children, and her natural affection for them, was doubtless greatly increased, by the artless traits of generous feeling and sympathy, which she experienced in her time of trouble, from her infant partisans in the Tower. How jealous a watch was kept on her, and them, may be gathered from the following passage in one of Renaud's letters to the emperor Charles V.[3] "It is asserted that Courtenay has sent his regards to the lady Elizabeth by a child of five years old, who is in the Tower, the son of one of the soldiers there." This passage authenticates the pretty incident, related in the life of Elizabeth, in Fox's Appendix, where we are told, that at the hour she was accustomed to walk in the garden in the Tower, there usually repaired unto her a little boy about four years old, the child of one of the people of the Tower, in whose pretty prattling she took great pleasure. He was accustomed to bring her flowers,[4] and to receive at her hands such things as commonly please children, which bred a great suspicion in the chancellor, that by this child, letters were exchanged between the princess Elizabeth and Courtenay, and so thoroughly was the matter sifted, that the innocent little creature was examined by the lords of the council, and plied with alternate promises of rewards if he would tell the truth and confess who sent him to the lady Elizabeth with letters, and to whom he carried tokens from her, and threats of punishment if he persisted in denying it. Nothing, however, could be extracted from the child, and he was dismissed with threats, and his father, who was severely reprimanded, was enjoined not to suffer his boy to resort any more to her grace, which nevertheless he attempted the next day to do, but finding the door locked, he peeped through a hole, and called to the princess who was walking in the garden, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

The Tower was at that time crowded with prisoners of state, among whom, besides Elizabeth's kinsman and political lover Courtenay, were sir James Crofts, sir William Saintlow, Edmund Tremaine, Harrington, and others of her own household, and last, not least, lord Robert Dud-

[1] Speed; Fox; Warton. [2] Strype.
[3] Dated 1st of May, 1554. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 285.
[4] Fox; Speed.

ley, who was afterwards her great favourite, the celebrated earl of Leicester. This nobleman was born on the same day and in the same hour with Elizabeth, and had been one of her playfellows in childhood, having, as he afterwards said, "known her intimately from her eighth year." Considering the intriguing temper of both, it is probable that, notwithstanding the jealous precautions of their respective jailors, some sort of secret understanding was established between them even at this period, possibly through the medium of the child, who brought the daily offering of flowers to the princess, although the timid Courtenay was the person suspected of carrying on a correspondence by the agency of this infant Mercury. The signal favour that Elizabeth lavished on Robert Dudley, by appointing him her master of horse, and loading him with honours within the first week of her accession to the crown, must have originated from some powerful motive which does not appear on the surface of history. His imprisonment in the Tower was for aiding and abetting his ambitious father, the duke of Northumberland, and his faction, in raising lady Jane Gray, the wife of his brother, lord Guildford Dudley, to the throne, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, no less than her sister Mary; therefore he must by some means have succeeded, not only in winning Elizabeth's pardon for this offence, but in exciting an interest in her bosom of no common nature, while they were both imprisoned in the Tower, since being immediately after his liberation employed in the wars in France, he had no other opportunity of ingratiating himself with that princess.

On the 17th of April, Noailles writes, "Madame Elizabeth, having since her imprisonment been very closely confined, is now more free. She has the liberty of going all over the Tower, but without daring to speak to any one but those appointed to guard her. As they cannot prove her implication (with the recent insurrection), it is thought she will not die." Great agitation pervaded Mary's privy council at this time, according to the reports of Renaud to his imperial master, on the subject of Elizabeth and Courtenay. "What one counsels," says he, "another contradicts; one advises to save Courtenay, another Elizabeth, and such confusion prevails that all we expect is to see their disputes end in war and tumult." He then notices that the chancellor Gardiner headed one party, and the earl of Arundel, Pembroke, Sussex, the master of the horse, Paget, Petre, and the admiral, another. These were now the protectors of Elizabeth, and Renaud adds,[1] "that the queen is irresolute about what should be done with her and Courtenay; but that he can see that she is inclined to set him at liberty, through the intercession of her comptroller, sir Robert Rochester, and his friends, who have formed a compact for his marriage with that lady. As for Elizabeth," pursues he, "the lawyers can find no matter for her condemnation. Already she has liberty to walk in the Tower garden; and even if they had proof, they would not dare to proceed against her for the love of the admiral her kinsman, who espouses her quarrel, and has at present all the force of England in his power. If, however, they release her, it appears evident that the heretics will proclaim her queen."

[1] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

The part taken by Arundel, in favour of Elizabeth, was so decided, that the queen was advised to send him to the Tower. Paget appears to have played a double game, first plotting with one side and then with the other; sometimes urging the immediate execution of Elizabeth, and then intriguing with her partisans.

In the midst of these agitations, the queen was stricken with a sudden illness, and it must have been at that time that Gardiner, on his own responsibility, sent a privy council warrant to the lieutenant of the Tower for the immediate execution of Elizabeth. He knew the temper of that princess, and probably considered that in the event of the queen's death, he had sinned too deeply against her to be forgiven, and therefore ventured a bold stroke to prevent the possibility of the sword of vengeance passing into her hand, by her succeeding to the royal office. Bridges, the honest lieutenant of the Tower, observing that the queen's signature was not affixed to this illegal instrument, for the destruction of the heiress of the realm, and being sore grieved for the charge it contained, refused to execute it till he had ascertained the queen's pleasure by a direct communication on the subject with her majesty.[1]

The delay caused by this caution preserved Elizabeth from the machinations of her foes. The queen was much displeased when she found such a plot was in agitation, and sent sir Henry Bedingfeld, a stern Norfolk knight, in whose courage and probity she knew she could confide, with a hundred of her guard, to take the command of the Tower till she could form some plan for the removal of her sister to one of the royal residences further from the metropolis.[2] Notwithstanding all that had been done by friends, foes, and designing foreign potentates, to inflame the queen's mind against Elizabeth, the voice of nature was suffered to plead in behalf of the oppressed captive. Early in May it was noticed that her majesty began, when speaking of Elizabeth, to call her "sister," which she had not done before since her imprisonment, and that she had caused her portrait to be replaced next to her own in her gallery.[3]

She had positively given up the idea of bringing either her or Courtenay to trial for their alleged offences, and had negatived the suspicious proposal of the emperor that Elizabeth should be sent into a sort of honourable banishment to the court of his sister, the queen of Hungary, or his own court at Brussels. It was then suggested in council that she should be imprisoned at Pontefract Castle;[4] but that ill-omened place, "stained with the blood of princes," was rejected for the royal bowers of Woodstock, where it was finally determined to send her, under the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and lord Williams of Tame, who were both stanch catholics.

Elizabeth, who naturally regarded every unwonted movement and change with apprehension, when she first saw sir Henry Bedingfeld, and the hundred men-at-arms in blue coats under his command, enter the

[1] Heywood's England's Elizabeth; Fox; Speed. See the preceding memoir, vol. v.

[2] See the Life of Mary, vol. v.

[3] Noailles.

[4] Renaud's Letters to the Emperor.

inner court of the Tower, supposing it to be a prelude to her execution, demanded in terror, "if the lady Jane's scaffold were removed."[1]

She then sent for lord Chandos,[2] and fearfully inquired the meaning of what she saw. He endeavoured to calm her mind by telling her, "that she had no cause for alarm; but that his orders were to consign her into the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, to be conveyed, he believed, to Woodstock."

Elizabeth then declared that she knew not what manner of man Bedingfeld was, and inquired, "whether he were a person who made conscience of murder, if such an order were entrusted to him?" Her mind evidently recurred on this occasion to the appointment of sir James Tyrrel by Richard III. for the midnight murder of the youthful brethren of her grandmother, Elizabeth of York, as a parallel circumstance; and when it is remembered that seventy years had not elapsed since the perpetration of that mysterious tragedy, it is not to be wondered, that the stout heart of Elizabeth Tudor, occasionally vibrated with a thrill of terror, during her incarceration as a state prisoner, within those gloomy walls.

The 19th of May is generally mentioned as the date of Elizabeth's removal from the Tower. We find this notice in a contemporary record:—"The 20th day of May, my lady Elizabeth, the queen's sister, came out of the Tower, and took her barge at the Tower wharf, and so to Richmond."[3] Elizabeth was attended on this occasion by the lord-treasurer, (marquis of Winchester,) and the chamberlain. She performed the voyage to Richmond without once landing, till she arrived there.[4] It is affirmed that she was then conducted to the palace, where she had an interview with the queen, her sister, who offered her pardon and liberty, on condition of her accepting the hand of Philibert of Savoy, prince of Piedmont, in marriage; and that she firmly refused to contract matrimony with him or any other foreign prince whatsoever, alleging her preference of a single life.[5]

The harsh measures that were adopted that evening at Richmond, in removing all her own servants from their attendance on her person, were probably resorted to on account of the inflexibility of her determination on this point. She evidently considered herself in great peril, for she required the prayers of her departing servants with mournful earnestness, "for this night," said she, "I think I must die;" which sorrowful words drew fountains of tears from their eyes, and her gentleman-usher went to the lord Tame in the court, and conjured him to tell him, "whether the princess his mistress were in danger of death that night; that if so, he and his fellows might take such part as God would appoint." "Marry, God forbid!" exclaimed lord Tame, "that any such

[1] Speed's Chronicle; Fox.

[2] Chandos appears the same person as Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower.

[3] MS. Cotton. Vital, fol. v.

[4] Letter from Robert Swift to the earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 238.

[5] Nare's Life of Burleigh.

wickedness should be intended, which rather than it should be wrought, I and my men will die at her feet."[1]

All night, however, a strict guard of soldiers kept watch and ward about the house where she lay, to prevent escape or rescue.

The next morning, in crossing the river at Richmond, to proceed on her melancholy journey towards Woodstock, she found her disbanded servants lingering on the banks of the Thames to take a last look of her. "Go to them," said she, to one of the gentlemen in her escort, "and tell them from me '*Tanquam ovis*,' like a sheep to the slaughter, for so," added she, "am I led."

No one was, however, permitted to have access to her, and the most rigorous scrutiny was used towards every one who endeavoured to open the slightest communication, either direct or indirect, with the royal captive.

Noailles, the French ambassador, no sooner understood that Elizabeth was removed from the Tower, than he commenced his old tricks, by sending a spy with a present of apples to her on her journey; a very unwelcome mark of attention from such a quarter, considering the troubles and dangers in which the unfortunate girl had already been involved, in consequence of that unprincipled diplomat's previous intercourse with her, and her household. The guards, as a matter of course, stopped and examined the messenger, whom they stripped to the shirt,[2] but found nothing except the apples, which from the season of the year might appear an acceptable offering, but certainly an ill-judged one under the present circumstances; and doubtless it had an unfavourable effect on the mind of Elizabeth's stern guardian, sir Henry Bedingfeld. The sympathy of the people for the distressed heiress of the realm, was manifested by their assembling to meet her by the way, and greeting her with tearful prayers and loving words; but when they pressed nearer, to obtain a sight of her, they were driven back, and angrily reviled by the names of rebels and traitors to the queen; and whereas, pursues the chronicler, "in certain villages the bells were rung for joy of her supposed deliverance as she passed, sir Henry Bedingfeld took the matter so distastefully that he commanded the bells to be stopped, and set the ringers in the stocks."[3] The second day's journey brought Elizabeth to Windsor, where she spent the night, and lodged in the dean's-house near Saint George's chapel. The next resting-place was Ricote, in Oxfordshire, which being the seat of lord Williams of Tame, she there received every princely and hospitable entertainment, from that amiable nobleman, who had invited a noble company of knights and ladies, to meet his royal charge at dinner, and treated her with all the marks of respect that were due to her exalted rank as the sister of his sovereign. This seasonable kindness greatly revived the drooping spirits of the princess, though it was considered rather *de trop* by sir Richard Bedingfeld, who significantly asked his fellow-commissioner, "if he were aware of the consequences of thus entertaining the queen's prisoner?"

[1] Speed; Fox. [2] Noailles' Despatches. [3] Speed; Fox.

The generous Williams replied, with manly spirit, "that let what would befal, her grace might and should be merry in his house."[1]

It is said, that when Elizabeth expressed a wish to sir Henry Bedingfeld, to delay her departure till she had seen a game of chess, in which lord Williams and another gentleman were engaged, played out; he would not permit it. Probably, sir Henry suspected that she intended to outwit him by means of a secret understanding between the friendly antagonists, in order to gain time; for it is well known, that a game of chess may be prolonged for days, and in fact to any length of time.

It is also related, that as they were proceeding towards Woodstock, a violent storm of wind and rain, which they encountered, greatly disordered the princess's dress, insomuch, that her hood and veil were twice or thrice blown off, on which she begged to retire to a gentleman's house, near the road. This, we are told, sir Henry Bedingfeld, who, perhaps, had some reason for his caution, would not permit; and it is added, that the royal prisoner was fain to retire behind the shelter of a hedge by the way-side to replace her head-gear and bind up her disordered tresses.[2]

When she arrived at Woodstock, instead of being placed in the royal apartments, she was lodged in the gatehouse of the palace, in a room which retained the name of "the princess Elizabeth's chamber," till it was demolished in the year 1714.[3] Holinshed has preserved the rude couplet which she wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass, in the window of this room.

"Much suspected—of me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Her confinement at Woodstock was no less rigorous than when she was in the Tower. Sixty soldiers were on guard all day, both within and without the quarter of the palace where she was in ward; and forty kept watch within the walls all night; and though she obtained permission to walk in the gardens, it was under very strict regulations, and five or sick locks were made fast after her whenever she came within the appointed bounds for her joyless recreation. Although sir Henry Bedingfeld has been very severely censured on account of these restraints, and other passages of his conduct, with regard to the captive princess, there is reason to believe that his harshness has been exaggerated, and that he had great cause to suspect that the ruthless party who thirsted for Elizabeth's blood, having been foiled in their eagerly expressed wish of seeing her brought to the block, were conspiring to take her off by murder. This he was determined should not be done while she was in his charge.

It is said, that once, having locked the garden-gates when Elizabeth was walking, she passionately upbraided him for it, and called him "her

[1] Holinshed. [2] Fox.

[3] By Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, who had the ill taste to destroy the last relic of this ancient abode of royalty, which had been hallowed by the historical recollections of six centuries, and the memory of Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart monarchs.

jailor;" on which he knelt to her, beseeching her "not to give him that harsh name, for he was one of her officers appointed to serve her, and guard her from the dangers by which she was beset."[1]

Among the incidents of Elizabeth's imprisonment, a mysterious tale is told of an attempt made by one Basset, a creature of Gardiner, against her life, during the temporary absence of sir Henry Bedingfeld. This Basset, it seems, had been, with five-and-twenty disguised ruffians, loitering with evil intentions at Bladenbridge, seeking to obtain access to the lady Elizabeth, on secret and important business, as he pretended; but sir Henry had given such strict cautions to his brother, whom he left as deputy castellan in his absence, that no one should approach the royal prisoner, that the project was defeated. Once, a dangerous fire broke out in the quarter of the palace where she was confined, which was kindled, apparently not by accident, between the ceiling of the room under her chamber and her chamber floor, by which her life would have been greatly endangered, had it not been providentially discovered before she retired to rest.[2] The lofty spirit of Elizabeth, though unsubdued, was saddened by the perils and trials to which she was daily exposed, and in the bitterness of her heart she once expressed a wish to change fortunes with the milkmaid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail, while milking the cows in Woodstock Park, for she said, "that milkmaid's lot was better than hers, and her life merrier."[3]

It was doubtless while in this melancholy frame of mind that the following touching lines were composed by the royal captive, which have been preserved by Hentzner, with the interesting tradition that she wrote them on a shutter with a piece of charcoal, no doubt at a period when she was entirely deprived of pen and ink.

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved,
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,
Quoth ELIZABETH, Prisoner."[4]

She also composed some elegant Latin lines on the same subject, and when in a more heavenly frame of mind, inscribed the following quaint but beautiful sentence in the blank leaf of a black-letter edition of the epistles of St. Paul, which she used during her lonely imprisonment at Woodstock.

"August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbes of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that so having tasted their sweetness I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

[1] Heywood. [2] Speed. [3] Holinshed; Fox. [4] Hentzner.

The volume is covered with devices in needle-work, embroidered by the royal maiden, who was then drinking deeply of the cup of adversity, and thus solacing her weary hours in holy and feminine employments. This interesting relic is preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

Needle-work, in which, like her accomplished stepmother, queen Katharine Parr, and many other illustrious ladies, Elizabeth greatly excelled, was one of the resources with which she wiled away the weary hours of her imprisonment at Woodstock, as we learn both by the existing devices wrought by her hand, in gold thread on the cover of the volume, which has just been described, and also from the following verses, by Taylor, in his poem in praise of the needle.

"When this great queen, whose memory shall not
By any term of time be overcast,
For when the world and all therein shall rot,
Yet shall her glorious fame for ever last.
When she a maid had many troubles past,
From jail to jail by Marie's angry spleen,
And Woodstock and the Tower in prison fast,
And after all was England's peerless queen.
Yet howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent,
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A needle-woman royal and renowned."

The fate of Elizabeth was long a subject of discussion at the council-board of her royal sister, after her removal to the sequestered bowers of Woodstock. The base Paget had dared to assert, "that there would be no peace for England till her head were smitten from her shoulders." Yet Courtenay, who had been removed from the Tower to Fotheringay Castle, confessed to a person named Sellier, who conducted him to his new prison, that Paget had importuned him to marry the lady Elizabeth, adding, "that if he did not, the son of the earl of Arundel would, and that Hoby and Morison both, at the instigation of Paget, had practised with him touching that marriage."[1]

On the 8th of June, Elizabeth was so ill, that an express was sent to the court, for two physicians to come to her assistance. They were sent, and continued in attendance upon her for several days, when youth and a naturally fine constitution enabled her to triumph over a malady that had, in all probability, been brought on by anxiety of mind.

The physicians, on their return, made a friendly report of the loyal feelings of the princess towards the queen, which appears to have had a favourable effect on Mary's mind.

"And now," says Camden, "the princess Elizabeth, guiding herself like a ship in tempestuous weather, heard divine service after the Romish manner, was frequently confessed, and at the pressing instances of cardinal Pole, and for fear of death, professed herself to be of the Roman-catholic religion." The queen, doubting her sincerity, caused her

[1] Renaud and Montmorencie's Reports to the Emperor.

to be questioned as to her belief in transubstantiation, on which Elizabeth, being pressed to declare her opinion, as to the real presence of the Saviour in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, replied in the following extempore lines :—

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it,
And what his word did make it,
That I believe, and take it."

It was impossible for either Catholic or Protestant, to impugn the orthodoxy of this simple scriptural explanation, of one of the sublimest mysteries of the Christian faith. It silenced the most subtle of her foes, at least they forbore to harass her, with questions on theological subjects. Dr. Storey, however, in one of his fierce declamations against heretics, declared "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the root of all heresies," meaning the princess Elizabeth, "were suffered to remain."[1]

The delusive hopes which queen Mary entertained in the autumn of that year, of bringing an heir to England, appears to have altered Elizabeth's position, even with her own party, for a time; and Philip, being desirous of pleasing the people of England, is supposed to have interceded with his consort for the liberation of all the prisoners in the Tower, also that he requested that his sister-in-law, the princess Elizabeth, might be admitted to share in the Christmas festivities at Hampton Court.

She travelled from Woodstock under the charge of sir Henry Bedingfeld, and rested the first night at Ricote.[2] The next she passed at the house of Mr. Dormer, at Winge, in Buckinghamshire, and from thence to an inn at Colnebrook, where she slept. At this place she was met by the gentlemen and yeomen of her own household, to the number of sixty, "much to all their comforts," who had not seen her for several months; they were not, however, permitted to approach near enough to speak to her, but were all commanded to return to London.[3] The next day she reached Hampton Court, and was ushered into the "prince's lodgings," but the doors were closed upon her and guarded, so that she had reason to suppose she was still to be treated as a prisoner. Soon after her arrival she was visited by Gardiner, and three other of the queen's cabinet, whom, without waiting to hear their errand, she addressed in the following words :—

"My lords, I am glad to see you, for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would entreat you to be a means to the king's and queen's majesties, that I may be delivered from my imprisonment, in which I have been kept a long time, as to you, my lords, is not unknown."[4]

Gardiner, in reply, told her "she must then confess her fault, and put herself on the queen's mercy." She replied, "that rather than she would do so, she would lie in prison all her life, that she had never offended against the queen, in thought, word, or deed, that she craved no

[1] Camden. [2] Warton. [3] Fox. [4] Ibid.

mercy at her majesty's hand, but rather desired to put herself on the law."

The next day Gardiner and his colleagues came to her again, and Gardiner told her on his knee, "that the queen marvelled at her boldness in refusing to confess her offence, so that it might seem, as if her majesty had wrongfully imprisoned her grace."

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "she may, if it please her, punish me as she thinketh good."

"Her majesty willeth me to tell you," retorted Gardiner, "that you must tell another tale ere that you are set at liberty." Elizabeth replied, "that she had as lief be in prison, with honesty, as to be abroad suspected of her majesty," adding, "that which I have said I will stand to."

"Then," said Gardiner, "your grace hath the vantage of me and these lords, for your long and wrongful imprisonment."

"What advantage I have you know!"[1] replied Elizabeth; "I seek no vantage at your hands for your so dealing with me — but God forgive you and me also." They then, finding no concessions were to be obtained from her, withdrew, and Elizabeth was left in close confinement for a week, at the end of which time she was startled by receiving a summons to the queen's presence, one night, at ten o'clock. Imagining herself in great danger, she bade her attendants "pray for her, for she could not tell whether she should ever see them again."[2] She was conducted to the queen's bed-chamber, where the interview that has been related in the memoir of queen Mary took place.[3]

It has always been said, that Philip of Spain was concealed behind a large screen, or the tapestry, to witness this meeting between the royal sisters, after their long estrangement. Historians have added, "that he was thus ambushed, in order to protect Elizabeth from the violence of the queen, if necessary, but there was no warrant for such an inference. Mary was never addicted to the use of striking arguments; and Elizabeth, at that period of her life, knew how to restrain her lips from angry expletives, and her fingers from fighting. Philip's object, therefore, in placing himself *perdu*, could scarcely have been for the purpose of seeing fair-play between the ladies, in the event of their coming to blows, as gravely insinuated by Fox and others, but rather, we should surmise, with the jealous intention of making himself acquainted, with what passed between his consort and the heiress presumptive of England, against whose life, he and his father had, for the last fifteen months, practised with such determined malice, that Philip ought to have been, as it appeared he really was, ashamed to look upon her for the first time, face to face. Great confusion exists among historians, as to the year, in which this memorable interview took place, but there can be no doubt that it was in the autumn of 1554,[4] because of the presence of

[1] Fox. [2] Ibid. [3] Life of queen Mary, vol. v.

[4] Noailles repeatedly wrote to France, in the month of December, that it was the wish of the king and queen to receive Elizabeth and Courtenay very soon publicly into favour, and to set them at liberty directly afterwards, but that Gardiner put it off till after the dissolution of Parliament. These notices corroborate

Philip of Spain, and his friend Philibert of Savoy, who both graced the festivals of the English court, that Christmas and no other, and it is supposed, that one object of bringing Elizabeth into the royal circle, on this occasion, was to afford the gallant Savoyard an opportunity of pleading his own cause to her in person.

Philibert was not only invited to receive the hand of Elizabeth, but was actually inducted in her town residence, during his stay in London. "The prince is expected in four days," writes Noailles to his sovereign,[1] "and apartments are prepared for him in Somerset House, which now belongs to the lady Elizabeth." When he arrived he was so very ill from sea-sickness that he was obliged to stay at Dover fifteen days, to the great regret of the king and queen.

At the brilliant Christmas-eve festival, Elizabeth appeared once more publicly in her sister's palace, as the second royal personage in the realm; as such she took her place, both at feasts and tournaments, before the assembled chivalry of England, Spain, and Flanders, in the presence of Alva, Egmont, Ruy Gomez, and other distinguished men, whose fame for good or evil expanded throughout Europe. Her own suitor, Philibert Emanuel, the most illustrious for worth and valour, was also present. At this banquet, Elizabeth was seated at the queen's table—next the royal canopy or cloth of estate. After supper she was served by her former treacherous friend and cruel foe, Lord Paget, with a perfumed napkin and a plate of comfits. She retired, however, to her ladies before the masking and dancing began, perhaps to avoid any communication with her suitor, in the rejection of whose addresses (after events fully manifested) the queen supported her.[2] It would have been a more deadly blow to the Protestant interest of this country, than all the persecutions with which it was visited in the succeeding years of Mary's reign, had Elizabeth, while yet her character was flexible, married this great man. In this case, as may be gathered from his matrimonial felicity with Margaret of Valois, the intellectual daughter of Francis I., the personal character and happiness of Elizabeth would have been improved, but England might have remained, if we may judge from the slavish devotion of the era to the religion of their monarch, a Roman-catholic country. The extreme beauty and grace of Courtenay's person, perhaps rendered Elizabeth indifferent to the addresses of Philibert Emanuel.

On St. Stephen's day, Elizabeth heard matins in the queen's closet, in the chapel-royal, on which occasion she was attired in a style of almost bridal elegance, wearing a robe of rich white satin, passamented all over with large pearls. At the tournament, on the 29th of December, she

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the idea that the private reconciliation of the queen and her sister had previously taken place. Some weeks afterwards, he declares "that Courtenay was set at liberty, but as for lady Elizabeth, he can tell nothing certain about her."—Noailles, vol. iv., pp. 82, 101.

[1] Noailles' Despatches, vol. iv., p. 36.

[2] See the translation of Mary's letter of remonstrance to her husband, Life of Mary, vol. v., where the queen urges the unwillingness both of her sister and the parliament to the marriage, and the inexpediency of contending against both.

sat with their majesties in the royal gallery to witness the grand, but long-delayed pageant of the jousting, in honour of her sister's nuptials. Two hundred spears were broken on this occasion, by the cavaliers of Spain and Flanders, attired in their national costume.[1]

The great respect with which Elizabeth was treated at this period, by the principal personages in the realm, can scarcely be more satisfactorily proved, than by the following account, which Fox narrates of a dispute between one of her servants, and an ill-mannered tradesman about the court, who had said, "that jilt, the lady Elizabeth, was the real cause of Wyat's rising."[2] The princess's man cited the other before the ecclesiastical court, to answer for his scandalous language, and there expressed himself as follows: "I saw yesterday, at court, that my lord cardinal Pole, when meeting the princess in the presence-chamber, kneeled down and kissed her hand; and I saw also, that king Philip, meeting her, made her such obeisance, that his knee touched the ground; and then me-thinketh it were too much to suffer such a varlet as this, to call her jilt, and to wish them to hop headless,[3] that shall wish her grace to enjoy possession of the crown, when God shall send it unto her in right of inheritance."

"Yea," quoth Bonner, who was then presiding, "when God sendeth it unto her, let her enjoy it." However, the reviler of Elizabeth was sent for, and duly reproved for his misbehaviour.

Elizabeth failed not to avail herself of every opportunity of paying her court to her royal brother-in-law,[4] with whom she was on very friendly terms, although she would not comply with his earnest wish, of her becoming the wife of his friend and ally, Philibert of Savoy.

The period of Elizabeth's return to Woodstock is doubtful; but it does not appear that she was under any particular restraint there, for she had all her own people about her, and early in the spring, 1555, some of the members of her household were accused of practising, by enchantment, against the queen's life. Elizabeth had ventured to divert her lonely sojourn in the royal bowers of Woodstock, by secret consultations with a cunning clerk of Oxford, one John Dee (afterwards celebrated, as an astrologer and mathematician, throughout Europe), and who, by his pretended skill in divination, acquired an influence over the strong mind of that learned and clear-headed princess, which he retained as long as she lived.[5] A curious letter of news from Thomas Martin of London, to Edward Courtenay, earl of Devonshire, then travelling in Italy, was lately discovered at the State Paper Office, which was doubtless intercepted; and considering to whom it was written, and the facts, in which Elizabeth's name is implicated, it must be regarded as a document of no common interest. "In England!" says he, "all is quiet; such as wrote traitorous letters into Germany be apprehended, as likewise others, that did calculate the king's, the queen's, and my lady Elizabeth's nativity, whereof one Dee, and Carey, and Butler, and one

[1] Cotton. MS. Vitell. f.
[2] Fox's Martyrology, book 3d, folio 774.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Michelé's Reports.
[5] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers, J. Dee. Likewise Diary of John Dee, edited by J. O. Hallowell, Esq., F. A. S. for the Camden Society.

other of my lady Elizabeth's, are accused, that they should have a familiar spirit, which is the more suspected, for that Ferys, one of their accusers, had, immediately on the accusation, both of his children stricken—the one with death, the other with blindness."

Carey and Butler were both related to Elizabeth, by her maternal lineage, and Dee had obtained access to her, through his relationship and intimacy with her confidential servants, the Parrys. Elizabeth escaped a public implication in the charge of these occult practices; her household were faithful to her, but it was probably the cause of her removal from Woodstock, and of her being once more conducted as a prisoner of state to Hampton Court, which, according to most authorities, she was, a second time, April 1555.[1]

It has been generally said, that she was indebted for her liberation to the good offices of her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain,[2] who, when he found himself disappointed in his hopes of an heir to England by queen Mary, and perceived on how precarious a thread her existence hung, became fully aware of the value of Elizabeth's life, as the sole barrier to the ultimate recognition of Mary, queen of Scots and dauphiness of France, as queen of Great Britain. To prevent so dangerous a preponderancy in the balance of power from falling to his political rival, the monarch of France, he wisely determined, that Elizabeth's petty misdemeanors should be winked at, and the queen finally gave her permission to reside once more in royal state, at her own favourite abode, Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire. At parting, Mary placed a ring on the princess's finger, to the value of seven hundred crowns, as a pledge of amity.

It was not, however, Mary's intention to restore Elizabeth so entirely to liberty, as to leave her the unrestrained mistress of her own actions, and sir Thomas Pope was entrusted with the responsible office of residing in her house, for the purpose of restraining her from intriguing with suspected persons, either abroad or at home. Veiling the intimation of her sovereign will under the semblance of a courteous recommendation, Mary presented this gentleman to Elizabeth, as an officer who was henceforth to reside in her family, and who would do his best to render her and her household comfortable.[3] Elizabeth, to whom sir Thomas Pope was already well known, had the tact to take this in good part. She had indeed reason to rejoice that her keeper, while she remained as a state prisoner at large, was a person of such honourable and friendly conditions, as this learned and worthy gentleman. The fetters in which he held her were more like flowery wreaths flung lightly round her, to attach her to a bower of royal pleasaunce, than aught which might remind her of the stern restraints, by which she was surrounded, during her incarceration in the Tower, and her subsequent abode at Woodstock in the summer and autumn of 1554. There is reason to believe, that she did not take her final departure from the court till late in the autumn. It is certain, that she came by water to meet the

[1] Aikin; Turner; Warton; Rapin; Burnet.
[2] Speed; Burnet; Rapin; Lingard; Aikin; Camden.
[3] Heywood's England's Elizabeth. Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope.

queen her sister and Philip, at Greenwich, for the purpose of taking a personal farewell of him, at his embarkation for Flanders.

Elizabeth did not, however, make one in the royal procession, when queen Mary went through the city in an open litter, in order to show herself to the people, who had long believed her to be dead. At this very time Elizabeth passed to Greenwich by water, and shot London Bridge in a shabby barge, very ill appointed, attended by only four damsels and three gentlemen. With all this the people were much displeased, as they supposed it was contrived, that they might not see the princess, which they greatly desired.[1] During king Philip's absence he manifested a great interest in the welfare of Elizabeth, whether personal or political it is not so easy to ascertain. Her vanity led her to believe that her brother-in-law was in love with her, and much she boasted of the same in after life. Meantime he wrote many letters to his wife, queen Mary, and to some Spanish grandees, resident at the English court, commending Elizabeth to their kindness. She made many visits to the queen, and went to mass every day, besides fasting with her very sedulously, in order to qualify themselves, for the reception of the pope's pardon, and to fit them for the benefits of the jubilee, which he had granted.[2]

Altogether Elizabeth appeared to be fairly in her sister's good graces; nor did Mary ever betray the least personal jealousy, respecting king Philip's regard for her sister. Yet contemporaries, and even Elizabeth herself, after the queen's death, had much to say on the subject, attributing to him partiality beyond the due degree of brotherhood; insomuch, that, many years subsequently, Thomas Cecil, the eldest son of Lord Burleigh, repeated at Elizabeth's court, that king Philip had been heard to say, after his return to Spain, "That whatever he suffered from queen Elizabeth was the just judgment of God, because, being married to queen Mary, whom he thought to be a most virtuous and good lady, yet in the fancy of love he could not affect her; but as for the lady Elizabeth, he was enamoured of her, being a fair and beautiful woman."[3]

When Elizabeth took her final departure from London to Hatfield that autumn, October 18th, the people crowded to obtain a sight of her; "great and small," says Noailles, "followed her through the city, and greeted her with acclamations, and such vehement manifestations of affection, that she was fearful it would expose her to the jealousy of the court, and with her wonted exercise of caution she fell back behind some of the officers in her train, as if unwilling to attract public attention and applause. At Hatfield she was permitted to surround herself, with her old accustomed train of attached servants, among whom were, her beloved governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, her husband, the Parrys, and last, not least, her learned preceptor Roger Ascham, who had obtained the preferment of Latin secretary to her sister, the queen, and was

[1] M. de Noailles' Despatches from England, vol. v., pp. 84, 126, 127; August 26, 1555.

[2] Strype, and Miss Aikin.

[3] Bishop Goodman, in his Court of James, vol. i., p. 4.

permitted to visit and resume his instructions to Elizabeth, who, in her twenty-second year, was better qualified than ever, to make the most of the advantages she enjoyed under such an instructor. On the 14th of September, 1555, Ascham wrote to his friend Sturmius—"From Metullus[1] you will learn what my most noble Elizabeth is. He will tell you," pursues Ascham, "how much she excels in Greek, Italian, Latin, and French, also her knowledge of things in general, and with what a wise and accurate judgment she is endowed."[2] He added, "that Metullus thought it more to have seen Elizabeth than to have seen England The lady Elizabeth and I," pursues Ascham, "are reading together in Greek the orations of Eschines and Demosthenes; she reads before me; and at first sight she so learnedly comprehends, not only the idiom of the language and the meaning of the orator, but the whole grounds of contention,—the decrees, and the customs and manners of the people, as you would greatly wonder to hear." Again, in a conversation with Aylmer, on the subject of the talents and attainments of the princess, he said, "I teach her words and she me, things. I teach her the tongues to speak, and her modest and maidenly looks teach me works to do, for I think she is the best disposed of any in all Europe." Castiglione, an Italian master, added, "that Elizabeth possessed two qualities that were seldom united in one woman—namely, a singular wit, and a marvellous meek stomach."[3] He was, however, the only person, who ever gave the royal lioness of the Tudor line, credit for the latter quality, and very probably intended to speak of her affability, but mistook the meaning of the word.

According to Noailles, the queen paid Elizabeth a visit at Hatfield, more than once, this autumn, and yet soon after, it appears, when Elizabeth had removed to another of her houses in Hertfordshire, that two of her majesty's officers arrived with orders to take Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and three of Elizabeth's maids of honour, into custody, which they actually did, and lodged Mrs. Ashley in the Fleet prison, and the other ladies in the Tower.[4] The cause of this extraordinary arrest has never been satisfactorily explained. Speed openly attributes it to the hostility of Gardiner; and Miss Aikin, taking the same view, observes, "that it was a last expiring effort of his indefatigable malice against Elizabeth." He died on the 12th of November. When, however, the intriguing disposition of Mrs. Ashley is remembered, and that it was on the eve of the abortive attempt of sir Henry Dudley to raise a fresh insurrection in England, in favour of Elizabeth and Courtenay, and that several of the princess's household were actually implicated in the plot, it is more natural to suppose, that she and the other ladies had been accused of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the confederates. Elizabeth had the prospect of a new royal suitor at this period, for a report was prevalent, when the archduke of Austria came to visit his kinsman, Philip II., at Brussels, December 1555, that his intention

[1] This was a learned foreigner, who was indebted to Ascham for an introduction to the princess, with whom he had the honour of conversing.

[2] Ascham's Epistles, p. 51. [3] Strype's Life of Aylmer. [4] Speed; Aikin.

was to propose for her hand; as for her former lover, Philibert Emanuel, of Savoy, he had committed himself both with Philip and Elizabeth, having been seen making love from his window to the fair duchess of Lorraine, Christina of Denmark;[1] and for the present the princess had a respite from his unwelcome addresses. The respectful and kind attention which Elizabeth received from sir Thomas Pope, during her residence under his friendly *surveillance* at Hatfield, is testified by the following passage in a contemporary chronicle:[2]—"At Shrovetide, sir Thomas Pope made for the lady Elizabeth, all at his own cost, a grand and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were there twelve minstrels antiquely disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen and ladies, many knights, nobles, and ladies of honour, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered with wreaths of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. There was the device of a castle, of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harness tourneyed. At night, the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessels, and a banquet of seventy dishes, and after a *void*, of spices and subtleties, with thirty spice plates, all at the charge of sir Thomas Pope; and the next day, the play of Holofernes. But the queen, *per-case*, misliked these follies, as by her letters to sir Thomas Pope did appear, and so these disguisings were ceased." The reason of Mary's objection to these pageants and public entertainments, was probably on account of the facility they afforded for the admission of strangers and emissaries from the king of France, or the foreign ambassadors, with whom Elizabeth and her partisans had been so frequently suspected of intriguing.

The spring and summer of 1556 were agitated by a series of new plots by the indefatigable conspirators, who made Elizabeth's name the rallying point of their schemes of insurrection, and this whether she consented or not. It was extremely dangerous for her, that persons of her household were always involved in these attempts. In the conspiracy, between the king of France and sir Henry Dudley, to depose Mary and raise Elizabeth to the throne, two of Elizabeth's chief officers were deeply engaged; these men, Peckham and Werne, were tried and executed. Their confessions, as usual, implicated Elizabeth, who, it is asserted, owed her life to the interposition of king Philip;[3] likewise, it is said that he obliged Mary to drop all inquiry into her guilt, and to give out that she believed Peckham and Werne had made use of the

[1] Noailles.

[2] MS. Cotton. Vitell., f. 5.

[3] Lingard, p. 219, vol. vii., who quotes from the MS. Life of the Duchess of Feria (Jane Dormer); but when the duchess of Feria wrote, she was living in Spain, the subject of Philip II., and had been deep in the Ridolphi plot for Mary, queen of Scots; and at that time, it was part of the policy of Philip's advocates to reproach Elizabeth with ingratitude to him for having preserved her life from her sister, which Elizabeth earnestly and officially denied. A letter of the duchess of Feria from Spain, on family matters, forms an interesting portion of the Stradling Correspondence, edited by the Rev. M. Traherne.

name of their mistress without her authority. Moreover, Mary sent her a ring in token of her amity. That Mary did so is probable, but that she acted on compulsion and against her inclination is scarcely consistent with a letter concerning the next insurrection, which took place in June, a few weeks after, in which Elizabeth was actually proclaimed queen. A young man named Cleobury, who was extremely like the earl of Devonshire, landed on the coast of Sussex, as if that noble had returned from exile, and proclaimed Elizabeth queen and himself king, as Edward earl of Devonshire and her husband. This scene took place in Yaxely church, but the adventurer was immediately seized, and in the September following, was executed for treason at Bury. This insurrection was communicated to Elizabeth by a letter from the hand of queen Mary herself; a kind one it may be gathered from the following answer still extant, where, amidst Elizabeth's laboured and contorted sentences, this fact may be elicited by the reader.

"PRINCESS ELIZABETH TO QUEEN MARY.[1]

"August 2, 1556.

"When I revolve in mind (most noble queen) the old love of paynims to their princes, and the reverent fear of the Romans to their senate, I cannot but muse for my part and blush for theirs, to see the rebellious hearts and devilish intents of Christians in name, but Jews in deed, towards their anointed king, which methinks if they had feared God (though they could not have loved the state), they should for the dread of their own plague, have refrained that wickedness, which their bounden duty to your majesty had not restrained. But when I call to remembrance that the devil, *tamquam leo rugiens circumvit quærens quem devorare potest*, like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour, I do the less marvel that he (*the devil*) have gotten such novices into his professed house, as vessels (without God's grace) more apt to serve his (*the devil's*) palace than meet to inhabit English land. I am the bolder to call them (*Mary's rebels*) his imps, for that St. Paul saith, *seditiosi sunt filii diaboli*, the seditious are sons of the devil; and since I have so good a buckler, I fear less to enter into their judgment.

"Of this I assure your majesty, it had been my part, above the rest, to bewail such things, though my name had not been in them, yet much it vexed me, that the devil oweth me such a hate, as to put in any part of his mischievous instigations, whom, as I profess him my foe (that is, all Christians' enemy), so wish I he had some other way invented to spite me.

"But since it hath pleased God thus to bewray their (*the insurgents'*) malice, I most humbly thank him, both that he has ever thus preserved your majesty through his aid, much like a lamb from the horns of this Basan's bull (*the devil*), and also stirred up the hearts of your loving subjects to resist them, and deliver you to his honour and their[2] (*the insurgents'*) shame. The intelligence of which, *proceeding from your majesty, deserves more humble thanks than with my pen I can render*, which as infinite I will *leave* to number (*i. e., will not attempt to number*).

"And amongst earthly things I chiefly wish this one, that there were as good surgeons for making anatomies of hearts (that I might show my thoughts to your majesty), as there are expert physicians of bodies, able to express the inward griefs of maladies to their patients. For then I doubt not, but know well, that whatever others should subject by malice, yet your majesty should be sure,

[1] Lansdowne MSS., 1236, p. 37.

[2] Elizabeth evidently means the insurgents' shame; by grammatical construction it would be the *loving subjects*. Her letters of vindication, by reason of the perpetual confusion of the relatives, are difficult to read.

by knowledge, that the more such mists render effuscate the clear light of my soul, the more my tried thoughts should listen to the dimming of *their* (*the insurgents*') hidden malice.[1]

"But since wishes are vain and desires oft fail, I must crave that my deeds may supply that, which my thoughts cannot declare, and that they be not misdeemed, as the facts have been so well tried. And like as I have been your faithful subject from the beginning of your reign, so shall no wicked person cause me to change to the end of my life. And thus I commend your majesty to God's tuition, whom I beseech long time to preserve, ending with the new remembrance of my old suit,[2] more than for that I should not be forgotten, than for I think it not remembered.

"From Hatfield, the 2d of August.

"Your majesty's obedient subject and humble sister,

"ELIZABETH."

Her majesty was happily satisfied with the painfully elaborate and metaphorical protestations of innocence and loyalty, contained in this letter, and the princess continued in the gentle keeping of sir Thomas Pope. He appears to have been really fond of his royal charge, who for her part well knew how to please him by her learned and agreeable conversation, and more especially by frequently talking with him, on the subject nearest to his heart, Trinity College, which he had just founded at Oxford, for a president priest and twelve fellows. He mentions in one of his letters, with peculiar satisfaction, the interest she manifested in his college. "The princess Elizabeth," says he, "often asketh me about the course I have devised for my scholars, and that part of my statutes respecting study I have shown her she likes well. She is not only gracious, but most learned, ye right well know."

Two of the fellows of this college were expelled by the president and society, for violating one of the statutes. They repaired in great tribulation to their founder, and, acknowledging their fault, implored most humbly for readmittance to his college. Sir Thomas Pope, not liking by his own relentings, to countenance the infringements of the laws, he had made for the good government of his college, yet willing to extend the pardon that was solicited, kindly referred the matter to the decision of the princess, who was pleased to intercede for the culprits, that they might be restored to their fellowships, on which the benevolent knight wrote to the president,[3] "that although the two offenders, Sympson and Rudde, had well deserved their expulsion from his college, yet at the desire and commandment of the lady Elizabeth's grace, seconded by the request of his wife, he had consented that they should, on making a public confession of their fault, and submitting to a fine, be again received, and that it should be recorded in a book that they had been expelled, and that it was at the lady Elizabeth's and his wife's desire that they were re-admitted, and that he was fully resolved never to do the like again to please any creature living, the queen's majesty alone excepted." This letter bears date August 22, 1556.

[1] Either the insurgents, or the devil's imps, or the physicians; which of them this relative refers to, is not clear.

[2] Some favour she had previously asked; this proves the queen was in familiar correspondence with her.

[3] Warton's Life of sir Thomas Pope.

In the following November, Elizabeth having been honoured with an invitation to her sister's court, came to London in state. Her entrance and the dress of her retinue, are thus quaintly recorded by a contemporary. "The 28th day of November, came riding through Smithfield and Old Baily, and through Fleet Street unto Somerset Place, my good lady Elizabeth's grace, the queen's sister, with a great company of velvet coats and chains, her grace's gentlemen, and after, a great company of her men, all in red coats, guarded with a broad guard of black velvet and cuts,"[1] (slashes).

Elizabeth found herself treated with so many flattering marks of attention, by the nobility as well as the commons, whose darling she always had been, that she assembled a sort of court around her, and determined to settle herself in her town residence for the winter. She was, however, assailed by the council, at the instance of her royal brother-in-law, with a renewal of the persecution she had undergone in favour of her persevering suitor, Philibert of Savoy. The imperial ambassadors had been very urgent with the queen on the subject, and Elizabeth found she had only been sent for in order to conclude the marriage treaty. The earnestness with which this was pushed on, immediately after the death of Courtenay, naturally favours the idea, that a positive contract of marriage had subsisted between that unfortunate nobleman and the princess, which had formed a legal impediment to her entering into any other matrimonial engagement during his life. She was, however, positive in her rejection of the duke of Savoy's hand, though, as before, she protested her unalterable devotion to a maiden life, as the reason of her refusal.[2] After this decision she was compelled to give up the hope of spending a festive Christmas in London, and the Cottonian MS.[3] records her departure, after the brief sojourn of one week, in these words:—

"On the third day of September came riding from her place (Somerset House) my lady Elizabeth's grace, from Somerset Place, down Fleet Street and through Old Baily and Smithfield, and so her grace took her way towards Bishop Hatfield."

Such was the disgust that Elizabeth had conceived during her late visit to court, or the apprehensions that had been excited by the intimidation used by the Spanish party, that she appears to have contemplated, the very impolitic step, of secretly withdrawing from the realm, that was so soon to become her own, and taking refuge in France. Henry II. had never ceased urging her by his wily agent Noailles to accept an asylum in his court, doubtless with the intention of securing the only person who, in the event of queen Mary's death, would stand between his daughter-in-law and the crown of England. Noailles had, however, interfered in so unseemly a manner in the intrigues and plots that agitated England, that he had been recalled, and superseded in his office by his brother, the bishop of Acqs, a man of better principles, and who scrupled to become a party in the iniquitous scheme of deluding a young and inexperienced princess to her own ruin. With equal kind-

[1] MS. Cotton., f. 5. [2] Warton; Aikin. [3] Vitell., f. 5.

ness and sincerity this worthy ecclesiastic told the countess of Sussex, when she came to him secretly in disguise, to ask his assistance in conveying the lady Elizabeth to France, "that it was an unwise project, and that he would advise the princess to take example by the conduct of her sister, who, if she had listened to the counsels of those who would have persuaded her to take refuge with the emperor, would still have remained in exile." The countess returned again to him on the same errand, and he then plainly told her, "that if ever Elizabeth hoped to ascend the throne of England, she must never leave the realm." A few years later he declared "that Elizabeth was indebted to him for her crown." Whatever might be the cloud that had darkened the prospects of the princess, at the period when she had cherished intentions so fatal to her own interests, it quickly disappeared, and on the 25th of February, 1557, she came from her house at Hatfield to London, "attended by a noble company of lords and gentlemen, to do her duty to the queen, and rested at Somerset House till the 28th, when she repaired to her majesty at Whitehall with many lords and ladies."[1] Again: "one morning in March the lady Elizabeth took her horse and rode to the palace of Shene, with a goodly company of lords, ladies, knights and gentlemen." These visits were probably on account of the return of Philip of Spain, which restored the queen to unwonted cheerfulness for a time, and caused a brief interval of gaiety in the lugubrious court.

We are indebted to the lively pen of Giovanni Michele, the Venetian ambassador,[2] for the following graphic sketch of the person and character of Elizabeth, at this interesting period of her life. "*Miladi* Elizabeth," says he, "is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. She is tall and well made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow." Her bloom must have been prematurely faded by sickness and anxiety; for Elizabeth could not have been more than three and twenty at this period. "Her eyes, but above all, her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty. In her knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages, she surpasses the queen, and takes so much pleasure in the latter, that she will converse with Italians in no other tongue. Her wit and understanding are admirable, as she has proved by her conduct in the midst of suspicion and danger, when she concealed her religion, and comported herself like a good Catholic." Katharine Parr and lady Jane Gray made no such compromise with conscience; indeed, this dissimulation on the part of Elizabeth appears like a practical illustration of the text, "the children of this world are wiser in their generation, than the children of light." Michele proceeds to describe Elizabeth "as proud and dignified in her manners; for though she is well aware what sort of a mother she had, she is also aware that this mother of hers was united to the king in wedlock, with the sanction of holy church, and the concurrence of the primate of the realm." This re-

[1] MS. Cotton. Vitell.

[2] From the report, made by that envoy, of the state of England, on his return to his own country, in the year 1557. MSS. Cotton. Nero B. 7. Ellis, 2d series, vol. ii.

mark is important, as it proves that the marriage of Anne Boleyn was considered legal by the representative of the Catholic republic of Venice. However, he goes on to say, "The queen, though she hates her most sincerely, yet treats her in public with every outward sign of affection and regard, and never converses with her, but on pleasing and agreeable subjects." A proof, by the bye, that Mary neither annoyed her sister by talking at her, nor endeavoured to irritate her by introducing the elements of strife into their personal discussions when they were together. In this, the queen, at least, behaved with the courtesy of a gentlewoman. Michele adds, "that the princess had contrived to ingratiate herself with the king of Spain, through whose influence the queen was prevented from having her declared illegitimate, as she had it in her power to do, by an act of parliament, which would exclude her from the throne. It is believed," continues he, "that but for this interference of the king, the queen would, without remorse, chastise her in the severest manner; for whatever plots against the queen are discovered, my lady Elizabeth, or some of her people, are always sure to be mentioned among the persons concerned in them." Michele tells us, moreover, "that Elizabeth would exceed her income and incur large debts, if she did not prudently, to avoid increasing the jealousy of the queen, limit her household and followers, for," continues he, "there is not a lord or gentleman in the realm, who has not sought to place himself, or a brother, or son, in her service. Her expenses are naturally increased by her endeavours to maintain her popularity, although she opposes her poverty as an excuse for avoiding the proposed enlargements of her establishment." This plea answered another purpose, by exciting the sympathy of her people, and their indignation, that the heiress of the crown should suffer from straitened finances. Elizabeth was, nevertheless, in the enjoyment of the income her father had provided for her maintenance—three thousand pounds a year, equal to twelve thousand per annum of the present currency, and precisely the same allowance which Mary had before her accession to the crown.

"She is," pursues Michele, "to appearance, at liberty in her country residence, twelve miles from London, but really surrounded by spies and shut in with guards, so that no one comes or goes, and nothing is spoken or done without the queen's knowledge." Such is the testimony of the Venetian ambassador, of Elizabeth's position in her sister's court, but it should be remembered that he is the same man, who had intrigued with the conspirators to supply them with arms, and that his information is avowedly only hearsay evidence. After this, it may not be amiss to enrich these pages with the account given by an English contemporary of one of the pageants that were devised for her pleasure, by the courteous dragon by whom the captive princess was guarded, in her own fair mansion of Hatfield and other domains adjacent.[1]

"In April, the same year (1557), she was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield chase, by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback, that

[1] MS. Cotton; Vitell., f. 5; Strype.

her grace might hunt the hart. At entering the chase or forest, she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows; one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers. Sir Thomas Pope had the devising of this show. At the close of the sport, her grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat,"—a compliment of which Elizabeth, who delighted in bear-baitings and other savage amusements of those semi-barbarous days, was not unlikely to avail herself. When her sister, queen Mary, visited her at Hatfield, Elizabeth adorned her great state-chamber for her majesty's reception, with a sumptuous suit of tapestry, representing the siege of Antioch; and after supper a play was performed by the choir-boys of St. Paul's; when it was over, one of the children sang, and was accompanied on the virginals by no meaner musician than the princess Elizabeth herself.[1] The account of Elizabeth's visit to the queen at Richmond, and the splendid banquet and pageant which Mary, with the assistance of sir Thomas Pope, with whom her majesty was long in consultation on the subject, devised for the entertainment of her sister, has been described in the life of queen Mary.[2]

The pleasant and sisterly intercourse, which was for a brief time established between these royal ladies, was destined to be once more interrupted, by the pertinacious interference of king Philip, in favour of his friend's matrimonial suit for Elizabeth. Her hand was, probably, the reward with which that monarch had promised to guerdon his brave friend, for his good services at St. Quentin, but the gallant Savoyard found that it was easier to win a battle in the field, under every disadvantage, than to conquer the determination of an obdurate lady love. Elizabeth would not be disposed of in marriage to please any one, and as she made her refusal a matter of conscience, the queen ceased to importune her on the subject. Philip, as we have seen, endeavoured to compel his reluctant wife, to interpose her authority, to force Elizabeth to fulfil the engagement he had made for her, and Mary proved, that she had, on occasion, a will of her own, as well as her sister. In short, the ladies made common cause, and quietly resisted his authority.[3] He had sent his two noble kinswomen, the duchesses of Parma and Lorraine, to persuade Elizabeth to comply with his desire, and to convey her to the continent, as the bride elect of his friend, but Elizabeth, by her sister's advice, declined receiving these fair envoys, and they were compelled to return without fulfilling the object of their mission.

Meantime, Elizabeth received several overtures from the ambassador of the great Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, who was desirous of obtaining her in marriage for his eldest son, Prince Eric.[4] She declined listening to this proposal, because it was not made to her through the medium of the queen, her sister. The ambassador told her, in reply, "that the king of Sweden, his master, as a gentleman and a man of honour, thought it most proper to make the first application to herself,

[1] MS. Cotton; Vitell., f. 5. [2] Vol. v. [3] See Mary's Life, vol. v.
[4] Camden; Warton's Life of Pope.

in order to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to her, to enter into such an alliance, and if she signified her consent, he would then, as a king, propose it in due form to her majesty." This delicacy of feeling was in unison with the chivalric character of Gustavus Vasa, who having delivered his country from a foreign yoke, had achieved the reformation of her church without persecution or bloodshed, and regarding Elizabeth as a protestant princess who was suffering for conscience' sake, was nobly desirous of making her his daughter-in-law. Elizabeth, however, who had previously rejected the heir of his neighbour, Christian of Denmark, desired the Swedish envoy to inform his master "that she could not listen to any proposals of the kind that were not conveyed to her through the queen's authority," and at the same time declared, "that if left to her own free will she would always prefer a maiden life." This affair reaching her majesty's ears, she sent for sir Thomas Pope to court, and having received from him a full account of this secret transaction, she expressed herself well pleased with the wise and dutiful conduct of Elizabeth, and directed him to write a letter to her expressive of her approbation. When sir Thomas Pope returned to Hatfield, Mary commanded him to repeat her commendations to the princess, and to inform her "that an official communication had now been made to her, from the king of Sweden, touching the match with his son, on which she desired sir Thomas to ascertain her sister's sentiments from her own lips, and to communicate how her grace stood affected in this matter, and also to marriage in general."[1]

Sir Thomas Pope, in compliance with this injunction, made the following report of what passed between himself and Elizabeth on the subject:—

"First, after I had declared to her grace how well the queen's majesty liked of her prudent and honourable answer made to the same messenger (from the king of Sweden), I then opened unto her grace, the effects of the said messenger's credence, which after her grace had heard, I said that the queen's highness had sent me to her grace, not only to declare the same, but also to understand how her grace liked the said motion. Whereunto, after a little pause, her grace answered in form following:—

"Master Pope, I require you, after my most humble commendations unto the queen's majesty, to render unto the same like thanks, that it pleased her highness of her goodness, to conceive so well of my answer made to the said messenger, and herewithal of her princely commendation, with such speed to command you by your letters, to signify the same unto me, who before remained wonderfully perplexed, fearing that her majesty might mistake the same, for which her goodness I acknowledge myself bound to honour, serve, love, and obey her highness during my life. Requiring you also to say unto her majesty, that in the king, my brother's time, there was offered me a very honourable marriage or two, and ambassadors sent to treat with me touching the same, whereunto I made my humble suit unto his highness (as some of honour yet living can be testimonies), that it would like the same (king Edward) to give me leave with his graee's favour to remain in that estate I was, which of all others best pleased me, and in good faith, I pray you say unto her highness, I am even at this present of the same mind, and so intend to continue with her majesty's favour, assuring her highness I so well like this state, as I persuade myself there is not any kind of life comparable to it. And as concerning my

[1] Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope.

liking the motion made by the said messenger, I beseech you say unto her majesty, that to my remembrance I never heard of his master before this time, and that I so well like both the message and the messenger, as I shall most humbly pray God upon my knees, that from henceforth I may never hear of the one nor the other."

Not the most civil way in the world, it must be owned, of dismissing a remarkably civil offer, but Elizabeth gives her reason, in a manner artfully calculated to ingratiate herself with her royal sister. "And were there nothing else," pursues she, "to move me to mislike the motion, other than that his master would attempt the same without making the queen's majesty privy thereunto, it were cause sufficient." "And when her grace had thus ended," resumes sir Thomas Pope, in conclusion, "I was so bold, as of myself, to say unto her grace, her pardon first required, that I thought few or none would believe but her grace would be right well contented to marry, so there were some *honourable marriage* offered her, by the queen's highness, or with her majesty's assent. Whereunto her grace answered, 'What I shall do hereafter I know not, but I assure you, upon my truth and fidelity, and as God be merciful unto me, I am not at this time otherwise minded than I have declared unto you. No, though I were offered the greatest prince in all Europe.'" Sir Thomas Pope adds his own opinion of these protestations, in the following sly comment, "And yet *percase* (perhaps) the queen's majesty may conceive this rather to proceed of a maidenly shamefacedness, than upon any such certain determination."

This important letter is among the Harleian MSS., and is endorsed, "The lady Elizabeth, her grace's answer, made at Hatfield, the 26th of April, 1558, to sir T. Pope, knt., being sent from the queen's majesty to understand how her grace liked of the motion of marriage, made by the king elect of Swetheland's messenger."[1] It affords unquestionable proof, that Elizabeth was allowed full liberty to decide for herself, as to her acceptance or rejection of this Protestant suitor for her hand, her brother-in-law, king Philip, not being so much as consulted on the subject. Camden asserts, "that after Philip had given up the attempt of forcing her to wed his friend, Philibert of Savoy, he would fain have made up a marriage between her and his own son, don Carlos, who was then a boy of sixteen; but he finally, when he became a widower, offered himself to her acceptance, instead of his heir.

Elizabeth was so fortunate as to escape any implication in Stafford's rebellion, but among the Spaniards a report was circulated, that her hand was destined to reward the earl of Westmoreland, by whom the insurrection was quelled. There were also rumours of an engagement between her and the earl of Arundel. These are mentioned in Gonsalez.[2] She is always called "Madame Isabel" in contemporary Spanish memoirs. Though much has been asserted to the contrary, the evidences of history prove, that Elizabeth was on amicable terms with queen Mary at the time of her death, and for some months previous to that event.

On the 9th of November, the count de Feria, one of Philip's most

[1] MS. Harleian., 444–7; also MS. Cotton; Vitell., 12, 16.
[2] Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia. Madrid.

confidential counsellors, brought the dying queen a letter from her absent consort, who, already embarrassed in a war with France, and dreading the possibility of the queen of Scots being placed on the throne, requested Mary to declare Elizabeth her successor. The queen had anticipated his desire, by her previous appointment of Elizabeth, from whom she, however, exacted a profession of her adherence to the Catholic creed.

Elizabeth complained, "that the queen should doubt the sincerity of her faith," and, if we may credit the duchess of Feria, added, "That she prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her alive, if she were not a true Roman Catholic."[1] Although Elizabeth never scrupled throughout her life to sacrifice truth to expediency, it is difficult to believe that any one could, to secure a temporal advantage, utter so awful a perjury. She afterwards told count Feria, that "she acknowledged the real presence in the sacrament: at least, so the count affirmed, in a letter he wrote to Philip II. the day before queen Mary died. She likewise assured the lord Lamar of her sincerity in this belief, and added, "that she did now and then pray to the Virgin Mary." Strype, who quotes documents in support of these words of Elizabeth, offers no contradiction to them.[2]

Edwin Sandys, in a letter to Bullinger, gives a very different report of the communication which passed between the royal sisters. "Mary, not long before her death," says he,[3] "sent two members of her council to her sister Elizabeth, and commanded them to let her know 'that it was her intention to bequeath to her the royal crown, together with the dignity that she was then in possession of by right of inheritance.' In return, however, for this great favour conferred upon her, she required of her three things: first, 'that she would not change her privy council;' secondly, 'that she would make no alteration in religion;' and, thirdly, 'that she would discharge her debts, and satisfy her creditors.' Elizabeth replied in these terms:—'I am very sorry to hear of the queen's illness, but there is no reason why I should thank her for her intention of giving me the crown of this realm, for she has neither the power of bestowing it upon me, nor can I lawfully be deprived of it, since it is my peculiar and hereditary right. With respect to the council, I think myself as much at liberty to choose my councillors as she was to choose hers. As to religion, I promise thus much, that I will not change it, provided, only, that it can be proved by the word of God, which shall be the only foundation and rule of my religion. Lastly, in requiring the payment of her debts, she seems to me to require nothing more than what is just, and I will take care that they shall be paid as far as may lie in my power.'"[4]

Such is the contradictory evidence given by two contemporaries, one of whom, Jane Dormer, afterwards duchess of Feria, certainly had the surest means of information as to the real state of the case, as she was one of the most trusted of queen Mary's ladies in waiting; and her sub-

[1] MS. Life of the duchess of Feria, p. 156; Lingard.
[2] Strype's Annals, vol. i., part i., p. 3.
[3] Zurich Letters.
[4] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.

sequent marriage with the Spanish ambassador, the conde de Feria, tended to enlighten her still more on the transactions between the dying queen and the princess. Dr. Sandys was not in England at the time, and merely quotes the statement of a nameless correspondent as to the affairs in England. The lofty tone of Elizabeth's reply suited not the deep dissimulation of her character, and appears inconsistent with the fact, that she was at that time, in all outward observances, a member of the church of Rome. She continued to attend the mass, and all other Catholic observances, a full month after her sister's death, and till she had clearly ascertained that the Protestant party was the most numerous, and likely to obtain the ascendancy. If, therefore, she judged that degree of caution necessary after the sovereign authority was in her own hands, was it likely that she would declare her opinion while the Catholics, who surrounded the dying bed of Mary, were exercising the whole power of the crown? Her answer was probably comprised in language sufficiently mystified to conceal her real intentions from Mary and her counsellors.

On the 10th of November, count Feria, in obedience to the directions of his royal master, went to pay his compliments to the princess, and to offer her the assurances of don Philip's friendship and good will. Elizabeth was then at the house of lord Clinton, about thirteen miles from London. There Feria sought and obtained an interview with her, which forms an important episode in the early personal annals of this great sovereign. The particulars are related by Feria, himself, in a confidential letter to Philip.[1] He says, "the princess received him well, though not so cordially as on former occasions." He supped with her and lady Clinton, and, after supper, opened the discourse, according to the instructions he had received from the king his master. The princess had three of her ladies in attendance, but she told the count "they understood no other language than English, so he might speak before them." He replied, "that he should be well pleased if the whole world heard what he had to say."

Elizabeth expressed herself as much gratified by the count's visit, and the obliging message he had brought from his sovereign, of whom she spoke in friendly terms, and acknowledged, that she had been under some obligations to him when she was in prison; but when the count endeavoured to persuade her that she was indebted, for the recognition of her right to the royal succession, neither to queen Mary nor her council, but solely to don Philip, she exhibited some degree of incredulity. In the same conference, Elizabeth complained "that she had never been given more that 3000*l.* of maintenance,[2] and that she knew the king had received large sums of money." The count contradicted this, because he knew it to be a fact that queen Mary had once given her 7000*l.*, and some jewels of great value, to relieve her from debts in which she had involved herself, in consequence of indulging in some expensive entertainments, in the way of ballets. She then observed, "that Philip had tried hard to induce her to enter into a matrimonial

[1] Archives of Simança.

[2] A general term for income.

alliance with the duke of Savoy, but that she knew how much favour the queen had lost by marrying a foreigner." The count probably felt the incivility of this remark, but only replied carelessly, in general terms.[1] Here the details of the conversation end, and Feria proceeds to communicate his own opinion of the princess.[2] "It appears to me," says he,[3] "that she is a woman of extreme vanity, but acute. She seems greatly to admire her father's system of government. I fear much that in religion she will not go right, as she seems inclined to favour men who are supposed to be heretics, and they tell me, the ladies who are about her, are all so. She appears highly indignant at the things that have been done against her during her sister's reign. She is much attached to the people, and is very confident that they are all on her side, (which is indeed true;) in fact, she says 'it is they that have placed her in the position she at present holds,' as the declared successor to the crown." On this point, Elizabeth, with great spirit, refused to acknowledge that she was under any obligation either to the king of Spain, his council, or even to the nobles of England, though she said "that they had all pledged themselves to remain faithful to her." "Indeed," concludes the count, "there is not a heretic or traitor in all the realm who has not started, as if from the grave, to seek her and offer her their homage."

Two or three days before her death, queen Mary sent Jane Dormer to deliver the crown jewels to Elizabeth, together with her dying requests to that princess, "first, that she would be good to her servants; secondly, that she would repay the sums of money that had been lent on privy seals; and, lastly, that she would continue the church as she had re-established it."[4] Philip had directed his envoy to add to these jewels a valuable casket of his own, which he had left at Whitehall, and which Elizabeth had always greatly admired. In memory of the various civilities this monarch had shown to Elizabeth, she always kept his portrait in her bedchamber, even after they became deadly political foes.

During the last few days of Mary's life, Hatfield became the resort of the time-serving courtiers, who sought to worship Elizabeth as the rising sun. The conde de Feria readily penetrated the secret of those who were destined to hold a distinguished place in her councils, and predicted that Cecil would be her principal secretary. She did not conceal her dislike of her kinsman, cardinal Pole, then on his death-bed. "He had never," she said, "paid her any attention, and had caused her great annoyance." There is, in Leti, a long controversial dialogue between Elizabeth and him, in which the princess appears to have the best of the argument, but, however widely he might differ with her on theological subjects, he always treated her with the respect due to her elevated rank, and opposed the murderous policy of her determined foe, Gardiner. He wrote to her in his last illness, requesting her "to give

[1] The expression used by Feria is, *Para payar ciertas tropas alemanas*

[2] Letter of count Feria to Philip II., in the Archives of Simança.

[3] Reports of the conde de Feria, from Gonzales, pp. 254, 255.

[4] MS. Life of the duchess de Feria. Lingard.

credit to what the dean of Worcester could say in his behalf, not doubting but his explanations would be satisfactory;" but her pleasure or displeasure was of little moment to him in that hour, for the sands in the waning glass of life ebbed with him scarcely less quickly than with his departing sovereign and friend, queen Mary. She died on the 17th of November, he on the 18th.

Reports of the death of Mary were certainly circulated some hour before it took place, and sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was secretly employed by Elizabeth to give her the earliest possible intelligence of that event, rode off at fiery speed to Hatfield to communicate the tidings. The caution of Elizabeth taught her that it was dangerous to take any steps towards her own recognition till she could ascertain, to a certainty, the truth of a report that might only have been devised, to betray her into some act that might be construed into treason. She bade Throckmorton "hasten to the palace, and request one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, who was in her confidence, if the queen were really dead, to send her, as a token, the black enamelled ring which her majesty wore night and day." The circumstances are quaintly versified, in the precious Throckmorton metrical chronicle of the "Life of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton."

"Then I, who was misliked of the time,
Obscurely sought to live scant seen at all,
So far was I from seeking up to climb,
As that I thought it well to scape a fall.
Elizabeth I visited by stealth,
As one who wished her quietness with health.

"Repairing oft to Hatfield, where she lay,
My duty not to slack that I did owe,
The queen fell very sick as we heard say,
The truth whereof her sister ought to know,
That her none might of malice undermine,
A secret means herself did quickly find.

"She said (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
Who still do dread some baits of subtlety,)
'Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty,
The which the king of Spain in spousals gave,—
If ought fall out amiss, 't is that I crave.

"'But hark, ope not your lips to any one
In hope as to obtain of courtesy,
Unless you know my sister first be gone,
For grudging minds will soon *coyne* treachery,[1]
So shall thyself be safe and us be sure;
Who takes no hurt shall need no care of cure.

"'Her dying day shall thee such credit get,
That all will forward be to pleasure thee,

[1] This line stands thus in the MS., which being beautifully written, no mistake can arise on the part of the transcriber. Elizabeth's meaning seems to be, that the ring was not to be sought till Mary's death. *Coin* treachery, we think, should be the phrase in the fourth line.

And none at all shall seek thy suit to *let* (hinder)
But go and come, and look here to find me.'
Thence to the court I gallopped in post,
Where, when I came, the queen gave up the ghost.

"*The ring received*, my brethren, which lay
In London town with me,[1] to Hatfield went,
And as we rode, there met us by the way
An old acquaintance hoping avancement,
A sugared bait, that brought us to our bane,
But chiefly me who therewithal was ta'en.

"I egged them on with promise of reward;
I thought if neither credit nor some gain,
Fell to their share, the world went very hard
Yet reckoned I without mine host in vain.

* * * * * * *

"When to the court I and my brother came,
My news was stale, but yet she knew them true,
But see how crossly things began to frame,
The cardinal died, whose death my friends may rue,
For then lord Gray and I were sent, in hope
To find some writings to or from the pope."

While Throckmorton was on his road back to London, Mary expired, and ere he could return with the ring to satisfy Elizabeth of the truth of that event, which busy rumour had ante-dated, a deputation from the late queen's council had already arrived at Hatfield,[2] to apprise her of the demise of her sister, and to offer their homage to her as their rightful sovereign. Though well prepared for the intelligence, she appeared at first amazed and overpowered at what she heard, and, drawing a deep respiration, she sank upon her knees and exclaimed:—"*O domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris!*" "It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes,"[3] "which," says our authority, (sir Robert Naunton,) "we find to this day on the stamp of her gold, with this on her silver—*Posui Deum adjutorem meum.*"[4] "I have chosen God for my helper."

Eight-and-twenty years afterwards, Elizabeth, in a conversation with the envoys of France, Chasteauneuf and Bellievre, spoke of the tears which she had shed on the death of her sister Mary, but she is the only person by whom they were ever recorded.

[1] At the close of the year 1556, Throckmorton, who had been banished by Mary for his participation in the rebellion of Wyat, and had narrowly escaped paying the penalty of his life, ventured to return to England. He privately paid his court to the princess Elizabeth, who employed him, on the report of her sister's death, to ascertain the truth thereof: this he effected dexterously and secretly. He was a faithful, but a bold adviser, and soon came to issue with the new queen; their point of dispute was on the propriety of excluding some zealous Catholic lords from the council; the queen wished to retain them, sir Nicholas Throckmorton insisted on their dismission. The queen, irritated by the freedom of his remonstrances, exclaimed, "God's death, villain, I will have thy head!"

A remark which proves that swearing was an accomplishment of her youth. Throckmorton very coolly replied to this threat—

"You will do well, madam, to consider, in that case, how you will afterwards keep your own on your shoulders."

[2] Throckmorton MSS. [3] Psalm cxviii. 23. [4] Fragmenta Regalia.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Recognition of Elizabeth in parliament—Proclaimed queen in Westminster Hall, &c.—Her first council—Cecil placed at the helm—Elizabeth's state entry into London — Sojourn at the Tower — Attends her sister's funeral — Temporizes with church reform — Hears mass for a month — Rejects it on Christmas day —Her coronation—Pageants and processions—She re-establishes the reformed church—Declares that she will die a virgin—Refuses Philip II.—Her perilous position in Europe—Instals her favourite, Robert Dudley, as knight of the garter — Suitors for her hand — Fêtes to the French ambassador — Tournament, &c.—Wooed by the earls of Arran and Arundel — They are rivalled by lord Robert Dudley—Scandals regarding Elizabeth—Offers of the archduke Charles and Eric of Sweden—Portraits of Elizabeth — Reports of her marriage with Robert Dudley—Her popular charities — Elizabeth's coinage and coins — Her antipathy to J. Knox—Her visit to the Mint—Progress through the city—Censures the marriages of the Clergy—Severity to lady K. Gray—Differences with the queen of Scots—Refuses her safe conduct—Entertains the grand prior of France.

While queen Mary lay on her death-bed, the greatest alarm had prevailed regarding the expected crisis. A contemporary, who watched closely the temper of the public, thus describes the anxieties of the responsible part of the community :—"The rich were fearful, the wise careful, the honestly-disposed doubtful," and he adds, emphatically, "the discontented and desperate were joyful, wishing for strife as the door for plunder."[1] All persons, therefore, who had anything to lose, whatever their religious bias might be, must have felt relieved at the peaceable accession of Elizabeth.

On the morning of the 17th of November, parliament (which was then sitting) assembled betimes, for the dispatch of business. The demise of the crown was, however, only known in the palace. Before noon, Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York, and lord-chancellor of England, sent a message to the speaker of the House of Commons, requesting "that he, with the knights and burgesses of the nether house, would without delay adjourn to the upper house, to give their assents, in a matter of the utmost importance." When the commons were assembled in the House of Lords, silence being proclaimed, lord-chancellor Heath addressed the united senate in these words :—

"The cause of your summons hither, at this time, is to signify to you, that all the lords, here present, are certainly certified, that God this morning hath called to his mercy our late sovereign lady, queen Mary; which hap, as it is most heavy

[1] Bishop Godwin.

and grievous to us, so have we no less cause, otherwise, to rejoice with praise to Almighty God, for leaving to us a true, lawful, and right inheritrix to the crown of this realm, which is the lady Elizabeth, second daughter to our late sovereign, of noble memory, Henry VIII., and sister to our said late queen, of whose most lawful right and title to the crown, thanks be to God, we need not doubt.[1]

"Albeit the parliament (house of commons), by the heavy accident of queen Mary's death, did dissolve,[2] yet, as they had been elected to represent the common people of the realm, and to deal for them in matters of state, they could no way better discharge that trust than in joining with the lords in publishing the next succession to the crown.[3]

"Wherefore the lords of this house have determined, with your assents and consents, to pass from hence into the palace, and there to proclaim the lady Elizabeth queen of this realm, without any further *tract* of time."

"God save queen Elizabeth!" was the response of the lords and commons to the speech of their lord-chancellor—"Long may queen Elizabeth reign over us!" "And so," adds our chronicle, "was this parliament dissolved by the act of God."

Thus, through the wisdom and patriotism of the lord-chancellor of England, was the title of queen Elizabeth rendered indisputable, for her first proclamation and recognition, were rendered most solemn acts of parliament. It is scarcely possible, but that Heath must have foreseen his own doom, and that of his religion, of which he was at that moment, with the exception of the expiring Pole, the ostensible head in England, yet it is most evident, that he preferred consulting the general good, by averting a civil war, to the benefit of his own particular class. It ought to be remembered that his conduct, at this crisis, secured the loyalty of the Catholics of England to Elizabeth.

All the important acts of the united houses of parliament respecting the recognition of queen Elizabeth, were completed before the clock struck twelve, that 17th of November.[4] The lords, with the heralds, then entered the palace of Westminster, and directly before its hall door, after several solemn soundings of trumpets, the new queen was proclaimed "Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, and defender of the faith," &c. "This," &c., hides an important historical fact—namely, that she was *not* then proclaimed supreme head of the church.

The young duke of Norfolk, as earl-marshal, accompanied by several bishops and nobles, then went into the city, where they met the lord-mayor and civic authorities, and the heralds proclaimed queen Elizabeth at the cross of Cheapside. In the afternoon, all the city bells rang, bonfires were lighted, ale and wine distributed, and the populace invited to feast at tables put out at the doors of the rich citizens; all signs of

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[1] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784, first edition, 1577.

[2] Such was the law of the realm till the 7th and 8th years of William III., cap. 15, which enacted that parliament should sit for six months, if not sooner dissolved by the reigning monarch.

[3] Hayward's Annals of Elizabeth, Camden Society, p. 2. The important speech of lord-chancellor Heath is conjointly preserved in Hayward and Holinshed. Drake's Parliamentary History, after quoting the journals of the house, indignantly points out Rapin's deliberate falsification on this point of history.

[4] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.

mourning for the deceased queen being entirely lost in joy for the accession of her sister. So passed the first day of the reign of Elizabeth — a day which came to cheer with hope a season of universal tribulation and misery: for, besides the inquisitorial cruelties of Bonner, which had proved plague sufficient to the London citizens, it was a time of famine and of pestilence more universal than the plague, which usually confined its ravages to great cities. Many thousands had, in the autumn of 1558, fallen victims to a fever called a quotidian ague, but which was, doubtless, a malignant typhus. It had broken out in the harvest, and carried off so many country people, that the harvest rotted on the ground for want of hands. Great numbers of ecclesiastics had died of this fever; thirteen bishops died in the course of four months; and to this circumstance the facile change of religion, which took place directly, may partly be attributed. Cardinal Pole lay in the agonies of death; Christopherson, bishop of Chichester, and Griffin, bishop of Rochester, were either dying or dead.

While these important scenes were transacting in her senate and metropolis, the new sovereign remained, probably out of respect to her sister's memory, in retirement at Hatfield, and the ceremony of her proclamation did not take place there till the 19th, when it was performed before the gates of Hatfield House. In the same day and hour, however, in which her accession to the regal office was announced to her, she entered upon the high and responsible duties of a vocation, for which few princes possessed such eminent qualifications as herself.

The privy council repaired to the new queen at Hatfield, and there she sat in council for the first time with them, November 20th. Sir Thomas Parry, the cofferer of her household, Cave, Rogers, and sir William Cecil, were sworn in as members.[1]

Her majesty's address to Cecil, on that occasion, is a noble summary of the duties which he was expected to perform to his queen and country:—

"I give you this charge that you shall be of my privy council, and content yourself to take pains for me and my realm. This judgment I have of you, that you will not be corrupted by any manner of gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect to my private will, you will give me that council which you think best; and if you shall know anything necessary to be declared to me of secrecy, you shall show it to myself only, and assure yourself I will not fail to keep taciturnity therein, and therefore herewith I charge you."[2]

Elizabeth left no room for doubt or speculation among the eager competitors for her favour, as to the minister whom she intended to guide the helm of state, for she accepted a note of advice from sir William Cecil, on the most urgent matters that required her attention, that very day, and appointed him her principal secretary of state. The political tie that was then knit between Cecil and his royal mistress, though occasionally shaken, was only broken by the death of that great statesman, who was able to elevate or bend the powers of his acute intellect to all matters of government, from measures that rendered Eng-

[1] Strype; Camden.

[2] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ; Strype.

land the arbitress of Europe, to the petty details of the milliner and tailor, in sumptuary laws.

Elizabeth commenced her progress to her metropolis, November 23d, attended by a magnificent retinue of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and a prodigious concourse of people who poured out of London and its adjacent villages, to behold and welcome her. On the road to Highgate she met a procession of the bishops, who kneeled by the way-side, and offered her their allegiance, which was very graciously accepted.[1] She gave to every one of them her hand to kiss excepting Bonner, bishop of London.[2] This exception she made to mark her abhorrence of his cruelty. The lord-mayor and aldermen, in their scarlet gowns, likewise met her, and conducted her in great state to the Charter House, then the town residence of lord North. Lord-chancellor Heath and the earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, received her there. She stayed at the Charter House five days, and sat in council every day.[3]

The queen left the Charter House on Monday, November 28, to take formal possession of her royal fortress of the Tower. Immense crowds assembled to greet her, and to gaze on her, both without and within the city gates, and a mighty retinue of the nobility of both sexes surrounded her. She ascended a rich chariot, and rode from the Charter House along the Barbican, till she reached Cripplegate, where the lord-mayor and city authorities received her. Then she mounted on horseback and entered the city in equestrian procession. She was attired in a riding-dress of purple velvet, with a scarf tied over her shoulder; the serjeants-at-arms guarded her. Lord Robert Dudley, as master of the horse, rode next her; thus early was this favourite exalted to the place he held so long. The lord-mayor preceded her, carrying her sceptre, and by his side rode Garter king-at-arms. Lord Pembroke rode directly before her majesty, bearing the sword of state. The queen rode along London-wall, then a regular fortification, which was richly hung with tapestry, and the city waits sounded loud music. She rode up Leadenhall street to Gracechurch street, called by our citizen journalist "Grasschurch street," till she arrived at the Blanch Chapelton,[4] at the entry of the Mart, or Market-lane, now the well-known Mark-lane, still the corn-mart of England, though few who transact business there are aware of the extreme antiquity of their station.

When the queen arrived at the Blanch Chapelton, the Tower guns began to herald her approach, and continued discharging all the while she progressed down Mart Lane and Tower Street; she was greeted at various places by playing on regals, singing of children, and speeches from the scholars of Saint Paul's School. "The presence of the queen," says an eye-witness,[5] "gave life to all these solemnities; she promptly answered all speeches made to her, she graced every person either of dignity or office, and so cheerfully noticed and accepted everything,

[1] Macintosh, vol. iii.; Strype; Citizens' Journal; and Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1784.
[2] Stowe's Annals, 634.
[3] Strype's Citizens' Journal.
[4] An ecclesiastical structure, named in Holinshed and the Citizens' Journal, swept away by the fire of London.
[5] Hayward, p. 10.

that in the judgment of the beholders, these great honours were esteemed too mean for her personal worth.' Deeply had Elizabeth studied her *metier du roi*, before she had an opportunity of rehearsing her part. Fortunately for her, the pride and presumption of youth had been a little tamed by early misfortune, and, stimulated by the inexorable necessity of self-defence, she had been forced to look into human character and adapt her manners to her interest. Adversity had taught her the invaluable lesson embodied by Wordsworth in these immortal words—

"Of friends, however humble, scorn not one."

As she entered the Tower, she majestically addressed those about her. "Some," said she, "have fallen from being princes of this land, to be prisoners in this place; I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be prince of this land. *That* dejection was a work of God's justice; *this* advancement is a work of his mercy; as they were to yield patience for the one, so I must bear myself to God thankful, and to men merciful for the other." It is said that she immediately went to her former prison apartment, where she fell on her knees, and offered up a loud and extempore prayer, in which she compared herself to Daniel in the lion's den, the words of which are in print, but bear very strongly the tone of Master Fox's composition.

She remained at the Tower till the 5th of December, holding privy councils of mighty import, whose chief tenor was to ascertain, what members of the late queen's catholic council would coalesce with her own party—which were the remnants of the administration of Edward VI.—Cecil, Bacon, Sadler, Parr, Russell, and the Dudleys. Likewise to produce a modification between the church of Edward VI. and the Henrican, or anti-papal church of her father, which might claim to be a reformed church, with herself for its supreme head. On the 5th of December, the queen removed from the Tower by water, and took up her abode at Somerset House, where a privy council was held daily for fifteen days.

Meantime, mass was said at the funerals of queen Mary, of cardinal Pole, and the two deceased bishops, whose obsequies were observed with all the rites of the ancient church.

Elizabeth attended in person at her sister's burial, and listened attentively to her funeral sermon, preached by Dr. White, bishop of Winchester, which was in Latin. The proverb, that "comparisons are odious," was truly illustrated by this celebrated discourse, which Sir John Harrington calls "a black sermon."[1] It contained a biographical sketch of the late queen, in which he mentioned, with great praise, her renunciation of church supremacy, and repeated her observation, "that as Saint Paul forbade women to speak in the church, it was not fitting, for the church to have a dumb head." This was not very pleasant to Elizabeth, who had either just required the oath of supremacy to be administered, or was agitating that matter in the privy council. Had Dr. White preached in English, his sermon might have done her much mis-

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii., pp. 84, 85; Camden; Life of Elizabeth.

chief. When the bishop described the grievous suffering of queen Mary, he fell into such a fit of weeping that his voice was choked for a time. When he recovered himself, he added, "that queen Mary had left a sister, a lady of great worth, also, whom they were bound to obey; for," said he, "*melior est canis vivus leone mortuo.*" Elizabeth was too good a Latinist not to fire at this elegant simile, which declared "that a living dog was better than a dead lion;" nor did the orator content himself with this currish comparison, for he roundly asserted "that the dead deserved more praise than the living, for Mary had chosen the better part."

As the bishop of Winchester descended the pulpit stairs, Elizabeth ordered him under arrest. He defied her majesty, and threatened her with excommunication, for which she cared not a rush. He was a prelate of austere but irreproachable manners; exceedingly desirous of testifying his opinions by a public martyrdom, which he did and said all in his power to obtain, but Elizabeth was, at that period of her life, too wise to indulge the zealous professors of the ancient faith, in any such wishes.

No author but the faithful and accurate Stowe, has noted the important result of the daily deliberations held by the queen and her privy council at Somerset House at this epoch: he says, "the queen began then to put in practice, that oath of supremacy which her father first ordained, and amongst the many that refused that oath was my lord-chancellor, Dr. Heath. The queen having a good respect for him would not deprive him of his title, but committed the custody of the great seal to Nicholas Bacon, attorney of the wards, who from that time was called lord keeper, and exercised the authority of lord-chancellor as confirmed by act of parliament."[1] This oath of supremacy was the test which sifted the council from those, to whom the ancient faith was matter of conscience, and those to whom it was matter of worldly business: the nonjurors withdrew either into captivity, or country retirement.

Of the Catholic members of the privy council who remained, lord William Howard was her majesty's uncle and entire friend, Sackville was her cousin, the earl of Arundel her lover. The marquis of Winchester acted according to his characteristic description of his own policy, by playing the part of the willow, rather than the oak,[2] and from one of the most cruel of Elizabeth's persecutors, became at once the supplest of her instruments. His example was imitated by others in this list, who for the most part appeared duly impressed with the spirit of the constitutional maxim—"The crown takes away all defects."

Elizabeth acted much as Mary did at her accession; she forbade any one to preach without her license, and ostensibly left the rites of religion as she found them, but she, for a time, wholly locked up the famous pulpit of political sermons, Saint Paul's Cross.[3]

[1] Stowe's Chronicle, black letter, folio 635. [2] Naunton's Fragmentæ Regaliæ.

[3] This step, so important to her personal and regnal life, is left in the deepest obscurity by all but Stowe, who was, it ought to be remembered, persecuted by the privy coun il for his historical labours.

Meantime, mass was daily celebrated in the chapel royal, and throughout the realm;[1] and the queen, though well known to be a Protestant, conformed outwardly to the ceremonial observances of the church of Rome.

It was desirable that the coronation of Elizabeth should take place speedily, in order that she might have the benefit of the oaths of allegiance, of that part of the aristocracy, who regarded oaths. But a great obstacle arose: there was no one to crown her. The archbishop of Canterbury was dead; Dr. Heath, the archbishop of York, positively refused to crown her as supreme head of the church; there were but five or six Catholic bishops surviving the pestilence, and they all obstinately refused to perform the ceremony, neither would they consecrate any bishops, who were of a different way of thinking.

Notwithstanding these signs and symptoms of approaching change, all ceremonies were preparing for celebrating the Christmas festival, according to the rites of the ancient church. It was on the morning of Christmas Day, that Elizabeth took the important step of personal secession from the mass. She appeared in her closet in great state, at the celebration of the morning service, surrounded by her ladies and officers. Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle, was at the altar, preparing to officiate at high mass; but when the gospel was concluded, and every one expected that the queen would have made the usual offering, she rose abruptly, and with her whole retinue withdrew from the closet into her privy chamber, which was strange to divers. "God be blessed for all his gifts!" adds the narrator of this scene.[2] This withdrawal was to signify her disapprobation of the mass; yet she proceeded softly and gradually, till she ascertained the tone of the new parliament, which had not yet met. Had her conduct on Christmas morning excited general reprobation, instead of approbation, she could have laid her retreat, and that of her personal attendants, on her sudden indisposition. When she found this step was well received she took another, which was to issue a proclamation, ordering, that from the approaching new year's day, the litany should, with the epistle and gospel, be said in English in her chapel, and in all churches.

Further alteration was not at this time effected, because it was determined that Elizabeth should be crowned with the religious ceremonials of the Catholic church; but her mind was occupied with other thoughts than religion, relative to her coronation. She sent her favourite, Robert Dudley, to consult her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, to fix a lucky day for the ceremony.[3]

Such were the occupations of the great Elizabeth, in the first exercise of her regal power—now dictating the mode of worship in her dominions, now holding a consultation with a conjuror. Elizabeth has been praised for her superiority to the superstitions of her age. Her frequent visits, and close consultations with Dr. Dee, throughout the chief part

[1] Holinshed, first edition, vol. ii., 1785.

[2] Ellis's Original Letters, vol. ii., p. 262, second series. Letter of Sir W. Fitzwilliam to Mr. More. The original is one of the Losely MSS.

[3] Godwin's Life of Dr. Dee. He has drawn his information from Dr. Casaubon.

of her life are in lamentable contradiction to such panegyric. He had, as already noticed,[1] been prosecuted for telling the fortunes of Elizabeth when princess, and casting the nativity of queen Mary, to the infinite indignation of that queen. He had, it seems, made a lucky guess as to the short duration of Mary's life; and, truly, it required no great powers of divination to do so. Such was the foundation of queen Elizabeth's faith in this disreputable quack; her confidential maid too, Blanche Parry (who was in all the secrets of her royal mistress, before and after her accession) was an avowed disciple of Dr. Dee, and his pupil in alchemy and astrology.[2]

The queen, her privy council, and Dr. Dee, having agreed that Sunday, the 15th of January, would be the most suitable day for her coronation, she likewise appointed the preceding day, Saturday the 14th, for her grand recognition-procession through the city of London. As this procession always commenced from the royal fortress of the Tower, the queen went thither in a state-barge on the 12th of January, from the palace of Westminster, by water. The lord mayor, and his city companies met her on the Thames, "with their barges decked with banners of their crafts and mysteries." The lord mayor's own company—namely, the mercer's—had "a bachelor's barge and an attendant foist, with artillery shooting off lustily as they went, with great and pleasant melody of instruments, which played in a sweet and heavenly manner." Her majesty shot the bridge about two o'clock, at the still of the ebb, the lord mayor with the other barges following her; and she landed at the private stairs on Tower wharf. The queen was occupied the next day by making knights of the Bath; she, likewise, created or restored five peers; among others she made her mother's nephew, sir Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon.

The recognition-procession through the city of London, was one of peculiar character, marked not by any striking difference of parade or ceremony, but by the constant drama acted between the new queen and the populace. The manner and precedence of the line of march much resembled that, previously described in the life of her sister, queen Mary. Elizabeth left the Tower about two in the afternoon, seated, royally attired, in a chariot covered with crimson velvet, which had a canopy borne over it by knights, one of whom was her illegitimate brother, sir John Perrot. "The queen," says George Ferrers, who was an officer in the procession,[3] "as she entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs, which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their sovereign; and the queen, by holding up her hands and glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those, that stood nigh to her grace, showed herself no less thankful to receive the people's goodwill, than they to offer it. To all that wished her well, she gave thanks. To such as bade 'God save her grace,' she said, in return, 'God save you all!' and added, 'that she thanked them with all her

[1] Letter in the State Paper Office. Tytler's Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 479.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.
[3] He is the real author of this curious narrative printed in Holinshed.

heart.' Wonderfully transported were the people with the loving answers and gestures of their queen; the same she had displayed at her first progress from Hatfield. The city of London might, at that time, have been termed *a stage*, wherein was shown the spectacle of the noble-hearted queen's demeanour towards her most loving people, and the people's exceeding joy at beholding such a sovereign, and hearing so princely a voice. How many nosegays did her grace receive at poor women's hands! How often stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body approach to speak to her! A branch of rosemary given to her majesty, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Fleet-bridge, was seen in her chariot, when her grace came to Westminster, not without the wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queen's gracious reception and keeping the same." An apt simile to the stage seems irresistibly to have taken possession of the brain of our worthy dramatist, George Ferrers, in the midst of this pretty description of his liege lady's performance. However, her majesty adapted her part well to her audience—a little coarsely in the matter of gesture, perhaps—as more casting up her eyes to Heaven, signing with her hands, and moulding of her features, are described, in the course of the narrative, than are exactly consistent, with the good taste of a gentlewoman in these days; nevertheless her spectators were not very far advanced in civilization, and she dexterously adapted her style of performance to their appreciation.

The pageants began in Fenchurch Street, where a "fair child," in costly apparel, was placed on a stage to welcome her majesty to the city. The last verse of his greeting shall serve as a specimen of the rest:

"Welcome, O queen, as much as heart can think!
Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell!
Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink!
God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!"

At the words of the last line the people gave a great shout, repeating, with one assent, what the child had said.[1] "And the queen's majesty thanked graciously both the city for her reception, and the people for confirming the same. Here was noted the perpetual attentiveness in the queen's countenance, while the child spake, and a marvellous change in her look, as the words touched either her or the people; so that her rejoicing visage declared that the words took their place in her mind." Thus Elizabeth, who steered her way so skilfully, till she attained the highest worldly prosperity, appreciated the full influence of the "mute angel of attention." It is evident she knew how to listen, as well as to speak.

"At the upper end of Gracechurch street, before the sign of the Eagle (perhaps the Spread Eagle), the city had erected a gorgeous arch, beneath which was a stage, which stretched from one side of the street to the other. This was an historical pageant, representing the queen's immediate progenitors. There sat Elizabeth of York, in the midst of an immense white rose, whose petals formed elaborate furbelows round

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1787.

her; by her side was Henry VII. issuing out of a vast red rose, disposed in the same manner; the hands of the royal pair were locked together, and the wedding ring ostentatiously displayed. From the red and white roses proceeded a stem, which reached up to a second stage, occupied by Henry VIII., issuing from a red and white rose; and, for the first time since her disgrace and execution, was the effigy of the queen's mother, Anne Bolcyn, represented by his side. One branch sprang from this pair, which mounted to a third stage, where sat the effigy of Queen Elizabeth herself, enthroned in royal majesty; and the whole pageant was framed with wreaths of roses, red and white." [1]

By the time the queen had arrived before this quaint spectacle, her loving lieges had become so outrageously noisy in their glee, that there were all talkers and no hearers; not a word that the child said, who was appointed to explain the whole puppet-show, and repeat some verses, could be heard, and the queen was forced to command and entreat silence. Her chariot had passed so far forward that she could not well view the said kings and queens, but she ordered it to be backed, "yet scarcely could she see, because the child who spoke was placed too much within." Besides, it is well-known, Elizabeth was near-sighted, as well as her sister.

As she entered Cornhill, one of the knights, who bore her canopy, observed that an ancient citizen turned away and wept. "Yonder is an alderman," he said to the queen, "which weepeth and averteth his face."

"I warrant it is for joy," replied the queen. "A gracious interpretation," adds the narrator, "which makes the best of the doubtful." In Cheapside, she smiled, and being asked the reason, she replied, "Because I have just overheard one say in the crowd, 'I remember old king Harry the Eighth.'"

A scriptural pageant was placed on a stage, which spanned the entrance of Soper's lane: it represented the eight beatitudes, prettily personified by beautiful children. One of these little performers addressed to the queen the following lines, which are a more favourable specimen than usual of pageant poetry:—

"Thou hast been eight times blest, O queen of worthy fame!
By meekness of thy sprite, when care did thee beset,
By mourning in thy grief, by mildness in thy blame,
By hunger and by thirst, when right thou couldst not get.

"By mercy shewed, not proved, by pureness of thine heart,
By seeking peace alway, by persecution wrong;
Therefore trust thou in God, since he hath helpt thy smart,
That as his promise is, so he will make thee strong."

The people all responded to the wishes the little spokesman had uttered, whom the queen most gently thanked, for their loving goodwill.

Many other pageants were displayed at all the old stations in Cornhill and Chepe, with which our readers are tolerably familiar in pre-

[1] Holinshed, p. 1788.

ceding biographies. These must we pass by unheeded; so did not queen Elizabeth, who had some pertinent speech, or least some appropriate gesture, ready for each. Thus, when she encountered the governors and boys of Christ Church Hospital, all the time she was listening to a speech from one of the scholars, she sat with her eyes and hands cast up to Heaven, to the great edification of all beholders.[1]

Her reception of the grand allegory of Time and Truth, at the Little Conduit in Cheapside, was more natural and pleasing. She asked, "Who an old man was who sat with his scythe and hour-glass?" She was told "Time." "Time!" she repeated; "and time has brought me here!"

In this pageant, she spied that Truth held a Bible in English, ready for presentation to her, and she bade sir John Perrot (the knight nearest to her, who held up her canopy) to step forward and receive it for her; but she was informed, that was not the regular manner of presentation, for it was to be let down into her chariot, by a silken string. She therefore told sir John Perrot to stay; and at the proper crisis, in some verses recited by Truth, the book descended, "and the queen received it in both her hands, kissed it, clasped it to her bosom, and thanked the city for this present, esteemed above all others. She promised to read it diligently, to the great comfort of the by-standers."

Throughout the whole of Cheapside, from every pent-house and window hung banners and streamers, and the richest carpets, stuffs, and cloth of gold tapestried the streets, specimens of the great wealth of the stores within, for Cheapside was the principal location of the mercers and silk-dealers in London. At the upper end of this splendid thoroughfare were collected the city authorities, in their gala dresses, headed by their recorder, master Ranulph Cholmely, who, in the name of the lord-mayor and the city of London, begged her majesty's acceptance of a purse of crimson satin, containing a thousand marks in gold, and withal, beseeched her to continue good and gracious lady and queen to them.

The queen's majesty took the purse, "with both her hands," and readily answered,

"I thank my lord-mayor, his brethren, and ye all. And whereas, master recorder, your request is, that I may continue your good lady and queen, be ye assured, that I will be as good unto ye as ever queen was to a people."

After pausing to behold a pageant of Deborah, who governed Israel in peace for forty years, she reached the Temple Bar, where Gog and Magog, and a concert of sweet-voiced children, were ready to bid her farewell, in the name of the whole city. The last verse of the song of farewell gave a hint of the expected establishment of the Reformation:

"Farewell, O worthy queen; and as our hope is sure,
That into error's place thou wilt now truth restore,
So trust we that thou wilt our sovereign queen endure,
And loving lady stand from henceforth evermore."

[1] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1776.

Allusions to the establishment of truth and the extirpation of error, had been repeated in the previous parts of this song, and whenever they occurred, Elizabeth held up her hands and eyes to heaven, and at the conclusion expressed her wish that all the people should respond, Amen!

As she passed through Temple Bar, she said, as a farewell to the populace, "Be ye well assured I will stand your good queen."

The acclamations of the people in reply exceeded the thundering of the ordnance, at that moment shot off from the Tower.

Thus ended this celebrated procession, which certainly gave the tone to Elizabeth's public demeanour, throughout the remainder of her life.

The queen's perplexity regarding the prelate, who was to crown her, must have continued till the last moment, because, had Dr. Oglethorpe, the bishop of Carlisle, been earlier prevailed on, to perform this ceremony, it is certain proper vestments could have been prepared for him, instead of borrowing them from Bonner, which was actually done on the spur of the moment. Dr. Oglethorpe was the officiating bishop at the royal chapel; he might therefore consider that he owed more obedience to the sovereign's command than the rest of the catholic prelates. The compromise appears to have been, that if Elizabeth took the ancient oath administered to her catholic predecessors, he would set the crown on her head. That she took such oath is universally agreed by historians.

She passed the night preceding her coronation at Whitehall, and early in the morning came in her barge, in procession by water, to the old palace at Westminster. She assumed the same robes in which she afterwards opened parliament — a mantle of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, with a cordon of silk and gold, with buttons and tassels of the same; a train and surcoat of the same velvet, the train and skirt furred with ermine; a cap of maintenance, striped with passaments of gold lace, and a tassel of gold to the same. This was by no means in accordance with the jewelled circlets usually worn by queens of England, whether consort or regnant, preparatory to their coronation. There is every reason to believe, from the utter exhaustion of the treasury, that the coronation of Elizabeth was in many instances abbreviated of its usual splendour. But one very scarce and imperfect detail exists of it:[1] for it could not have given pleasure to any party—the protestants must have been ashamed of the oath she took, and the catholics enraged at her breaking it. Her procession from Westminster Hall was met by the one bishop, Oglethorpe. He wore his mitre and the borrowed vestments of Bonner. Three crosses were borne before him, and he walked at the head of the singers of the queen's chapel, who sang as they went, *Salve festa dies*. The path for the queen's procession was railed in and spread with blue cloth. The queen was conducted, with the usual ceremonies, to a chair of state at the high altar. She was then led by two noblemen to the platform for recognition, and presented by bishop Ogle-

[1] The original MS. is in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford. Mr. Nicholls has printed it verbatim in his progresses of Elizabeth, vol. i., p. 30; and Mr. Planché has made a pleasant narrative from it, in his Regal Records.

thorpe as queen, trumpets blowing between every proclamation. When she presented herself before the high altar, she knelt before Oglethorpe, and kissed the cover (*veil*) of the paten and chalice, and made an offering in money. She returned to her chair while bishop Oglethorpe preached the sermon and "bade the beads," a service somewhat similar to our Litany, and the queen, kneeling, said the Lord's Prayer. Then, being reseated, the bishop administered the coronation oath. The precise words of it are omitted, but it has been asserted that it was the same exacted from James I. and the Stuart kings of England, who were required to take a similar oath — viz., to keep the church in the same state as did king Edward the Confessor.[1] Some important points of difference certainly existed between the discipline of the Anglo-Saxon church of the eleventh century and the Roman-catholic of the sixteenth century; what they were it is the place of theologians to discuss. But it is our duty to our subject to suggest, as her defence from the horrid appearance of wilful perjury, that it is possible she meant at that time to model the reformed church she projected, and for which she challenged the appellation of catholic as near as possible to the Anglo-Saxon church.

When bishop Oglethorpe was kneeling before the altar, the queen gave a little book to a lord to deliver to him; the bishop refused to receive it, and read in other books; but immediately afterwards the bishop took the queen's book, "and read it before her grace." It is supposed, that the queen sent, with her little book, a request that Oglethorpe would read the gospel and epistle in English, which was done, and it constituted the sole difference between the former catholic coronations and that of Elizabeth. Then the bishop sang[2] * * * * * the mass from a missal, which had been carried in procession before the queen. A carpet was spread before the high altar, and cushions of gold cloth placed upon it, and then secretary Cecil delivered a book to the bishop, *another bishop*[3] standing at the left of the altar.

The queen now approached the altar, and leaned upon cushions, while her attendants spread a silken cloth over her, and the bishop anointed her.[4] It seems she was displeased at this part of the ceremony, for when it was finished, and she retired behind her traverse, to change her dress, she observed to her maids, "that the oil was grease and smelled ill."[5]

When she re-appeared before the public in the Abbey, she wore a train and mantle of cloth of gold furred with ermine. Then a sword with a girdle was put upon her, the belt going over one shoulder and

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[1] Taylor's Glories of Regality, where the coronation oaths of the English sovereigns are printed from authentic documents.

[2] Here is an hiatus in the MS.

[3] Here is a discrepancy with historical documents, which deny that any of the Catholic bishops (and there were no other in the kingdom) would assist in the ceremony.

[4] Change of apparel was noted before, but it could only have been putting on the coif and the preparation for anointing.

[5] Bishop Goodman, Court of James I.

under the other, two *garters* were put on her arms—these were the armilla, or armlets, and were not connected with the order of the Garter. Then the bishop put the crown upon her head, and delivered the sceptre into her hand. She was then crowned with another crown,—probably the crown of Ireland—the trumpets again sounding. The queen then offered the sword, laying it on the altar, and knelt with the sceptre and cross in her hand, while the bishop read from a book.

The queen then returned to her chair of state, the bishop put his hands into the queen's hands, and repeated certain words. This was the homage, the whole account being evidently given by an eye witness, not previously acquainted with the ceremony. He asserts that the lords did homage to the queen, kneeling and kissing her. He adds, "then the rest of the bishops did homage," but this must be a mistake, because they would have preceded the nobles.

Then the bishop began the mass, the epistle being read, first in Latin and then in English, the gospel the same—the book being sent to the queen, who kissed the gospel. She then went to the altar to make her second offering, three unsheathed swords being borne before her, and one in the scabbard. The queen kneeling, put money in the basin, and kissed the chalice; and then and there, certain words were read to her grace. She retired to her seat again during the consecration and kissed the pax.[1] She likewise received the eucharist, but did not receive from the cup.[2] When mass was done, she retired behind the high altar, and as usual, offered her crown, robes, and regalia, in St. Edward's chapel, coming forth again with the state crown on her head, and robed in violet velvet and ermine, and so proceeded to the banquet in Westminster hall.

The champion of England, Sir Edward Dymock, performed his official duty, by riding into the hall, in fair, complete armour, upon a beautiful courser richly trapped with gold cloth. He cast down his gauntlet in the midst of the hall, as the queen sat at dinner, with offer to fight him, in the queen's rightful quarrel, who should deny her to be the lawful queen of this realm.

The proclamation of the heralds on this occasion is an historical and literary curiosity. The right, the champion offered to defend, was, according to the proclamation of Mr. Garter King-at-arms, that "of the most high and mighty princess, our dread sovereign, lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, Ireland, *Defender of the true, ancient, and catholic faith, most worthy empress from the Orcade Isles to the Mountains Pyrenée.* A largess, a largess, a largess."[3]

Thus, the title of supreme head of the church, was *not* then publicly

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[1] The pax is a piece of board, having the image of Christ upon the cross on it, which the people, before the Reformation, used to kiss after the service was ended, that ceremony being considered as the kiss of peace. The word has been often confounded with *pix.*—(*Johnson's Dictionary.*)

[2] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii., p. 256.

[3] This curious addition to the scanty records of Elizabeth's coronation, is owing to the research of Mr. Planché. See his Regal Records, p. 47, where it is printed from Harl. MS., No. 1386.

challenged by Elizabeth,[1] yet it might appear implied, in the addition to her regal style, so strangely brought in, after the phrase, "Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith"—as if *she* were empress of the faith of those, who renounced the papal domination, from the north of Scotland to the reformers in the south of France. For what but to mystify the listening ear, with some such idea, could such a phrase be interpolated in such a ceremony? For if she meant to challenge the old claim of Bretwalda over Scotland, why was it not added to her temporal titles? besides, by claiming the whole kingdom of France, in the preceding sentence, she had previously asserted her empire over that country to the Pyrenees.

Labour dire and weary woe is the struggle for those to appear consistent, who are wilfully acting a double part; it is withal useless. Elizabeth, far-famed as she was for courage, personal and mental—and both have, perhaps, been over-rated—had not at this juncture the moral intrepidity to assert, what she had already assumed and acted on in private.

One of the earliest regnal acts of Elizabeth, was to send friendly and confidential assurances to the kings of Denmark and Sweden, and all the protestant princes of Germany, of her attachment to the reformed faith and her wish to cement a bond of union between all its professors.[2] At the same time, with a view of keeping fair with the catholic powers of Europe, and obtaining a recognition, that would ensure the obedience of her own subjects of that persuasion, she directed Carne, her late sister's resident minister at the court of Rome, to announce her accession to Pope Paul IV., and to assure him, that it was not her intention to offer violence to the consciences of any denomination of her subjects, on the score of religion.[3]

The aged pontiff, incensed at the "new doctrine of liberty of conscience" implied in this declaration, and regarding with hostile feelings the offspring of a marriage, which had involved the overthrow of the papal power in England, replied "that he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock; that the queen of Scots claimed the crown, as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII., but that if Elizabeth were willing to submit the controversy to his arbitration, every indulgence should be shown to her which justice would permit."[4] Elizabeth immediately recalled her minister. The

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[1] Bishop Jewel, in a private letter to Bullinger, dated 1559, observes that "Queen Elizabeth had refused to be styled Head of the Church, as it was a title that could not be justly given to any mortal." Perhaps this herald's proclamation gave rise to this notion of Jewel, who arrived in London, from banishment at Geneva, the very day of Elizabeth's coronation. Some tortuous expression of this queen must have deceived Jewel into his idea; her proceedings in the private recesses of her council told a different tale, but there was much feeling of the public pulse, before she openly took the title. But this is one of the dark passages in history. See much discussion on this subject in the Zurich letters.

[2] Camden. [3] Fra. Paolo; Lingard; Pallavicino.

[4] Paolo Sarpis's Hist. Council of Trent; Pallavicino; Lingard; Sir James Macintosh. My learned and deeply lamented friend, the late Mr. Howard of Corby, has, in his Supplement to the 13th Appendix of the Howard Memorials, thrown

pope forbade his return, under peril of excommunication; and Carne, though he talked largely of his loyalty to his royal mistress, remained at Rome till his death. The bull issued by this haughty pontiff, on the 12th of January, 1558–9, declaring heretical sovereigns incapable of reigning, though Elizabeth's name was not mentioned therein, was supposed to be peculiarly aimed at her; yet it did not deprive her of the allegiance of her catholic peers, all of whom paid their liege homage to her, as their undoubted sovereign, at her coronation.

The new sovereign received the flattering submissions of her late persecutors, with a graciousness of demeanour, which proved that the queen had the magnanimity to forgive the injuries, and even the insults, that had been offered to the princess Elizabeth.

One solitary instance is recorded, in which she used an uncourteous expression to a person who had formerly treated her with disrespect, and now sought her pardon. A member of the late queen's household, conscious that he had offered many petty affronts to Elizabeth, when she was under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, came in a great fright to throw himself at her feet, on her first triumphant assumption of the regal office, and, in the most abject language, besought her not to punish him for his impertinences to her when princess. "Fear not," replied the queen; "we are of the nature of the lion, and cannot descend to the destruction of mice and such small beasts!"

To sir Henry Bedingfeld she archly observed, when he came to pay his duty to her at her first court—"Whenever I have a prisoner who requires to be safely and straitly kept, I shall send him to you." She was wont to tease him by calling him her jailor, when in her mirthful mood, but always treated him as a friend, and honoured him, subsequently, with a visit at his stately mansion, Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk.

Elizabeth strengthened her interest in the upper house, by adding and restoring five protestant statesmen to the peerage. Henry Carey, her mother's nephew, she created lord Hunsdon; the lord Thomas Howard, brother to the duke of Norfolk, she made viscount Bindon; Oliver St. John, also a connexion of the Boleyn's, baron of Bletsoe. She restored the brother of Katharine Parr, William, marquis of Northampton, to the honours he had forfeited in the late reign, by espousing the cause of lady Jane Gray; and also, the son of the late protector, Somerset, Edward Seymour, to the title of earl of Hertford.

The morning after her coronation, she went to her chapel, it being

great doubts on the accuracy of this statement, because it has not been mentioned by contemporary historians; neither (which is more important) are there the slightest traces of it in Sir Edward Carne's letters to Elizabeth at that period, or any other document in the State Paper Office. That such a communication should, however, have been made by Elizabeth, agrees with the temporizing policy of herself and cabinet; and the reply is equally characteristic of the proud Caraffa pontiff, as the head of a church which could not, consistently with its immutable principles, admit the validity of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn. I am therefore disposed to adopt the generally received opinion, on the authority of the historian of the Council of Trent, which has been followed by two acute historians of our own times—Dr. Lingard and Sir James Macintosh, who are frequently opposed on other points.

the custom to release prisoners at the inauguration of a sovereign—perhaps there was some forgotten religious ceremony connected with this act of grace. In her great chamber one of her courtiers presented her with a petition, and before the whole court, in a loud voice implored "that four or five more prisoners might be released!" On inquiry, he declared them to be "the four evangelists and the apostle St. Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were, in prison, so that they could not converse with the common people."

Elizabeth answered very gravely—"It is best first to inquire of them, whether they approve of being released or not."[1]

The inquiry was soon after made in the convocation appointed by parliament, the result of which was, that the apostles *did* approve of their translation. A translation of the Scriptures was immediately published by authority, which, after several revisions, became, in the succeeding reign, the basis of our present version.

The religious revolution, effected by Elizabeth was very gently and gradually brought to pass. "The queen," writes Jewel to Peter Martyr, "though she openly favours our cause, is wonderfully afraid of allowing any innovations. This is owing partly to her own friends, by whose advice everything is carried on, and partly to the influence of count Feria, a Spaniard, and Philip's ambassador. She is, however, prudently, piously, and firmly following up her purpose, though somewhat more slowly than we could wish."[2] * * * "The queen," continues Jewel, "regards you most highly; she made so much of your letter, that she read it over a second and third time, with the greatest eagerness. I doubt not but that your book, when it arrives, will be even more acceptable."[3]

Her charge to her judges, given about the same time, is noble in the simplicity of its language. It may be noticed, that when Elizabeth used perspicuous phraseology, in speaking or writing, she was usually sincere.

"Have a care over my people. You have my people—do you that, which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They cannot revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto them—see unto them, for they are my charge. I charge you, even as God hath charged me. I care not for myself; my life is not dear to me. My care is for my people. I pray God, whoever succeedeth me, be as careful as I am. They who know what cares I bear, would not think I took any great joy in wearing a crown."

"These ears," added Dr. Jewel, "heard her majesty speak these words."[4]

The queen rode, in her parliamentary robes, on the 25th of January, with all her peers, *spiritual* and temporal, in their robes, to Westminster Abbey, where she attended a somewhat incongruous religious service.

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Zurich Letters. [3] Ibid.

[4] Strype's Annals, vol. i., part 2, p. 308. Jewel, a learned protestant divine, had been in exile, and returned, on the death of Mary, to the convocation held for settling the church of England, of which Elizabeth soon after made him a bishop.

High mass was celebrated at the altar[1] before queen, lords, and commons: the sermon was preached by Dr. Cox, Edward VI.'s Calvinistic schoolmaster, who had returned from Geneva for the purpose. The queen's supremacy was debated in this parliament. Dr. Heath, the lord chancellor, who took his seat with the rest of the catholic bishops, spoke against this measure. Finally, the oath of the queen's supremacy, as confirmed by parliament, being tendered to Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, and the rest of the catholic bishops, all refused it but Landaff; they were deprived of their sees, with which the most illustrious of the protestant divines were endowed.[2]

The learned Dr. Parker, the friend of Anne Boleyn, was appointed by the queen, archbishop of Canterbury. He had been an exile for conscience' sake in the reign of queen Mary; under his auspices the church of England was established, by authority of this session of parliament, nearly in its present state; the common prayer and articles of Edward VI.'s church being restored, with some important modifications; the translation of the scriptures in English was likewise restored to the people. Before the house of commons was dissolved, sir Thomas Gargrave, their speaker, craved leave to bring up a petition to her majesty, of vital importance to the realm; it was to entreat that she would marry, that the country might have her royal issue to reign over them. Elizabeth received the address[3] presented by the speaker, knights, and burgesses of the lower house, seated in state in her great gallery at Whitehall palace.

She paused a short space after listening to the request of the commons, and then made a long oration in reply; which George Ferrers, who was present, recorded, as near as he could bring it away.[4] But whether the fault rests with the royal oratress or the reporter, this task was not very perspicuously achieved. In the course of her speech, she alluded very mysteriously, to her troubles in the former reign.

"From my years of understanding," she said, "knowing myself a servitor of Almighty God, I chose this kind of life, in which I do yet live, as a life most acceptable to him, wherein I thought I could best serve him. From which my choice, if ambition of high estate offered me in marriage, the displeasure of the prince, the eschewing the danger of mine enemies, or the avoiding the peril of death, (whose messenger the princess' indignation was, continually present before mine eyes,) by whose means, if I knew, or do justly suspect, I will not now utter them; or if the whole cause were my sister herself,[5] I will not now

[1] Dr. Lingard, vol. vii., p. 257.

[2] Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1802. Thirteen Catholic bishops were the non-jurors expelled their sees. Oglethorpe of Carlisle, who died soon after, broken-hearted for having crowned the queen, was among them. (Macintosh, vol. iii., p. 14.)

[3] We learn from Mr. Palgrave's Essay on the King's Council (commonly called privy council), "that the House of Commons used to sit in the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, before the well-remembered chapel of St. Stephen was desecrated for their accommodation. The stately chamber in the Chapter House is still entire—a monument of the grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture.

[4] Grafton's Chronicle, and Holinshed, vol. ii., p. 1777.

[5] It is difficult to define whether, by the three persons named in this involved sentence, the *prince*, the *princess, and her sister*, Elizabeth means to designate only the late queen Mary, or to include Philip in the blame.

charge the dead. Could all have drawn or dissuaded me, I had not now remained in this virgin's estate wherein you see me. But so constant have I always continued in this my determination, that though my words and youth may seem hardly to agree together, yet it is true that, to this day, I stand free from any other meaning."

Towards the conclusion of her speech, she made an observation, which, some years later, would have seemed to imply, the future advantages of the whole island being united, by the succession of the heirs of Stuart to the English throne, yet, as Mary of Scotland was then dauphiness of France, and childless, nothing of the kind could have been in the thoughts of Elizabeth.

"And albeit it doth please Almighty God to continue me still in the mind to live out of the state of marriage, it is not to be feared but he will so work in my heart and in your wisdoms, that as good provision may be made in convenient time, whereby the realm shall not remain destitute of an heir, that may be a fit governor, and, peradventure, more beneficial to the realm than such offspring as may come of me; for though I be never so careful for your well-doings, yet may mine issue grow out of kind and become ungracious.

She then drew from her finger her coronation ring,[1] and, showing it to the commons, told them that—

"When she received that ring, she had solemnly bound herself in marriage to the realm; and that it would be quite sufficient for the memorial of her name and for her glory, if, when she died, an inscription were engraved on a marble tomb, saying, 'Here lieth Elizabeth, *which* reigned a virgin, and died a virgin.'"

In conclusion, she dismissed the deputation with these words:—

"I take your coming to me in good part, and give to you eftsoons my hearty thanks, yet more for your good will and good meaning than for your message."

Elizabeth, when she made this declaration, was in the flower of her age, having completed her twenty-fifth year in the preceding September, and according to the description given of her, at the period of her accession to the throne, by sir Robert Naunton, she must have been possessed of no ordinary personal attractions.

"She was of person tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewithal well favoured, but high nosed; of limb and feature neat, and, which added to the lustre of these external graces, of a stately and majestic comportment, participating more of her father than of her mother, who was of an inferior allay—plausible, or, as the French have it, *debonnair* and affable—which, descending as hereditary to the daughter, did render her of a more sweet temper, and endeared her to the love of the people."

She had already refused the proffered hand of her sister's widower, Philip II. of Spain, who had pressed his suit with earnestness, amounting to importunity, animated by the desire of regaining, with another regal English bride, a counterbalance to the allied powers of France and Scotland. It has also been asserted, that the Spanish monarch had conceived a passion for Elizabeth during the life of her sister, which rendered his suit more lively; and assuredly he must have commenced

[1] This was a repetition, with variation, of the same action which queen Mary had previously practised. See Renaud's Despatches.

his overtures before his deceased consort's obsequies were celebrated, in his eagerness to gain the start of other candidates. Elizabeth always attributed his political hostility to his personal pique at her declining to become his wife.[1]

According to Camden, Philip addressed many eloquent letters to Elizabeth during his short but eager courtship, and she took infinite pleasure and pride in publishing them among her courtiers. Philip endeavoured also to overcome the scruples of his royal sister-in-law, whom, on that occasion, he certainly treated as a member of the church of Rome, by assuring her "that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a dispensation from the pope for their marriage." Elizabeth felt, however, that it would be a marriage even more objectionable than that of her father, Henry VIII., with Katharine of Arragon; and that for her to become a party in matrimony, contracted under such circumstances, would at once, by virtually invalidating her own legitimacy, declare Mary queen of Scots the rightful heiress of the late queen, her sister, in the succession to the throne of England; and Elizabeth had no inclination to risk the contingency of exchanging the regal garland of Plantagenet and Tudor, for the crown matrimonial of Spain. Yet she had a difficult and a delicate game to play, for the friendship of Spain appeared to be her only bulwark against the combined forces of France and Scotland. She had succeeded to an empty exchequer, a realm dispirited by the loss of Calais, burdened with debt, embarrassed with a base coinage, and a starving population ready to break into a civil war, under the pretext of deciding the strength of rival creeds by the sword. Moreover, her title to the throne had been already impugned, by the king of France compelling his youthful daughter-in-law, the queen of Scots, then in her sixteenth year, and entirely under his control, to assume the arms and regal style of England. "On the 16th of January, 1559, the dauphin of France and the queen of Scotland, his wife, did, by the style and title of king and queen of England and Ireland, grant to lord Fleming certain things," notes sir William Cecil in his diary. A brief and quiet entry of a debt incurred in the name of an irresponsible child, which was hereafter to be paid with heavy interest in tears and blood, by that ill-fated princess, whose name had, in the brief season of her morning splendour, filled the hearts of Elizabeth and her council with alarm.

If Elizabeth had shared the feminine propensity of leaning on others for succour, in the time of danger, she would probably have accepted inglorious protection, with the nuptial ring of Philip, but she partook not of the nature of the ivy, but the oak, being formed and fitted to stand alone, and she met the crisis bravely. She was new to the cares of empire, but the study of history had given her experience and knowledge in the regnal science, beyond what can be acquired, during years of personal attempts at governing, by monarchs, who have wasted their youthful energies in the pursuit of pleasure or mere finger-end accomplishments. The chart by which she steered was marked with the

[1] Depeches de la Mothe Fenelon.

rocks, the quicksands, and the shoals on which the barks of other princes had been wrecked; and she knew that, of all the false beacons, that had allured the feeble minded to disgrace and ruin, the expedient of calling in foreign aid, the seasons of national distress, was the most fatal. She knew the English character, and she had seen the evils and discontents, that had sprung from her sister's Spanish marriage, and in her own case, these would have been aggravated by the invalidation of her title to the throne. She therefore firmly, but courteously, declined the proposal, under the plea of scruples of conscience, which were to her insuperable. This refusal preceded her coronation, for the Spanish ambassador, count Feria, in consequence of the slight which he conceived had been put upon his master, by the maiden monarch declining the third reversion of his hand, feigned sickness as an excuse for not assisting at that ceremonial.

The next month, Philip pledged himself to the beautiful Elizabeth of France, a perilous alliance for Elizabeth of England; it rendered Philip of Spain and the husband of Mary queen of Scots, the formidable rival of her title, brothers-in-law.

Elizabeth's first care was to procure an act, for the recognition and declaring of her own title, from her parliament, which was unanimously passed, and without any allusion to her mother's marriage, or the stigma that had previously been put on her own birth. The statute declares her to be "rightly, lineally, and lawfully descended from the blood royal," and pronounces "all sentences and acts of parliament derogatory to this declaration to be void." The latter clause is tantamount to a repeal of all those dishonouring statutes, which had passed in the reign of Henry VIII. against her mother and herself; and, in addition, an act was passed, which, without reversing the attainder of Anne Boleyn, rendered Elizabeth inheritable to her mother, and to all her maternal ancestors.[1] This was a prudential care for securing, malgré all the chances and changes that might befal the crown, a share in the wealth of the citizen-family of Boleyn, implying at the same time, that she was the lawful representative of the elder co-heiress of that house, and, of course, born in lawful wedlock; but in a nobler spirit would it have been, to have used the same influence, for the vindication of her mother's honour, by causing the statutes which infamed her to be swept from the records. The want of moral courage on the part of Elizabeth, in leaving this duty unperformed, was injurious to her own royal dignity, and has been always regarded as a tacit admission of Anne Boleyn's guilt. Many writers have argued that it was a point of wisdom in Elizabeth, not to hazard calling attention to the validity of her father's marriage with Anne Boleyn, or the charges against that unfortunate queen; but inasmuch as it was impossible to prevent those subjects from continuing, as they always had been, points of acrimonious discussion, her cautious evasions of questions so closely touching her own honour gave rise to the very evils she was anxious to avoid; and we find that a gentleman named Labourne was executed at Preston, who

[1] Journals of Parliament.

died saying, "Elizabeth was no queen of England, but only Elizabeth Bullen, and that Mary of Scotland was rightful sovereign."[1]

Notwithstanding the danger of her position, from the probable coalition of the powers of Catholic Europe against her, Elizabeth stood undaunted, and, though aware of the difficulty of maintaining a war, with such resources as she possessed, she assumed as high a tone, for the honour of England, as the mightiest of her predecessors, during the conferences at Chateau Cambresis, for the arrangement of a general treaty of pacification, and, declining the offered mediation of Philip II., she chose to treat alone. She demanded the restoration of Calais, as the prominent article, and that in so bold and persevering a manner, that it was guaranteed to her, at the expiration of eight years, by the king of France, under a penalty of 500,000 crowns.[2] With a view to the satisfaction of her subjects, she caused lord Wentworth, the last lord deputy of Calais, and others of the late commanders there, to be arraigned, for the loss of a place more dear, than profitable to England, and also to show how firmly the reins of empire could be grasped, in the hand of a maiden monarch. Wentworth was acquitted by his peers, the others were found guilty and condemned, but the sentence was never carried into execution.

During the whole of Lent, the queen had kept the fast, heard sermons regularly, and apparelled herself in black; but the happy restoration of peace caused the Easter festival to be observed with unusual rejoicings. On St. George's day, the queen went about the hall, and all the knights of the garter, singing in procession. The same day, in the afternoon, were four knights elected—viz., the duke of Norfolk, the marquis of Northampton, the earl of Rutland, and the lord Robert Dudley, master of the queen's horse. The following lines, from a contemporary poet, may not be displeasing to the reader:

"I saw a virgin queen, attired in white,
Leading with her a sort of goodly knights,
With garters and with collars of St. George;
Elizabeth, on a compartiment
Of bice, in gold, was writ,[3] and hung askew
Upon her head, under a royal crown.
She was the sovereign of the knights she led.
Her face methought I knew, as if the same,
The same great empress that we now enjoy,
Had climbed the clouds, and been in person there,
To whom the earth, the sea, and elements
Auspicious are."[4]

When Elizabeth came to the throne, she found herself in a novel position as regarded the order of the garter, for her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, had, in consequence of his marriage with her late sister, queen

[1] Letter in Strype's Annals, printed by Barker, queen's printer.

[2] Camden; Hayward.

[3] i. e., the name "Elizabeth" was written or illuminated in bice (a green colour), on a gold label, or fillet.

[4] George Peele's Poem on the Honour of the Garter, printed in the year 1593. Quoted by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his splendid work, the Order of the Garter.

Mary, been constituted, by the authority of parliament, joint sovereign of the order with his royal consort. Elizabeth having no wish to hold any dignity in partnership with him, yet desiring to do all things with proper courtesy, caused his banner to be removed to the second stall on the prince's side, intimating that he continued a knight companion of the order, though he had, by the death of the queen his wife, lost the joint sovereignty. Philip, however, returned the garter by the hands of the queen's ambassador, lord Montague, who had been sent to negotiate a peace; but Elizabeth did not accept his resignation, and he continued a companion of the order till his death, notwithstanding the hostile character of his subsequent proceedings towards England.[1]

Elizabeth's first chapter of the order was certainly held in St. George's hall at Greenwich, for we find, that the same afternoon she went to Baynard's castle, the earl of Pembroke's place, and supped with him; and after supper she took boat, and was rowed up and down on the river Thames, hundreds of boats and barges rowing about her, and thousands of people thronging the banks of the river to look upon her majesty, rejoicing to see her, and partaking of the music and sights on the Thames. It seems there was an aquatic festival in honour of the welcome appearance of their new and comely liege lady on the river, for the trumpets blew, drums beat, flutes played, guns were discharged, and fireworks played off, as she moved from place to place. This continued till ten o'clock at night, when the queen departed home.[2]

By thus showing herself so freely and condescendingly to her people, she made herself dear and acceptable unto them. Well, indeed, had nature qualified Elizabeth to play her part, with *eclat*, in the imposing drama of royalty, by the endowments of wit, eloquence, penetration, and self-possession, joined to the advantages of commanding features and a majestic presence. She had, from childhood upwards, studied the art of courting popularity, and perfectly understood how to please the great body of the people. The honest-hearted mechanical classes, won by the frank manner, in which she dispensed the cheap, but dearly-prized favours of gracious words and smiles, regarded her with feelings approaching to idolatry; and as for the younger nobles and gentlemen of England, who attended her court, they were, almost to a man, eager for the opportunity of risking their lives in her service; and she knew how to improve the love and loyalty of all ranks of her subjects, to the advancement of her power and the defence of her realm.

The pecuniary aids granted by her first parliament to queen Elizabeth, though only proportioned to the extreme necessity of the crown, at that period, were enormous, for, besides the tenths, first fruits, and impropriations of church property, which had been declined by Mary, and the grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they voted a subsidy of two and eightpence in the pound on all movable goods, and four shillings on land, to be paid in two several payments.[3] How such a property tax was ever gathered, after a year of famine and pestilence, must indeed

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[1] History of the Order of the Garter, by Sir H. Nicolas, vol. i., pp. 184, 188, 189.
[2] Nichols' Progresses.
[3] By statute 1st Eliz., cap. 21.

appear a marvel to those, who witness the irritation and inconvenience caused to the needy portion of the middle classes, by the infliction of a comparatively trivial impost at present. It is always easy to convince the wealthy, of the expediency of sacrificing a part to save the whole; therefore, Elizabeth and her acute premier, Cecil, laid a heavier burden on the lords of the soil, and those, who derived their living from ecclesiastical property, than on those, whose possessions were limited to personals, which, at that time were chiefly the mercantile and mechanical classes.

The destitution of the crown having been thus relieved, a series of pageants and festivities were wisely ordained by the queen, as a sure means of diverting the attention of the good people of London and its neighbourhood, from past troubles and present changes. Stowe gives a quaint account of her majesty coming, in great state, to St. Mary's, Spital, to hear a sermon delivered from the cross, on which occasion she was attended, by one thousand men in harness, with shirts of mail, pikes, and field-pieces, with drums and trumpets sounding. The procession was closed by morris-dancers and two white bears in a cart. These luckless animals were, of course, to furnish a cruel pageant for the recreation of the queen and her loving citizens, after the sermon was ended.

In a letter of the 14th of April, that eminent reformer, Jewel, laments, that the queen continued the celebration of mass in her private chapel. It was not till the 12th of May, that the service was changed, and the use of Latin discontinued. "The queen," observes Jewel, "declines being styled the head of the church, at which I certainly am not much displeased." Elizabeth assumed the title of governess of the church, but she finally asserted her supremacy, in a scarcely less authoritative manner than her father had done, and many Catholics were put to death for denying it.

Touching the suitors for Elizabeth's hand, Jewel tells his Zurich correspondent "that nothing is yet talked about the queen's marriage, yet there are now courting her the king of Sweden, the Saxon (son of John Frederic, duke of Saxony), and Charles, the son of the emperor Ferdinand, to say nothing of the Englishman, sir William Pickering. I know, however, what I should prefer; but matters of this kind, as you are aware, are rather mysterious, and we have a common proverb, that marriages are made in heaven." In another letter, dated May 22, 1559, he says, "that public opinion inclines towards sir William Pickering, a wise and religious man, and highly gifted as to personal qualities."

Jewel is the first person, who mentions Pickering among the aspirants for the hand of queen Elizabeth. He had been employed on diplomatic missions to Germany and France, with some credit to himself, and the queen bestowed so many marks of attention upon him, that the Spanish ambassador, as well as our good bishop and others, fancied that he had as fair a chance of success, as the sons of reigning princes. He is also mentioned by Camden "as a gentleman of moderate fortune, but comely person." It is possible that Pickering had performed some secret service for Elizabeth, in the season of her distress, which entitled

him to the delusive honour of her smiles, as there is undoubtedly some mystery in the circumstance of a man, scarcely of equestrian rank, encouraging hopes so much above his condition. Be this as it may, he quickly vanished from the scene, and was forgotten.

On the 23d of May, a splendid embassy from France, headed by the duke de Montmorenci, arrived, for the purpose of receiving the queen's ratification of the treaty of Cambresis. They landed at the Tower wharf, and were conducted to the bishop of London's palace, where they were lodged. On the following day, they were brought in great state by a deputation of the principal nobles of the court, through Fleet-street, to a supper-banquet with the queen, at her palace at Westminster, where they were entertained with sumptuous cheer and music till after midnight. On the following day they came gorgeously apparelled to dine with her majesty, and were recreated afterwards, with the baiting of bears and bulls. The queen's grace herself and the ambassadors stood in the gallery, looking on the pastime, till six in the evening. On the 26th, another bull and bear baiting was provided, for the amusement of the noble envoys at Paris garden, and on the 28th, when they departed, they were presented with many mastiffs, for the nobler purpose of hunting their wolves.[1]

On the 11th of June, at eight o'clock at night, the queen and her court embarked in their barges at Whitehall, and took their pleasure on the river, by rowing along the bank, and crossing over to the other side, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, and so to Whitehall again. The Londoners were so lovingly disposed to their maiden sovereign, that when she withdrew to her summer bowers at Greenwich, they were fain to devise all sorts of gallant shows, to furnish excuses for following her there, to enjoy, from time to time, the sunshine of her presence. They prepared a sort of civic tournament in honour of her majesty, July 2d, each company supplying a certain number of men at arms, 1400 in all, all clad in velvet and chains of gold, with guns, morris pikes, halberds, and flags, and so marched they over London Bridge, into the duke of Suffolk's park at Southwark, where they mustered before the lord mayor; and in order to initiate themselves into the hardships of a campaign, they lay abroad in St. George's Fields all that night. The next morning they set forward in goodly array, and entered Greenwich Park at an early hour, where they reposed themselves till eight o'clock, and then marched down into the lawn, and mustered in their arms, all the gunners being in shirts of mail. It was not, however, till eventide that her majesty deigned to make herself visible to the doughty bands of Cockaine—chivalry they cannot properly be called, for they had discreetly avoided exposing civic horsemanship to the mockery of the gallant equestrians of the court, and trusted no other legs than their own, with the weight of their valour and warlike accoutrements, in addition to their velvet gaberdines and chains of gold, in which this midsummer bevy had bivouacked in St. George's Fields on

[1] Strype and Nichols.

the preceding night. At five o'clock, the queen came into the gallery of Greenwich park gate, with the ambassadors, lords, and ladies—a fair and numerous company. Then the lord marquis of Northampton, (queen Katharine Parr's brother whom, like Edward VI., Elizabeth ever treated as an uncle,) her great uncle, lord William Howard, lord admiral of England, and the lord Robert Dudley, her master of the horse, undertook to review the city muster, and to set their two battles in array, to skirmish before the queen, with flourish of trumpets, alarum of drums, and melody of flutes, to encourage the counter champions to the fray. Three onsets were given, the guns discharged on one another, the Moorish pikes encountered together with great alarm, each ran to his weapon again, and then they fell together as fast as they could, in imitation of close fight, while the queen and her ladies looked on. After all this, Mr. Chamberlain, and divers of the commoners of the city, and the wifflers, came before her grace, who thanked them heartily, and all the city; whereupon was given the greatest shout ever heard, with hurling up of caps, and the queen showed herself very merry. After this was a *running* at tilt; and, lastly, all departed home to London.

As numerous, if not as valiantly disposed a company, poured down from the metropolis to Woolwich on the morrow: for on that day, July 3d. the queen went in state to witness the launch of a fine new ship of war, which, in honour of her, was called "The Elizabeth."

The gallantry of the city muster inspired the gentlemen of the court with loyal emulation, and they determined to tilt on foot, with spears before the queen, also, in Greenwich Park. The challengers were three, the earl of Ormond, sir John Perrot, and Mr. North, and there were defendants of equal prowess with lances and swords. The whole of the queen's band of pensioners were, however, to run with spears, and preparations were made for a royal and military fête champêtre, such as might be imitated, with admirable effect, in Windsor park even now. It was both the policy and pleasure of the last of the Tudor sovereigns, to keep her loving metropolis in good humour, by allowing the people to participate, as far at least as looking on went, in her princely recreations. Half the popularity of Elizabeth proceeded from the care she took, that the holidays of her subjects should be merry days. "If ever any person had either, the gift or the style to win the hearts of people," says Hayward, "it was this queen." But to return to her July evening pageant, in the green glades of Greenwich park. A goodly banqueting house was built up for her grace with fir poles, and decked with birch branches and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, July flowers, lavender, marygolds, and all manner of strewing herbs and rushes. There were also tents set up for providing refreshments, and a space made for the tilting. About five in the afternoon came the queen, with the ambassadors and the lords and ladies of her train, and stood over the park gate, to see the exercise of arms, and afterwards the combatants chasing one another. Then the queen took her horse, and, accompanied by three ambassadors and her retinue, rode to the sylvan pavilion, where a costly banquet was provided for her

This was succeeded by a mask, and the entertainment closed, with fireworks and firing of guns, about midnight.[1]

But while Elizabeth appeared to enter into these gay scenes of festive pageantry, with all the zest of a young, sprightly, and handsome woman, who, emerging suddenly from restraint, retirement, and neglect, finds herself the delight of every eye and the idol of all hearts, her mind was intent on matters of high import, and she knew that the flowers, with which her path was strewn, concealed many a dangerous quicksand from those who looked not below the surface. Within one little month of the solemn ratification of the treaty of Chateau Cambresis, by the plenipotentiaries of France in her court, her right to the crown she wore had been boldly impugned by Henry II.'s principal minister of state, the constable de Montmorenci, who, when the duke de Nemours, a prince nearly allied to the throne of France, informed him of his intention of seeking the queen of England in marriage, exclaimed, "Do you not know that the queen-*dolphin* has right and title to England?"[2] A public demonstration of this claim was made, at the jousts in honour of the espousals of the French king's sister, with the duke of Savoy, Elizabeth's oft-rejected suitor, when the Scotch heralds displayed the escutcheon of their royal mistress, the queen of Scots quartered, with those of France and England, which was afterwards protested against by the English ambassador, Throckmorton.[3]

It was retorted that Elizabeth had assumed the title of queen of France at her coronation—a pretension too absurd, as the operation of the Salic law had always incapacitated females, from inheriting the sceptre of that realm, even when born (as in the case of the daughter of Louis Hutin) sole issue of a reigning monarch, representing the ancient royal line of France. Calais, the last relic of the conquests of Edward III. and Henry V., was now in the hands of the French government; and although Henry II. had virtually acknowledged the right of Elizabeth to that town, by binding himself to restore it at the end of eight years, and a chimerical proposition had also been made to settle all disputes for its possession, by both claimants ceding it, as a marriage portion, to an imaginary first-born son of Elizabeth, and daughter of Mary Stuart, by Francis of Valois, or otherwise, to the son of Mary, and daughter of Elizabeth, it was mere temporizing diplomacy. The mighty plan of uniting the Gallic and Britannic empires, beneath the sceptres of Francis of Valois and Mary of Scotland, had never ceased to occupy the attention of Henry II., from the death of Edward VI., till his own course was suddenly cut short, by the accidental wound he received, from a splinter of his opponent's lance,[4] while tilting in honour of his daughter's nuptials. That event produced an important change in the fortunes of England's Elizabeth. She was at once delivered from the most dangerous and insidious of her foes, and the consequences of the formidable alliance between France and Spain: for although the rival claims of his

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. i. [2] Forbes' State Papers, vol. i., p. 136.
[3] Ibid., p. 150.
[4] Count de Montgomeri, the captain of the Scotch guard, and afterwards a celebrated leader of the Huguenot party.

consort to the throne of England, were asserted by Francis II., he was a sickly youth, inheriting neither the talents nor the judgment of his father. The nominal power of France and Scotland, both passed into the hands of Mary Stuart's uncles, the princes of Lorraine and Guise; but the rival factions, both political and religious, by which they were opposed and impeded on every side, deprived them of the means of injuring Elizabeth, who, on her part, actively employed agents, as numerous as the arms of Briarius, in sowing the seeds of discord, and nursing every root of bitterness, that sprang up in those unhappy realms. The fulminations of John Knox against female government had incited the reformed party, to resist the authority of the queen dowager, Mary of Lorraine, to whom the regent Arran, had in 1555, reluctantly resigned his office. The queen-regent, after an ill-judged, fruitless struggle to crush the progress of the Reformation, summoned the earl of Arran, who had recently accepted the French dukedom of Chatelherault, to her aid, as the most powerful peer in Scotland, and the next in succession to the throne, on which, in fact he had, from the first, cast a longing regard. He was the head of the potent house of Hamilton, but his designs had been checked by the rival faction of the earl of Lenox, and subsequently by the more popular and able party of the young queen's illegitimate brother, the earl of Murray; and now, although he gave his lukewarm succour to the queen-regent in her need, he suffered himself to be deluded by the English cabinet, with the idea that the crown might be transferred, from the brows of his absentee sovereign to his own, or rather, to those of his heir, the earl of Arran, to whom queen Elizabeth had been offered in her childhood, by her father, Henry VIII.[1]

There is every reason to believe, that Cecil seriously meditated uniting the island crowns by a marriage between his royal mistress and young Arran, if the Hamilton party in Scotland had succeeded, in deposing queen Mary, and placing him on the throne. The young earl, who had been colonel of the Scotch guards at Paris, had, in anticipation of a more brilliant destiny, embraced the reformed religion, and, as it was supposed, at the suggestion and with the aid of Throckmorton, Elizabeth's ambassador at Paris, absconded from the French service; and after visiting Geneva, to arrange his plans with the leaders of that church, he came privately to England. The secret and confidential conference which he held with queen Elizabeth, on the 6th of August,[2] must have taken place at the ancient palace of Eltham, where she arrived on the preceding day. Arran was young and handsome, but weak-minded; at times, indeed, subject to the direful malady which clouded the mental perceptions of his father and brothers, just the subject for the royal coquette, and her wily premier, to render a ready tool in any scheme, connected with hopes of aggrandizement for himself.

As the plan and limits of this work will not admit of launching into the broad stream of general history, the events of the Scotch campaign, which commenced with Elizabeth sending an army and a fleet to aid the insurgent lords of the congregation, in defending themselves against

[1] Forbes' State Papers; Lingard; Sharon Turner. [2] Lingard.

the French forces, called in by the queen-regent, and ended by giving her a predominant power, in the councils of that distracted realm, cannot be detailed here. The MSS. in the State Paper Office attest the fact, that the lord James, Mary's illegitimate brother (afterwards so celebrated as the regent Murray), and the principal leaders of the popular party, were the pensioners of Elizabeth. The treaty of Edinburgh was framed according to her interest, and proved, of course, unsatisfactory to the queen of Scots and her consort. "I will tell you freely," said Mary's uncle, the cardinal of Lorraine, to the English ambassador, Throckmorton, "the Scots do perform no part of their duties; the king and queen have the names of their sovereigns, and your mistress hath the effect and obedience."[1]

The congregational parliament had dispatched a solemn embassy to Elizabeth, consisting of Lethington and the earls of Morton and Glencairn, to entreat her to join in marriage with the earl of Arran; the cardinal Lorraine, in allusion to the errand of these nobles, said to Throckmorton, "This great legation goeth for the marriage of your queen with the earl of Arran. What shall she have with him? I think her heart too great to marry with such a one as he is, and one of the queen's subjects."[2]

It was not in Elizabeth's nature to return an immediate or direct answer, in any matter of state policy, especially, if involving a proposal of marriage. The unexpected death of the royal husband of the queen of Scots, probably, hastened Elizabeth's decision with regard to her Scottish suitor, and she declined the offer in terms of courtesy; thanking the nobles at the same time for their good-will, "in offering her the choicest person they had."[3] Arran immediately afterwards became, as doubtless Elizabeth was aware he would, the suitor of his own fair sovereign, the widowed Mary Stuart.

It will now be necessary to return to the chronological order of the personal history of Elizabeth, which we have a little antedated, in putting the reader in possession of the result of the earl of Arran's courtship. The queen had many wooers in the interim, both among foreign princes and her own subjects. Of these, Henry Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, claims the first mention as the foremost in rank and consequence. He was the premier earl of England, and at that time there was but one peer of the ducal order, his son-in-law, Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk. As the last male of the illustrious house of Fitzalan, he boasted the blood of the Plantagenets and of the ancient royal line of Charlemagne and St. Louis, and he was nearly allied in blood to the queen as a descendant of Woodville, earl of Rivers; his possessions were proportioned to his high rank and proud descent. He had been materially instrumental in placing the crown on the head of the rightful heiress, queen Mary, at the time of the brief usurpation of the hapless lady Jane Gray; and, though his ardent loyalty to the late queen, and his zeal for the old religion, had induced him at first to take part against Elizabeth, at the time of the Wyat rebellion; we have shown how soon his manly

[1] State Paper MSS., letter of Throckmorton to Elizabeth. [2] Ibid. [3] Tytler.

heart revolted in her favour, and that she was in all probability indebted to his powerful protection, for the preservation of her life, from the malignant and lawless practices of Gardiner and his party. It is certain that he forfeited the favour of Mary, by the boldness with which he afterwards stood forth in the court, the council, and the senate, as the advocate of the captive princess, and that he was employed in embassies to foreign courts, to keep him from dangerous enterprises at home.[1] His only son, whom he had offered to contract to Elizabeth in marriage, in the time of her great adversity, was no more, and the stout earl, who had not exceeded his forty-seventh year, recalling perchance some of the artful compliments to himself, with which the royal maid had declined to enter into an engagement with his heir, hastened home from Brussels, on the death of her sister, and presented himself as a candidate for her hand. Of all the lovers of Elizabeth, his attachment was probably the most sincere, as it commenced in the season of persecution. He now, as lord-steward of the royal household, enjoyed many opportunities of preferring his suit, and, albeit the maiden majesty of England had no intention of becoming the third wife of one of her subjects, old enough to be her father, she gave him sufficient encouragement to excite the jealousy of the other courtiers, if not to afford himself reasonable hopes of success.

About the 8th of August, 1559, the queen honoured him with a visit at Nonsuch,[2] one of the royal residences of which he appears to have obtained a lease from queen Mary. Here, on the Sunday night, he entertained her majesty with a sumptuous banquet, and a mask accompanied with military music, till midnight. On Monday a splendid supper was provided for the royal guest, who previously, from a stand erected for her in the further park, witnessed a course. At night, the children of St. Paul's school, under the direction of their music-master, Sebastian, performed a play, which was succeeded by a costly banquet with music. The queen was served on richly gilded plate, the entertainment lasted till the unusually late hour of three in the morning, and the earl presented her majesty with a cupboard of plate, which was the first of those expensive offerings, Elizabeth habitually accustomed herself to receive, and sometimes almost extorted, from her nobles. By feeding the hopes of Arundel, Elizabeth obtained his vote and influence in the council and senate, whenever she had a point to carry, even with regard to the peaceful establishment of the reformed church.[3] The royal weapon of coquetry was also exercised, though in a playful and gracious

[1] State Paper Records.

[2] This sylvan palace, which was built by Henry VIII., at a great expense, for his pleasure and retirement, combined elegance with all that magnificence could bestow. It was adorned with many statues and casts, and situated in the midst of parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis works, cabinets of verdure, with many columns and pyramids of marble, and two fountains of great beauty. In the grove of Diana was the fountain of the goddess turning Actæon into a stag, besides another pyramid of marble, full of concealed pipes, to spirt on all who came unawares within their reach. It was situated near Ewel, in Surrey, and has long since been demolished.

[3] Lingard.

manner, towards her former cruel foe Paulet, marquis of Winchester, the lord treasurer, by whom she was splendidly entertained, at his house at Basing, soon after her accession to the throne; at her departure, her majesty merrily bemoaned herself that he was so old, "for else, by my troth," said she, "if my lord treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to have him for my husband before any man in England."[1]

When the announcement of the marriage of her former suitor, Philip II., with her fair namesake of France, was made to Elizabeth, she pretended to feel mortified, and complained to the ambassador of the inconstancy of his master, "who could not," she said, "wait four short months to see if she would change her mind."[2] She always kept the portrait of this prince by her bedside, it has been said, as a token of regard, but the probability is, that she found it there, when she took possession of the state apartments occupied by the late queen her sister.

The person, however, who held the most conspicuous place in her majesty's favour, and through whose hands the chief preferments and patronage of her government flowed, was lord Robert Dudley, at that period a married man. He was born, in the same auspicious hour with the queen, with whom his destiny became inseparably connected from the time they were both prisoners in the Tower.[3] From the first month of her accession to the throne, Elizabeth, so remarkable for her frugal distribution of rewards and honours, showered wealth and distinctions on him. She conferred the office of master of the horse on him, in the first instance, with the fee of 100 marks per annum, and the lucrative employment of head commissioner for compounding the fines of such as were desirous of declining the order of knighthood, and he was soon after invested with the garter, and made constable of Windsor Castle and forest, and keeper of the great park during life.[4] His wife, Amy Robsart, a wealthy heiress, whom he had wedded with great pomp and publicity during the reign of Edward VI., was not allowed by him to appear among the noble matronage of Elizabeth's court lest she should mar the sunshine of his favour, by reminding his royal mistress of the existence of so inconvenient a personage. Elizabeth's undisguised partiality for the handsome Dudley, excited the jealousy of the other members of her council, and even the politic Cecil could not forbear hazarding a biting jest to Elizabeth on the subject, when he told her of the misalliance of her cousin Frances, duchess of Suffolk, with her equerry. Adrian Stokes. "What!" exclaimed her majesty, "has she married her horse-keeper?" "Yea, madam," replied the premier, "and she says you would like to do the same with yours."[5]

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i. [2] Records of Simança, quoted by Lingard.

[3] Camden, who attributes it to a mysterious conjunction of their planets.

[4] Sidney Papers.

[5] In Mr. Wright's valuable collection of documents of the "Life and Times of Queen Elizabeth," there is a pretty letter from this lady. written, during the absence of her lord, to one of his agents, touching the pasture of some of their flocks, and the sale of their wool, for which she wishes to obtain six shillings per stone, and evinces a housewifely care to make the most of everything. "The Amy Robsart," observes the talented editor, "busy about the affairs of her hus-

Cecil's inuendo was undoubtedly meant to warn the queen, that her intimacy with Dudley was likely to prove injurious to her reputation, and derogatory to the dignity of the crown. Sir Thomas Chaloner, her majesty's representative at the court of Spain, had, in a private post-script to one of his despatches, addressed the following intimation to the premier on this delicate subject:—

"I assure you, sir, these folks are broad-mouthed, where I spoke of one too much in favour, as they esteem; I think ye guess whom they named—if ye do not, I will, upon my next letter, write further. To tell you what I conceive, as I count the slander most false, so a young princess cannot be too wary, what countenance or familiar demonstration she maketh more to one than another. I judge no man's service in the realm worth the entertainment with such a tale of obloquy, or occasion of speech to such men as of evil will are ready to find faults." [1]

Chaloner goes on to express the vexation he, as an attached servant of the queen, feels at the impediment such reports are likely to cause in her majesty's marriage, to the detriment of her whole realm, ministering matter for lewd tongues to descant upon, and breeding contempt. All this, he states, is written in strict confidence to his friend Cecil, and entreats him to keep it to himself. He then alludes to an overture of marriage which had been made to the queen by the king of Spain, in behalf of his cousin, the archduke Charles, the emperor Ferdinand's second son, a prince of noble qualities and stainless reputation. He was a catholic, and Elizabeth on that account, probably, or mistrusting the quarter whence the proposal came, had returned an evasive and unsatisfactory answer. Chaloner evidently considered, that the indifference of the queen proceeded from her predilection in favour of the person, to whom he had just alluded, and appears anxious lest the honourable alliance should be lost.[2]

"Consider," says he, "how ye deal now in the emperor's matter; much dependeth on it. Here they hang in expectation, as men desirous it should go forward, but as yet they have small hope. In mine opinion (be it said to you only), the affinity is great and honourable; the amity necessary to stop and cool many enterprises. Ye need not fear his greatness should overrule you. He is not a Philip, but better for us than a Philip." [3]

The suit of this accomplished prince was afterwards preferred in due form to Elizabeth, by count Elphinstone, the emperor's ambassador, and she protested openly, that of all the illustrious marriages that had been offered to her, there was not one greater, or that she affected more than that of the archduke Charles, and expressed a desire to see him in England. It was generally expected, that the prince would come under an assumed character, to visit the court of England, and obtain a first sight of his royal lady by stealth,[4] but this chivalric project, well worthy of the poetic age, which gave birth to Spenser, Shakspeare, and sir Philip Sidney, was never carried into effect. The differences as to their jarring

band's household, is another character from the Amy Robsart of Sir Walter Scot." Her tragical death at Cumnor Hall occurred in the year 1560, fifteen years before the "princelie pleasures of Kenilworth."

[1] Burleigh Papers.
[2] Burleigh Papers; Haynes, 212.
[3] Burleigh's State Papers.
[4] Lingard.

creeds, as Elizabeth demanded conformity to the protestant form of worship, appeared insuperable, and for a time put an end to the negotiations, though they were subsequently renewed, as will be related in due course.

Meantime the suit of a royal candidate, of the reformed religion, for her hand, was renewed by the king of Sweden, in behalf of his heir, prince Eric. The ambassador chosen to plead his cause was John, duke of Finland, the second son of the Swedish monarch, a prince of singular talents and address, and possessed of great personal attractions. On the 27th of September, this distinguished envoy landed at Harwich; and, on the 5th of October, he was met and welcomed at Colchester, in the name of the queen, by the earl of Oxford and lord Robert Dudley, by whom he was conducted to London. At the corner of Gracechurch street, Leadenhall, he was received by the marquis of Northampton, lord Ambrose Dudley, and a fair company of ladies, as well as gentlemen, in rich array, with the escort of 100 yeomen on horseback, with trumpets sounding. He proceeded over London-bridge to the bishop of Winchester's palace,[1] which was appointed for his abode, it being the custom, in the "good old times," to quarter any foreigner of distinguished rank, and his train, on some wealthy noble or prelate, for board and entertainment.

Seven days after, the prince of Sweden came by water to the court, with his guard, and was honourably received by many noble personages at the hall door, where the guard stood, in their rich coats, in a line which extended to the presence-chamber, where the queen received him with the honours due to a royal visitor, and welcomed him with great cordiality. Whenever he went in state to court he threw handfuls of money among the populace, saying, "*he* gave silver, but his brother would give gold."[2]

"The Swede, and Charles the son of the emperor," observes bishop Jewel, "are courting at a most marvellous rate. But the Swede is most in earnest, for he promises mountains of silver in case of success. The lady, however, is probably thinking of an alliance nearer home."[3]

In November, there were great jousts at the queen's palace, the lord Robert and lord Hunsdon were the challengers, who wore scarfs of white and black, the defendants were lord Ambrose Dudley, and others, wearing scarfs of red and yellow sarsenet. On the last day of the merry year of 1559, a play was acted in the court before the queen, but we learn that the license usually showed on such occasions, being abused in this instance, they acted something so distasteful to her majesty, that they were commanded to break off, and were superseded by a mask and dancing.[4]

On the 1st of January, prince John of Sweden came, gorgeously apparelled, to the court, to offer the new year's greetings to her majesty. His retinue wore velvet jerkins and rich gold chains; it was an equestrian procession, and his guards carried halberts in their hands. That

[1] Nichols' Progresses.
[2] Holinshed.
[3] Zurich Letters, published by the Parker Society.
[4] Citizens' Journal.

day, her majesty's silk-woman, mistress Montague, brought her for her new year's gift a pair of knit black silk stockings. The queen, after wearing them a few days, was so much pleased with them, that she sent for mistress Montague, and asked her, "From whence she had them? and if she could help her to any more?"

"I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty," said she, "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand."

"Do so," replied the queen, "for indeed, I like silk stockings well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, and henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." And from that time to her death, the queen never more wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.[1]

These knit silk stockings were imitations of some which had been previously sent from Spain, perhaps manufactured by the Moors.

It may be observed, that Elizabeth, on her accession to the throne, considering it no longer expedient to mortify her inordinate love of dress, by conforming to the self-denying costume of the more rigid order of reformers, who then began to be known by the name of Puritans, passed from one extreme to the other, and indulged in a greater excess of finery and elaborate decoration, than was ever paralleled by any other queen of England, regnant or consort. Horace Walpole, speaking of her portraits, observes, "that there is not one that can be called beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius, than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of bands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Elizabeth. It is observable that her majesty thought enormity of dress a royal prerogative, for, in 1579, an order was made in the star-chamber, 'that no person should use or wear excessive long cloaks, as of late be used, and before two years past hath not been used in this realm; no persons to wear such great ruffs about their necks, to be left off such monstrous undecent attiring.' In her father's reign, who dictated everything from religion to fashions, he made an act prohibiting the use of cloth of gold, silver, or tinsel, satin, silk, or cloth mixed with gold, any sable fur, velvet, embroidery in gowns or outermost garments, except for persons of distinction—dukes, marquises, earls, or gentlemen and knights that had 250*l.* per annum. This act was renewed 2nd of Elizabeth. No one who had less than 100*l.* per annum, was to wear satin or damask, or fur of conies; none

[1] Stowe, p. 867. The good annalist continues to explain this point of costume: "For you shall understand that king Henry VIII. did only wear cloth hose, or hose cut out of ell-broad taffety, or if, by great chance, there came a pair of silk stockings from Spain. King Edward VI. had a pair of Spanish silk stockings sent him as a great present." Stowe betrays here knowledge of his own profession of the needle, by which he gained his living; the intelligence is, however, at least as interesting to the world in general, as slaughters in battle.

not worth 20*l.* per annum, or 200*l.* capital, to wear any fur, save lamb, nor cloth above 10*s.* the yard."

The record of presents made by Elizabeth to the ladies of her court is scanty, especially at the early part of her reign, but in a curious MS. wardrobe book of that queen, in possession of sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., appears this item:—

"Delivered the 30th of April, anno 4 regina Elizabeth, to the lady Wodehouse, —one loose gown of black velvet, embroidered overthwart, and cut between the borders with a lozenge cut, lined with sarcenet and fustian, and edged with luzarns, and one French kirtle of purple satin, raised, lined with purple taffeta belonging to the late queen Mary."

Before Elizabeth had given any decided answer touching the Swedish match, the aged king Gustavus died, and her suitor Eric succeeded to the throne of that realm, and having become jealous of his brother, whom he suspected, not without reason perhaps, of playing the wooer on his own account, he recalled him, and sent an ambassador to renew the matrimonial negotiations in his name. The arrival of the new plenipotentiary, Nicholas Guildenstiern, caused great excitement among the Londoners, for it was reported, that he had brought two ships laden with treasure as presents for the queen.[1] Eighteen large pied horses and several chests of bullion, it seems, were actually presented to her majesty, in the name of her royal wooer, with an intimation, "that he would quickly follow in person, to lay his heart at her feet." This announcement caused a little prudish perplexity to Elizabeth and her council, about the manner in which the king of Sweden should be received on his arrival in the palace, "the queen's majesty being a maid."[2] As Eric was the handsomest man in Europe, if he had come in person, it is possible that with Elizabeth's admiration for beauty, the result might have been different, but she was not to be won by proxy courtship. As, however, it had pleased her to accept the king's presents, he was naturally regarded by the nation as her bridegroom elect. The desire of some of the speculative pictorial publishers of the day, to be the first to gratify the loyal public, with united resemblances of the illustrious couple, occasioned the following grave admonition to be addressed, by the secretary of state, to the lord mayor:—

"It may please your lordship, the queen's majesty understandeth, that certain bookbinders and stationers do utter certain papers, wherein be printed the face of her majesty and the king of Sweden; and although her highness is not miscontented, that either her own face or the said king's should be printed or *portraited*, yet to be joined in the same paper with the said king, or with any other prince that is known to have made any request for marriage to her majesty, is not to be allowed. And therefore her majesty's pleasure is, that your lordship should send for the wardens of the stationers, or for the wardens of any other men that have such papers to sell, and to take order with them, that all such papers be taken and packed up together, in such sort, that none be permitted to be seen in any part. For otherwise her majesty might seem touched in honour by her own subjects, that would in such papers declare an allowance to have herself joined, as it were, in marriage with the said king, where indeed her majesty hitherto cannot be induced (whereof we have cause to sorrow) to allow of marriage with any manner of person."[3]

[1] Strype; Nichols. [2] Burleigh's State Papers. [3] Haynes' State Papers, 368.

One of these contraband engravings, if in existence, would at present be readily purchased at its weight in gold.

About the same period, that the united resemblances of Elizabeth and her comely northern suitor, were thus peremptorily suppressed, her old preceptor, Roger Ascham, whom she had continued in the post of Latin secretary, and occasionally made her councillor, on matters of greater importance than the niceties of the learned languages, informs his friend Sturmius that he had shown her majesty a passage in one of his letters relating to the Scotch affairs, and another on the interesting subject of her marriage—Sturmius, it seems, having undertaken, through the medium of the Latin secretary, to advocate the suit of Eric, king of Sweden, to the regal spinster. "The queen read, remarked, and graciously acknowledged in both of them," writes Ascham, "your respectful observance of her. Your judgment in the affairs of Scotland, as they then stood, she highly approved, and she loves you for your solicitude respecting us and our concerns. The part respecting her marriage she read over thrice, as I well remember, and with somewhat of a gentle smile, but still preserving a modest and bashful silence. Concerning that point indeed, my dear Sturmius," pursues he, "I have nothing certain to write to you, nor does any one truly know what to judge. I told you rightly in one of my former letters, that in the whole ordinance of her life, she resembled not Phædra but Hippolyta, for by nature, and not by the counsels of others, she is thus averse and abstinent from marriage. When I know anything for certain, I will write it to you as soon as possible; in the meantime, I have no hopes to give you respecting the king of Sweden."

After this confidential passage, the preceptor-secretary launches forth into more than his wonted encomiums, on the learning of his royal pupil, declaring "that there were not four men in England, either in church or the state, who understood more Greek than her majesty;" and, as an instance of her proficiency in other tongues, he mentions "that he was once present at court, when she gave answers at the same time to three ambassadors,—the Imperial, the French, and the Swedish,—in Italian, French, and Latin—fluently, gracefully, and to the point."

Elizabeth, who was perfectly aware of the important influence of men of learning united with genius on the world at large, paid Sturmius the compliment of addressing to him a letter, expressing her sense of the attachment he had manifested towards herself and her country, promising withal "that her acknowledgments shall not be confined to words alone."

While Elizabeth was yet amusing herself with the addresses of the royal Swedes,—for there can be little doubt that Eric's jealousy of the brother, who finally deprived him of his crown, was well founded, with regard to his attempts to supplant him in the good graces of the English queen—the king of Denmark sent his nephew, Adolphus duke of Holstein, to try his fortune with the illustrious spinster. He was young, handsome, valiant and accomplished, and in love with the queen, but though one of the busy-bodies of the court wrote to her ambas-

sador in Paris, "that it was whispered her majesty was very fond of him," he was rejected like the rest of her princely wooers; she, however, treated him with great distinction, made him a knight of the garter, and pensioned him for life. "The duke of Holstein has returned home," says Jewel, "after a magnificent reception by us, with splendid presents from the queen, having been elected into the order of the garter, and invested with its golden and jewelled badge. The Swede is reported to be always coming, and even now to be on his voyage, and on the eve of landing; but as far as I can judge he will not stir a foot."

Elizabeth, it appears, thought otherwise, for it is recorded by that pleasant gossip, Allen, in a letter written from the court, that her majesty was, in the month of September, in hourly expectation of the arrival of her royal suitor, and that certain works were in hand in anticipation of his arrival at Westminster, at which the workmen laboured day and night, in order to complete the preparations for his reception. After all, Eric never came, having reasons to believe that his visit would be fruitless; and he finally consoled himself for his failure in obtaining the most splendid match in Europe, by marrying one of his own subjects.[1]

The death of the favourite's wife at this critical juncture, under peculiar suspicious circumstances, gave rise to dark and mysterious rumours, that she had been put out of the way to enable him to accept the willing hand of a royal bride. Lever, one of the popular preachers of the day, exhorted Cecil and Knollys to investigate the matter, because "of the grievous and dangerous suspicion and muttering of the death of her that was the wife of my lord Robert Dudley." Some contradictory statements as to the manner in which the mischance (as it was called) happened to the unfortunate lady were offered by the sprightly widower and the persons in whose care, or rather we should say in whose custody, the deserted wife of his youth was kept at Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, and it was declared by the authorities to whom the depositions were made, that her death was accidental. So little satisfactory was the explanation, that even the cautious Cecil expressed his opinion "that Dudley was infamed by the death of his wife."[2] Throckmorton, the English ambassador at Paris, was so thoroughly mortified at the light in which this affair was regarded on the continent, that he wrote to Cecil, "The bruits be so *brim* and so maliciously reported here, touching the marriage of the lord Robert and the death of his wife, that I know not where to turn me nor what countenance to bear."[3] In England, it was generally believed that the queen was under promise of marriage to Dudley, and though all murmured, no one presumed to remonstrate with her majesty on the subject. Parry, the unprincipled confidant of the lord admiral Seymour's clandestine courtship of his royal mistress,

[1] A beauty of humble degree, called Kate the Nut-girl, with whom his majesty fell in love, from seeing her occasionally selling her nuts in the square before his palace. He found her virtue impregnable, and made her his queen. She proved a model of conjugal tenderness and faith, especially in his reverse of fortune, when supplanted in his royal office by his brother John, by whom he was finally murdered.

[2] Haynes' State Papers, 362. [3] Hardwicke's State Papers, vol. i., p. 121.

and whom she had, on her accession to the throne, made a privy-councillor, and preferred, though a convicted defaulter, to the honourable and lucrative office of comptroller of her household, openly flattered the favourite's pretensions, who now began to be distinguished in the court by the significant title of "my lord," without any reference to his name,[1] while daily new gifts and immunities were lavished on him. Meantime the jealous rivalry of the Earl of Arundel led to open brawls in the court; and as the quarrel was warmly taken up by the servants and followers of these nobles, her majesty's name was bandied about among them in a manner degrading, not only to the honour of royalty, but to feminine delicacy. On one occasion Arthur Guntor, a retainer of the Earl of Arundel, was brought before the council, on the information of one of Dudley's servants, to answer for the evil wishes he had invoked on the favourite for standing in the way of his lord's preferment in the royal marriage, to which both aspired. Guntor made the following confession:—

"Pleaseth your honours to understand that, about three weeks since, I chanced to be hunting with divers gentlemen, when I fell in talk with a gentleman named Mr. George Cotton, who told me 'that the queen's highness being at supper, on a time, at my lord Robert's house, where it chanced her highness to be benighted homeward, and as her grace was going home by torch-light, she fell in talk with them that carried the torches, and said, 'that she would make their lord the best that ever was of his name.' Whereupon I said, 'that her grace must make him then a duke;' and he said, 'that the report was, that her highness should marry him;' and I answered, 'I pray God all be for the best, and I pray God all men may take it well, that there might rise no trouble thereof;' and so have I said to divers others since that time."[2]

It must be evident to every person of common sense, that Dudley's man was playing upon the credulity of the choleric servant of Arundel, or, in vulgar phraseology, hoaxing him with this tale, since it was absolutely impossible for her majesty—who on such occasions was either in her state carriage, on horseback surrounded by her own officers of the household, or, which was most probably the case, carried in a sort of open sedan, on either side of which marched the principal nobles of her court, and her band of pensioners with their axes—to have held any such colloquy with Dudley's torch-bearers, even, if she had felt disposed to make such disclosures of her royal intentions, in the public streets. In another examination, Guntor affirmed, "that Cotton said it was rumoured, that his lord (Dudley) should have the queen;" to which Guntor replied, "that, if it pleased her highness, he thought him as meet a man as any in England." Then Cotton asked him "if he had heard of any parliament towards?" Guntor said, "No; but of course every nobleman would give his opinion, and some disputes would naturally rise on the subject." Cotton asked, "Who were Dudley's friends in the matter?" Guntor replied, "the lord marquis of Northampton, earl of Pembroke, Mr. Treasurer, and many more;" adding, "I trust the White Horse (Arundel) will be in quiet, and so shall we be out of trouble; it is well known that *his* blood, as yet, was never attaint."[3]

[1] Rapin. [2] Burleigh's State Papers. [3] Ibid.

This remark was in allusion to the ignominious deaths of the favourite's grandfather, Edmund Dudley the extortioner; his father, the duke of Northumberland; and his brother, lord Guildford Dudley,—all three of whom had perished on a scaffold. It was reported that Leicester's great-grandfather was a carpenter, and his enemies were wont to say of him, "that he was the son of a duke, the brother of a king, the grandson of an esquire, and the great-grandson of a carpenter; that the carpenter was the only honest man in the family, and the only one who died in his bed."

A person who well knew the temper of Elizabeth, notwithstanding the undisguised predilection she evinced for the company of her master of the horse, predicted, "that the queen would surely never give her hand to so mean a peer as Robin Dudley—noble only in two descents, and in both of them stained with the block." The event proved that this was a correct judgment.

"'Touching lord Robert,' continues Guntor, 'I have said to Mr. Cotton that I thought him to be the cause that my lord and master (Arundel) might not have the queen's highness, wherefore I would that he had been put to death with his father. or that some ruffian would have despatched him by the way he has gone, with dagge or gun. Further, I said, if it chanced my lord Robert to marry the queen's highness, then I doubted whether he would not remember some old matter passed to my lord and master's hindrance and displeasure.'

"Guntor made very humble submission and suit to her majesty for pardon, stating, 'that he had been very properly punished for uttering such lewd and unbefitting words.'"[1]

This matter was evidently brought before the council by Dudley, for the purpose of showing how publicly his name was implicated with that of the queen, in a matrimonial point of view, and with the intent of ascertaining how his colleagues stood affected towards his preferment in that way.

Elizabeth passed the matter over with apparent *nonchalance*, and when Throckmorton, annoyed past endurance at the sneers of his diplomatic brethren in Paris, took the bold step of sending his secretary, Jones, to acquaint her majesty, privately, with the injurious reports that were circulated touching herself and Dudley, she received the communication without evincing any of that acute sensibility to female honour, which teaches most women to regard a stain as a wound. She sometimes laughed, perhaps, at the absurdity of these *on dits*, and occasionally covered her face with her hands; and when the secretary, who had been charged with this delicate commission, brought his communication to a close, she informed him, "that he had come on an unnecessary errand, for she was already acquainted with all he had told her; and that she was convinced of the innocence of lord Robert Dudley of the death of his wife, as he was in her own court at the time it happened, which had so fallen out that neither his honour nor his honesty were touched therein."[2]

Notwithstanding the honest warning of Throckmorton to his royal mistress, the favourite continued in close attendance on her person. It

[1] Burleigh's State Papers.

[2] Hardwick Papers, 165.

is related that one of his political rivals, who is generally supposed to have been Sussex, gave him a blow at the council-board, in presence of the queen. Elizabeth, who was well fitted to rule the stormy elements over which she presided, told the pugnacious statesman that he had forfeited his hand, in reference to the law which imposed that penalty on any one who presumed to violate the sanctity of the court by the commission of such an outrage. On which Dudley rejoined, "that he hoped her majesty would suspend that sentence till the traitor had lost his head," and the matter went no further. It is shrewdly remarked by Naunton, that this influential noble ever kept clear from quarrels with the queen's kinsmen, Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon,[1] and sir Thomas Sackville, for of them he was wont to say, "that they were of the tribe of Dan, and were *noli me tangere*."

Among the preparations for the Easter festival, in 1560, queen Elizabeth kept her Maunday after the old Catholic fashion, in her great hall, in the court at Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to every woman in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon, in St. James's Park, she gave a public alms of twopence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. The royal gift was in silver coins, and the value was from sixpence to eight-pence of the present money. Nothing endeared the sovereign more to the people than the public exercise of these acts of personal charity, which afforded them at once a holiday and a pageant, making glad the hearts of the poor with a gift, to which inestimable value would be attached. Abject, indeed, would be the recipient of the royal bounty who did not preserve the fair new coin to wear as a precious amulet about the neck, and to transmit, as a lucky heirloom, to a favoured child, in memory of their gracious queen. There were no sources of licensed temptation to destroy the health and virtues of the working-classes, in the shape of gin-palaces, under the glorious domestic government of England's Elizabeth.

The queen was careful to redress all causes of disaffection among the operative classes, so that royalty should be found no burden to those, whom she regarded as the bones and sinews of the realm. In a preceding volume of this work, the extortions and robberies committed by the royal purveyors, in the name of the sovereign, have been mentioned, and that to a certain degree they were still practised in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, is evidenced by the following humorous tale, which is recorded on the authority of an eye-witness.

One of her purveyors having been guilty of some abuses, in the county of Kent, on her majesty's remove to Greenwich, a sturdy countryman, watching the time when she took her morning walk with the lords and ladies of her household, placed himself conveniently for catching the royal eye and ear, and when he saw her attention perfectly dis-

[1] They were both of the Boleyn blood. Hunsdon was the son of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn; Sackville of her great aunt, the sister of Sir Thomas Boleyn.

engaged, began to cry, in a loud voice, "Which is the queen?"[1] Whereupon, as her manner was, she turned herself towards him, but he continuing his clamorous question, she herself answered, "I am your queen, what wouldst thou have with me?" "You," rejoined the farmer, archly gazing upon her with a look of incredulity, not unmixed with admiration—"you are one of the rarest women I ever saw, and can eat no more than my daughter Madge, who is thought the properest lass in our parish, though short of you; but that queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my hens, ducks, and capons, that I am not able to live." The queen, who was exceedingly indulgent to all suits, offered through the medium of a compliment, took this homely admonition in good part, inquired the purveyor's name, and finding that he had acted with great dishonesty and injustice, caused condign punishment to be inflicted upon him; indeed, our author adds that she ordered him to be hanged, his offence being in violation of a statute-law against such abuses.[2]

Great hospitality was exercised in the palace, which no stranger who had ostensible business there, from the noble to the peasant, ever visited, it is said, without being invited to either one table or the other, according to his degree. No wonder that Elizabeth was a popular sovereign, and her days were called "golden."

In May, 1560, the new pope Pius IV., a prince of the house of Medici, made an attempt to win back England, through her queen, to the obedience of the Roman see, by sending Parpaglia, abbot of St. Saviour, to the queen, with letters written in the most conciliatory style, and beginning, "dear daughter in Christ," inviting her "to return into the bosom of the church," and professing his readiness to do all things needful for the health of her soul, and the firm establishment of her royal dignity, and requesting her to give due attention to the matters which would be communicated by his dear son Vincent Parpaglia. What the papal concessions were, on which this spiritual treaty was to be based, can only be matter of conjecture, for Elizabeth declined receiving the nuncio, and the separation became final and complete.[3]

In the autumn of the same year, Elizabeth's great and glorious measure of restoring the English currency to sterling value was carried into effect. "A matter, indeed, weighty and great," says Camden, "which neither Edward VI. could, nor Mary durst attempt, since Henry VIII. was the first king that ever caused copper to be mingled with silver, to the great disgrace of the kingdom, damage of his successors and people, and a notable token of his excessive expense, since his father had left him more wealth than any other king ever left his successors, and likewise he had drawn abundance of money by the means of tribute and imposts, besides all the revenues, gifts, and goods, belonging to the monasteries."

This mighty and beneficial change, was effected by the enlightened policy of Elizabeth, without causing the slightest inconvenience or dis-

[1] Osborne's Traditional Memoirs of Elizabeth.
[2] Historical Memoirs of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James. London, 1658.
[3] Camden's Annals.

tress to individuals. The old money was called in, and every person received the nominal value of the base coin, in new sterling money, and the government bore the loss, which was, of course, very heavy, but the people were satisfied, and their confidence in the good faith and honour of the crown, richly repaid this great sovereign for the sacrifice. She strictly forbade melting or trafficking with the coin in any way—a precaution the more necessary, inasmuch as the silver was better and purer in England, during her reign, than in full two hundred years before, and than any that was used in any other nation of Europe in her own time.[1] The reformation of the currency extended to Ireland, and the joy of that distressed people was expressed in the following popular ballad, which has been preserved by Simon, in his "Essay on Irish Coins:"

"Let bonfires shine in every place,
Sing, and ring the bells apace,
And pray that long may live her grace
To be the good queen of Ireland.

"The gold and silver, which was so base
That no man could endure it scarce,
Is now new coined with her own face,
And made to go current in Ireland."

Well had it been for Ireland, and England, also, if the subsequent policy of Elizabeth, towards that portion of her dominions, had been guided by the same maternal and equitable spirit.

The gold coins of Elizabeth are peculiarly beautiful; they were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, or rials, the latter word being a corruption from royals, nobles, double-nobles, angels, half-angels, pieces of an angel and a half, and three angels, crowns, and half-crowns. One pound of gold was coined into twenty-four sovereigns, or thirty-six nominal pounds, for the value of the sovereign was thirty shillings, the value of the royal, fifteen shillings, and that of the angel, ten. On the sovereign appeared the majestic profile portrait of Elizabeth, in armour and ruff, her hair dishevelled and flowing over her breast and shoulders, and crowned with the imperial crown of England, similar in form to that worn by all her successors, including our present fair and feminine liege lady. It is impossible, however, for the lovers of the picturesque and graceful not to regret the want of taste, which induced the Tudor sovereigns to abandon the elegant garland-shaped diadem of the Saxon and Plantagenet monarchs of England, for the heavy double-arched regal cap, which so completely conceals the contour of a finely shaped head, and the beauty of the hair. The legend round Elizabeth's sovereign, on the side charged with her bust, is, "ELIZABETH D. G. ANG. FRA. ET HIB. REGINA." Reverse—the arms of England and France. She bore the latter at the very time she signed the death-doom of her cousin, Mary Stuart, for quartering the first, though entitled by her descent, from Henry VII., to bear them, as the duchess of Suffolk, Frances Brandon did, without offence. The arms on the reverse of Elizabeth's sove-

[1] Camden.

reign are flanked by the initials E. R., and this inscription as defender of the faith—"SCUTUM FIDEI PROTEGET EAM."

The double-rose noble, which is esteemed the finest of her coins, has on one side, the queen in her regal costume, with crown, sceptre, and ball, seated on her throne with a portcullis at her feet, signifying her descent from the Beauforts; same legend as the sovereign. On the reverse, a large rose enclosing the royal arms, with the motto chosen by Elizabeth when her accession was announced to her,—"A DNO. FACTU. EST. ISTUD. ET MIRAB. OCCUL. NRIS,"—"The Lord hath done it, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Queen Elizabeth's silver money are crowns, half-crowns, shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, pennies, half-pennies, and farthings. There was no copper money coined before the reign of king James.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties with which she had to contend, on her accession to the throne, Elizabeth very early assumed the proud position of protectress of the reformed church, not only in England, but throughout the world. She supplied the Huguenot leaders in France privately with arms and money, and afterwards openly with a military force, under the command of lord Robert Dudley's eldest brother, the earl of Warwick.[1] She also extended her succour, secretly, to the Flemish Protestants, and excited them to resist the oppression of their Spanish rulers. The reformed party in Scotland were in her pay, and subservient to her will, although her dislike to John Knox was unconquerable, having been provoked by his abuse of the English Liturgy, in the first place, and in the second, by his work, entitled, "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment (meaning government) of Women." It is true that this fulmination was published during her sister's reign, and was more especially aimed against the queen-regent of Scotland, and her daughter, the youthful sovereign of that realm, but Elizabeth considered, that the honour of the whole sex was touched in his book, and that all female monarchs were insulted and aggrieved by it. It was in vain, that he endeavoured, by personal flattery to herself, to excuse his attack upon the folly and incapacity of womankind, in general. He assured her, "that she was an exception to the sweeping rule he had laid down, that her whole life had been a miracle, which proved, that she had been chosen by God, that the office which was unlawful to other women, was lawful to her, and that he was ready to obey her authority;" but the queen was nauseated with the insincerity of adulation from such a quarter, and notwithstanding the persuasions of Cecil and Throckmorton, refused to permit him to set a foot in England on any pretence.[2]

On the 18th of January, 1561, the first genuine English tragedy, in five acts, composed on the ancient tragic model, with the interlude of assistant choruses, in lyric verse, was performed before queen Elizabeth, whose classic tastes must have been much gratified by such a production. It was the joint composition of her poetic cousin, sir Thomas

[1] Camden. [2] Strype; Tytler; Lingard.

Sackville (who shared the literary genius of the Boleyn family), and Thomas Norton, and was called, "Ferrex and Porrex, or Gorbaduc." Probably the quaint and impertinent representation of the whole life and reign of the royal Blue-beard, Henry VIII., which, it is said, was among the popular dramatic pageants of the reign of Edward VI., would have given an unsophisticated audience more genuine delight, than all the lofty declamations of the imitator of the Greek drama. Elizabeth caused a stage to be erected at Windsor Castle for the regular performance of the drama, with a wardrobe for the actors, painted scenes, and an orchestra, consisting of trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, minstrels, viols, sagbuts, bagpipes, *domeflads*, rebecks, and flutes,—and very queer music they must have made.

Queen Elizabeth passed much of her time at Windsor Castle, on the spacious terrace erected by her, for a summer promenade, in the north front of the castle. She generally walked for an hour before dinner, if not prevented by wind, to which she had a particular aversion. Rain, if it was not violent, was no impediment to her daily exercise, as she took pleasure in walking under an *umbrella* in rainy weather, upon this commanding and beautiful spot.

In the neighbouring park she frequently hunted, and we have the following testimony, that her feminine feelings did not prevent her from taking life with her own hand, as this letter, written by Leicester, at her command, will testify :—

"To the right honorable and my singular good lord my lord of Canterbury's grace, give these.

"My lord,

"The queen's majesty being abroad hunting yesterday in the forest, and having had very good hap, beside great sport, she hath thought good to remember your grace with part of her prey, and so commanded me to send you a great fat stag, killed with *her own hand;* which, because the weather was wet, and the deer somewhat chafed, and dangerous to be carried so far without some help, I caused him to be *parboiled, for the better preservation of him*, which, I doubt not, will cause him to come unto you as I would be glad he should. So, having no other matter at this present to trouble your grace withal, I will commit you to the Almighty, and with my most hearty commendations take my leave in haste.

"Your grace's assured,

"At Windsor, this iiii of September.[1] "R. Dudley."

While Elizabeth kept court at her natal palace of Greenwich, she, on St. George's day, celebrated the national festival with great pomp, as the sovereign of the order of the Garter, combining, according to the custom of the good old times, a religious service with the picturesque ordinances of this chivalric institution. "All her majesty's chapel came through the hall in copes, to the number of thirty, singing, 'O God the Father, of heaven, &c., the outward court to the gate being strewed with green rushes. After came Mr. Garter, and Mr. Norroy, and Master Dean of the chapel, in robes of crimson satin, with a red cross of St. George, and after eleven knights of the garter in their robes; then came the queen, the sovereign of the order, in her robes, and all the guard

[1] No other date, but it must have been before the year 1564, when he was created earl of Leicester.

following, in their rich coats, to the chapel. After service, they returned through the hall to her grace's great chamber. The queen and the lords then went to dinner, where she was most nobly served, and the lords, sitting on one side, were served on gold and silver. After dinner, were two new knights elected—viz., the earl of Shrewsbury and lord Hunsdon."[1]

On the 10th of July, the queen came by water to the Tower, to visit her mints, where she coined certain pieces of gold with her own hand, and gave them away to those about her. Katharine Parr's brother, the marquis of Northampton, and her own cousin, lord Hunsdon, each received one of these memorable pieces. About five she went out at the iron gate, and over Tower-hill, in great state, on horseback, with trumpeters, and her gentlemen-pensioners, heralds, serjeants-at-arms, gentlemen, and nobles preceding her, lord Hunsdon bearing the sword of state before her majesty, and the ladies riding after her. In this order, the maiden monarch and her train proceeded by the way of Aldgate, down Houndsditch and Hog-lane,[2] places little accustomed, now, to behold royal equestrian processions, with gorgeous dames and courtly gallants, sweeping in jewelled pomp through those narrow, dusky streets; but Elizabeth, whose maternal progenitors had handled the mercer's yard and wielded the civic mace, was peculiarly the queen of the city of London, where she was always hailed with enthusiastic affection. As long as the Tower was a royal residence, our sovereigns did not entirely confine the sunshine of their presence to the western quarter of the metropolis, but gave the city, in turn, a share of the glories of regality. Elizabeth and her train, on the above occasion, proceeded, we are told, through the fields to the Charter-house, the splendid residence of the lord North, where she reposed herself till the 14th, when Burleigh has noted in his diary the following entry:—"The queen supped at my house in Strand (the Savoy), before it was finished, and she came by the fields from Christ-church." Here her council waited on her grace, with many lords, knights, and ladies. Great cheer was made till midnight, when she rode back to the Charter-house, where she lay that night.

The next day, Elizabeth set forth on her summer progress into Essex and Suffolk. All the streets of the city, through which she was to pass, were freshly sanded and gravelled, and the houses hung with cloth of arras, rich carpets, and silk; but Cheapside, then proverbially called the Golden Chepe, made a display of magnificence in honour of the passage of the sovereign, which we should vainly look for in these days of flimsy luxury, being hung with cloth of gold and silver, and velvets of all colours.[3] All the crafts of London were ranged in their liveries from St. Michael the Quern as far as Aldgate. The aldermen, in their scarlet robes, had a distinguished place in the royal procession, nearer to her majesty's person than her nobles and officers of state, save my lord Hunsdon, who bore the sword of state before her, and was imme

[1] Hist. Order of the Garter, by Sir H. Nicolas, vol. i., p. 189.
[2] Nichols' Progresses. [3] Ibid.

diately preceded by the lord mayor, who bore the sceptre. At Whitechapel, the lord mayor and aldermen took their leave of her grace, and she proceeded on her way towards Essex, and is supposed to have lodged that night at Wansted-house, in the forest.[1] On the 19th of July, Elizabeth reached Ingatestone, the seat of sir William Petre, one of her secretaries and privy councillors. She had had the wisdom, as well as the magnanimity, to overlook his former inimical proceedings in the time of her adversity, regarding them probably as political rather than personal offences. She remained at his house two days, and then passed on to Newhall, one of the seats of her maternal grandfather, sir Thomas Boleyn, where Henry VIII. had oftimes visited, and wooed her fair, ill-fated mother, during the fervour of his passion. Over the portal, the words *Viva Elizabetha*, and a complimentary Italian quatrain, still bear record of her visit.

She visited Colchester during this progress,[2] and arrived at Harwich August 2nd, where she enjoyed the sea breezes for several days, and was so well pleased with the entertainment she received, that she inquired of the mayor and corporation if she could do anything for them. They returned humble thanks to her majesty, but said, "they did not require anything at that time." When the queen departed, she looked back at Harwich, with a smile, and said, "A pretty town, and wants nothing."[3]

Her majesty arrived at Ipswich, August 6th, the inhabitants of which, like the other towns through which she passed, had been assessed for the expenses of her entertainment. She found great fault with the clergy for not wearing the surplice, and the general want of order observed in the celebration of divine service. The bishop of Norwich, himself, came in for a share of the censure of the royal governess of the church, for his remissness, and for winking at schismatics. Above all, she expressed her dislike of the marriage of the clergy, and that in cathedrals and colleges there were so many wives and children, which she said, was "contrary to the intention of the founders, and much tending to the interruption of the studies of those who were placed there."[4] She even proceeded to issue an order, on the 9th of August, addressed to the archbishop of Canterbury for his province, and to the archbishop of York for his, forbidding the resort of women to the lodgings of cathedrals or colleges on any pretence. Her indignation at the marriage of her bishops carried her almost beyond the bounds of delicacy, and when archbishop Parker remonstrated with her on what he called, the "Popish tendency," of a prohibition, which was peculiarly offensive to him as a married man, she told him, "she repented of having made any married bishops," and even spoke with contempt of the institution of matrimony altogether.[5] It is well known, that the

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] Queen Elizabeth relished the Colchester oysters so greatly, which she probably tasted for the first time during her visit to the town, that they were afterwards sent for by horse-loads by the purveyors of the royal table.—Corporation Records of Colchester.

[3] Taylor's History of Harwich. [4] Strype's Parker, p. 106. [5] Strype.

first time the queen honoured the archiepiscopal palace with a visit—on which occasion an enormous expense, and immense trouble and fatigue, had been incurred by the primate and his wife—instead of the gracious words of acknowledgment, which the latter naturally expected to receive at parting from the royal guest, her majesty repaid her dutiful attention with the following insult:—"And you," said she, "madam I may not call you, mistress I am ashamed to call you, and so I know not what to call you; but, howsoever, I thank you."[1]

Elizabeth looked as sourly on bishops' daughters as she did on their wives; and having heard that Pilkington, bishop of Durham, had given his daughter in marriage a fortune of 10,000*l.*, equal to the portion bequeathed by her father, Henry VIII., to her and to her sister, she scotched the see of Durham of a thousand a year, and devoted the money to her garrison at Berwick.[2]

During her majesty's sojourn at Ipswich, the court was thrown into the greatest consternation by the discovery that the lady Katharine Gray, sister to the unfortunate lady Jane, was on the point of becoming a mother, having contracted a clandestine marriage with Edward earl of Hertford, the eldest son of the late protector Somerset. The matter was the more serious, because the young lady, was not only of the blood-royal, but, as the eldest surviving daughter of Frances Brandon, to whose posterity the regal succession stood entailed by the will of Henry VIII., regarded by the party opposed to the hereditary claim of Mary queen of Scots as the heiress presumptive to the throne. Lady Katharine held an office in the queen's chamber, which kept her in constant attendance on her majesty's person, but having listened to the secret addresses of the man of her heart, love inspired her with ingenuity to elude the watchfulness of the court. One day, excusing herself, under pretence of sickness, from attending her royal mistress to the chase, she employed the time, not like her accomplished sister, the unfortunate lady Jane Gray, in reading Plato, but in hastening with lady Jane Seymour, one of the maids of honour, the sister of her lover, to his house, where lady Jane Seymour herself procured the priest, who joined their hands in marriage. Hertford left England the next day; lady Jane Seymour died in the following March, and thus poor lady Katharine was left to meet the consequences of her stolen nuptials. The queen, forgetful of her own love passages, when princess, with the late lord admiral, uncle to this very Hertford, and the disgraceful disclosures which had been made in king Edward's privy council, scarce ten years ago, treated the unfortunate couple with the greatest severity. Her premier, Cecil, whose cold heart appears, at all times, inaccessible to the tender impulses of sympathy for beauty in distress, in a letter to the earl of Sussex, sums up the leading circumstances, as far as they had then proceeded, in this piteous romance of royal history, in the following laconic terms: "The 10th of this, at Ipswich, was a great mishap discovered." After naming the situation of the unfortunate lady Katharine, in the coarsest language, he adds, "as she saith, by the earl

[1] Strype. [2] Ibid.

of Hertford, who is in France. She is committed to the Tower; he is sent for. She saith that she was married to him secretly before Christmas last."

The reader will remember, that the father of the husband of lady Katharine Gray was the first great patron of this climbing statesman, and herself the sister of the illustrious victim whom he had acknowledged as his sovereign. "The queen's majesty," pursues he, "doth well, thanked be God, although not well quieted with the mishap of the lady Katharine." It was in vain that the unfortunate sister of lady Jane Gray, in her terror and distress, fled to the chamber of the brother of lord Guildford Dudley, lord Robert, and implored him to use his powerful intercession with their royal mistress in her behalf. The politic courtier cared not to remind the queen of his family connexion with those, who had endeavoured to supplant her in the royal succession; and lady Katharine was hurried to the Tower, where she brought forth a fair young son. Her husband, on his return, was also incarcerated in the Tower. They were in separate prison lodgings, but he found means to visit his wedded love, in her affliction. She became the mother of another child, for which offence he was fined in the star chamber 20,000*l.*, the marriage having been declared null and void, as the sister of Hertford, lady Jane, the only efficient witness, was no more. Elizabeth was obdurate in her resentment to her unfortunate cousin; and, disregarding all her pathetic letters for pardon and pity, kept her in durance apart from her husband and children, till she was released by death, after seven years of doleful captivity.[1] Her real crime was being the sister of lady Jane Gray, which queen Mary had overlooked, but Elizabeth could not; yet lady Katharine was a Protestant.

After Elizabeth had relentlessly despatched her hapless cousin to the Tower, she proceeded on her festive progress to Smallbridge House, in Suffolk, the seat of Mr. Waldegrave, a catholic gentleman, who with his lady and some others, had been committed to the Tower for recusancy. He was at that very time a prisoner there, and there died, on the first of the following September. From thence she passed on to Helmingham Hall, the fair abode of sir Lionel Tollemache, then sheriff for Norfolk and Suffolk, and honoured him by standing godmother to his heir, and left the ebony lute, inlaid with ivory and gems, on which she was accustomed to play, as a present for the mother of the babe. This relic, which has the royal initials "E. R." is carefully preserved by the family, and proudly exhibited among the treasures of Helmingham Hall. It was a customary thing for a king or queen of England to leave some trifling personal possession, as a memorial of the royal visit at every mansion where majesty was entertained. Hence, so many embroidered gloves, fans, books of devotion, and other traditionary relics of this mighty queen are shown in different old families, with whom she was a guest during her numerous progresses. She returned through Hertfordshire this year, and revisited the abode of her childhood, Enfield House; and on the 22d of September came from Enfield to London. She was so

[1] See Ellis' Letters of English History; Camden; Mackintosh.

numerously attended on her homeward route, that from Islington to London, all the hedges and ditches were levelled to clear the way for her; and such were the gladness and affection manifested by the loyal concourse of people who came to meet and welcome her, "that," says the contemporary chronicler, "it was night ere she came over Saint Giles's in the Fields."

Before Elizabeth left town on her late progress, the widowed queen of Scots, after the death of her consort, Francis II. of France, sent her French minister, D'Oisell, to ask her for a safe conduct to pass into Scotland, either by sea, or, if compelled by indisposition or danger, to land in England, and travel without let or hindrance to her own realm.

It had been considered the height of inhumanity in that brutal monarch, Henry VIII., when he denied a like request, which had been proposed to him in behalf of the bride of his nephew James V., the beautiful Mary of Lorraine, whom he had passionately desired for his own wife; but that one lady should refuse so small an accommodation to another, had certainly not been anticipated. Elizabeth, however, acted like the true daughter of Henry VIII. on this occasion, for though D'Oisell presented the queen of Scotland's request in writing, she delivered her answer to him in the negative at a crowded court, with a loud voice and angry countenance, observing, "that the queen of Scots should ask no favours till she had ratified the treaty of Edinburgh."[1]

When this discourtesy was reported to the youthful sovereign of Scotland, and dowager of France, then only in her nineteenth year, she sent for the English ambassador, Throckmorton; and having, in the first place, to mark her own attention to the conventional forms observed, even by hostile princes, in their personal relations towards each other, waved her hand as a signal to the company to withdraw out of hearing, she addressed to him a truly queenly comment on the insult that had been offered to her, on the part of his royal mistress.[2]

"My lord ambassador," said she, "as I know not how far I may be transported by passion, I like not to have so many witnesses of mine infirmity, as the queen your mistress had, when she talked, not long since, with monsieur D'Oisell. There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself, as to have asked of her a favour, which I could well have done without. I came here, in defiance of the attempts made by her brother Edward to prevent me, and, by the grace of God, I will return without her leave. It is well known that I have friends and allies who have power to assist me, but I chose rather to be indebted to her friendship. If she choose, she may have me for a loving kinswoman and useful neighbour; for I am not going to practise against her with her subjects, as she has done with mine, yet I know there be in her realm those, that like not of the present state of things. The queen says, I am young, and lack experience: I confess I am younger than she is, yet I know how to carry myself lovingly and justly with my friends, and not to cast any word against her, which may be un-

[1] Camden; Chalmers; D'Oisell's Reports, State Paper Office.
[2] Throckmorton's Letter to Queen Elizabeth, apud Cabala.

worthy of a queen and a kinswoman; and, by her permission, I am as much a queen as herself, and can carry my courage as high, as she knows how to do. She hath heretofore assisted my subjects against me; and now that I am a widow, it may be thought strange that she would hinder me in returning to my own country." Mary, then, in a few words stated that the late king, her husband, had objected to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh; that while he lived, she was bound to act by his advice; and now her uncles had referred her to her own council, and the states of Scotland, for advice in a matter in which they, as peers of France, had no voice; and she was too young and inexperienced to decide of herself, even if it had been proper that she should do so.

Throckmorton, in reply, adverted to the old offence of Mary and her late husband, having assumed the title and arms of England. "But," rejoined the young queen, with great *naïveté*, "my late lord and father, king Henry, and the king, my late lord and husband, would have it so. I was then under their commandment, as you know, and since their death I have neither borne the arms, nor used the style of England."[1]

The attempt of Elizabeth to intercept and capture the youthful widow, on her voyage to Scotland, has been contested by some able writers of the present day; but it is certain that the traitors, Lethington and Murray, counselled the English cabinet to that step.[2] An English squadron was, at this critical juncture, sent into the north sea, under pretext of protecting the fishers from pirates; and Cecil, in his letter to Sussex, after stating the fact, significantly observes, "*I think they will be sorry to see her pass.*" The royal voyager passed the English ships in safety, under the cover of the thick fog; but they captured one vessel, in which was the young earl of Eglinton, and carried him into an English port. On finding their mistake, they relinquished the prize, and apologised for the blunder they had committed.[3] Safe conduct having been peremptorily denied to Mary, by Elizabeth, it was impossible for her to place any other construction on the seizure of one of her convoy, than the very natural one she did. Elizabeth, however, without waiting to be accused, proceeded to justify herself from so unkind an imputation, in a formal letter to her royal kinswoman, in which she says, "It seemeth that report hath been made to you, that we had sent out our admiral with our fleet to impede your passage. Your servants know how false this is. We have, only at the desire of the king of Spain, sent two or three small barks to sea, in pursuit of certain Scotch pirates."[4]

The young queen of Scotland accepted the explanation with great courtesy, and though perfectly aware of the intrigues that had been, and continued to be, practised against her in her own court by Elizabeth, she pursued an amicable and conciliatory policy towards her, entered into a friendly correspondence, and expressed the greatest desire for a personal interview. Mary's youngest uncle, the grand prior of France, who had accompanied her to Scotland — a bold military ecclesiastic of the class of Walter Scott's Brian de Bois Guilbert, asked and obtained leave to

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[1] Throckmorton's Letter to Elizabeth, in Cabala.
[2] Camden; Tytler.
[3] Tytler's Scotland.
[4] Robertson's Appendix.

visit the court of England, on his return to France.[1] He was a victorious admiral, and was commander-in-chief of the French navy, and, being the handsomest and the most audacious, of his handsome and warlike race, probably felt no alarm at the possibility of being detained by the maiden queen. He was, in fact, the sort of paladin likely to captivate Elizabeth, who became animated with a livelier spirit of coquetry than usual, at the sight of him, and soon treated him with great familiarity. "I have often heard the queen of England address him thus," says Brantome, "Ah, mon Prieur, I love you much;[2] but I hate that brother Guise of yours, who tore from me my town of Calais." He danced more than once with her, for she danced much—all sorts of dances.

"The testimony of an eye-witness," says a modern French biographer, "can never be useless or devoid of interest, when, like the pigeon of La Fontaine, he can truly say:—

"J'etais la, telle chose m'advint."

Such was the testimony of the chivalrous biographer, Brantome, who, with more than a hundred other gentlemen of rank, in attendance on the grand prior and constable of France, were guests at the courts of England and France, and saw and spoke to both the island queens, when in the height of their beauty and prosperity. Next to female dress, a Frenchman is the most sedulous critic on female beauty; and, surely, Brantome bears witness that, at twenty-seven, Elizabeth possessed a considerable share of personal charms. "This queen gave us all, one evening," says he, "a supper, in a grand-room hung round with tapestry, representing the parable of the ten virgins of the Evangelists. When the banquet was done, there came in a ballet of her maids of honour, whom she had dressed and ordained to represent the same virgins.[3] Some of them had their lamps burning, and full of oil; and some of them carried lamps which were empty; but all their lamps were silver, most exquisitely chased and wrought; and the ladies were very pretty, well behaved, and very well dressed. They came in the course of the ballet, and prayed us French to dance with them, and even prevailed on the queen to dance, which she did with much grace, and right royal majesty: for she possessed then no little beauty and elegance."

She told the constable of France, "that of all the monarchs of the earth, she had had the greatest wish to behold his late master, king Henry II., on account of his warlike renown. He had sent me word," pursued she, "that we should meet very soon, and I had commanded my galleys to be made ready to pass to France, for the express purpose of seeing him." The constable replied, "Madame, I am certain you

[1] Probably early in September, 1561, as he had landed his niece, Mary, queen of Scots, in the middle of August, at Leith.

[2] "Je vous aime fort," are the words Brantome uses. Les Hommes Illustrés, 2d part, p. 399.

[3] Brantome, Les Hommes Illustrés, second partie, p. 60. He mentions the tapestry of the ten virgins in another of his historical recollections. It is probable that this fête was at the celebration of her birthday, September 7th—that the grand chamber was at Greenwich palace, the room queen Elizabeth was born in, which was hung with such tapestry.

would have been well pleased with him, if you had seen him, for his temper and tastes would have suited yours, and he would have been charmed with your pleasant manners, and lively humour; he would have given you an honourable welcome, and very good cheer."

"There are at present alive, besides the constable," continues Brantome, "M. de Guiche, M. de Castelnau, Languedoc, and M. de Beloiz, besides myself, who heard queen Elizabeth speak thus, and we all right well remember her, as she was then."

It has been customary for the learned chroniclers of Elizabeth's life and reign, from Camden downwards, to diverge at this period of her annals into the affairs of Scotland, and for the succeeding seven years to follow the fortunes of the fair ill-fated Mary Stuart, rather than those of our mighty Tudor queen, who is certainly a character of sufficient importance to occupy at all times the foreground of her own history.

It is, however, requisite to point out the first germ of the personal ill-will so long nourished by Elizabeth against Mary. This seems to have arisen from the evil report brought by Mrs. Sands, Elizabeth's former maid of honour, when she returned from France, at the accession of her royal mistress. The exile of this lady has already been mentioned. As she was forced from Elizabeth's service on account of her zeal for the protestant religion, it was not very probable that she would be admitted to the confidence of Mary Stuart, who was then queen consort of France. Yet Mrs. Sands affirmed that queen Elizabeth was never mentioned by Mary without scorn and contempt.[1] Such was the beginning of that hatred which never diminished while the troubled existence of Mary Stuart continued.

Elizabeth was too deeply skilled in the regnal science, not to be aware, that a country is never so sure of enjoying the blessings of peace, as when prepared for war, and therefore, her principal care was bestowed in providing her realm with the means of defence. Gunpowder was first manufactured by her orders and encouragement in England; which all her predecessors had contented themselves with purchasing abroad. She sent for engineers, and furnished regular arsenals in all fortified towns along the coast and the Scottish borders, increased the garrison of Berwick, and caused a fort to be built on the banks of the Medway, near Upnor, where the ships should ride in shelter, and increased the wages of the mariners and soldiers, to encourage them to serve her well.[2] She not only caused ships of war to be built for the increase of her navy, but she encouraged the wealthy inhabitants of sea-ports to emulate her example; so that, instead of hiring, as her father and others of her predecessors had done, ships from the Hans towns and Italian republics, she was, in the fourth year of her reign, able to put to sea a fleet with twenty thousand men at arms. Strangers named her *the queen of the sea*, and the north star—her own subjects proudly styled her the restorer of naval glory.[3]

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[1] State Paper in Cecil's handwriting, Sadler Papers, vol. i.
[2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Elizabeth's persecutions of Nonconformists—Her visit to St. Paul's—Displeasure with the Dean—New-year's gift—Predictions of her death—Parliament petitions her to marry or declare her successor—Her irritability—She prevents the queen of Scots' marriage—Her letter to Warwick—Her Cambridge progress—Offers Robert Dudley's hand to the queen of Scots—Creates him earl of Leicester—Levity of her behaviour—Marriage offer of Charles IX.—Discourses of Leicester and French ambassadors—Elizabeth imprisons lady Mary Gray—Takes offence with Leicester—Her favour to Cecilia of Sweden—The queen gives Leicester hopes—Her irresolution—Her manner of receiving the sacrament—Cruelty to Heath—Her deceitful treatment of the Scotch rebels—Renewal of matrimonial negotiations with the archduke Charles—Hopes and fears of Leicester—Elizabeth's vexation at the birth of Mary Stuart's son—Visit to the university of Oxford—Tries to cut short Dr. Westphaling's oration—His pertinacity—Her whimsical reproof—Dispute with parliament—Her encouragement of alchemists and conjurors—Adventures with Dr. Dee—Her patronage of him—Her wardrobe—Remonstrates with Mary Stuart—Her letter to Catherine de Medicis—Description of the archduke Charles—Arrival of Mary, queen of Scots, in England—Crooked policy of Elizabeth—Conferences at York—Norfolk's suspected correspondence with Mary—Elizabeth's reply to Lady Lenox.

The evidences of history prove that religious persecution generates faction, and lends the most formidable weapons to the disaffected by dignifying treason with the name of piety. Thus was it in the Pilgrimage of Grace, in the reign of Henry VIII.; with Kett's rebellion, in that of Edward VI.; and the Wyatt insurrection, in that of Mary. Whether under the rival names of Catholic or Protestant, the principle was the same, and the crown of martyrdom was claimed, by the sufferer for conscience'-sake, of either party.

The experience of the religious struggles, in the last three reigns, had failed to teach Elizabeth the futility of monarchs attempting to make their opinions, on theological matters, a rule for the consciences of their subjects. Her first act of intolerance was levelled against the anabaptists, by the publication of an edict, in which they and other heretics, whether foreign or native, were enjoined to depart the realm within twenty days, on pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods.[1] Subsequently, in a fruitless attempt to establish uniformity of worship throughout the realm, she treated her dissenting subjects, of all classes, with great severity, as well as those who adhered to the tenets of the church of Rome. The attempt to force persons of opposite opinions

[1] Camden.

to a reluctant conformity with the newly-established ritual rendered it distasteful to many, who would probably, if left to the exercise of their own discretion, have adopted it, in time, as the happy medium between the two extremes of Rome and Geneva. In Ireland, coercive measures were followed by disaffection and revolt, and opened the door to plots and perpetual enterprises against the queen's person and government both from foreign powers, and those within her own realm, who were desirous of being governed by a sovereign of their own creed.

On the first day of 1562, the queen went in state to St. Paul's cathedral. The dean, having notice of her intention, had been at some pains and great expense in ornamenting a prayer-book with beautiful prints, illustrative of the history of the apostles and martys, which were placed at the epistles and gospels appointed to be read by the church of England, on their commemorations. The book, being intended as a new year's gift for her majesty, was richly bound, and laid on the cushion for her use.[1] A proclamation had, indeed, lately been set forth, to please the puritan party, against images, pictures, and Romish relics, but as Elizabeth continued to retain a large silver crucifix over the altar of the chapel royal, with candlesticks and other ornaments, the use or disuse of which might be regarded rather as a matter of taste than religion, the dean supposed, that her majesty did not object to works of art on scriptural subjects, as embellishments for her books of devotion. Elizabeth, however, thought it expedient to get up a little scene on this occasion, in order to manifest her zeal against Popery before a multitude. When she came to her place, she opened the book, but, seeing the pictures, frowned, blushed, and shut it (of which several took notice), and calling to the verger, bade him, "bring her the book she was accustomed to use." After the service was concluded she went straight into the vestry, where she asked the dean, "how that book came to be placed on her cushion?" He replied, "that he intended it as a new year's gift to her majesty." "You never could present me with a worse," rejoined the queen. "Why so?" asked the dean. Her majesty, after a vehement protestation of her aversion to idolatry, reminded him of her recent proclamation against superstitious pictures and images, and asked "if it had been read in his deanery." The dean replied "that it had, but he meant no harm in causing the prints to be bound up in the service-book." She told him, "that he must be very ignorant indeed to do so, after her prohibition." The poor dean humbly suggested, "that if so her majesty might the better pardon him." The queen prayed, "that God would grant him a better spirit and more wisdom for the future;" to which royal petition, in his behalf, the dean meekly cried, "Amen." Then the queen asked, "how he came by the pictures, and by whom engraved?" He said,[2] "he bought them of a German;" and her majesty observed, "it is well it was from a stranger; had it been any of our subjects we should have questioned the matter."[3] The menace, implied in this speech, against native artists, who should venture to engrave plates from scriptural subjects, naturally deterred

[1] Fox. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

them from copying the immortal works of the great Flemish, Italian, and Spanish masters, which were chiefly confined to themes from sacred history or saintly lore, and may well explain the otherwise unaccountable fact, that the pictorial arts in England retrograded, instead of improved, from the accession of Elizabeth till the reign of Charles I.

About this time, Margaret, countess of Lenox, the queen's nearest relation of the royal Tudor blood, and who stood next to the queen of Scots in the hereditary order of the regal succession, was arrested and thrown into prison. Her ostensible offence was, having corresponded secretly with her royal niece, the queen of Scots; but, having been the favourite friend of the late queen, who was at one time reported to have intended to appoint her as her successor, to the prejudice of Elizabeth, that princess had cherished great ill-will against her, and she now caused her to be arraigned on the formidable charges of treason and witchcraft. The countess was, with four others, found guilty of having consulted with pretended wizards and conjurors, to learn how long the queen had to live.[1] The luckless lady, being perfectly aware that the royal animosity proceeded from a deeper root, addressed the following curious letter in her own justification to Mr. Secretary Cecil:—

"Good Master Secretary,

"I have received your answer, by my man Fowler, upon the queen's words to you, whereby the queen hath been informed, and doth credit the same, that I, in the time of her highness's trouble in queen Mary's reign, should be rather a means to augment the same than diminish it, in putting it then in queen Mary's head, that it was a quietness for the times to have her shut up. Master Secretary, none *on live* (alive) is able to justify this false and untrue report made of me, among others the like; as therein I will be sworn, if I were put to it, that never, in all my life, I had, or meant to have said such words touching the queen's majesty; nor I, for my part, bare no such stroke to give any advice in any such weighty matter.

"But what should I say? even as my lord and I have had extremity showed upon the informations most untrnly given unto the queen's majesty of us so late! I, for no other, but the continuance thereof, as long as her highness doth hear and credit the first tale, without proof to be tried, and, as it appeareth, discrediteth my answers any way made to the contrary, how true soever they be. But if my lord and I might find the queen's majesty so good and gracious to us, as to hear our accusers and us, face to face, I would then be out of doubt to find shortly some part of her highness's favour again, which I beseech you to be a means for, and to participate the contents of this my letter to her majesty, in which doing ye give me occasion to be ready to requite the same as my power shall extend.

"And so, with my hearty commendations, I bid you likewise farewell. From *Sheathys*, the second of October, your assured friend to my power,

"Margaret Lenox and Angus."

Margaret had some cause of alarm when she penned this earnest letter, for her life lay at the mercy of the queen, and the accusation of sorcery against royal ladies had hitherto generally emanated, either from the hatred or rapacity of the sovereign.

In the autumn of 1562, the queen was attacked with a long and dangerous illness, and an astrologer named Prestal, who had cast her

[1] Camden.

nativity, predicted that she would die in the ensuing March. This prophecy, becoming very generally whispered abroad, inspired two royally-descended brothers of the name of Pole, the representatives of the line of Clarence, with the wild project of raising a body of troops, and landing them in Wales, to proclaim Mary Stuart queen, in the event of her majesty's death, in the hope that the beautiful heiress of the crown would reward one of them with her hand and the other with the dukedom of Clarence. This romantic plot transpired, and the brothers with their confederates were arraigned for high treason. They protested their innocence of conspiring against the queen, but confessed to having placed implicit reliance on the prediction of Prestal, and that their plot only involved the matter of the succession.[1] It appears probable that this political soothsaying was connected with the misdemeanor of lady Lenox. Cecil laboured hard to construe the visionary scheme of the deluded young men into a confederacy of the Guises and Mary queen of Scots, but the notion was too absurd. They were condemned to die, but Elizabeth, having no reason to suppose they had practised against her life, revolted at that time from the thought of shedding kindred blood on the scaffold, on a pretence so frivolous. She graciously extended her pardon to Arthur Pole and his brother, and allowed them to pass beyond sea.[2]

On the last of December this year, Mistress Smytheson, her majesty's launderer, was presented by the royal command with a kirtle of russet satin, edged with velvet and lined with russet taffeta.[3] The materials of this rich but simple dress prove that the office of laundress to the sovereign was held by a gentlewoman, whose duty it was to superintend the labours of the operative naiads of the royal household.

The queen in her royal robes, with her bishops and peers, rode in great state, from her palace, January 12th, 1563, to open the parliament at Westminster. She proceeded first to the Abbey, and alighting at our Lady of Grace's chapel, where she and her noble and stately retinue entered at the north door, and heard a sermon preached by Noel, the dean of St. Paul's; and then a Psalm being sung, she proceeded through the south door to the parliament chamber, then evidently held in the chapter house.

The first step taken by this parliament, after the choice of a speaker, was to petition the queen to marry; this, indeed, appeared the only means of averting the long and bloody successive wars, with which, according to human probability, the rival claims of the female descendants of Henry VII. threatened the nation, in the event of Elizabeth dying without lawful issue of her own. The elements of deadly debate,

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[1] Strype.

[2] Burleigh and Mason's Letters in Wright's "Elizabeth and her Times."

[3] MS. Wardrobe Book of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. From the same MS. we find, that on the 13th of January, anno 5 R. Eliz., ten yards of black satin were delivered from the queen's great wardrobe to make Dr. Cæsar a gown; and on the 14th of February (anno 6), eight yards of black satin, and the same of black velvet, were delivered to the lady Carew, out of the great wardrobe, to make hoods.

which Henry VIII. had left as his last legacy to England, by his arbitrary innovations in the regular order of succession, had been augmented by Elizabeth's refusal to acknowledge the rights of the queen of Scots, as the presumptive inheritor of the throne. The cruel policy which had led her to nullify the marriage and stigmatize the offspring of the hapless representative of the Suffolk line, had apparently provided further perplexities and occasions of strife. With this stormy perspective, the people naturally regarded the life of the reigning sovereign as their best security against the renewal of struggles, no less direful than the wars of the Roses. In this idea Elizabeth wished them to remain, and it was no part of her intention to lessen the difficulties in which the perilous question of heirship to the crown was involved.

"Oh, how wretched are we," writes Bishop Jewel, to his friend at Zurich, "who cannot tell under what sovereign we are to live!" Elizabeth briefly replied to the remonstrance of her parliament on this subject, and that of her marriage—"that she had not forgotten the suit of the house, nor ever could forget it, but it was a matter in which she would be advised."[1] Elizabeth was just then, too busily occupied in traversing every proposal of marriage that was made to the queen of Scots, to have leisure to think much of her own.

Since the widowhood of Mary Stuart, all Elizabeth's rejected suitors had transferred their addresses to the younger and fairer queen of the sister realm, and nothing but the political expediency of maintaining the guise of friendship she had assumed towards Mary prevented her from manifesting the jealousy and ill-will, excited in her haughty spirit by every fresh circumstance of the kind. Mary very obligingly communicated all her offers to her good sister of England, having promised to be guided by her advice on this important subject, and all were equally objectionable in Elizabeth's opinion. Mary, in the morning freshness of youth, beauty, and poetic genius, cared for none of these things; her heart was long faithful to the memory of her buried lord, and she allowed Elizabeth to dictate refusals to her illustrious wooers with perfect unconcern, in the hope that in return for this singular condescension her good sister would be won upon to acknowledge her right to succeed to the crown of England, in the event of that queen dying without lawful issue.[2]

Elizabeth was inflexible in her refusal to concede this point. She replied, "that the right of succession to her throne should never be made a subject of discussion; it would cause disputes as to the validity of this or that marriage," in allusion to the old dispute of Henry VIII.'s marriage with her mother, which was, in truth, the source of Elizabeth's jealousy of all her royal kindred. Mary consented to acknowledge, that the right to the English crown was vested in Elizabeth and her posterity, if, in return, Elizabeth would declare her claims to the succession as presumptive heiress. Elizabeth in reply said, "that she could not do so without conceiving a dislike to Mary," and asked, "How it were possible for her to love any one whose interest it was to see her dead?"

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[1] Strype.

[2] Camden; Haynes' State Papers; Tytler; Lingard.

She enlarged withal on the inconstancy of human affections and the proneness of men in general to worship the rising sun. "It was so in her sister's reign," she said, "and would be so again if she were ever to declare her successor."[1] It was then proposed that the two queens should meet, and settle their differences in an amicable manner. Mary, with the confiding frankness that marked her character, agreed to come to York for this purpose, and a passport was even signed for her and her retinue, of a thousand horse; and when Elizabeth, for some reason, postponed the meeting to an indefinite time, the young sovereign of Scotland, in her romantic infatuation wept with passionate regret at her disappointment.

Elizabeth had at this time much to harass and disquiet her. The expedition which she had been persuaded to send out to the shores of Normandy had been anything but successful; much treasure and blood had been uselessly expended, and the city of Rouen, after it had been defended with fruitless valour, was taken by the royalist forces, and two hundred brave English auxiliaries put to the sword. On lord Robert Dudley the unwelcome task devolved of imparting the news of this misfortune to her majesty. He had the presumption to conceal the fact that the city had actually fallen, but represented it to be in great distress, and artfully persuaded his royal mistress, that if the worst happened, her parsimony would have been the cause.[2] Elizabeth was in an agony at the possibility of such a calamity, and despatched reinforcements and supplies to Warwick, with a letter of encouragement from her council, to which she added the following affectionate postscript in her own hand:—

"My dear Warwick,

"If your honour and my desire could accord with the loss of the needfullest finger I keep, God so help me in my utmost need, as I would gladly lose that one joint for your safe abode with me; but since I cannot, that I would, I will do, that I may and will rather drink in an ashen cup, than you and yours should not be succoured, both by sea and land, and that with all speed possible; and let this my scribbling hand witness it to them all.

"Yours as my own,

"E. R."[3]

There is an honest, generous warmth in this brief note, which does Elizabeth more honour than all her laboured, metaphorical, epistolary compositions. She felt what she wrote in this instance, and the feeling, that she would rather drink out of an ashen cup than her suffering soldiers, on foreign service, should want succour, is worthy of being inscribed on her monument. The supplies could not prevent the secret negotiation between the royalists and the Huguenots, by which the English allies were sacrificed. The plague breaking out in the garrisons of Newhaven and Havre de Grace, caused such ravages, that the earl of Warwick fonnd himself compelled to surrender Havre to the French, and bring the sickly remnant of his army home. They brought the infection with them, and twenty thousand persons died in the metropolis alone.[4] The pestilence lasted nearly a year, which caused the queen

[1] Spotiswood.
[2] Forbes.
[3] Archæologia, vol. xiii., p. 201.
[4] Stowe.

to withdraw her court to Windsor. The approach of the maiden monarch was hailed by the youthful classics at Eton with rapturous delight; and in the fervour of their loyal enthusiasm they proclaimed an ovation to queen Elizabeth, and offered their homage in every variety of Latin verses and orations, which were very graciously received by her majesty. Elizabeth was always on the most affectionate terms with this royal nursery of scholars, was much beloved and honoured by them.[1]

Cecil, in his diary, proudly recalls the fact, that the queen's majesty on the 6th of July, 1564, stood for his infant daughter, to whom she gave her own name. Lady Lenox appears not only to have obtained her liberty at that time, but to have regained her standing at court, as first lady of the blood-royal; for we find that she assisted her majesty on that occasion as the other godmother. The same summer, the queen decided on visiting the university of Cambridge, at the request of sir Willliam Cecil, who, in addition to his other high offices, was also chancellor of this university. He was unluckily attacked with what he termed "an unhappy grief in his foot"—no other than a painful fit of the gout—just at the time when he was nervously anxious that all things should be arranged, in the most perfect manner, for the honour of his sovereign and *alma mater*. The energy of his mind prevailed over the malady so far, that he went with his lady in a coach on the 4th of August, to overlook the preparations for her majesty's reception. The next day the queen came from Mr. Worthington's house at Hastingfield, where she had slept on the preceding night. She was met by the duke of Norfolk, the earl of Sussex, the bishop of Ely, and an honourable company, by whom she was conducted towards the town. The mayor and corporation met the sovereign a little above Newnham, and there alighted and performed their *devoir*, and the recorder made an oration in English. Then the mayor delivered the mace with a fair standing cup, which cost 19*l*., and twenty old angels in it, which her majesty received, gently returned the mace to the mayor, and delivered the cup to one of her footmen. When she came to Newnham mills, being requested to change her horse, she alighted, and went into the miller's house for a little space. Then she and all her ladies being remounted, proceeded in fair array; and as they neared the town, the trumpeters by solemn blast declared her majesty's approach. When they entered Queens' College, and her majesty was in the midst of the scholars, two appointed for the purpose knelt before her, and, kissing their papers, offered them to her grace; the queen, understanding that they contained congratulatory addresses in prose and verse, received and delivered them to one of her footmen. When they reached the doctors, all the lords and ladies alighted, her majesty only remained on horseback.

"She was dressed in a gown of black velvet pinked (cut velvet), and had a caul upon her head set with pearls and precious stones, and a hat that was spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers. When her majesty came to the west door of the chapel, sir William Cecil kneeled

[1] MS. Harleian.; Nichols.

down and welcomed her, and the beadles kneeling, kissed their staves, and delivered them to Mr. Secretary, who, likewise kissing the same, delivered them into the queen's hands, who could not well hold them all, and her grace gently and merrily re-delivered them, willing him and all the other magistrates of the university "to minister justice uprightly, or she would take them into her own hands, and see to it;" adding, "that though the chancellor halted, his leg being sore, yet she trusted that Justice did not halt."

All this time Elizabeth was on horseback, and before she alighted came master W. Masters, of King's College, orator, making his three reverences, kneeling down on the first step of the west door (which was with the walls outward covered with verses), and made his oration, in length almost half an hour, in effect as follows. First, he praised many and singular virtues set and planted in her majesty, which her highness not acknowledging, bit her lips and fingers, and sometimes broke into passion, and interrupted with these words, "*Non est veritas.*" But the orator praising virginity, she exclaimed, "God's blessing on thine heart, there continue!"

When he had finished, the queen much commended him, and marvelled that his memory did so well serve him to repeat such divers and sundry matters, saying, "that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak false Latin, and then they would laugh at her." But in fine, in token of her contentment she called him to her, offered him her hand to kiss, and asked his name.

She was lodged in King's College, the best chambers and gallery being devoted to her use. The fellows of King's resigned their monastic dormitories for the accommodation of lady Strange and the fair maids of honour of the virgin queen.

The next day was Sunday, and the queen went in great state to King's College chapel; she entered at the Litany under a canopy, carried over her head by four doctors of divinity. Dr. Perne preached the sermon, and when he was in the midst of it, her majesty sent the lord Hunsdon to will him to put on his cap, which he wore to the end. At which time, ere he could leave the pulpit, she sent him word by the lord chamberlain "that it was the first sermon she had ever heard in Latin, and she thought she should never hear a better." When the music of the choir concluded, she departed by the private way into the college, the four doctors bearing her canopy.[1]

At evening prayer, the queen was not expected at the chapel, therefore the singing commenced, but, being informed her majesty was then coming through the private passage, it stopped; and when she was seated in her traverse, even-song commenced anew, which ended, she departed by her usual way, and went to the play. This, by the protestants who surrounded Elizabeth, must have been considered a desecration of the Sabbath evening, if Cambridge did not at that time follow an ancient practice, (prevalent in some parts of Europe,) where the

[1] Which the footmen, adds the Cambridge Diary, claimed as their fee, and it was redeemed for 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Sabbath was considered to commence on the Saturday evening, and to end on the Sunday after evening prayer. The customs and manners of an age and people must always be considered charitably, before violent blame is incurred; and it is possible, from so many traces that exist of Elizabeth's uproarious mode of spending our Sabbath evening, that some such reckoning of time was in vogue in her days.

She went to see one of Plautus' plays—the "Aulularia,"—"for the hearing and playing of which, at her expense a vast platform was erected in King's College church." The performance of a pagan play in a Christian church, on the Sunday evening, was no great improvement on the ancient Moralities and Mysteries, which, in retrospective review, are so revolting to modern taste. Those who glance over the Mysteries must feel displeased at finding that sacred subjects could be so absurdly dramatized, yet these Mysteries were listened to with reverential awe by a demi-savage people, who saw nothing ridiculous or profane in the manner of showing the Creation, the history of Noah, or of Joseph, the intention being to make them comprehensible to the eye, when the untaught ear refused to follow the thread of sacred history. But Elizabeth and Cambridge had more knowledge, if not more wisdom, and ought to have banished their pagan play from the walls of a Christian temple.[1]

When all things were ready in the church for this play, the lord chamberlain and Cecil came in with a multitude of the guard bearing staff torches, no other lights being used at the play. The guard stood on the ground, bearing their torches on each side of the stage; and a very curious pictorial effect must the glaring torch-light have thrown on the groups of spectators standing or sitting among the pillars and deep Gothic arches of that church-playhouse. At last, the queen entered with her ladies and gentlewomen, lady Strange carrying her train, and the gentlemen pensioners preceding her with torch staves. She took her seat under a canopy of state, raised on the south wall of the church opposite to the stage, where she heard out the play fully, till twelve o'clock, when she departed to her chamber in the order that she came.

The next day the queen attended the disputations at St. Mary's church, where an ample stage was erected for the purpose. All the scholars had been ordered previously to enclose themselves in their colleges and halls; none but those who had taken a degree were permitted to appear, and among these, great inquisition was made regarding dress, for the queen's eyes had been roaming, during sermon time the preceding day, over the congregation, and she found sharp fault with sundry ragged and soiled hoods and gowns, likewise she was displeased that some of the doctors' hoods were lined with white silk, and some with miniver.

"At the ringing of the university bell the queen's majesty came to her place with royal pomp. As she passed, the graduates kneeled, and

[1] The stage was at first erected in King's College Hall, but was not considered large enough, and therefore taken down, and erected in the *church*, by the queen's orders.

cried, modestly, 'Vivat Regina!' and she thanked them." She then questioned the chancellor, her minister Cecil, on the degrees and difference of every person present.

The question whether "monarchy were better than a republic," was the leading subject of the disputation, which was moved by the celebrated Dr. Caius. But, as the voices of the three doctors who disputed were low, the queen repeatedly called to them, "Loquimini altius." But finding this did no good, she left her seat and came to the edge of the stage, just over their heads, yet she could hear little of the disputation. Her own physician, Dr. Hyckes, a doctor of the college, decided the disputation, "with whom her majesty merrily jested when he asked license of her grace." After his oration concluded, the queen departed merrily to her lodging, about seven o'clock. At nine she went to another play, acted in the church, called Dido. Her entertainment at King's ended next evening with another play in English, called Ezechias, and she liked her entertainment so well "that she declared if there had been greater provision of ale and beer she would have remained till Friday."[1]

Her visit to Cambridge was however not concluded, she was entertained at various colleges, and at Christ's received a pair of gloves, in memory of her great-granddame, lady Margaret, the foundress, mother of Henry VII. As she rode through the street to her lodging, she talked much with divers scholars in Latin, and, at alighting from her horse, dismissed them in Latin.

The day before she quitted Cambridge, at the conclusion of a disputation in St. Mary's church, the duke of Norfolk and lord Robert, kneeling down, humbly desired her majesty "to say somewhat in Latin," who at first refused (mark, she had a set Latin oration ready prepared and conned by heart for the occasion), and said, "that if she might speak her mind in English, she would not stick at the matter." But understanding by Mr. Secretary that nothing might be said openly to the university in English, she required him rather to speak, "because he was chancellor, and the chancellor is the queen's mouth." Whereunto he answered, "that he was not *her* chancellor, but chancellor of the university." Then the bishop of Ely, kneeling, said "that three words of her mouth were enough." So being pressed on every side, she complied, and made a very sensible speech, in which, among other things, she raised the expectations of the university with respect to some royal foundation, which, however, she never thought fit to gratify.

Her speech began thus:—

"Although womanly shame-facedness, most celebrated university, might well determine me from delivering this my unlaboured oration before so great an assembly of the learned, yet the intercession of my nobles, and my own good will towards the university, impels me to say somewhat."

It contained nine other sections. The conclusion was—

[1] She seems to have continued to use her sleeping apartments at King's during her whole stay.

"It is time, then, that your ears, which have been so long detained by this barbarous sort of an oration, should now be released from the pain of it."[1]

At this speech of the queen's, the auditors, being all marvellously astonished, brake forth in open voice, "Vivat Regina!" But the queen's majesty responded to this shout, "Taceat Regina!" and moreover wished "that all those who heard her had drank of Lethe."

She departed from Cambridge on the 10th of August, passing from King's college by the schools. Dr. Perne, with many of the university, knelt, and, in Latin, wished her majesty a good journey. To whom she mildly answered with a distinct voice, "Valete omnes"—"Farewell all." The master of Magdalen was ready with a Latin oration of farewell, which she declined on account of the heat of the day; and rode forward to dinner at the bishop of Ely's house at Stanton. All the benefaction she bestowed at this visit was 20*l.* per annum to a handsome student who had acted Dido much to her satisfaction.

The report that her former suitor, the archduke Charles, was in treaty for the hand of the queen of Scots, filled Elizabeth's mind with jealous displeasure, for of all the princes of Europe he was esteemed the most honourable and chivalric, and Elizabeth's rejection of his suit appears to have been only for the purpose of obtaining concessions on the subject of his religion more consistent with her own profession. She made very earnest remonstrances to the queen of Scots on the unsuitableness of this alliance; and Cecil, at the same time, wrote to Mundt,[2] one of the pensionaries in Germany, to move the duke of Wirtemburg to advise the emperor to repeat the offer of his son to the queen of England. The duke performed his part with all due regard to the honour of her maiden majesty, for he sent an envoy to entreat her to permit him to name a person whom he considered would make her very happy in the wedded state, at the same time that he preferred his private mission to the emperor. Elizabeth replied, with her usual prudery on the subject of marriage, "that although she felt no inclination towards matrimony, she was willing, for the good of her realm, to receive the communication of which the duke had spoken;" unfortunately, however, the emperor had taken umbrage at the previous rejection of his son's addresses, and declared "he would not expose himself to a second insult of the kind."[3] When Elizabeth found she could not withdraw the archduke from Mary, she determined to compel Mary to resign him. Accordingly, she gave that queen to understand that she could not consent to her contracting such a marriage, which must prove inimical to the friendship between the two crowns, and that, "unless Mary would marry as she desired, she would probably forfeit all hope of a peaceful succession to the English crown." Mary had the complaisance to give up this accomplished prince, who was, perhaps, the only man in Europe worthy of becoming her husband, and professed her willingness to listen to the advice of her good sister, if she wished to propose a more suitable consort.

[1] Translation by Mr. Peck. The whole is drawn from a diary in MS., and collated by Mr. Nicholls in his "Progresses of Elizabeth," with a contemporary MS. in the Harleian Collection.

[2] Haynes. [3] Ibid.

Randolph, Elizabeth's ambassador, suggested that an English noble would be more agreeable to his royal mistress than any other person. Mary requested to be informed more clearly on this point, for it was generally supposed, that the young duke of Norfolk, being the kinsman of the queen, and one of the richest subjects in England, was the person intended for this signal honour by his sovereign.[1] Elizabeth electrified both courts by naming her own favourite, lord Robert Dudley. Mary replied, "that she considered it beneath her dignity to marry a subject," and told her base brother, Murray, who repeated her unlucky witticism to the English ambassador, "that she looked on the offer of a person so dear to Elizabeth, as a proof of good-will rather than of good-meaning."[2] Elizabeth, soon after, complained, that Mary had treated the proposal of lord Robert Dudley with mockery,[3] which Mary, in a letter to her own ambassador at Paris, affirms that she never did, and wondered "who could have borne such testimony, to embroil her with that queen." If, however, Mary forbore from mockery at this offer, no one else did, for it was a theme of public mirth and satire, in England, Scotland, and France. Dudley, who had the presumption to aim at a still higher mark, and had been encouraged, by the extraordinary tokens of favour lavished upon him by his royal mistress, to conceive confident hopes of success, was surprised and offended at his own nomination to an honour, so infinitely above the rank and pretensions of any person of his name and family. In fact, he regarded it as a snare laid in his path by Cecil, who was jealous of his influence with Elizabeth, and would, he suspected, avail himself of this pretence to remove him from her court and presence. Elizabeth was flattered at Dudley's reluctance to wed her fairer rival, and redoubled her commendations of his various qualifications to the favour of a royal lady; she even offered to acknowledge Mary as her successor to the crown of England, on condition of her becoming his wife.[4] The hope of obtaining this recognition was artfully held out to Mary, as the lure to draw her into the negotiation, and so far it succeeded, although the royal beauty was not sufficiently an adept in diplomatic trickery, to conceal, at all times, the scorn with which she regarded a suitor so infinitely beneath her. Meantime, she was secretly courted by her aunt, lady Lenox, for the young Henry, lord Darnley, and was believed to incline towards that alliance.

At the very time Elizabeth was recommending her handsome master of the horse to her good sister of Scotland, she had so little command over herself, that she was constantly betraying her own partiality for him to sir James Melville, Mary's envoy, who, in his lively "Historic Memoirs" gives a succession of graphic scenes between Elizabeth and himself. "She told me," says his excellency, "that it appeared to her as if I made but small account of lord Robert, seeing that I named the earl of Bedford before him, but ere it were long she would make him a greater earl,[5] and I should see it done before me, for she esteemed him

[1] Keith.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. i.
[4] Melville.
[5] In her fifth year, the queen granted lord Robert Dudley the castle and manor of Kenilworth and Astel-grove, the lordships and manors of Denbigh and Chirk,

as one, whom she should have married herself, if she had ever been minded to take a husband; but being determined to end her life in virginity, she wished that the queen, her sister, should marry him, for with him she might find it in her heart to declare queen Mary second person rather than with any other: for, being matched with him, it would best remove out of her mind all fear and suspicion of usurpation before her death." [1]

Elizabeth would not permit sir James Melville to return home till he had seen Dudley created earl of Leicester, and baron of Denbigh. This was done with great state at Westminster; "herself," says Melville, "helping to put on his robes, he sitting on his knees before her, and keeping a great gravity and discreet behaviour, but as for the queen, she could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck to tickle him, smilingly, the French ambassador and I standing beside her.[2] Then she asked me, 'how I liked him?' I said, 'as he was a worthy subject, so he was happy in a great prince, who could discern and reward good service.' 'Yet,' replied she, 'ye like better of yon lang lad,' pointing towards my lord Darnley, who, as nearest prince of the blood, that day bare the sword before her. My answer again was, 'that no woman of spirit would make choice of sic a man, that was liker a woman than a man, for he was lusty, beardless, and lady-faced.' I had no will that she should think I liked him, though I had a secret charge to deal with his mother, lady Lenox, to purchase leave for him to pass to Scotland."

"During the nine days I remained at court," pursues Melville, "queen Elizabeth saw me every day, and sometimes thrice a day; to wit, aforenoon, afternoon, and after supper; she continued to treat of queen Mary's marriage with Leicester, and meantime I was familiarly and favourably used; sometimes she would say, 'that since she could not see the good queen, her sister, she should open a good part of her inward mind to me, that she was not offended with queen Mary's angry letter, in which she seemed to disdain the marriage with Leicester, and she should set the best lawyers in England to search out, who had the best right to the crown of England, which she would wish to be her dearest sister, rather than any other.' I replied, 'there could be no doubt on that head, but lamented, that even the wisest princes did not take sufficient notice of the partialities of their familiar friends and councillors, except it were sic a notable and rare prince as Henry VIII., her father, who, of his own head, was determined to declare his sister's son, James V. (at which time Elizabeth was not born, but only her sister, queen Mary), heir apparent to the crown of England, failing the heirs of his own body, for the earnest desire he had to unite the whole island.'

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with other possessions, and a license for transporting cloth, which he sold to John Mark, and others of the company of merchant-adventurers; the next year, the queen recommended him for a husband to Mary, queen of Scots, which, however, only seems to have been an excuse for lavishing new honours and immunities upon him, for she then advanced him to the dignity of earl of Leicester and baron of Denbigh, with a plurality of offices and privileges, too numerous to detail here.—See Sidney Papers.

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 119. [2] Ibid.

She said, 'she was glad he did not;' I said, 'he had but then a daughter, and was in doubt to have any more children, and as yet had not so many suspicions in his head.' And added, 'that her majesty was out of all doubt regarding her children, being determined to die a virgin.'

"She said, 'she was never minded to marry, except she were compelled by the queen her sister's hard behaviour to her.' I said, 'Madam, ye need not tell me that. I know your stately stomach. Ye think, gin ye were married, ye would be but *queen* of England, and now ye are king and queen baith,—ye may not suffer a commander.'

"She appeared to be so affectionate to queen Mary, her good sister, that she had a great desire to see her, and because that could not be, she delighted oft to look on her picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little *lettroun*, (perhaps a desk,) where there were divers little pictures wrapped in paper, their names written with her own hand. Upon the first she took up was written, 'My lord's picture.' This was Leicester's portrait. I held the candle, and pressed to see my lord's picture. Albeit, she was loth to let me see it, but I became importunate for it, to carry home to my queen; she refused, saying, 'she had but one of his.' I replied, 'She had the original.' She was then at the further end of her bed-chamber, talking with Cecil. Elizabeth then took out my queen's (of Scots) miniature, and kissed it." Melville kissed her hand in acknowledgment of the great fondness she manifested to Mary.

"She showed me," he continues, "a fair ruby, great like a racket ball. I desired she would either send it to my queen, or the earl of Leicester's picture. She replied, 'If queen Mary would follow her counsel she would get them both in time, and all she had, but she would send her a diamond as a token by me.' Now, as it was late, after supper she appointed me to be with her next morning at eight, at which time was her hour for walking in the garden; she talked with me of my travels, and invited me to eat with her dame of honour, my lady Stafford, one honourable and godly lady, who had been banished to Geneva in the reign of queen Mary of England."

In the course of Melville's conferences with queen Elizabeth, the female costume of different countries was discussed, and how they became the persons of women. She told him she had the weeds (costume) of every civilized country, and gave proof of it by appearing in a fresh one every day, and asking the Scotch ambassador which was most becoming. "I said, 'The Italian weed,'" continues Melville, "which pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair by wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was redder than yellow, and curled apparently by nature." Then she inquired "what coloured hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was the best, and which of the two was the fairest?"[1]

Melville's answer was perplexing in its ambiguity, he said, "The fairness of both was not their worst faults." Elizabeth was not to be baffled by an oracular compliment, she came again to the question direct,

[1] Meaning the most beautiful woman.

and was earnest for Melville to declare which of them both he thought the fairest.

Melville answered, "'You are the fairest queen in England and ours the fairest queen in Scotland.' Yet," he continues, "was she earnest." The poor ambassador then declared "They were both the fairest ladies in their courts; that she was the whitest, but that our queen was very lovely." She inquired "'which of them was the highest stature.' I answered 'our queen.' 'Then she is over high,' returned Elizabeth, 'for I am neither too high nor too low.' Then she asked how she (queen Mary) exercised and employed her time. I answered, 'When I left Scotland on my embassy, our queen was newly come from the Highland hunting; but that when she had leisure, she read in good books, the histories of divers countries, and would sometimes play on the lute and virginals.' Elizabeth," continues Melville, "speered (asked) whether Mary played well."

"Reasonably well for a queen," was the very discreet answer. This conversation occasioned a droll little scene of display and vanity to be got up by Elizabeth. The same day after dinner, Lord Hunsdon, Elizabeth's cousin, drew Melville into a retired gallery to hear some music. He whispered, as a secret, "that it was the queen playing on the virginals."

The ambassador listened awhile, and then withdrew the tapestry that hung before the doorway, boldly entered the room, and stood listening in an entranced attitude near the door, and heard her play excellently well. Her back was to the listener, at length she turned her head, affected to see him, and left off, coming forwards as if to strike him with her hand, as pretending to be ashamed; alleging "that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to eschew melancholy, and asked 'how I came there?' I replied, 'that as I was walking with my lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard *sic* melody, which raised and drew me into the chamber, I wist not how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, and that I was now willing to endure any punishment it would please her to lay on my offence.'" This expert flattery had its expected effect. The royal coquette sat herself down low on a cushion, to imbibe another dose of it, and the audacious flatterer placed himself on his knee beside her. She gave him, with her own hand, a cushion to place under his knee; Melville protested against such an innovation on the rules of gallantry, but the queen compelled him, and called in my lady Stafford out of the next chamber to chaperon the conference, for hitherto she had been tête-a-tête with the Scotch ambassador. This arrangement having been happily made, her majesty proceeded to display the rest of her accomplishments. First, she demanded "whether she or the queen of Scots played best?" "In that," says Melville, "I gave her the praise. She said my French was good, and speered whether I could speak Italian, which she spake reasonably well. Then she spake to me in Dutch, but it was not good; she would know what kind of books I liked best, whether theology, history, or love matters, I said, 'I liked weel of all the sorts.' I was earnest to be despatched, but she said

'that I tired sooner of her company than she did of mine;' I said, 'Albeit there was no occasion to tire, yet it was time to return.' But two days longer was I detained, that I might see her dance; *quhilk* being done, she inquired *at* me, 'whether she or my queen danced best?' I said, 'my queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did.'" Whereby it may be gathered that Mary danced like an elegant woman; but surely the elaborate dancing of a vain affected person could scarcely be better defined than by Melville.

"Elizabeth wished that she might see the queen of Scotland at some convenient place of meeting. I offered," pursues Melville, "to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed in the disguise of a page, that she might see our mistress, as king James V. passed in disguise to France, to see the duke of Vendome's sister, that should have been his wife." Melville carried on this romantic badinage by proposing "that queen Elizabeth should give out that she was sick and kept her chamber, and none to be privy to her absence but my lady Stafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She said, 'Alas, would she might do it!' and seemed to like well of that kind of language." This scene took place at Hampton Court, where Melville at last received his dismissal, and departed with Leicester, by water, to London. On their voyage, Leicester apologised for his presumptuous proposal for the hand of the queen of Scots, which he assured her ambassador, apparently with sincerity enough, "was a wily move of Mr. Secretary Cecil, designed to ruin him with both queens."[1]

Elizabeth appears to have pressed this marriage on her royal kinswoman of Scotland, without any real intention of resigning her favourite to that queen, but rather for the purpose, it has been supposed, of paving the way for her own marriage with him, by having proved that she esteemed him worthy of being the consort of another female sovereign. If Mary could have been induced to signify her consent to accept Leicester for her husband, then probably it was intended for him to declare the impossibility of his resigning the service of his royal mistress, even to become the spouse of the queen of Scots, and this would have afforded Elizabeth a really popular opportunity of rewarding him for the sacrifice, with her own hand. Matters never reached this point; for when Mary was urged to accept the newly created English earl, the queen mother of France, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, expressed the utmost contempt at the idea of so unsuitable an alliance, and assured her, that Elizabeth intended to marry him herself.[2] This opinion must have had some weight when united with Melville's report, of the indecorous manner in which the English queen had committed herself, in toying with Leicester, during the ceremonial of his investiture, unrestrained even by the presence of the foreign ambassadors. Meantime, peace having been established with France, a regal suitor was offered to Elizabeth's acceptance in the person of Charles IX., the youthful monarch of that realm, who had been recently declared by the states of France to have attained his majority, although his mother,

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 126. Sept., 1564.

[2] Camden.

Catherine de Medicis, continued to govern in his name. He was, at this time, about sixteen, and Elizabeth with great propriety replied to Michel Castelnau, the ambassador by whom the proposal was submitted to her, "that she was greatly obliged for the signal honour that was done her by so mighty and powerful a king, to whom, as well as to the queen, his mother, she professed herself infinitely beholden, but that she felt this difficulty—the most Christian king, her good brother, was too great and too small—too great, as a monarch of such a realm, to be able to quit his own dominions to cross the sea and remain in England, where the people always expected their kings and queens to live. Too small," she explained by saying, "that his majesty was young and she was already thirty, which she called old." Castelnau, not being accustomed to Elizabeth's coquettish manners, far from suspecting that this depreciatory remark on her own age, was a trap for a complimentary rejoinder, on his part, gave her credit for meaning what she said, and adds with great simplicity, "She has said the same thing ever since her accession to the throne, although there is not a lady in her court who surpasses her in her endowments of mind and body."[1]

The English nobles suggested to Castelnau, that the young duke of Anjou, Charles IX.'s brother, would be, in point of situation, a more suitable consort for the queen than Charles, as neither France nor England could permit the absence of their respective sovereigns. The French, they said, would not like their king to reside in England, nor would the English permit their queen to live in France. Elizabeth gave no encouragement, at that time, to overtures for her union with either of the royal brothers of Valois, and Castelnau proceeded to Scotland to offer the younger prince to the other island queen, Mary Stuart, of whom he speaks, in his despatches to his own court, in the most lively terms of admiration and respect.[2]

A matrimonial union between the crowns of England and France, was too brilliant a chimera to be hastily or lightly abandoned by that restless intriguante and shallow politician, Catherine de Medicis, and she subsequently empowered the resident French ambassador de Foys, to renew the proposal for a marriage between her eldest son, the youthful sovereign of France, and the maiden monarch of England. To this second overture, Elizabeth replied[3]—

"I find myself, on the one hand, much honoured by the proposal of the French king; on the other, I am older than he, and would rather die than see myself despised and neglected. My subjects, I am assured, would oppose no obstacle, if it were my wish, for they have more than once prayed me to marry after my own inclination. It is true they have said, 'that it would pleasure them if my choice should fall on an Englishman.' In England, however, there is no one disposable in marriage but the earl of Arundel,[4] and he is further removed from the match than

[1] Memoirs de Michel Castelnau, folio edition. [2] Ibid.

[3] Despatches of De Foys.

[4] This great peer was at that time under the cloud of his royal mistress's displeasure He had stood her friend, in the season of her utmost peril, at the risk of his life and estate. He had been made her tool in politics and her sport in

the east from the west; and as to the earl of Leicester, I have always loved his virtues." The ambassador was too finished a courtier, it seems, to interrupt her majesty by asking her to point these out—a question, which certainly would embarrass the most partial apologist of the crimes, of this bold, but not brave, bad man. "But," pursues Elizabeth, "the aspirations towards honour and greatness which are in me, cannot suffer him as a companion and a husband."

After this confidential explanation of her feelings towards the two rival earls, her subjects, her majesty, in allusion to the extreme youthfulness of her regal wooer, added, laughing, "My neighbour, Mary Stuart, is younger than I am; she will perhaps better please the king." "This has never been spoken of," replied de Foys, "she having been the wife of his brother." "Several persons," rejoined Elizabeth, "and among others, Lethington, have tried to persuade me that such a plan was in agitation, but I did not believe it."

A few days after, Elizabeth sent for de Foys again, and repeated her objections to the marriage with his boy-king. De Foys endeavoured to convince her they were of no weight, but, after a little courtly flattery had been expended, the negotiation was broken off.[1]

This summer Elizabeth honoured Leicester with her first visit to his new manor of Kenilworth, in the course of her progress through the midland counties.

When she entered the city of Coventry, the mayor and corporation who had met and welcomed her, presented her with a purse supposed to be worth twenty marks, containing a hundred pounds in gold angels. The queen, on receiving it, said to her lords, "It is a good gift; I have but few such, for it is a hundred pounds in gold." The mayor boldly rejoined, "If it like your grace, it is a great deal more." "What is that?" asked the queen. The mayor answered, "It is the faithful hearts of all your true loving subjects." "We thank you, Mr. Mayor," said the queen; "that is a great deal more indeed."[2] She invited the mayor and corporation to visit her at Kenilworth, on the following Tuesday, which they did, and were admitted to kiss her hand. She gave them thirty bucks, and knighted the recorder.

If Elizabeth, at this period, were not in love with Leicester, the proverb which affirms that "of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," must go for nought; for she was always talking of him, and that not only to those sympathizing listeners, her ladies of the bed-chamber, but to such unsuitable confidants as the ambassadors—ergo, accredited

secret. His vast fortune had proved unequal to support the expenses he had incurred, in presents and entertainments suited to the magnificent tastes of the lofty lady on whom he had the folly to fix his heart, and he was involved in pecuniary difficulties. At length, irritated by the undisguised preference the queen daily manifested towards those who had no such claims on her consideration, he haughtily returned his staff of office, as lord high steward, to her majesty, with sundry offensive speeches, which she took in such ill part, as to constitute him a prisoner in his own house. He then solicited, and after a time obtained, leave to travel in Italy to recruit his ruined fortunes. See Cecil's lette- in Wright, i. 180.

[1] De Foys' Despatches.

[2] Dugdale's Warwickshire.

spies, of foreign potentates. Well might the wily son of Burleigh observe of this queen, "that if to-day she was more than man, to-morrow she would be less than woman."[1]

De Foys' reports appear to have convinced his own court, that it was Elizabeth's positive intention to give her hand to Leicester, for Catherine de Medicis enjoined him to cultivate the good-will of this favoured peer, and entitle the royal family of France to his gratitude, by advocating the match with the queen of England. "I told queen Elizabeth," writes de Foys, in reply to the queen-mother, "that she could do nothing better for the welfare, repose, and content of her kingdom, than to espouse one of the great peers of England, and that she would put an affront upon the king and your majesty, if she were to wed any other foreign prince, after having finally grounded her rejection of the king on the plea that a stranger would be unwelcome to the English." Elizabeth replied, "that she was not yet decided whom to marry," observing, "that even if she espoused a person without extensive possessions, his marriage with her would give him the means of engaging in pernicious schemes and intrigues. For this reason," continued she, "I will never concede to a husband any share in my power;" and added, "that but for the sake of posterity and the good of her realm, she would not marry at all. If she did, however, she did not mean to follow his advice by wedding a subject; she had it in her power to wed a king if she pleased, or a powerful prince so as to over-awe France."[2] This was in allusion to the archduke Charles, who having been decisively rejected by Mary of Scotland, was renewing his suit to her. She complained "that Charles IX. took part with the queen of Scots, while Darnley was writing her submissive letters and seeking her protection." This reproachful observation proves that Elizabeth and Darnley were already secretly reconciled. She had vehemently opposed his marriage with Mary Stuart, and yet had permitted him to visit the court of that queen.

The hitherto impregnable heart of the beautiful widow, had surrendered itself at first sight of "the beardless, lady-faced boy," and Darnley paid no heed to the peremptory mandates of his sometime English sovereign, to return at peril of outlawry, and forfeiture of his English inheritance. He kept the field of his new fortunes, and was a thriving wooer.

De Foys, as soon as he heard the queen of Scots had resolved on the marriage with her cousin Darnley, went to Elizabeth with the intention of defending Mary; he found the queen at chess, and said, profiting by the opportunity of introducing the subject, "This game is an image of the words and deeds of men. If, for example, we lose a pawn, it seems but a small matter; nevertheless, the loss often draws after it that of the whole game." The queen replied, "I understand you; Darnley is but a pawn, but may well check-mate me, if he is promoted."

After these words she left off playing, complained much of the dis-

[1] Sir R. Cecil's Letter, in Harrington's Nugæ.
[2] From the Despatches of De Foys, August, 1565.

loyalty of Darnley and his father, and made evident her intentions of dealing, if it were possible, hostilely by them.[1] The only means she had, however, of testifying her anger effectively, was by sending Margaret countess of Lenox to her old quarters in the Tower.[2]

Two, out of the four royal ladies, who stood in immediate proximity to the throne, were now incarcerated on frivolous charges, and on the 21st of August, a third of this luckless quartette, Lady Mary Gray, was added to the list of fair state prisoners, for no greater crime than stealing a love-match, like her sister, lady Katharine. Cecil, in a letter to Sir Thomas Smith, relates the circumstance in the following words: "Here is an unhappy chance and monstrous. The serjeant-porter being the biggest gentleman in this court, hath married secretly the lady Mary Gray, the least of all the court. They are committed to several prisons. The offence is very great."[3] Both the meek inoffensive sisters of lady Jane Gray, were thus torn from their husbands, and doomed to life-long imprisonment by the inexorable queen. Their piteous appeals to her compassion, may be seen in Ellis's royal letters. Can any one suppose that she would have scrupled to shed the blood of either or both of these broken-hearted victims, if their names had been used to excite an insurrection in her metropolis?

In a foregoing passage of the letter, wherein Cecil relates the disgrace of lady Mary Gray, he favours his absent colleague with the following important piece of secret information, which is partly written in cipher: —"You may perchance, by some private letter hereafter, hear of a strange accident here, and therefore I will, in a few words, give you some light. The queen's majesty is fallen into some misliking with my lord of Leicester, and he therewith much dismayed. You know how busy men in court will be to descant hereupon. The queen's majesty letteth it appear, in many overt speeches, that she is sorry for her loss of time, and so is every good subject."[4] In what other way can this sentence be explained than that Elizabeth, having quarrelled with her presumptuous favourite, repented of the impediment which her flirtations with him had opposed in her matrimonial treaties with foreign princes?

"What shall follow of this," pursues her anxious premier, "God knoweth. For my part, I will do that becometh an honest man, not to procure harm to him, though I know he hath not lacked procurers for my harm. But God forgive them! for I fear none of them, having so good a conscience of my well meaning both to her majesty and her realm. If I were as evil disposed as others, I could make a flame of this sparkel; but *fiat voluntas Dei!* The queen's majesty, thanked be God, is well disposed towards marriage. The emperor's ambassador is departed with an honourable answer, and himself well satisfied, and common opinion is, that the archduke Charles will come; which if he do, and will accord with us in religion, and shall be allowable for his person to her majesty, then, except God shall continue his displeasure against us, we shall see some success."

In another letter to Smith, Cecil declares, "that the queen's majesty will marry with none without sight of his person, nor with any that

[1] Raumer, from the despatches of De Foys.
[2] Camden.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i., p. 207.
[4] Ibid.

shall dissent in religion; that the articles of marriage are to be much the same as in the treaty between Philip and Mary, and expresses his opinion that the archduke will come. He considers that the nobility approve of the match, and notices that my lord of Leicester hath behaved himself very wisely to allow of it."[1] The very day on which this letter is dated, August 30th, the premier inscribed the following sentence in his private diary:—"The queen seemed to be very much offended with the earl of Leicester, and so she wrote an obscure sentence in a book at Windsor." This oracular sentence was probably her Latin epigram, on the presumption of a bear presuming to cherish hopes of mating with the lion.[2]

The quarrel between Leicester and his royal mistress, is, by some authors, supposed to have originated in the following incident, which is related by sir Thomas Naunton, as an evidence that the influence of that nobleman was not so great as many have represented:—Bowyer, the gentleman of the black rod, having been expressly charged by the queen to be very particular as to whom he admitted into the privy chamber, one day prevented a very gay captain, and a follower of Leicester's, from entrance, because he was neither well known nor a sworn servant of the queen's; on which the other, bearing high on his patron's favour, told him "that he might perchance procure him a discharge." Leicester, coming to the contest, said publicly, which was contrary to his custom, "that Bowyer was a knave, and should not long continue in his office," and turned about to go to the queen; but Bowyer, who was a bold gentleman, and well beloved, stepped before him, fell at her majesty's feet, and related the story, humbly craving her grace's pleasure, and whether my lord of Leicester was king, or her majesty queen? On which the queen, turning to Leicester, exclaimed, with her wonted oath, "God's death, my lord! I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up in you that others shall not participate thereof, for I have many servants, unto whom I have and will, at my pleasure, confer my favour, and likewise reassume the same; and if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have here but one mistress and no master, and look that no ill happen to him, lest it be severely required at your hands." "Which so quailed my lord of Leicester," pursues Naunton, "that his feigned humility was long after one of his best virtues."[3] Small, however, at the utmost, were Leicester's claims to this rare quality. Lloyd observes of him, "His treasure was vast, his gains unaccountable, all passages to preferment being in his hand, at home and abroad. He was never reconciled to her majesty under 5000*l.*, nor to a subject under 500*l.*, and was ever and anon out with both."

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[1] Wright's Elizabeth, vol. i., p. 207.

[2] Among other impudent assumptions, Leicester and his parvenu brothers helped themselves to the right noble cognizance of the Beauchamp-Nevilles, the bear and ragged staff, relinquishing their own cognizance, a green lion with two tails. This gave rise to a Warwickshire proverb, in use at this day, "The bear wants a tail, and cannot be a lion."

[3] Fragmenta Regalia.

Just at this period, Elizabeth lavished much regard on a royal female guest, the lady Cecilia of Sweden, daughter to the great Gustavus Vasa, and sister to Elizabeth's former suitor, Eric. She and her husband, the margrave of Baden, had recently encountered many perils and hardships during eleven months' wanderings in the northern parts of Germany. At length, they landed in England, and, four days after, the lady was delivered of a son. This child was, on the last day of September, christened in the chapel-royal at Whitehall, the queen herself standing godmother in person, the godfathers being the archbishop of Canterbury, and the duke of Norfolk. The queen gave the little stranger the name of Edward Fortunatus,[1] "for that God had so graciously assisted his mother in her long, dangerous journey, and that she regarded it as an auspicious circumstance that he was born in her realm." The queen took such great delight in the company and conversation of the Swedish princess, that when the margrave returned to his own dominions, she persuaded the lady Cecilia to remain with her, and not only allowed her very honourable *bouche*, or table, at her court, three messes of meat twice a day for her maids and the rest of her family,[2] but allowed her husband a pension of two thousand crowns a year as long as he would permit his consort to reside in her court. This lady was given the entrée of the queen's chamber, and enjoyed sufficient influence with Elizabeth to excite the jealousy of her watchful premier, Cecil, who, in a letter to sir Thomas Smith, betrays some anxiety to discover the real object of her coming to England:—

"Of the lady Cecilia of Sweden," writes he, "your son can report how bountifully she liveth here; of whom also there are sundry opinions; some that she meant to set on foot her brother's former suit of marriage, but perceiving that not to be found probable, some now say that she will further my lord of Leicester; but if she shall find no success there, then some will say as they list; and thus, you see, all things are subject to reports."[3]

In the same letter, Cecil observes, "that there are rumours that the lords of the court do not agree among themselves, that Leicester was not so much in favour as heretofore, that Sussex and he were on strange terms, that the duke of Norfolk, the lord chamberlain, and lord Hunsdon, were opposed to Leicester."[4] These three peers, and Sussex, also, were the kinsmen of the queen, through her grandmother, lady Elizabeth Howard. Mr. Heneage is also mentioned, by Cecil, "as reported to be in very good favour with her majesty, and so misliked by my lord of Leicester. To tell you truly," continues the watchful premier, "I think the queen's favour to my lord of Leicester is not so manifest to move men to think that she will marry with him, and yet his lordship hath favour sufficient, as I hear him say, to his good satisfaction."[5] This letter is dated October 16th. A few days later, the queen manifested an increase of regard for Leicester, such as made his enemies hasten to effect a reconciliation with him.[6] He received their advances in a conciliatory manner, and took a more subtle revenge on Cecil than

[1] Stowe.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.
[3] Wright, vol. i., p. 211.
[4] Ibid., p. 29.
[5] Ibid.
[6] De Foys' Despatches.

if he had exerted his renewed influence to effect his fall, by honouring him with a provoking offer of his patronage, in a tone that could not fail to recal to the mind of the man who ruled the destinies of Protestant Europe, and feared not to controvert and bend to his own policy the declared will of the lion-like sovereign herself, the time when he was an underling official in the train of his own parvenu father, the duke of Northumberland.

"I have long known your good qualities," said Leicester, "your conscientiousness, and knowledge of business. I have, on these accounts, always loved you, although I know that you would fain marry the queen to a foreign prince. I will now tell you plainly that I am a claimant for the hand of the queen, and it seems to me that she looks upon no one with favour but myself. I therefore beseech you that you will lay aside all other projects, and then I will always give you my hand, and not only keep you where you are, but take care for your further elevation as you deserve, and as the service of the state may require."[1] Cecil had sufficient command over his feelings to thank the favourite for his good opinion and apparent good-will.

During the period of Elizabeth's transient coolness to Leicester, he had manifested some degree of sullenness, and it is supposed, that he testified his resentment by soliciting to be sent on a diplomatic mission to France. When De Foys, through whom Leicester had chosen to prefer his request, mentioned it to the queen, she was surprised and offended that the earl should wish to absent himself. She caused him to be summoned to her presence, and asked him, if he really wished to go to France? On his replying, "that, with her permission, it was one of the things he most desired," she told him, "that it would be no great honour to the king of France were she to send a groom to so great a prince;" and then she laughingly observed to the ambassador, "I cannot live without seeing him every day; he is like my lap-dog, so soon as he is seen anywhere, they say I am at hand; and wherever I am seen, it may be said, that he is there also."

Elizabeth had formerly condescended to discuss with Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, the scandalous reports then prevalent, not only on the continent, but in her own court, regarding her intimacy with Dudley. She even forgot the dignity of a gentlewoman and a sovereign so far, as to demonstrate the improbability of what was said, by showing him the situation of her sleeping apartment and that of the favourite. Subsequently, however, she found that her favourite's health was likely to be impaired by the dampness of the room he occupied in the lower story of the palace, and assigned him a chamber contiguous to her own.[2]

De Foys, in his report of the 19th of December, says, "Leicester has

[1] De Foys, from Raumer.

[2] Sharon Turner considers this arrangement was a prudential measure, for the defence of the royal person against the attempts of those who sought her majesty's life. No attempts of the kind, however, are on record, till after she excited the ill will of a portion of her subjects, by her unjust detention of Mary Stuart, and her unfeminine cruelty to that princess.

pressed the queen hard to decide by Christmas on her marriage. She, on the other hand, has entreated him to wait till Candlemas. I know, from good authority," pursues he, "and have also learned from the most credible persons, that she has promised him marriage before witnesses. Nevertheless, if she chooses to release herself from such promise, no one will summon her to justice, or bear witness against her."[1]

At Christmas, Leicester was in close attendance on the queen, even while she was in the solemn act of communicating at the altar, and was one of her assistants in that holy rite. The ceremonials observed, on that occasion, have been thus recorded by a contemporary,[2] and are highly curious:—

"On Christmas day her majesty came to service, very richly apparelled in a gown of purple velvet, embroidered with silver, very richly set with stones, and a rich collar set with stones. The earl of Warwick (Leicester's brother) bore the sword, the lady Strange (the daughter of the queen's cousin, lady Eleanor Brandon) bore her train. After the creed, the queen went down to the offering, and having a short bench with a carpet and a cushion laid by a gentleman usher, her majesty kneeled down. Her offering was given her by the marquis of Northampton; after which she went into her traverse, where she abode till the time of the communion, and then came forth and kneeled down on the cushion and carpet. The gentlemen ushers delivered the towel (or communion cloth) to the lord chamberlain, who delivered the same to be holden by the earl of Sussex on her right hand, and the earl of Leicester on the left.[3] The bishop of Rochester served her majesty both with the wine and bread. Then the queen went into the traverse again, and the lady Cecilia, wife to the marquis of Baden, came out of the traverse, and kneeled at the place where the queen had kneeled, but she had no cushion, only one to kneel on. After she had received, she returned to the traverse again. Then the archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain received the communion with the mother of the maids, after which the service proceeded to the end. The queen returned to the chamber of presence, and not to the closet. Her majesty dined not abroad."

Elizabeth was fond of jesting, and now and then perpetrated a pun. This year she sent Man, dean of Gloucester, as ambassador to Philip of Spain, whose envoy at the English court was Gusman, dean of Toledo. Elizabeth thought meanly of the person and abilities of dean Man, and this opinion gave rise to a very bad pun by her majesty. She said, "King Philip had sent Gooseman (Gusman) to her, and she, in return, had sent a *Man* to him not a whit better than a *goose*." She also made the following quaint rhyming rebus on a gentleman of the name of Noel:—

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[1] Von Raumer.

[2] Donation MS. 4812, No. 8, lib. W. Y. 193, British Museum.

[3] This cloth was to be held up before the queen's face the moment she had received the elements: it was a remnant of the Catholic ceremonial.

"The word of denial and letter of fifty
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty."[1]

A few of the less pleasing traits of Elizabeth's character developed themselves this year, among which may be reckoned her unkind treatment of the venerable Dr. Heath, the nonjuring archbishop of York, and formerly lord chancellor. It has been shown that he performed good and loyal service for Elizabeth, whose doubtful title was established, beyond dispute, by his making her first proclamation a solemn act of both houses of parliament. Subsequently, in 1560, he was ordered into confinement in the Tower, because he would not acknowledge Elizabeth's supremacy over the church. He remained there till he was sent into a sort of prison restraint at one of the houses belonging to his see in Yorkshire. His mode of imprisonment permitted him to take walks for exercise. These rambles could not have been very far, for he was turned of eighty. They were regarded with jealousy, and the following order of council exists, in answer to a letter from lord Scrope, relative to the examination by him to be taken of Nicholas Heath, with whom his lordship is required to proceed somewhat sharply withal, "to the end, that he should declare the full truth why he wandereth abroad; and if he will not be plain, to use some kind of torture to him, so as to be without any great bodily hurt, and to advertise his (lord Scrope's) doings herein."[2]

The old man had been on terms of friendship with the queen, had done her worthy service, he had been considered an opponent of persecution, yet could Elizabeth, then little turned of thirty, sit in her conclave, and order the unfortunate prisoner to be pinched with the torture, to reveal some vague and indefinite crime, which perhaps only existed in the suspicions of his enemies.

Elizabeth had ordered her ministers at the court of Edinburgh, Throckmorton and Randolph, to foment the disaffections there, and especially to encourage Murray and his party, in their opposition to the marriage of Mary with Darnley; in consequence of which, they at length took up arms against their sovereign. They were defeated, and forced to retreat into England. Murray proceeded to London, and requested an interview with the queen: considering, doubtless, that he had a claim to her favour and protection, having acted in secret understanding with her ministers.

The queen, however, refused at first to see him, or any of the confederates. Murray complained to Cecil, and others, "that he had been moved to what he had done by the instigation of queen Elizabeth, whereby he had lost all in Scotland." Elizabeth caused it to be represented to him, that this was very displeasing to her, and that she would only see him and his friends on condition of their exonerating her from

[1] Collins, in Gainsborough.

[2] Council Register, Reign of Elizabeth, No. 1, p. 196. At this black privy council there is noted as present, June 22, 1565, queen Elizabeth, the lord keeper Bacon, marquis Northampton, earl of Leicester, secretary Cecil, Mr. Cave, Petre, and Sackville. It is edited by the late Mr. Howard of Corby, in his Supplement to the Howard Memorials.

any share in the plot against his own government. When they had received their lesson, they were admitted to an audience, in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, and falling on their knees, they declared that "the queen was innocent of the conspiracy, and had never advised them to disobey their sovereign lady."

"Now," replied Elizabeth, "ye have spoken truth. Get from my presence; traitors, as ye are."[1] Thus did she outwit, and trample on her own abased instruments. However, she gave Murray a pension, secretly. Throckmorton was so indignant at her attempting to treat his intrigues with the unsuccessful Scottish rebels, as if unauthorized by herself, that he exposed the secret orders on which he had acted; which was never forgiven by Elizabeth and Leicester, although he had been, as the reader has seen, one of the oldest and most trusty of the friends of her youth. To those she was, generally speaking, attached and grateful. Sir James Crofts she promoted very highly in his military capacity, and after the death of sir Thomas Parry, made him comptroller of her household. Saintlow, the captain of the yeomen of her guard, who was confined in the Tower at the same time with herself, on suspicion of being a confederate in the plots against queen Mary, continued in her household after her accession to the throne. She was not always very gracious to him; but condescended, nevertheless, to obtain from him a horse, for which she only paid him with fair words. This is his account of the matter in a letter he wrote to his wife:[2] "The queen, yesterday, her own self riding, upon the way craved my horse, unto whom I gave him, receiving openly many goodly words." Elizabeth quarrelled with him the next time they met; all which he thus relates to his better half: "The queen found great fault with my long absence, saying, 'that she would talk with me further, and that she meant to chide me.' I answered, 'that when her highness understood the truth and cause, she would not be offended.' To which she said, 'Very well, very well.' Howbeit, hand of hers I did not kiss."

This year Elizabeth having appointed sir Henry Sidney to the government of Ireland, addressed to him the following sapient, but pedantic letter, on the occasion of the feud between the earls of Desmond and Ormond, in which she prescribes the part, he is to take, in a series of quaint punning aphorisms, not always *apropos* to the subject; and rather reminding us, of what lord Byron called "hints and howls, by way of an oration."

"HARRY,

"If our partial, slender managing of the contentious quarrel between the two Irish rebels, did not make the way to cause these lines to pass my hand, this gibberish should hardly have cumbered your eyes; but warned by my former fault, and dreading worser hap to come, I *rede* (advise) you take good heed. * * * * Make some difference between tried, just, and false friends. Let the good service of well deservers, be never rewarded with loss. Let their thanks be such, as may encourage more strivers for the like. Suffer not that

[1] Keith; Chalmers; Lingard; Melville.

[2] After Saintlow's death, his wife, commonly called Bess of Hardwick, married the earl of Shrewsbury, and obtained infamous celebrity as the treacherous castellaine of Mary, queen of Scots. See Lodge's Illustrations.

Desmond's daring deeds, far wide from promised works, make you trust to other pledge than himself, or John, for gage. He hath so well performed his English vows, that I warn you, trust him no farther than you see one of them. Prometheus, let me be; and Prometheus hath been mine, too long. I pray God your old straying sheep, late as you say, returned into fold, wore not her woolly garment upon her *wolfy* back. You know a kingdom knows no kindred. *Si violandum jus regnan di causa.* A strength to harm, is perilous in the hand of an ambitious head. Where might is mixed with wit, there is too good an accord in a government. Essays be oft dangerous, specially where the cup bearer hath received such a preservative, as whatsoever betide the drinker's draught, the carrier takes no pain thereby. Believe not, though they swear that they can be full sound, whose parents sought the rule that they full fain would have. I warrant you, they will never be accused of bastardy; they will trace the steps that others have trod before. If I had not espied, though very late, *legerdemain* used in these cases, I had never played my part. No, if I did not see the balances held awry, I had never myself come into the weigh-house. I hope I shall have so good customer of you, that all under officers shall do their duty among you. If aught have been amiss at home, I will patch, though I cannot whole it. Let us not, nor do you consult so long, that advice come too late. Where, then, shall we wish the deeds, while all was spent in words. A fool too late bewares when all the peril is past. If we still advise, we shall never do, yea, and if our web be framed with rotten handles, when our loom is well nigh done, our work is new to begin. God send the weaver true prentices again, and let them be denizens. I pray you, if they be not citizens, and such too as your ancients, aldermen, that have, or now dwell in your official place, have had best cause to commend their good behaviour. Let this memorial be only committed to Vulcan's base keeping, without any longer abode than the leisure of the reading thereof; yea, and no mention made thereof to any other wight, I charge you, as I may command you, seem not to have had but secretaries' letters from me.

"Your loving *maistres*,

"ELIZABETH R."[1]

Early in the new year arrived Rambouillet, an envoy-extraordinary from Charles IX., to invest any two of her majesty's great nobles, whom it might please her to point out, with the insignia of Saint Michael, the national order of France, which had never before been bestowed on any English subject, save Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Elizabeth named her kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, who then held a distinguished place in her favour, and the earl of Leicester.[2] It had occasioned great wonder, in the first year of her reign, when this nobleman was chosen as one of the knights of the garter; but so many honours and privileges had since been conferred on him, that this was regarded as a matter of course; and every one expected that his next preferment would be to the crown-matrimonial of England. Elizabeth had promised to give him a decided answer at Candlemas; but when that time came, she still hesitated. Cecil had bided his time; and when he found her dubious, he suggested six important objections to the marriage.[3] 1st. Leicester could bring neither riches, power, nor estimation. 2nd. He was deeply involved in debt, notwithstanding all that had been lavished upon him. 3rd. He was surrounded by needy and rapacious dependents, who would engross all the favour, and all the patronage of the crown. 4th. He was so violent and mutable in his passions; one day so jealous, and another so indifferent, that the queen could not expect to live happily

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Stowe. [3] Von Raumer. Lingard.

with him. 5th. He was infamed, by the death of his wife; and, 6th. His marriage with his sovereign, would be taken as a confirmation of all the scandalous reports that had been so long and confidently circulated, both at home and abroad.[1]

The wedded misery of the queen of Scots, and the ingratitude, ambition, and misconduct of Darnley, probably operated as a warning to the wary Elizabeth, of the danger she might encounter if she married a subject; and, above all, she knew Leicester too well to trust him.

The state of excitement in the court and the scandalous reports that were in circulation, may be gathered from the careful manner in which the cautious premier guards his colleague at the court of France, sir Thomas Smith, from giving credit to the gossip that may have been collected by the servant, whom he had lately sent to England with his letters.

"Of my lord of Leicester's absence," writes he, "and of his return to favour, if your man tell you tales of the court or city, they be fond (foolish), and many untrue. Briefly, I affirm, that the queen's majesty may be by malicious tongues not well reported; but in truth she herself is blameless, and hath no spot of evil intent. Marry, there may lack specially in so busy a world, circumspections to avoid all occasions"[2]—of giving room for invidious observation—Cecil might have added, had he closed the sentence; but he evidently refers with some annoyance to the levity of carriage in his royal mistress, which rendered it necessary for him to render serious testimony to her ambassador in a foreign court, that however her reputation might have suffered, she was herself innocent of actual misconduct.

Cecil's letter is dated the 26th of March, 1566, and at that time he appears seriously anxious to promote Elizabeth's marriage with the archduke, if only to put an end to the disreputable flirtation, which was still going on, with the man whom she probably loved, but was too proud, too cautious to marry.

"The matter of Charles," pursues the premier, "is of her surely minded; but the progress therein hath many lets. My lord of Norfolk hath showed himself a very noble man, and wise."

Norfolk was an earnest advocate of the Austrian marriage; and his disdain of Leicester was never forgiven by the favourite. The rest of the nobility were also anxious for the alliance with Charles.

"God direct the queen's marriage in some place," concludes Cecil, "for otherwise her regiment will prove very troublesome and unquiet." By the expression, her *regiment*, the premier seems to imply her rule, or guidance; but whether the trouble he anticipates would be to himself, in managing his sovereign, or to herself in ruling her aspiring lord, is not quite so clear.

Where crowns and sovereigns are at stake, the game must needs be delicately played, by those who hope to win; but Leicester's egotism led him to forget the respect due to his royal mistress, so far as to unbosom himself without reserve to the new French ambassador, La Fo-

[1] Haynes.

[2] Wright, vol. i., 225.

rêt, who, on the 6th of August, 1566, communicated the following particulars to his own court: "The earl has admitted to me, laughing and sighing at the same time, 'that he knows not what to hope or fear, that he is more uncertain than ever whether the queen wishes to marry him or not; that she has so many, and great princes suitors, that he knows not what to do, or what to think.' Subsequently he has said, 'I believe not in truth that the queen will ever marry. I have known her, from her eighth year, better than any man upon earth. From that date she has invariably declared that she would remain unmarried. Should she, however, alter that determination, I am all but convinced she would choose no other than myself. At least, the queen has done me the honour to say as much to me, and I am as much in her favour as ever.'"[1]

While these doubts and fears, hopes and misgivings, on the subject of love and matrimony were agitating the mighty Elizabeth, her ambitious favourite, her anxious premier, and jealous kinsmen,—Mary Stuart, on the 19th of June, had given birth to a son, who was one day to unite the Britannic Isles in one peaceful and glorious empire. Sir James Melville was despatched in all haste to announce this joyful event to Elizabeth.

The court was then at Greenwich; and Cecil hastening to the royal presence before Melville was admitted, approached her majesty, who was dancing merrily in the hall after supper, and whispered the news in her ear. The mirth and music ceased; for all present were startled at the sudden change which came over the queen, who, unable to conceal her vexation, sat down, leaning her head on her hand, and then burst out to some of her ladies, who anxiously inquired what ailed her grace—"The queen of Scots is lighter of a fair son; and I am but a barren stock!"[2] This extraordinary lamentation for a maiden queen was duly reported to Melville; when he came next morning to his official audience, his spies and friends told him, withal, that the queen had been earnestly counselled to conceal her chagrin, and "show a glad countenance." However, she rather overacted her part, if Melville bears true witness, since, at his introduction, he says, "She welcomed me with a merry *volt*," which certainly must mean, that she cut a caper at the sight of him. "She then thanked me for the despatch I had used, and told me 'the news I brought had recovered her from a heavy sickness, which had held her fifteen days!' All this she said and did, before I delivered my letter of credence. I told her, when she had read it, 'that my queen knew of all her friends, her majesty would be the gladdest of the news, albeit, her son was dear bought with peril of her life;' adding, 'that she was so sair handled in the meantime, that she *wisset* she had never married.' This I said to give the English queen a little scare of marrying; she boasted sometimes that she was on the point of marrying the archduke Charles, whenever she was pressed to name the second person, or heir to the English crown. Then I requested her majesty to be a gossip to our queen; for cummers, or godmothers, are called gossips in England. This she granted gladly. Then, I said, her majesty

[1] Depêches de la Forêt.

[2] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 158–9.

would have a fair occasion to see our queen, which she had so oft desired. At this she smiled, and said, 'she wished that her estate and affairs might permit her,' and promised to send honourable lords and ladies to supply her place."[1] She sent the earl of Bedford as her representative to congratulate the queen, and to present her splendid christening gift, a font of gold worth 1000*l.*, which she expressed some fear that the little prince might have over-grown. "If you find it so," said she, "you may observe that our good sister has only to keep it for the next, or some such merry talk." Elizabeth appointed Mary's illegitimate sister, the beautiful countess of Argyle, to act as her proxy at the baptism of the heir of Scotland, which was performed according to the rites of the church of Rome. The royal infant received the names of Charles James, though he reigned under that of James alone.

Elizabeth was the principal cause of the unfortunate husband of Mary not being present at the baptism of his royal infant, because she had positively enjoined her ambassador to refuse to acknowledge his conventional title of king of Scotland.

This summer the feuds between Sussex and Leicester ran so high, on the subject of her majesty's marriage, that neither of them ventured abroad without a retinue of armed followers. Sussex, whose mother was a Howard, was the kinsman of the queen, and his high sense of honour rendered him jealous of the construction that was placed on her intimacy with her master of the horse, combined with her reluctance to marry. He was urgent with her to espouse the archduke Charles, and with him were banded all of the Howard lineage and Lord Hunsdon, her maternal relatives. Cecil, her premier, went with them as far as his cautious nature would permit. In June there was an attempt to shake his credit with the queen, and he has noted briefly, and without comment, the following incidents in his diary:—

"June, 1566, Fulsharst, a fool, was suborned to speak slanderously of me at Greenwich to the queen's majesty, for which he was committed to Bridewell."

"16th, a discord between the earls of Leicester and Sussex at Greenwich, there appeased by her majesty."

"21st, Accord between the Earls of Sussex and Leicester before her majesty at Greenwich."

They were reconciled after the fashion of persons, who are reluctantly bound over to keep the peace, for their hatred was deadly and unquenchable. The queen went soon after in progress into Northamptonshire and to Woodstock. On the 31st of August she paid a long-promised visit to the University of Oxford, of which Leicester had been elected chancellor. She was received at Walvicote by the earl of Leicester, and a deputation of doctors and heads of colleges in their scarlet gowns and hoods. The staffs of the superior beadles were delivered to her by the chancellor and restored again. Mr. Roger Marbeck, the orator of the University, made an elegant speech to her majesty, who was graciously pleased to offer her hand to be kissed by the orator and

[1] Melville's Memoirs.

doctors. When Dr. Humphreys, the leader of the puritan party, drew near, in his turn, to perform that homage to his liege lady, she said to him, with a smile, "Mr. Doctor, that loose gown becomes you well, I wonder your notions should be so narrow."[1]

About a mile from the town, her majesty was met and welcomed by the mayor and corporation. The mayor surrendered his mace into her hands, which she returned, and he presented to her, in the name of the city, a cup of silver, double gilt, in which was forty pounds in old gold. She entered at the north gate, called Brocardo, from which place to Christ Church Hall, the University was ranged in order, according to their degrees, and each order presented her majesty with Latin verses and orations. The scholars, kneeling as she passed, cried "*Vivat regina*," and she, with joyful countenance, responded "*Gratius ego.*" When she came to Carfax, an oration was made to her in Greek, by Mr. Lawrence, to which she made a suitable reply, in the same language. A canopy was borne over her, by four senior doctors, as she entered the church. On the second of September her majesty heard the first half of an English play, called Palamon and Arcite,[2] "which had such tragical success," observes old Stowe, "as was lamentable, three persons being killed by the fall of a wall and part of the staircase, on account of the over-pressure of the crowd, which the queen understanding, was much concerned, and sent her own surgeon to help those, who were now past remedy. On the fourth of September the queen heard the remainder of Palamon and Arcite,[3] to her great content, in the com-

[1] Hist. and Antiq. Oxon., lib. i., 287.

[2] Neal's Visit of Queen Elizabeth to Oxford, MS. Harl. 7033, f. 139.

[3] The author of this admired play was Richard Edwards, master of the children of her majesty's chapel royal. He had previously written the tragedy of Damon and Pythias. His verses were much esteemed in the court; and the following complimentary description of eight of Elizabeth's maids of honour can scarcely be unacceptable to the reader:—

I.

"Howard is not haughty,
But of such smiling cheer,
That would allure each gentle heart
Her love to hold full dear.

II.

"Dacres is not dangerous,
Her talk is nothing coy,
Her noble stature may compare
With Hector's wife of Troy.

III.

"Baynam is as beautiful
As nature can devise;
Steadfastness possess her heart,
And chastity her eyes.

IV.

"Arundel is ancient
In these her tender years;
In heart, in voice, in talk, in deeds,
A matron wise appears.

V.

"Dormer is a darling,
Of such a lively hue,
That whoso feeds his eyes on her
May soon her beauty rue.

VI.

"Coke is comely, and thereto
In books sets all her care
In learning, with the Roman dames
Of right she may compare.

VII.

"Bridges is a blessed wight,
And prayeth with heart and voice,
Which from her cradle hath been taught
In virtue to rejoice.

VIII.

"These eight now serve one noble queen;
But if power were in me,
For beauty's praise, and virtue's sake,
Each one a queen should be."

Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

mon hall of Christ's College. When it was ended, she, who well knew the art of pleasing, and rarely omitted those gracious courtesies which cost a sovereign nothing, but are precious, beyond description, to those to whom they are vouchsafed, sent for the author, and gave him thanks for the pleasure she had received, with promises of reward, and before her whole court condescended thus to prattle to him of the characters which had afforded her two nights' entertainment in the hall. "By Palamon," said her majesty, "I warrant he dallied not in love, being in love indeed. By Arcite, he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance and a manly face. By Trecotio, God's pity, what a knave it is! By Pirithous, his throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander by would have stayed by the arm with an oath."[1] This circumstance appears to have amused Elizabeth exceedingly, for it seems, that the youthful part of the audience, being new to the excitement of dramatic entertainments, took some of the most lively incidents in the play for reality, without pausing to reflect on the absurdity of a pagan knight, of the court of Theseus, being in possession of the cloak of the royal Anglo-Saxon saint. It is, however, certain, that the fair Emilia, whose part was enacted by a handsome boy of fourteen, appeared on that occasion, not only in the costume, but the veritable array of the recently defunct majesty of England, queen Mary, as we find from the following item in one of the wardrobe books of queen Elizabeth: "There was occupied and worn at Oxford, in a play before her majesty, certain of the apparel that was late queen Mary's; at what time there was lost one fore-quarter of a gown without sleeves, of purple velvet, with satin ground," &c.[2]

Notwithstanding the abstraction of so important a portion of the royal gaberdine of her sister and predecessor, with which the roguish representative of the Athenian princess, had doubtless guerdoned himself, for his trouble, queen Elizabeth, in token of her approbation of his performance, gave him eight pounds in gold. In the same play was introduced the cry of hounds on the train of a fox, in Theseus' hunting party, which being imitated with good effect, not on the stage, but the quadrangle of the college, the young scholars standing in the windows were so greatly excited, that they cried out, "There, there! he's caught, he's caught!"

"Oh, excellent!" cried the queen, merrily, from her box. "These boys in very troth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds."[3]

On the fifth of September were disputations in physic and divinity in St. Mary's church, from two o'clock till seven, before the queen, at which time Dr. Westphaling prolonged his oration to so unreasonable a length, that her majesty, who intended herself to speak in the evening, sent word to him, "to make an end of his discourse without delay."[4]

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[1] Anthony A'Wood; Warton; Nichols.

[2] The highly curious MS. from which this fact is derived is in the valuable collection of my learned friend, Sir Thomas Phillipps, bart., of Middlehill.

[3] Anth. A'Wood; Ath. Ox., vol. i., p. 288; Nichols' Progresses.

[4] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

The doctor, having possession of the public ear, paid no heed to the royal mandate, but held forth for half-an-hour more, to the infinite indignation of the queen, who was not only especially bored by his interminable prosing, but prevented from making the learned display she had herself meditated, having been earnestly solicited to speak by the Spanish ambassador, who was present, which she had promised to do when the disputations were over. It was so late before Dr. Westphaling concluded his harangue that her majesty was compelled to put off her own speech till the next morning. She sent an angry message to Westphaling, inquiring "how he durst presume to go on with his discourse to so unreasonable a length, after she had sent her commands for him to bring it briefly to a close?" The learned doctor replied, with great humility, that having committed it all to memory, he found it impossible to omit any part in order to shorten it, lest he should put himself so entirely out of cue that he should forget all the rest, and so be brought to shame before the university and court. Her majesty laughed heartily, when she understood the parrot-like manner in which the poor doctor had learned his theme, so that he feared to leave out one sentence, for fear of forgetting the rest.

On the following morning she made her own oration, in Latin, before the whole university, "to the great comfort and delectation of them all;" but in the midst of it, observing her secretary of state, Cecil, standing on his lame feet, she broke off, by ordering one of her attendants to bring him a stool, and when she had seen him conveniently seated, she resumed her oration, and went on to the end as fluently as if she had not interrupted herself. This, it is supposed, she intended as a hint to Westphaling on her superior powers of eloquence and memory.[1]

Her majesty was feasted, eulogized, and entertained at Oxford for seven successive days. On the last, the commissary and proctors presented her majesty, in the name of the whole university, with six pair of very fine gloves, and to the nobles and officers of her household, some two pair, and others one, which were thankfully accepted. After dinner, a farewell oration was addressed to her majesty in Christ Church, and the very walls of Oxford were papered with verses in honour of her visit. She was conducted, by the mayor, aldermen, and heads of colleges, as far as Shotiver-hill, where the earl of Leicester informed her their jurisdiction ended, and Mr. Roger Marbeck made a final oration to her majesty, on the glories to which learning was likely to arrive under so erudite a sovereign. Elizabeth listened with pleasure, returned a gracious answer, and looking back on Oxford with all possible marks of tenderness and affection, bade them farewell.[2]

From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of sir Henry Norris, and then returned to London, to await the opening of the parliament, which, after six lengthened prorogations, she had reluctantly summoned to meet for the purpose of replenishing her empty exchequer.

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[1] Sir John Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Hist. and Antiquities Acad. Oxon.; Anthony A'Wood; Holinshed; Nichols.

The birth of a son to the queen of Scots had strengthened the party of those who were desirous of seeing the succession settled on the hereditary claimants who would ultimately unite the crowns of England and Scotland in peace and prosperity. On the other hand, the protestant community, dreading a renewal of persecution if the sceptre passed into the hands of a catholic sovereign, desired the marriage of Elizabeth, in the hope of continuing under monarchs of her own immediate lineage.

When the parliament met, both parties united in addressing her majesty on the two subjects most distasteful to her—her marriage and the settlement of the royal succession. She heard them with fierce impatience, and, like a true daughter of Henry VIII., bade them "attend to their own duties, and she would perform hers." They were of a different spirit from the men who had crouched to her father's bad passions and ill manners, for they exerted the independence of the national senate by refusing to grant the supplies, on the grounds that her majesty had not performed the conditions on which the last were given, and passed a vote that nothing of the kind should be done, till she thought proper to accede to the wishes of the nation by settling the succession.[1]

A deputation of twenty peers addressed the queen on the evils resulting from her silence. She answered, haughtily, "that she did not choose that her grave should be dug while she was yet alive; that the commons had acted like rebels, and had treated her as they durst not have treated her father." She added, with infinite scorn, "that the lords might pass a similar vote if they pleased, but their votes were but empty breath without her royal assent." She called them "hair-brained politicians, unfit to decide on such matters," and referred herself to a committee of six grave and discreet councillors of her own choosing, "by whose advice," she said, "she intended to be guided."[2]

This intemperate and despotic language did not suit the temper of the times, and was followed by the first serious opposition and censure of the conduct of the sovereign that had been heard for centuries in the national senate. Leicester, provoked probably at the determination of the queen not to risk bestowing a share in her power and privileges on a consort, took a leading part in this debate, which so offended her that she forbade him and the earl of Pembroke her presence.[3] Party recriminations ran high on this subject; Leicester had avenged the opposition of Cecil to his marriage with their sovereign, by causing it to be generally circulated that the jealousy of the premier was the real obstacle which deterred her majesty from fulfilling the wishes of her people, and great ill-will was expressed to the minister on this account, and public curses were bestowed on Huick, the queen's physician, for having said something, in his professional character, which had deterred her majesty from matrimony. On the 27th of October, a general petition was addressed to her majesty by both houses of parliament, entreating her either to choose a consort or name a successor. Elizabeth assured them "that she had not bound herself by any vow of celibacy never to trade

[1] D'Ewes' Journals, 12. [2] Ibid., 124. [3] Burleigh Papers.

(as she termed it) in that kind of life called marriage." She acknowledged "that she thought it best for private women, but, as a prince, she endeavoured to bend her mind to it, and as for the matter of the succession, she promised that they should have the benefit of her prayers." The commons were not content with this oracular declaration, and passed a vote, that the bill for the supplies should be incorporated, with a bill for the settlement of the succession. The queen was exasperated at this novel step in the provision of ways and means, and when it was communicated to her, by a deputation from the lower house, she hastily scribbled at the foot of the address her sentiments on the occasion, which, according to a notation in cipher, added by sir William Cecil, she repeated, by way of answer,[1] to Mr. Speaker and thirty members of the house of commons, who brought up the unlucky address, Nov. 14, 1566. It is to be hoped her speech was more perspicuous than her notes of it, or little could the commons learn, further than that their liege lady was in a rage:—

"I know no reason why any my private answers to the realm should serve for prologue to a subsidy vote; neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make, without my license, an Act of my words. Are my words like lawyer's books, which now-a-days go to the wire-drawers, to make subtle doings more plain? Is there no hold of my speech without an act to compel me to confirm? Shall my princely consent be turned to strengthen my words, that be not of themselves substantives? Say no more at this time, but if these fellows—(we fear she meant the members of the House of Commons by this irreverent word *fellows*)—were well answered, and paid with lawful coin, there would be no fewer counterfeits among them!"

The commons regarded this intimation as a breach of their privileges, and allowed the bill for the supplies—that business to which alone her majesty was desirous they should direct their attention, to remain unnoticed. They maintained with unwonted independence, "that since the queen would not marry, she ought to be compelled to name her successor, and that her refusing to do so, proceeded from feelings which could only be entertained by weak princes and faint-hearted women."[2] Elizabeth was mortified at this language, but felt that she reigned solely by the will and affections of her own people, whose representatives she had insulted. France, Spain, Scotland, Rome, were ready to unite against her if she took one false step; and she was without money. It was not in her temper to retract, but she well knew how to cajole, and sending for thirty members from each house, she assured them of her loving affection and desire to do all that her subjects' weal required, and that, understanding that the house was willing to grant her an extra subsidy if she would declare her successor; she could only say, "that half would content her, as she considered that money in her subjects' purses was as good as in her own exchequer."[3] This popular sentiment ob-

[1] The paper written on, in her hurried running hand, is still to be seen among the Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Museum, No. 1236, fol. 42. A sentence or two, unconnected in sense, precedes those we have quoted. A specimen of this autograph is engraved in Netherclift's autographs of illustrious women of Great Britain,—a work of great merit.

[2] D'Ewes' Journals of Parliament.

[3] D'Ewes; Rapin; Camden.

tained from the parliament the really ample grant of one-fifteenth and one-tenth from the people, and four shillings in the pound from the clergy, unfettered by any conditions whatsoever. When Elizabeth had gained this point, she dismissed her parliament without delay, in a half-pathetic, half-vituperative speech from the throne; observing in the commencement of her harangue, "that although her lord keeper (Bacon) had addressed them, she remembered that a prince's own words bore more weight with them than those that were spoken by her command." She complained bitterly of "the dissimulation that she had found among them when she was herself all plainness. As for her successor," she said, "they might, perhaps, have a wiser or more learned to reign over them, but one more careful for their weal they could not have, but whether she ever lived to meet them again, or whoever it might be, she bade them beware how they again tried their prince's patience, as they had done hers. And now, to conclude," said her majesty, "not meaning to make a Lent of Christmas, the most part of you may assure yourselves that you depart in your prince's grace."[1]

At the very period of this stormy excitement, Elizabeth was secretly amusing herself with the almost exploded chimeras of alchemy, for Cecil, in his diary, has noted that in January, 1567, "Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutchman, was committed to the Tower for abusing[2] the queen's majesty, in promising to make the elixir." This impostor had been permitted to have his laboratory at Somerset house, where he had deceived many by promising to convert any metal into gold. To the queen a more flattering delusion had been held forth, even the draught of perpetual life and youth, and her strong intellect had been duped into a persuasion that it was in the power of a foreign empiric to confer the boon of immortality upon her. The particulars of this transaction would doubtless afford a curious page in the personal history of the mighty Elizabeth. That she was a believer in the occult sciences, and an encourager of those who practised the forbidden arts of divination and transmutation, no one who has read the diary of her pet conjuror, Dr. Dee, can doubt. It is probable that he was an instrument used by her to practise on the credulity of other princes, and that, through his agency, she was enabled to penetrate into many secret plots and associations in her own realm, but she placed apparently an absurd reliance on his predictions herself. She even condescended with her whole court and privy council to visit him one day at Mortlake, when it was her gracious intention to have examined his library, and entered into further conference, but understanding that his wife had only been buried four hours, she contented herself with a peep into his magic mirror, which he brought to her.[3] "Her majesty," says Dee, "being taken down from her horse by the earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall, at Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her majesty's great contentment and delight."[4]

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[1] D'Ewes; Rapin.

[2] i. e., *abusing*, in old English, meant deceiving.

[3] Diary of Dr. Dee, edited by James O. Halliwell, Esq., published by the Camden Society. Dee's Compendious Memorial.

[4] Ibid.

A strange sight, in sooth, it must have been for the good people of Mortlake, who had witnessed in the morning the interment of the wizard's wife in the churchyard, to behold in the afternoon the maiden majesty of England, holding conference with the occult widower under the same church wall, on the flowery margin of the Thames. Nay, more, alighting from her stately palfrey, to read a forbidden page of futurity in the dim depths of his wondrous mirror[1]—ebon framed, and in shape and size resembling some antique hand-screen—while her gay and ambitious master of the horse, scarcely refrained, perchance, from compelling the oracle to reflect his own handsome face to the royal eye, as that of the man whom the fates had decided it was her destiny to wed. Many, however, were the secret consultations Dee held with queen Elizabeth at Windsor, and Richmond, and even at Whitehall; and when she passed that way she honoured him with especial greetings.

"September 17th," says he, "the queen's majesty came from Richmond, in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down towards my house; and when she was against my garden in the field, she stood there a good while, and then came into the street at the great gate of the field, where, espying me at my door making obeisances to her majesty, she beckoned me to come to her coach side; she very speedily pulled off her glove and gave me her hand to kiss, and to be short, asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete (know) when I came there."[2] He also had flattered Elizabeth with promises of perennial youth and beauty, from his anticipated discovery of the elixir of life, and the prospect of unbounded wealth, as soon as he should have arrived at the power of bringing to practical purpose his secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold.

After years of false but not fruitless trickery, he professed to have arrived at the point of projection, having cut a piece of metal out of a brass warming-pan, and merely heating it by the fire and pouring on it a portion of his elixir, converted it into pure silver. He is said to have sent the warming-pan with the piece of silver to the queen, that she might see with her own eyes the miracle, and be convinced that they were the veritable parts that had been severed from each other, by the exact manner in which they corresponded after the transmutation had been effected.[3] His frequent impositions on the judgment of the queen, did not cure her of the partiality with which she regarded him, and after a long residence on the continent, she wooed him to return to England, which he did, travelling with three coaches, each with four horses, in state, little inferior to that of an ambassador. A guard of soldiers was sent to defend him from molestation or plunder on the road. Immediately on his arrival, he had an audience of the queen, at Richmond, by whom he was most graciously received. She issued her especial

[1] Last summer, this identical mirror attracted much attention at the private view of Horace Walpole's collection, at Strawberry-hill, and was sold, after great competition, for fifteen guineas.

[2] Dee's Diary.

[3] Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.

orders that he should do what he liked in chemistry and philosophy, and that no one should on any account interrupt him. He held two livings in the church, through the patronage of his royal mistress, though he was suspected by her loyal lieges of being in direct correspondence and friendship with the powers of evil. Elizabeth finally bestowed upon him the chancellorship of St. Paul's Cathedral.[1]

The very accurate accounts that were kept, by the officers of Elizabeth's wardrobe, of every article of the royal dress and decorations, are evidenced by the following amusing entry, from the highly curious MS. pertaining to that department, to which we have referred before :—

"Lost from her majesty's back, the 17th of January, anno 10 R. Eliz., at Westminster, one aglet of gold enamelled blue, set upon a gown of purple velvet, the ground satin; the gown set all over with aglets of two sorts, the aglet which is lost being of the bigger sort. Mem., That the 18th of April, anno 8, R. Eliz., her majesty *wore* a hat having a band of gold enamelled with knots, and set with twelve small rubies or garnets, at which time one of the said rubies was lost. Item, Lost from her majesty's back at Willington, the 16th of July, one aglet of gold enamelled white. Item, One pearl and a tassel of gold being lost from her majesty's back, off the French gown of black satin, the 15th day of July, at Greenwich."[2]

These aglets were ornamental loops, or eyelets, of goldsmiths' work, with which Elizabeth's robes appear to have been thickly besprinkled; they were movable, and changed from one dress to another, according to pleasure, and she had various sets of them of different colours and patterns; some gold enamelled white, some blue, others purple, and some enriched with pearls and gems. Manifold are the entries in the said wardrobe book, of the losses her majesty sustained in these decorations; in one instance the record is entered in regal style. "Item—lost from the face of a gown, in our wearing the same at Cheynes, July anno 12., one pair of small aglets, enamelled blue, parcel of 183 pair." The inference of the reader would naturally be, that her majesty's yeomen of the robes must have performed their duties very negligently to allow such insecure stitching to be used in her service; but we remember to have seen in a contemporary MS., that when the queen dined in public on one of her progresses, some of those that stood about her cut aglets from her majesty's dress, and that not out of a pilfering disposition, but from feelings of loyal enthusiasm for the sake of possessing something that had been worn by their adored liege lady. Her losses of jewelry were not confined to aglets. At Oatlands, in the month of June, she was minus four buttons of gold, enamelled white and blue; and at Hampton court, in the month of January, in the following year, four pair of pomander buttons.

"Item, Lost from her majesty's back, the 25th of December anno 15, one tassel and one middle piece of gold from a knotted button, containing three pearls in *de pecc.* Lost from her majesty's back, 17th of November, one eft of gold."

Pope's sarcastic lines on the habit of mind of some females, who seem to employ equal depth of stratagem on matters of trifling import as on the government of a state, never sure received completer histori-

[1] Godwin's Life of Dee.

[2] Ex. MSS., Phillipps' Middle Hill Collection.

cal illustration, than when the acute heads of Elizabeth and Cecil plotted together to obtain surreptitiously the services of a tailor, employed by the queen-regent of France, Catharine de Medicis. The *goût* with which the prime minister of England enters into this intrigue, rather authenticates the statement of Parsons, the Jesuit, that he was the son of an operative tailor,[1] being in the same predicament with Pepys, whose affectionate instincts towards his paternal craft have more recently diverted all the world.

"The queen's majesty," wrote Cecil to Sir Henry Norris, the ambassador at Paris, "would fain have a tailor that had skill, to make her apparel both after the Italian and French manner, and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one that serveth the French queen, without mentioning any manner of request in our queen's majesty's name. First cause your lady to get such a one." The gist of the intrigue was, that the tailor was to be enticed into England by the agency of Lady Norris, without Catherine de Medicis knowing the matter, lest that queen should formally offer the services of the man of stitch, and thus entail a political obligation on the majesty of England.

The time and talents of this profound statesman were also employed by Elizabeth in devising a truly ludicrous proclamation to prevent unskilful painters, gravers, and printers from doing injustice to the goodly lineaments of her gracious countenance, by presuming to attempt portraitures of her till some cunning person should have made such a perfect representation as might serve for a pattern meet to be followed. But even when this state pattern was provided, none were to be allowed to copy it but persons of understanding, nor even such as were, unless duly authorized by a license. As for the ill-favoured portraits of her majesty that had already been rashly perpetrated, they were absolutely prohibited, as contraband articles, and were not permitted to be exposed for sale, "till such should be reformed as were reformable."[2]

Elizabeth, though drawing is said to have been one of her accomplishments, was so little acquainted with the principles of art, that she objected to allow any shades to be used by her court painter, as she considered all dark tints injurious to the fairness and smoothness of complexion and contour; hence, the Chinese flatness and insipidity which is generally the prevailing characteristic of her portraits.

In February, 1567, the horrible and mysterious murder of the unfortunate husband of Mary, queen of Scots, took place, under circumstances artfully contrived by the perpetrators of this atrocious deed, to fling a strong suspicion of the crime on their hapless sovereign. Elizabeth's first impulse, on learning this tragic event, was to send lady Howard and lady Cecil to her ill-treated cousin, lady Lenox, whom she had detained now two years a close prisoner in the Tower, to break to her the agonizing news of the calamity that had befallen her. In the evening,

[1] The highest preferment his father, Richard Cecil, ever obtained, was yeoman of the robes; he had previously served Henry VIII. and Edward VI., in some wardrobe vocation, but whether he had ever handled shears and needle, according to the statement of Parsons, must remain matter of speculation.

[2] Aikin's Elizabeth.

she sent her own physician, Dr. Huick, to visit her, and the dean of Westminster to offer her consolation.[1] It is possible that if this experienced lady had been allowed to join her husband and son in Scotland, on the marriage of Mary with the latter, her councils and mediation might have operated to prevent most of those unhappy differences between the royal pair, which were fomented by their mutual foes. Now that the worst that could befal had happened, Elizabeth restored lady Lenox and her youngest son, Charles, to liberty, and treated her with tenderness and consideration. Both the countess and her husband having been led to believe that the Scottish queen was deeply implicated in the murder of their son, appealed to Elizabeth for vengeance, and especially to bring Bothwell to an open trial for his share in the transaction.

Elizabeth wrote, in the energetic spirit of a daughter of the Plantagenets, to her unhappy cousin Mary Stuart, conjuring her to act as became her in this frightful crisis. She says:—"For the love of God, madame, use such sincerity and prudence in this case, which touches you so nearly, that all the world may have reason to judge you innocent of so enormous a crime—a thing, which unless you do, you will be worthily blotted out from the rank of princesses, and rendered, not undeservedly, the opprobrium of the vulgar; rather than which fate should befal you, I should wish you an honourable sepulchre, instead of a stained life."[2] This letter was written at the instance of Darnley's father, the earl of Lenox, who was desirous of having Bothwell's trial postponed till he could obtain further proofs of his guilt, but Mary was in the hands of Bothwell and his faction. Elizabeth's letter fell into the possession of Maitland, whose interest it was to suppress it, and there is reason to believe that it never reached her at all. Maitland attended Bothwell on his trial, and he was acquitted.[3] Elizabeth, of course, received no answer to her letter, which might have led so acute a princess to suspect that it had been intercepted or detained, especially when she understood that it had passed into hands so suspicious as those of Maitland, whose falsehood she had good reason to know. However, it suited her policy to consider Mary as a state criminal, and she eagerly received the strong tide of circumstantial evidence as confirmation of her guilt. On the subject of Mary's marriage with Bothwell, Elizabeth expressed herself with great severity, not only on account of its appearing an outrage against every proper feeling, but because she anticipated that an immediate league between the new consort of the Scottish queen and France would be the result.[4] There can be little doubt but this would have been the case if Mary's marriage with that ruffian had been her own choice, or anything but the offspring of dire necessity. Mary's kindred and the court of France treated him, by the advice of the ambassador, Du Croc, who was the friend and confidant of the hapless queen, with the scorn he merited.[5] They would not ac-

[1] Cecil to Norris, in Aikin's Elizabeth.
[2] Robertson's Appendix.
[3] Tytler; Lingard.
[4] Tytler.
[5] Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. i., new edition, pp. 50, 51, published by Colburn. See likewise the document in the old French, in Mr. Tytler's Appendix to History of Scotland.

knowledge him in any way, therefore Elizabeth was very soon relieved from her apprehension of a dangerous coalition between Bothwell and France.

Relentlessly as Elizabeth had laboured to undermine the throne of Mary Stuart, she no sooner beheld it in dust, and the queen a degraded and heart-broken captive in the hands of the fierce oligarchy whom her machinations and her gold had spirited up against their sovereign, than her mind misgave her. The blow that had been successfully struck at her hated rival might rebound upon herself, by demonstrating to her own subjects the fact that crowned heads were amenable to the delegates of the people, not only for misgovernment, but for personal crimes —a principle which no Tudor sovereign could desire to see established in England. Yet she, Elizabeth, the most despotic monarch, save and except her father, that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm, had nourished the spirit of revolt against regal authority in the dominions of her neighbour, and for the sake of personal vengeance on a fairer woman than herself, had committed a political sin against her own privileged and peculiar class, by teaching others to set at nought

"The divinity
That hedges in a king."

The recent proceedings in Scotland, the movements of the Huguenots in France and in Flanders, were signs of the tendency of the times towards a general emancipation from the restraints which governments and state creeds had imposed on the minds of men. The spiritual yoke of Rome had been broken in England and Scotland, and the elements of political revolution were agitating the western nations. Elizabeth had fed the flame for the sake of embarrassing the hostile sovereigns, who were ready to impugn her title to the crown she wore, but she was the most arbitrary of all in her determination to crush the same spirit in her own realm. A party was, however, struggling into existence, whose object was to establish the right of senates to hold the sovereign in check, and Elizabeth already began to feel its influence.

Her own parliament had recently opposed her will, and attempted to dictate to her the line of conduct they considered it was her duty to adopt, and if encouraged by the example of the successful revolt of Mary Stuart's subjects, they might ere long treat herself with as little ceremony. In the first revulsion caused by these reflections, Elizabeth despatched Throckmorton to Scotland, on a mission of comfort to the captive queen, and of stern remonstrance to her former tools and pensioners—Murray and his triumphant faction. While Mary was exposed to every bitter insult and indignity, during her woful incarceration at Lochleven, Elizabeth wrote to the queen-regent of France, Catherine de Medicis, the following letter, which casts a peculiar light on the apparent inconsistency of her political conduct at this period with regard to her royal kinswoman :—

"Oct. 16, 1567.

"Having learned by your letter, madame, of which Monsieur Pasquier is the bearer, your honourable intention, and that of the king, my brother, on the part of my desolate cousin, the queen of Scots, I rejoice me very much to see that

one prince takes to heart the wrongs done to another, having a hatred to that metamorphosis, where the head is removed to the foot, and the heels hold the highest place. I promise you, madame, that even if my consanguinity did not constrain me to wish her all honour, her example would seem too terrible for neighbours to behold, and for all princes to hear. These evils often resemble the noxious influence of some baleful planet, which, commencing in one place, without the good power, might well fall in another, not that (God be thanked) I have any doubts on my part, wishing that neither the king, my good brother, nor any other prince had more cause to chastise their bad subjects, than I have to avenge myself on mine, which are always as faithful to me as I could desire; notwithstanding which I never fail to condole with those princes who have cause to be angry. Even those troubles that formerly began with the king have vexed me before now.

"Monsieur Pasquier (as I believe) thinks I have no French, by the passions of laughter into which he throws me, by the formal precision with which he speaks, and expresses himself.

"Beseeching you, madame, if I can at this time do you any pleasure, you will let me know, that I may acquit myself as a good friend on your part. In the meantime, I cannot cease to pray the Creator to guard the king and yourself from your bad subjects, and to have you always in his holy care.

"In haste, at Hampton Court, this 16th of October (1567).

"Your good sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH."[1]

The commiseration affected by Elizabeth in this letter for the troubles she had industriously fomented in the dominions, both of Mary Stuart and Charles IX., was, doubtless, galling in the extreme to the proud Catherine de Medicis. In her answer, some months afterwards, that princess retorts, in the keenness of Italian sarcasms, her own words upon the English queen.[2]

Elizabeth was at this time amusing herself with the matrimonial negotiations which were actively renewed for her marriage with the accomplished archduke Charles, youngest son of the emperor Ferdinand I., and brother to Maximilian II., the reigning emperor of Germany. The religion of the archduke was the only impediment to an alliance, which Elizabeth is supposed to have considered with more complacency than any other of her numerous offers. The earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, the well-known opponent of Leicester, was the ambassador in the treaty, and prosecuted his mission with great zeal, in hopes of giving a check to the absorbing favouritism of his adversary. The letters of this magnificent noble are worthy of his high character; he draws, for his mistress's information, a very graphic picture of her suitor:—[3]

[1] This remarkable letter is translated from the original French, and has never before been introduced into Elizabeth's biography, being one of the precious transcripts from the royal autographs in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, which, by gracious permission, were transmitted to me last November, by Mr. Atkinson, librarian to the emperor. See also Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 55, 56.

[2] Catherine's bitterly sarcastic reply to this letter, in the succeeding May, when her daughter-in-law, the fugitive queen of Scots, was a prisoner in Elizabeth's dominions, may be seen at full length in the chain of historical correspondence embodied in the Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 71—73.

[3] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., 448.

"His highness," writes Sussex to the queen, "is of person higher, surely, a good deal than my lord marquis (of Baden); his hair of head and beard, a light auburn; his face well-proportioned, amiable, and of a very good complexion, without show of redness or over paleness; his countenance and speech cheerful, very courteous, but stately. His body very well-shaped, without deformity or blemish; his hands very good and fair; his legs clean, well-proportioned, and of sufficient bigness for his stature; his foot as good as may be. So as, upon my duty to your majesty, I find not one deformity, misshape, or anything to be noted worthy of misliking in his whole person; but contrariwise, I find his whole shape to be good in all respects, and such as is rarely found in a prince. His highness, besides his natural language of Dutch (German), speaketh, very well, Spanish and Italian, and, as I hear, Latin. His dealings with me are very wise; his conversation such as much contents me, and, as I hear, not one returns discontented from his company. He is greatly beloved here of all men. The chiefest gallants of these parts are his men, and follow his court, and truly we cannot be so glad to have him come to us as they will be sad here to have him go from them. He is reported to be valiant and of great courage in defending all his countries from the Turks, and in making them keep his rules. And he is universally (which I most weigh) noted to be of such virtue that he was never spotted or touched with any notable vice or crime, which is much in a prince of his years, endowed with such qualities. He delights much in hunting, riding, hawking, and exercise of feats of arms, and hearing of music, whereof he hath very good. He hath, as I hear, some understanding in astronomy and cosmography, and takes pleasure in clocks that set forth the course of the planets. He hath for his portion the countries of Styria, Carniola, Trieste, and Istria, and the government of what remains in Croatin, where he may ride, without entering any other man's territories, 300 miles.

"Since the writing of my other letters," continues Sussex, "I took occasion to go to the archduke in order to sound him in all causes, and to feel whether what he had uttered to me proceeded from him *bona fide*, or were but words of form. At my coming, his highness willed me to go into his bed-chamber, where, the doors being shut and no person present, we had long talk, the effect whereof I will recite to your majesty as near as I can. You, I said, were free to marry where it should please God to put you in the heart to like, and you had given no grateful ear to any motion of marriage before this, although you had received sundry great offers from others: I would therefore be as bold with his highness as I was with your majesty, and therefore beseeched him to let me, on his honour, understand whether he earnestly desired for love of your person, and had determined in his heart for this marriage, or else to satisfy others that procured him thereto, and cared not what became thereof, for in the one I would serve your majesty and him truly, and in the other I was not a person of that quality to be made a convenient minister.

"His highness answered, 'Count, I have heard by the emperor of your dealing with him, and I have had dealings with you myself, wherewith he and I rest very well contented, but, truly, I never rested more contented than I do of this dealing, wherein, besides your duty to her who trusted you, you show what you are yourself, for which I honour you as you are worthy,' (pardon me, interpolates Sussex, I beseech your majesty for writing the words he spake of myself, for they serve to set forth his natural disposition.) 'Although,' continues the archduke, 'I have always had good hope of the queen's honourable dealing in this matter, yet I have heard so much of her disposition not to marry as might give me cause to suspect the worst; but, by your manner of dealing with me, I do think myself bound (wherewith he put off his cap) to honour, love, and serve her majesty while I live, and will firmly credit what you, on her majesty's behalf, have said. Therefore, if I might have hope that her majesty would bear with me for my conscience (on account of his being a Catholic), I know not that thing in the world I would refuse to do at her commandment. And surely I

have from the beginning of the matter settled my heart upon her, and never thought of other wife, if she would think me worthy to be her husband.'

"I thanked his highness for his frank dealing, wherein I would believe him, and deal likewise. And now I am satisfied in this, I beseech your highness to satisfy also me in another matter, and bear with me, though I seem somewhat busy, for I mean it for the best."

Sussex, with more diplomacy than seems consistent with his manly character, proceeded to give the archduke a hint that some indecision had been attributed to him on the point of religion. In plain language, that he meant to act according to the fashion of the times, and adopt the creed that best suited his interest and aggrandizement.

"If this be true," continued Sussex, "trust me, sir, I beseech you, I will not betray you, and let me know the secret of your heart, whereby you may grow to a shorter end of your desire. On my oath I assure you I will never utter your counsel to any person living, but to the queen my mistress, and I deliver you her promise, upon her honour, not to utter it to any person without your consent; and if you will not trust me therein, commit it to her majesty by letter, and she will not deceive you."

The answer of the archduke is noble and sincere:—

"'Surely,' said his highness, 'whoever has said this of me to the queen's majesty, or to you, or to any other, hath said more than he knoweth. God grant he meant well therein. My ancestors have always holden the religion that I hold, and I never knew other, therefore I never could have purpose to change. I trust when her majesty shall consider my case well, my determination herein shall not hurt my cause. For, count,' continued he (to the earl of Sussex),'how could the queen like me in anything if I should prove so light in changing my conscience? Therefore I will, myself, crave of her majesty, by my letters, her grant of my only request, and I pray you, with all my heart, to further it all you may.'

"In such like talk his highness spent almost two hours with me, which I thought my duty to advertise your majesty. Hereupon I gather that reputation rules him much in the case of religion, and that if God couple you together in liking, you shall find in him a true husband, a loving companion, a wise counceillor, and a faithful servant, and we shall have as virtuous a prince as ever ruled. God grant (though you are worthy a great deal better than he, if he were to be found) that our wickedness be not such as we be unworthy of him, or of such as he is.—From Vienna, this 26th of October, 1567. Your majesty's most humble and faithful subject and servant, T. Sussex."

In succeeding conferences, the archduke agreed to conform so far as to be present with Elizabeth at the service of the church of England, and that neither he nor his would speak or do the least thing to the disparagement of the established religion; and that if he were allowed the use of a chapel for the rites of his own, no Englishman should ever be present at mass. But Elizabeth showed her usual sagacity in the rejection of his hand. She knew if she married a catholic, however wise and moderate he might be, she should instantly lose the confidence of the great mass of her protestant subjects who kept her on the throne, and that she should be forced, with her husband, to join entirely with the catholic party, very few of whom could consider her birth as legitimate. Sussex continued to describe the personal gallantry of the archduke when riding at the ring, and other chivalric exercises, in the contemplation of which his royal mistress delighted. "In the afternoon,"

he said, "the emperor rode in his coach to see the archduke run at the ring, who commanded me to run at his side, and my lord North, Mr. Cobham, and Mr. Powell to run on the other side; and after our running was done, the archduke mounted a courser of Naples, and surely his highness, in the order of his running, the managing of his horse, and the manner of his seat, governed himself exceedingly well, and so as, in my judgment, not to be amended."[1]

Elizabeth, notwithstanding, knew her duty too well, as queen of England, to introduce more jealousies among her people, than those which were already fermenting around her. She ultimately refused the accomplished German, on account of diversity of religion. Sussex attributed the ill success of his mission to the paramount influence of Leicester, saying, "he knew who was at work in the vineyard at home, but if God should ever put it into his dear mistress's heart to divide the weeds from the grain, she would reap the better harvest here." Leicester's party had already whispered that the archduke was devotedly attached to a German lady, and had a family of young children, for whose sake he would never marry.

While this negotiation was yet proceeding, events occurred in the sister realm of Scotland, which gave a new and strange colouring to the next twenty years of Elizabeth's life and reign. The unfortunate queen of Scots having effected her escape from Lochleven castle, her faithful friends rallied round her standard, but being intercepted and cut off by the rebel lords in her retreat to Dumbarton, she suffered a decisive defeat, May 13th, 1568, at the battle of Langside. She took the fatal resolution of throwing herself on the protection of queen Elizabeth, to whom she wrote a touching letter from the abbey of Dundrenan, assuring her that her sole dependence was on her friendship. "To remind you," concludes the royal fugitive, "of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to you, its queen, this token of her promised friendship and assistance."[2] This was a diamond, in the form of a heart, which had been sent to her by Elizabeth as a pledge of her amity and good will.

Contrary to the advice of her friends, Mary, with the rash confidence of a queen of tragedy or romance, crossed the Frith of Solway in a fishing boat, with lord Herries and her little train, and, on the 16th of May, landed at Workington, in Cumberland. The next day she addressed an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, detailing briefly and rapidly the wrongs to which she had been subjected, her present sore distress, even for a change of apparel, and entreated to be conducted to her presence.[3] Mary was recognised by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and received an honourable welcome; and she was conducted to Carlisle

[1] The archduke bore the reputation of one of the greatest generals in Europe, and is mentioned with the utmost respect as such by Henry the Great (Mem. de Duc de Sully). In his tastes for clocks and astronomy he resembles his great uncle, the emperor Charles V. He died July 1, 1590, aged 50.

[2] See the Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, new edition, vol. i., pp. 66, 67.

[3] Ibid., p. 71.

with sufficient marks of affection and respect, to excite the jealous ill-will of Elizabeth, who sent her own trusty kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, and lord Scroop, ostensibly to congratulate the royal fugitive in her name on her escape, but in effect to constitute her a prisoner. The hard, uncourteous manner in which, after a few deceitful compliments, this pair of statesmen behaved, is sufficiently proved by the testimony of their own letters. Yet it is impossible to read those of Knollys without being struck with his sagacious foresight of the evil results arising from Mary's detention. Although his comments are personally malicious to the queen of Scots, and he omitted nothing that was calculated to excite Elizabeth's jealousy and suspicion against her, still he wisely deprecated her imprisonment in England, as alike impolitic and dishonourable.[1]

Elizabeth, not contented with the detention of her unfortunate guest, endeavoured, by all the means she could devise, to obtain possession of Mary's infant son, the heir, as he subsequently proved, of both their realms. Could she have succeeded in getting this babe into her hands, she would then have had every living creature who stood in the line of the regal succession in her power. The broken-hearted lady Katharine Gray was dead, but her orphan infants, though stigmatized as illegitimate, were still regarded by a strong party, whom the queen could neither silence nor awe, as the representatives of the line to which the crown had been entailed by Henry VIII. There had been an attempt by Hailes, the clerk of the hanaper, to advocate the claims of these children to the succession. Elizabeth's acute minister, Nicholas Bacon, was implicated[2] in this project, and had been for a time under the cloud of the royal displeasure. The presence of the heir-male of the elder line, under the immediate tutelage of Elizabeth, would effectually silence the partizans of the persecuted descendants of the house of Suffolk, besides guarding the sovereign from any attempts on the part of the royal line of Lenox-Stuart. Murray would not, however, resign the infant prince, in whose name alone he could exercise the regal power of Scotland; for well he knew that Elizabeth's next step would be to make herself mistress of Scotland, under the pretence of asserting the rights of the lawful heir. Independently of this, her favourite project, Elizabeth, as the umpire chosen to decide the controversy between Mary Stuart and the faction by whom that queen had been dethroned, and branded with the crimes of adultery and murder, had a mighty political advantage in her power, if she could have resolved to fulfil her promises of friendship and protection to her hapless kinswoman. She was exactly in that position which would have enabled her to name her own terms with Mary, as the price of re-establishing her on the throne of Scotland. The predominant faction, for it was no more, (since Mary had a strong party in her favour, ready to peril all in her behalf, and others willing to befriend her, yet fearing to expose themselves to the malice of her enemies, unless some visible protection encouraged them,)

[1] See the Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, new edition, vol ii., Sir F. Knolly's Letter in Appendix.

[2] Camden.

dared not have acted in opposition to the fiat of the armed umpire they had chosen, whose troops were ready to pour over the border, and even then occupied some of the fortresses of the frontiers. Elizabeth could have negotiated a pardon for her old confederates and pensioners—could have replaced Mary in a moderate exercise of the regal power of Scotland, and established herself in the dignity maintained by the monarchs of England in the olden times, even that of Bretwalda, or paramount-suzerain, of the Britannic empire. She preferred gratifying personal revenge to the aggrandizement of her realm, and the exaltation of her glory both as a sovereign and a woman, and committed an enormous political blunder, as well as a crime, by the useless turpitude of her conduct to Mary Stuart.

From the moment, too, that she resolved on the unjustifiable detention of the royal fugitive, her own peace of mind was forfeited; she had sown the hydra's teeth in the hitherto peaceful soil of her own realm, and they sprang up to vex her with plots, foreign and domestic, open revolts, and secret confederacies, in which her ancient nobility were deeply involved. The loving welcome that merry Carlisle and its neighbouring magnates, the chivalric aristocracy of the border, had given to the beautiful and fascinating heiress-presumptive to the crown, early filled Elizabeth and her council with jealous uneasiness, and Mary was removed, sorely against her will, to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of lord Scroop, to whose charge she was consigned.[1]

In August, contrary to her first decision, and to the advice of her faithful councillors, Mary agreed to submit her cause to the decision of the English commissioners appointed by Elizabeth. The conferences were opened at York, where Murray and his confederates urged not only their old accusations against their sovereign, but produced the far-famed silver-gilt casket and its contents, the sonnets and letters which they asserted Mary had written to Bothwell.[2] They refused to allow Mary herself to see these, neither was she permitted to appear, according to her own earnest desire, to confront and cross-question her accusers. So impressed, however, was the president of the commission, the premier peer of England, Elizabeth's maternal kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, of the innocence of the Scottish queen, that he was willing to trust his own honour in her hands, and actually pronounced the fullest sentence of acquittal that mortal judge could do, by seeking her for his wife. It is true, that he had seen her at Carlisle, and was captivated by her beauty; but if any portion of the horrible and vulgar letters purporting to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, could have been proved, a revulsion of feeling in the breast of Norfolk must have been the result which would have taught him to regard her with sentiments of horror instead of the love and reverence for her virtues, which attended him to the block, and was transmitted by him as a legacy to his equally unfortunate son, Philip, earl of Arundel. Elizabeth herself, after she had con-

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[1] Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.

[2] For particulars of these, see Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. i., new edition, pp. 129 to 142, and Tytler the Elder's Dissertation.

sidered the evidences, pronounced that she had seen nothing proved on either side, and broke up the conferences.

As early as November, 1568, Norfolk disclosed to Maitland his desire of a union with the captive queen, and suffered himself to be deluded by his pretended friendship, and the wiles of the treacherous Leicester and Murray, who induced him to believe that they were desirous of bringing this matter to pass. The project was revealed by them to Elizabeth, who caused Mary to be immediately transferred from the keeping of lord Scroop, whose lady was the sister of the enamoured duke, to the gloomy and noxious fortress of Tutbury, where she was subjected to many harsh restraints, her train diminished, and herself placed under the ungentle gaolership of the earl and countess of Shrewsbury.[1]

The letters of the earl of Shrewsbury unrol a long diary of concealed history.[2] The injustice with which Elizabeth treated her hapless heiress seems to have produced most baleful fruits to whoever partook of it. The earl of Shrewsbury himself was greatly to be pitied; he was more honourable and humane than many of his contemporaries, and most lamentably he entreated his royal mistress to relieve him of his charge. Elizabeth, who cantoned Mary and her attendants on him, because she was jealous of the report of his enormous wealth, at first either refused to pay him anything for the board of the royal captive and her followers, or paid him very meanly, and the magnificent earl was forced to raise piteous plaints of poverty, and of being utterly devoured, whenever he dunned for remittances to Leicester or Cecil. The earl was, in truth, converted into a wretched gaoler, who inflicted and received a life of domestic misery. His intriguing, proud, and cruel wife, whose temper could not be restrained by any power either on earth or in heaven, soon became jealous of the lovely and fascinating prisoner, and led her husband, a noble of exemplary gravity and a grandsire, a terrible life. The reports that originated from his own fireside caused Elizabeth to be exceedingly suspicious, in her turn, of the stout earl, on whom she set spies, who reported his minutest actions.

Writers have been found to justify the injurious treatment to which Mary Stuart was subjected in England, on the plea that she, as a foreign sovereign, might, by the laws of nations, be constituted a prisoner, because she entered Elizabeth's realm without having obtained permission to do so. Cecil, her great enemy, far from using so paltry an excuse, has written in his barristerial argument on her side, "She is to be helped because she came willingly into the realm, upon trust of the queen's majesty." Secondly, he says, and this convicts Elizabeth of perfidy, which requires no comment, "She trusted in the queen's majesty's help, because she had, in her trouble, received many messages to that effect."[3]

If all the pens in the world were employed in the defence of Elizabeth's conduct, they could not obliterate the stain which that incontrovertible record of her treachery has left upon her memory.

[1] See Labanoff's Chronology. Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.

[2] They form the most important feature of Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. Hist.

[3] Cecil's Notes pro Regina Scotorum et contra Reginam Scotorum, in Anderson.

In justice to Elizabeth, however, be it recorded, that when the countess of Lenox, with passionate tears, presented a petition to her, entreating, in the name of herself and husband, that the queen of Scots might be proceeded against for the death of their son, lord Darnley, the natural subject of the English sovereign, her majesty, after graciously soothing the afflicted mother, told her, "that she could not, without evident proof, accuse a princess, and her near kinswoman, of so great a crime, significantly reminding her that the times were evil, and hatred blind, imputing often offences to persons of exalted rank of which they were innocent."[1] The countess of Lenox was ultimately convinced that her daughter-in-law, the queen of Scots, was wholly guiltless of Darnley's death, and continued till she died, in friendly correspondence with her.[2]

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Elizabeth's deportment to foreign ambassadors—Her first interview with La Mothe Fenelon—Her coquettish remarks on Philip of Spain—She puts the Spanish ambassador under arrest—Compares Alva's letter to a Valentine—Speaks angrily of the queen of Scots—Writes to that princess—Warns the duke of Norfolk—Negotiations for Elizabeth's marriage with the king of France—Flattery of the ambassador—Indecorum of Leicester at Elizabeth's toilet—Remonstrances of the nobles on the same—Arrest of Norfolk—Northern rebellion—Elizabeth's poem—Her sanguinary orders—Elizabeth excommunicated by Pius V.—Conspiracies against her—Attempts to renew matrimonial treaty with the archduke—Anger at his marriage—Henri of Anjou proposed to her—Her wish of accepting him—Demurs of her council—Her anger—Confidential remarks to her ladies—Her visit to Sir Thomas Gresham—Names the Royal Exchange—Her conversation with the French ambassador on marriage—Her new favourite, Sir Christopher Hatton—Her angry letter to the bishop of Ely—Intrigues against her marriage—Reluctance of her suitor—His uncourteous observations—Elizabeth's remarks on the portrait of the queen of France—Forbids George Strickland to appear in his place in parliament—Contumaciousness of the duke of Anjou—Vexation of his mother—Archduke Rodolph offers to Elizabeth—Flatteries of the French ambassador—Elizabeth sends her portrait to Anjou—Her remarks on his portrait—Fills her work-basket with apricots for the French ambassador—Her message to him—Sends him a stag slain by herself—Manner of Elizabeth's visit to Hunsdon House.

ELIZABETH, generally speaking, appears, like Talleyrand, to have considered that the chief use of language was to conceal her real mean-

[1] Camden's Elizabeth.

[2] See Queen of Scots' Letters on this subject, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii., new edition, p. 7.

ing. The involved and mystified style of her letters proves that such was the case; and in consequence, she frequently deceived those whom it was her interest to enlighten—namely, her own ambassadors and deputies. On the other hand, her artifices amounted to mannerism, and were quickly penetrated by the representatives of other sovereigns whom she admitted to personal conferences.

With all her pride and caution, she was a great talker, and very excitable. It was no difficult matter to put her in a passion, and then she spoke her mind freely enough, if we may rely on the reports of the various ambassadors resident at her court. Her vanity and coquetry, if skilfully played upon, often carried her beyond the bounds of prudence, and rendered her communicative on some points on which private gentlewomen generally maintained some degree of reserve. The reader has seen the free and easy terms on which sir James Melville contrived to establish himself with this haughty princess, and the singular confidences with which, both she and Leicester, favoured two successive French ambassadors, de Foys and La Forêt; the recent publication of the despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, enables us to unfold many a rich scene between that statesman and our royal heroine, which are now, for the first time, translated from the original French, and interwoven in her biography.[1]

Elizabeth honoured this ambassador, who was one of the deepest intriguers of the age, and of course one of the most agreeable flatterers, with an audience at Hampton Court, November 14th, 1568. She gave him a very gracious reception, but expressed some regret for the departure of La Forêt, of whom she made honourable mention. She made particular inquiries after the health of the king of France, and the queen mother, and asked, "If it were true that they had been visited with the heavy affliction of the death of the queen of Spain, Elizabeth of France?" La Mothe replied, "that it was only too true that their majesties were overwhelmed with grief, and that they and their whole court were in mourning on that sorrowful occasion, which was the reason why he presented himself before her majesty in that dress." Elizabeth, like her father and her brother Edward, entertained the greatest aversion to the sight of "doole," or anything that could remind her of the uncertainty of human life.[2] She was pleased, however, to make a very courteous response, and said, "that she regretted the death of the queen of Spain with all her heart, and that she should wear mourning for her, as if she had been her sister, and that she felt very much for their majesties, knowing for a certainty how great their sorrow must be for this sad event; and she prayed God to give them some other good consolation in compensation for their loss." She observed, "that she had not yet been informed of this misfortune, either by the king of Spain or his ambassador: for if she had had the proper intimation of it, she would

[1] The literary world is indebted to the learning, research, and industry of J. Purton Cooper, Esq., for the publication in modern French of this valuable contribution to the history of queen Elizabeth, and her royal contemporaries of France and Scotland.

[2] See Life of Jane Seymour, vol. iv.

have had the obsequies of the queen of Spain celebrated in England, as well as elsewhere." These complimentary solemnities in honour of the departed catholic queen, were performed according to the rites of the protestant church of England, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in the same manner that the obsequies of Henry II. of France and those of the emperor had formerly been celebrated there by her command.

Elizabeth told the French ambassador that she had "paid this respect to the memory of the queen of Spain, out of regard to her mother, the queen-regent of France, and her brother, Charles IX.," and added, "that all Christendom had cause to weep for this princess, and that she herself had listened with tears to the account which had been given of her virtues by the countess of Feria, an English lady, formerly in her own service, who had recently come from Spain, and she doubted not but her late majesty was now one of the brightest angels in heaven, having been a very holy queen on earth;" and she prayed monsieur de la Mothe to write to the queen of France, "that she had given orders for the said obsequies more than a month ago, although the Spanish ambassador had not thought proper to communicate the death of the queen to her, and that she had even sent to remind him that it was the custom on such an occasion to notify it officially, either by a letter or a gentleman sent express for the purpose." Fenelon said, "he imagined the duke of Alva had the letter already in his hands for that purpose." Elizabeth coquettishly rejoined with a smile, "that she supposed the king of Spain did not wish to write to her, or rather that the duke of Alva had detained the letter, under the notion that it was not quite decent, that so soon after the death of the queen, his wife, he should be sending letters to an unmarried girl, like her, but that she had waited still some days, and then ordered the obsequies for the deceased queen to be made."

"I thanked her," says monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, "and only added, that the king of Spain was still young enough to take a fourth wife."[1]

Elizabeth was at that time on terms approaching to open hostility with Spain. She had opened her arms as a protectress to the fugitives of the reformed faith, whom the cruelties of the terrible Alva, in the Low Countries, had compelled to abandon their homes. The persecuted Hollanders fondly regarded her as the representative of her royal ancestress, queen Philippa, one of the co-heiresses of William, count of Holland and Hainault. The first movements of the furious war which separated "those whom the rod of Alva bruised," from the crown of Spain, commenced in this year.[2]

Meantime, Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Philip II., Dr. Man, whom she had not inaptly termed a *man goose*, instead of attending to the business of his legation, had, in a fit of spiritual Quixotism, defied the Pope, in such undiplomatic terms of vituperation, that he was prohibited from appearing at the court of his catholic majesty, and banished to a very uncivilized village, where he was compelled to hear mass.[3]

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[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i., p. 465.

[3] Camden.

The English flag had also been insulted in the gulf of Mexico, by the attack and capture of three ships in the fleet of the mercantile adventurers, commanded by the famous — or, rather, we should say, the infamous sir John Hawkins, since he was the first man who brought the odious stain of the slave-trade on this nation—a traffic that to her eternal disgrace was sanctioned — nay, even encouraged, by queen Elizabeth. The high spirit of this princess was greatly chafed at the twofold affront she and her subjects had received from Spain, nor was it long before she had an opportunity of making reprisals.

Four Spanish vessels bound to Flanders, laden with specie, were chased by French pirates into the ports of Plymouth, Falmouth, and Southampton. Don Guerran d'Espes, the new Spanish ambassador, applied to the English government for further protection for these vessels, which was granted; but the French adventurers having made a fresh attempt to seize the ships, the queen ordered the treasure to be brought to London, for she had ascertained that it was the property of a company of Genoese merchants, who were about to establish a bank at Antwerp, and to assist Alva with a loan. No sooner did she understand this arrangement, than she determined to frustrate it, by appropriating the loan to her own use. D'Espes, in great anger, informed Alva, of the seizure of the money; and Alva, exasperated at the disappointment, wrote a brief and peremptory letter to Elizabeth, demanding restitution. She replied, very coolly, "that she understood the treasure was private property, and had borrowed it; but if the king of Spain could prove that it belonged to him, she would restore it."

Alva retorted, by laying an embargo on all English subjects and English property in Antwerp; and Elizabeth, not to be outdone, put all the Spaniards in her dominions under arrest, not even excepting the person of the ambassador, whom she constituted a prisoner in his own house, and appointed three gentlemen of her court to keep guard over him.[1]

The French ambassador, monsieur de la Mothe, who visited Elizabeth a few days after these events, gives the following amusing particulars of his conversations with her at that period: "Her majesty," says he, "was then at Hampton Court, and apparently full of sorrow for the death of lady Knollys, her cousin, whom she loved better than all the women in the world; notwithstanding which, she favoured me with a gracious reception, and after saying a few words expressive of the regret she felt for the loss of so good a relative, observing that the mourning habit which she had assumed could manifest but a small part of the greatness of her grief, she demanded incontinently of me the news."

The ambassador proceeded to detail to her, matters of which she was doubtless as well, if not better informed than himself—namely, the recent movements of the warring parties in France. On which she protested her great affection for the king, his master, and said, "she prayed God that she might hear better news of his affairs, than that which had been told her within the last two days, which made her regret that his

[1] Camden; Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

majesty had despised her counsel, although it was but that of a woman, which she had given him, for the peace of his realm."[1]

She expressed herself sharply against the authors and fomenters of wars, saying, "that princes ought to pursue to the death all such, as enemies to themselves, and pernicious to their states." Then she spoke of the Spanish ambassador, "who had," she said, "already kindled a war between his master's country, and hers;" adding, that "she had been deceived in that personage, having always considered him as very honest and moderate, and could never have thought that, while she was treating so courteously with him on the affair of the Spanish rialls, he had, by his letters (of which she had a copy) caused the seizure of the goods and persons of the English, at Antwerp."

She complained also, "that he had written of her in a different manner from what he ought, he having named her Oriana,[2] in some of his letters; at which she was so indignant, that, if he had been her subject, she would have pursued him with the utmost rigour of the law. The duke of Alva had been too hasty in believing him; and of him, the duke, she must say, that he had behaved both arrogantly and lightly; arrogantly, in having only deigned to write her one little letter, which," pursues monsieur de la Mothe, "the said lady compared to a Valentine." An expression which one would scarcely have expected from the lips of this great female sovereign, during a grave political discussion with a foreign minister.

His excellency, in his official report of the conversation, considers it necessary for the information of his royal master, to subjoin the following explanation, in the form of a marginal note, after mentioning the word "Valentine." "This term which the English employ, in the style familiar, answers exactly to our word '*poulet*, *billet de gallanterie*.'" He then proceeds with Elizabeth's indignant description of the duke of Alva's letter, which only contained four or five words of credence for the ambassador, and she said, "he had acted lightly, by executing on such trivial grounds, an act of open hostility against her subjects;" adding, with some degree of scorn, "that the duke was neither so great, herself so little, or the affair so unimportant, but that he might have troubled himself to write more at length to her, and to have made proper inquiries before he attempted such an outrage against her and her subjects. She concluded by expressing a hope that the king of Spain would neither sanction what the duke of Alva had done, nor that which his ambassador had written to him."

La Mothe observed, as soon as he could get a word in, "that she ought to consider that the duke of Alva was naturally irritated at the loss of the money, which was intended to pay his troops, who were likely to mutiny, if he did not make his disbursements with punctuality;" and facetiously reminded her, "that the king of Spain, being once more a widower, and in search of a suitable consort, would not

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[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Camden states that D'Espes had written some shameful libels of Elizabeth, under the title of Amadis Oriana.

for the world offend an unmarried princess like her; neither, for the same cause, should she quarrel with him who was on that pursuit."

She replied, with a smile, "that she could be very well assured of the friendship of the king of Spain, as she might have married him at the beginning of the war, if she had chosen."[1]

La Mothe seriously remonstrated with her, on the rash step she had taken in arresting the Spanish ambassador, telling her, "that since God had established the kingdoms, and powers of the world, ambassadors had always been respected, and their persons held inviolate; even in the midst of the fiercest wars, care had been taken not to touch them, or to treat their persons otherwise than honourably, that she had accepted this gentleman as the representative of a great king, and ought to be cautious in what she did with regard to him. Not," continued La Mothe, "that he has requested me to plead for him, but because we both hold the like office towards your majesty; and therefore I entreat that you will allow me to visit him, at least once a week, in the presence of gentlemen who have him in ward."

She replied, "that seeing the terms on which D'Espes had been the means of placing her with the king, his master, she had taken measures for his protection, lest he should be attacked; but she had merely confined him to his lodgings, under the guard of three gentlemen, whom she had commanded to bear themselves courteously towards him. That formerly, on a less occasion, her ambassador, Throckmorton, had been much worse treated in France." She then prayed La Mothe not to visit him for some days, because she would not be seen to approve or justify any of the evil he had done, by permitting him to be visited by a person who represented the king of France.

This conversation took place on the 20th of January, 1568; on the 24th arrived an envoy from the duke of Alva, named Assolveville, to enter into explanations with the queen, on the subject of the recent misunderstanding. Elizabeth was encouraged by this indication of placability, to assume a more offensive attitude, and to show that she was prepared for war, and that she considered it was already commenced. Before Assolveville could present his credentials, she caused him to be arrested at Rochester, where he was detained two days, that he might see her grand arsenal, the activity of her military preparations, and the great number of workmen, who were employed in building her mighty ships of war at Chatham. She then had him conducted to London, separated him from all his people, and placed him in a lodging of her own providing, under a strict guard, without allowing him to see or speak to any one, much less the Spanish ambassador, with whom he was of course desirous of conferring, before he proceeded to open a negotiation with the queen.[2]

Assolveville, guessing what the event would be, had previously written a letter to D'Espes, which he smuggled to him under cover to the French ambassador, and another addressed to queen Elizabeth, requesting to be informed of the time and place, where he might present his

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

credentials. This, however, was forcibly torn by Cecil, from the hand of the Spanish gentleman, who was waiting in the queen's presence-chamber for an opportunity of presenting it, warning him, rudely enough, not to be found there any more. The object of all this was, to compel the poor envoy to unfold his business to some of the council, before he had received his cue from his own ambassador, who was still a prisoner in his own house; but Assolveville, with laudable obstinacy, refused to open his lips to any one, till he had communicated with D'Espes.

Elizabeth, meantime, indited an elaborate letter to Philip II., in Latin, in which, after commending herself for the care she had taken "to save his money from the pirates, and put it out of danger," she imputed all that the duke of Alva and his ambassador had done, to the evil counsel of those who would wish to see a breach in the amity and good faith which had hitherto united them."[1]

Philip, however, assumed a high tone, and approved of all that had been done by Alva and D'Espes, and demanded the restitution of his money, under the threat of a war. Elizabeth was at that moment in an awkward predicament; she had, by her intrigues with the insurgents in France, so embroiled herself with that government, that hostilities appeared inevitable, and, at the same time, a formidable rebellion was organizing among the old catholic nobility in her own realm, while her merchants loudly complained of the injury done to commerce by the seizures of English property, which had been heedlessly provoked in the ports of France and Spain.

In fact, it appeared scarcely possible to avoid a war with both. Each sovereign complained of mutual grievances. Elizabeth aided the queen of Navarre incipiently, her subjects helped her openly, and this princess was virtually queen of the south, and of all the Protestants in France. The goldsmiths in England, it was supposed, had lent the queen of Navarre money on her jewels; and, after the disastrous battle of Moncontour, Elizabeth had offered, in case the king of France proved too strong for the protestant cause, to give refuge to her and her daughter Catherine, the princess of Condé, and her little ones in England.

On the other hand, the king of France, by way of reprisal, supported the partizans of Mary queen of Scots, who was regarded as the rightful queen by most of the Roman Catholics in the British islands.

On the 10th of February, La Mothe Fenelon, in an audience with Elizabeth, informed her that a gentleman, in the service of the queen of Scots, had complained to him of the rigour with which his royal mistress had been treated, on her compulsory removal from Bolton to Tutbury. His excellency, with manly plainness, represented, "that those who advised her majesty to put constraint, not only on the will, but the royal person of a sovereign and her kinswoman, made her do a wrong to her own reputation." He then besought her "to cause the Scottish queen to be treated in such a manner, in the place where she had compelled her to go, that she might have occasion to speak of her with praise in her letters to the king and queen of France."[2]

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. i. [2] Ibid., p. 188.

Elizabeth replied, with some choler, "that she had neither used force nor violence to the queen of Scotland, having merely removed her to a place where she would be better treated than at Bolton, where all the necessaries of life were scarce." She also gave, as a reason for what she had done, that Mary had written into Scotland a letter which had fallen into her hands, requiring some of the lords of her country to take up arms and make an inroad to where she was at Bolton—that she had, in the same letter, accused her of having treated with the earl of Murray to have him declared legitimate, with several other things equally false.

Elizabeth told La Mothe, that he might assure their majesties of France that the queen of Scots received nothing else but good treatment at her hands; and although it was not for her to render account to any person in the world for her actions, it was her wish to justify herself to all the world in respect to her usage of the queen of Scots, that all other princes might know that she proceeded with such rectitude that she had no cause to change her pale hue for anything that could be brought against her on that account. "Would to God," added she, "that the queen of Scots had no more occasion to blush at that which could be seen of her."

La Mothe replied, "that her majesty had it in her power to convince the world of the unprincipled ambition of the adversaries of the said lady, and to explain all that they could urge against her; and if she acted as the duty of queen to queen, and relation to relation prescribed, it would prove that she was innocent of all the unkindness that had been imputed to her."

Elizabeth, instead of making any direct reply to this home stroke, merely observed, "that she had never had any praise from the queen of Scots for any of the good offices she had rendered her," and then turned the conversation to the subject of Rouen, and the seizure that had been made of English property by the French government.

"On another occasion," says La Mothe, "she told me that she had taken pains to be more than a good mother to the queen of Scots, yet she, on the contrary, had continually practised intrigues in her kingdom against her, and that those who did not know how to behave to a good mother, merited no other than the cruellest step-dame. She then summoned her council and the bishop of Ross, to whom she recited in French most of what I had told her, and the reply she made me. Then she uttered in English many complaints of the queen of Scots; and, in conclusion, menaced the most active and greatest among them with being made shorter by the head." [1]

The fierce jealousy which had been excited in Elizabeth against Mary Stuart by the assumption of the royal arms and style of England in her name, by her ambitious father-in-law, Henry II. of France, was not the only cause of the enmity of that queen. There was a still deeper root of bitterness in this matter, for Henry II. had obliged his young daughter-in-law, during a dangerous fit of sickness, to sign a testamentary paper, bequeathing her rights to the kingdom of Scotland, and her claims on

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii., p. 169.

the succession of England—if she died without children—to his heirs. Queen Elizabeth became fully aware that such instruments existed in the year 1568–9, and discussed the point with the French ambassador, La Mothe Fenelon;[1] she likewise wrote to Mary the following letter, which she commences with insincere professions of her grief for Mary's dangerous illness just before :—

"Elizabeth, Queen of England, to the Queen of Scots.[2]

"May 25, 1569.

"Madame,—To my infinite regret I have learned the great danger in which you have lately been, and I praise God that I heard nothing of it until the worst was past: for, in whatever time or place it might have been, such news could have given me little content; but if any such bad accident had befallen you in this country, I believe, really, I should have deemed my days prolonged too long, if, previous to death, I had received such a wound.

"I rely much on His goodness who has always guarded me against mal-accidents, that he will not permit me to fall into such a snare, and that He will preserve me in the good report of the world till the end of my career. He has made me know, by your means, the grief I might have felt if anything ill had happened to you; and I assure you, that I will offer up to Him infinite thanks-givings.

"As to the reply that you wish to receive by my lord Boyd, regarding my satisfaction in the case touching the duke of Anjou,[3] I neither doubt your honour nor your faith, in writing to me that you never thought of such a thing, but that perhaps some relative,[4] or rather some ambassador of yours having the general authority of your signature, to order all things for the furtherance of your affairs, had adjusted this promise as if it came from you, and deemed it within the range of his commission.

"Such a matter would serve as a spur to a courser of high mettle: for as we often see a little bough serve to save the life of a swimmer, so a slight shadow of claim animates the combatant. I know not why they (*the royal family of France*) consider not, that the bark of your good fortune floats on a dangerous sea, where many contrary winds blow, and has need of all aid to obviate such evils, and to conduct you safely into port. And if so be they are able to serve you in aught, still you can in honour deny the intention (*of transferring her rights to young Anjou*): for if this right abides in them, then to me pertains the wrong.

"Forasmuch I entreat you to have such consideration for me (to whom the like right only pertains, who have merited, on your part, true guerdon and honourable opinion), with such deeds as may preserve the true accord of harmony with mine, who, in all my actions towards you, will never fail of right dealing.

"Howbeit, this bearer will declare to you more amply what I wish in this case. Moreover, if you desire some reply as to the commission given to my lord Ross (*the bishop of Ross*), I believe that you forget how near it touches me if I tamper with aught that I am satisfied touches your honour and my safety. Meantime, I will not fatigue you with this letter longer than that, with my cordial commendations, I pray God to preserve you in good health, and give you long life. From Greenwich."[5]

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[1] At the end of vol. i. of the Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, all these documents are quoted.

[2] Translated from vol. ii., pp. 59, 60, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. Elizabeth's letter seems to have been originally composed in French.

[3] This was the cession supposed to have been made by Mary to Anjou.

[4] Meaning her mother, Mary of Guise, queen-regent of Scotland, or the regent Arran.

[5] La Mothe Fenelon states the highly curious fact, that the point of the cession

This letter is certainly one of the most remarkable ever penned by Elizabeth. The reader will observe her recurrence, in the midst of her caresses, to the leading object of her thoughts, perpetual jealousy of her title.

Mary willingly executed the instrument required, and, at her request, the duke of Anjou renounced any benefit he might hereafter have claimed from the deed of cession extorted from the youthful Mary by his sire; but, after all, the cession had never been made to him in particular, but to the heirs of Henry II. Charles IX. was, therefore, the party by whom the grant should have been renounced. As Mary did all that Elizabeth required of her, this was the precise point where good policy should have prompted Elizabeth to permit Mary's retirement from England. She ought by that time to have perceived the profound mistake she had committed by detaining her in the heart of England, where she served as a rallying point to every seditious movement. Elizabeth ought to have recollected, that in the height of Mary's prosperity, when backed by all the power of France, and living at Paris as queen consort, and queen regnant of Scotland, no injury had been effected to England. It was not probable that Mary could do more against her, if she had suffered her to retire to France, blighted as she was now by calumny and ill health, and dethroned from her realm.

The glory of Elizabeth's reign was dimmed from the hour Mary was detained a prisoner, not only in a moral sense, but, politically and statistically speaking, it was a false step, which placed England in an incipient state of civil war, during the whole life of the queen of Scots, and she became, with good cause, jealous of her own subjects, even those among her nobility who were most nearly connected with herself by the ties of blood.

On one occasion, she observed, significantly, "that as long as the duke of Norfolk lived, the queen of Scots would never want an advocate." On the return of Norfolk from the Scotch conferences, she had given him a very ungracious reception, in consequence of the reports that had been conveyed to her by the persons who had first of all suggested to him the flattering chimera of a marriage with the Scottish queen. Norfolk entered into the subject with his sovereign, and told her, "that the project had not originated with him, and that he never had given it any encouragement." "But would you not," said Elizabeth, "marry the Scottish queen, if you knew that it would tend to the tranquillity of the realm, and the safety of my person?"

If Norfolk had not been deficient in moral courage, he would have replied, frankly, "that if her majesty were disposed to think so, he would be ready to conform to her wish, but that he had already assured Murray, and the others who had suggested this marriage to him, that it was a matter in which he could not engage himself without the consent of his sovereign." He, however, knew the deep dissimulation of Eliza-

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Mary, queen of Scots, had been supposed to have made of her kingdom to the duke of Anjou, was first inquired into in parliament by the duke of Norfolk, ostensibly on account of the public benefit, but with a secret regard to his own interest, as he was engaged to marry Mary.

beth, and suspecting that it was her design to entangle him in his talk, replied, with answering insincerity, "Madam, that woman shall never be my wife who has been your competitor, and whose husband cannot sleep in security on his pillow."[1] This artful allusion to the injurious reports against Mary's honour, though most unworthy of the man who was secretly pledged to become her husband, had the desired effect of lulling Elizabeth's suspicions to sleep, and restoring her to good humour. She had, however, ere long, sufficient reason to be convinced that the enamoured duke was every day involving himself more deeply in the snares which were thrown in his way by those who were tempting him to his ruin, by their pretended schemes for the accomplishment of his wishes.[2]

Elizabeth's great dread, in the perilous year for Protestantism, 1569, was a catholic coalition throughout Europe in behalf of her royal prisoner, Mary, queen of Scots. Ireland was in a state of revolt, the northern counties progressing to the same; the Protestant cause had received two severe blows, the retreat of the prince of Orange, and the victory of the duke of Anjou at Jarnac. Jealousy between the courts of France and Spain had proved her safeguard hitherto, but there was a prospect of a new bond of union, in the proposed marriages of Charles IX. and Philip II. with the daughters of the emperor Maximilian.

Elizabeth thought it possible to prevent this brotherly alliance by a little coquetry, on her own account, with Charles IX. Her hand had been twice solicited by the plenipotentiaries of that prince, and she had declined because of his tender youth. His majesty was now really marriageable, though much too young to be a suitable consort for her; yet she might, without committing herself too deeply, contrive to lure him from his imperial *fiancée*. Catherine de Medicis' favourite project was to marry her second son, the duke of Anjou, to Elizabeth; and that able intriguer, La Mothe Fenelon, had instructions to bring this matter to pass, if possible. With this design constantly in view, the conversations between him and her majesty of England invariably turned to the subject of matrimony.

The conference in which Elizabeth threw out her first lure for the young king of France, as related by La Mothe, has almost dramatic interest. The queen began by asking news of the marriages between Charles IX. and Philip of Spain with the daughters of the emperor, which appeared to give her uneasiness. La Mothe fully exemplified sir Henry Wotton's character of an ambassador, whom he defined to "be a person sent to lie abroad for the service of his country," for he denied any knowledge of his master's intended marriage. Elizabeth told him

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[1] Haynes; Lingard.

[2] Miss Aikin has very finely observed, with regard to the habitual dissimulation of Elizabeth, and her contemporary of evil memory, Catherine de Medicis, "that in mistaking the excess of falsehood for the perfection of address, the triumphs of cunning for the masterpieces of public wisdom, they did but partake the error of the ablest male politicians of that age of statesmen. The same narrow views of the interest of princes and of states governed them all. They seem to have believed that the right and the expedient were constantly opposed to each other."

"that she had heard for certain that the marriages were concluded," and repeated the eulogiums she had heard "of the fine stature and martial appearance of Charles and his brother, and of their vigorous constitutions and excellent dispositions;[1] how Charles IX., in martial bearing and skill in horsemanship, resembled Henry II., his father, who was the most accomplished warrior of any prince in his times; and that his brother had exchanged all his boyish diversions at court for heroic and difficult enterprises, and that everybody wonderfully commended him." She concluded this flourish by observing, "that as the princess of Portugal[2] had been proposed as a match, first to the king, and afterwards to Anjou, she herself could not be considered as too old."

"I told her," said La Mothe Fenelon,[3] "that all the world stood amazed at the wrong she did to the grand endowments that God had given her of beauty, wisdom, virtue, and exalted station, by refusing to leave fair posterity to succeed her. It was a duty she owed to God, who had given her power of choice, to elect some partner, and that she could not find a prince more worthy of such distinction than one of the three sons of the late king of France, Henry II. The eldest of them was the true successor of his father, the second, royal in all conditions excepting being crowned, and the third would, without doubt, in time be equal to his brethren." This last was the young Alençon, to whom Elizabeth was almost married when she was many years older; but the point, to which all this expert flattery tended, was to persuade her to wed the handsome duke of Anjou. Elizabeth pretended to discuss the possibility of wedding the elder of these much-lauded princes, and, for the purpose of eliciting a stronger dose of flattery from the ambassador, replied, "That the king, Charles IX., would none of her, for he would be ashamed to show, at an entry into Paris, a queen for his wife so old as she was, and that she was not of an age to leave her country, like the queen of Scots, who was taken young to France."

The ambassador replied, "If such a marriage could happen, then would commence the most illustrious lineage that had been known for the last thousand years; but that previously she had been objecting to the age of his king, and now she was finding fault with her own. Meantime, she had so well spent her years, that time had carried away none of her beauties; while king Charles and the duke of Anjou had so well profited by time, that they had acquired beauty, strength, and stature, so that no men could be more perfect. And the king certainly ought to desire the queen of England to make her entry into Paris as his wife, for it was there she would be the most honoured, most welcome, and most blessed by all the good people and nobility of France; and if she suffered with passing the sea, nevertheless she would find it a most happy voyage, from which she would ultimately receive great pleasure and satisfaction."

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[1] Depêche de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] The princess of Portugal was daughter of Emanuel the Great, king of Portugal, and Leonora of Austria, queen of Francis I. She must have been born before 1525

[3] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii., p. 118, 119.

At the time of uttering this flourish, the ambassador was as well convinced as the queen herself that Charles IX. was almost married to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the emperor.

"I know not," rejoined Elizabeth, "if the queen (Catherine de Medicis) would approve of it, for it is possible she might choose to have a daughter-in-law whom she might mould to her pleasure."

"I know," answered the ambassador, "that the queen-mother is so benign, and of such humane and gracious conversation, that nothing in the world would be more agreeable than for you to be together: witness the honour and respect in which she has always held the queen of Scotland, and that she now bears to her."

When this interview was over, Cecil came to discuss with him the projected marriage of the king of Spain with the eldest daughter of the emperor. "I was far enough from giving him a hint respecting the marriage of the youngest,"[1] added the ambassador, "but declared I would treat with him touching another marriage, which would be the most apropos in the world for the aggrandizement of two realms, and for the universal peace of Christianity.

A future day was then appointed for queen Elizabeth to receive another repast of these frothy compliments. The French ambassador subjoined to his despatches a dissertation on the queen's real intentions regarding marriage, and it is certain the result bore out his view of the subject. "It is the general opinion," he wrote, "that queen Elizabeth will never marry; but when her subjects press her to name her successor, she meets the inconvenient proposal by a feigned intention of entering into some marriage she never means to conclude;" and he brought, as an instance, the late futile negotiation regarding the archduke Charles.

The earl of Arundel, who had been for many years a suitor for the hand of queen Elizabeth, made no scruple of declaring, that the intimacy between her and the earl of Leicester was the reason of her refusing all her suitors, whether they were foreign princes or English peers. This great noble, according to the report of the French ambassador,[2] instigated his son-in-law, the duke of Norfolk, to call Leicester to a sharp account for familiarities with the queen, which they affirmed disgraced them all, as Englishmen, as well the crown she wore, and that neither the English nobility nor her subjects in general would permit the continuance of such proceedings. They then taxed Leicester with using his privilege of *entrée* into the queen's bed-chamber unbecomingly, affirming that he went there before she rose, and that he took upon himself the office of her lady in waiting, by handing to her a garment which ought never to have been seen in the hands of her master of horse. Moreover, they charged him with "kissing her majesty when he was not invited, thereto."

It is very evident that the first queens-regnant of England had many officers in attendance in their private apartments, the same as if they

[1] Elizabeth of Austria, soon after married to Charles IX.
[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii., p. 120.

had been kings; and in this instance the fault found was, not that Leicester had the right of *entrée* into the royal sleeping apartment, but that he used it at improper times, and took freedoms which the premier duke and the premier earl of England, deemed derogatory to the decorum which ought to be observed towards the female sovereign of their country. They proceeded to exhort Leicester "to be candid, and say if the queen really wished to marry him, and then they would both unite their influence with the nobility and the rest of the nation to sanction their honourable union, and stop all this scandal."

Leicester, the arrogant Leicester, seems to have assumed the humble tone of a chidden inferior to these two great peers. He thanked them both for their offer and for their warning; he acknowledged "that the queen had shown him such good affection, as had emboldened him to use some well-intentioned familiarities, in the hope of espousing her;" he assured the duke of Norfolk "that he had, by this offer of assistance, laid him under the greatest obligation in the world, and at the same time had done his duty well to the queen and the crown, as a faithful vassal and councillor ought, and during the remainder of his life he would never forget the same." Neither, according to bishop Goodman, did he ever forget that Norfolk had once bestowed on him a box on the ear.

Till Norfolk subsequently laid his head on the block, there is little doubt this conversation was duly remembered by Leicester, as well as the unlucky box on the ear. He assuredly understood the intentions of Norfolk and Arundel as well as they did themselves. Arundel had long wooed queen Elizabeth; Norfolk, who had previously married his heiress, was the father of a son, who was, at the same time, heir of Arundel, and a mutual bond between them; Norfolk was a widower, and the secret suitor of Mary queen of Scots. Thus a strong family compact already existed between these noblemen, the two greatest of the ancient English aristocracy; and if the earl wedded queen Elizabeth, the actual possessor of the English crown, and the duke the queen of Scotland, and heiress of the whole island, they might well deem that their united strength might have defied the sons of little men, whom the Tudor monarchs had called from the shears and the forge, to guide the civil and religious government of England.

As for Leicester's freedoms in the chamber of the queen, there is no reason for implicit belief that they ever occurred, merely *because* we find them in a French ambassador's despatch; but that such were the current reports at the English court is indubitable; and when the intentions of Norfolk and his father-in-law, Arundel, in regard to the marriages they projected with queen Elizabeth and her captive heiress, are considered, the fact that they held this conversation with the favourite, and taxed him with the scandals circulating at court, becomes highly probable, and is in consonance with other facts, which are narrated by eye-witnesses, both as to her past and future conduct.[1]

It was the policy of the two great nobles, Norfolk and Arundel, to

[1] See various passages in Melville's Memoirs, already quoted, regarding Elizabeth's behaviour to Leicester.

clear their path of the favourite, as a matrimonial pretender to the hand of Elizabeth; and, according to La Mothe's letter, this measure was speedily effected. "Some days after," he resumes, "the *said lady* (meaning queen Elizabeth), being earnestly pressed to declare her intentions respecting the earl of Leicester, resolutely answered, 'that she *pretended* not to marriage with him.' Since this reply, both have conducted themselves more modestly, and he has withdrawn the expensive parade he made while he had hopes of success in his enterprise."

Perhaps Elizabeth was far more incensed, at this forced *eclaircissement* of her intentions, than Leicester. Although she did not intend to bring their courtship to the serious termination of matrimony, she evidently liked Leicester to flutter about her as a declared pretender to her hand. On the contrary, he wished to be at liberty to marry, which he afterwards did, and was, withal, suffering cruelly in his property, from the gorgeous display he was expected to keep up at court while he sustained the character of the queen's suitor, whom her realm expected, hourly, she would declare to be her spouse. There are very evident indications that for some time subsequent to this crisis, occasional agitating scenes passed between the queen and Leicester, while the endless negotiations for her marriage with Anjou were proceeding. Leicester, in one of his letters to Walsingham, then ambassador at Paris, declares that his queen was in good health, "save some *spice*, or show, of hysteric fits. These fits did not trouble her more than a quarter of an hour, yet this little in her hath bred strange bruits (gossip) here at home. God send her, I beseech him, a long life."[1]

The treachery of Leicester's conduct with regard to the duke of Norfolk, and the other noblemen he had been the means of drawing into the snare he had planned for their destruction, by his pretended desire of the marriage of Norfolk to the queen of Scots, appears a dark picture of the principles of Elizabeth's cabinet. Leicester had a twofold object in view—the destruction of his great enemy, Sussex, as well as that of Norfolk. Sussex, who was related in the same degree by his mother, lady Elizabeth Howard, to Norfolk and to the queen, had undoubtedly favoured the idea of a marriage between Norfolk and the queen of Scots; but when he found the dangerous tendency of some of the ramifications of the plot, he recoiled from it, as inconsistent with his duty to his sovereign.[2] Elizabeth was, at first, incensed against him, but though not honest herself either in word or deed, she knew how to estimate those who were, and finally confided to her plain-dealing kinsman the command of the forces appointed to quell the northern insurgents.

Leicester had encouraged the duke to hope for the accomplishment of his wishes by undertaking to obtain the queen's consent, but put off, from day to day, mentioning the matter; Cecil observing the perplexity of the duke, advised him to seek her majesty, and reveal to her the matter he had on his mind, whatever it might be. If Norfolk could have resolved to do this, it would probably have saved his life; but instead

[1] Complete Ambassador, Letter of the Earl of Leicester, p. 288.
[2] See Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharp.

of acting without delay on this judicious advice, he sought counsel of Leicester, who dissuaded him from that course, and promised to name it to her majesty, the next time she went to walk in the fields. Norfolk himself records, "that when the court was at Guildford, he came unaware into the queen's privy chamber, and found her majesty sitting on the threshold of the door, listening with one ear to a little child, who was singing and playing on the lute to her, and with the other to Leicester, who was kneeling by her side."[1] The duke, a little confused, no doubt at interrupting a party so conveniently arranged, drew back; but her majesty bade him enter.

Soon after Leicester rose, and came to Norfolk, leaving the queen listening to the child, and told him, "that he was dealing with the queen in his behalf when he approached;" to which the simple peer responded, "If I had known so much, I would not have come up;" and eagerly inquired, "how he found her majesty disposed?" Leicester replied, "Indifferently well;" adding, "that the queen had promised to speak to him herself at Thornham, at my lord of Arundel's." "Before her highness came to Thornham," says Norfolk, "she commanded me to sit down, most unworthy, at her highness's board, where at the end of dinner her majesty gave me a nip, saying, 'that she would wish me to take good heed to my pillow.' "[2]

Like many of Elizabeth's *bon mots*, this sharp inuendo cut two ways, conveying as it did a threat of the block, and a sarcastic allusion to the unworthy expression he had condescended to use, when endeavouring to persuade her that he had no intention of becoming the husband of the Scottish queen.

Then followed the contemptible farce of Leicester's feigned sickness at Tichfield, and his message to the queen that he could not die in peace without confessing his faults, and obtaining her pardon for his guilt. Elizabeth hastened to his bedside, and he acknowledged with many sighs and tears, how deeply he had sinned against her, by being privy to a design of marrying her foe, the queen of Scots, to the duke of Norfolk;[3] and under pretence of making a clear conscience, put her into possession of the whole of the circumstances of the plot, in which many of the principal nobles of the realm were implicated.

There was no proof, however, that any attempt against either the life or government of Elizabeth was contemplated: it was simply a plan for the restoration of Mary to liberty, and royal dignity, by becoming the wife of the great Protestant English peer, whom her own rebels of the reformed faith had first solicited to unite himself with her.[4] The treacherous Leicester, probably led Elizabeth to suppose that much more

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[1] The Duke of Norfolk's Confession, State Paper MSS.

[2] State Paper MSS. The words that historians have generally imputed to Elizabeth, on this occasion, are—"That she advised him to beware on what pillow he rested his head;" but the above is from Norfolk's own confession, and doubtless his version is the true one. The man in whose ear that ominous warning was spoken by his offended sovereign, was not likely to make any mistake in repeating them. They "nipped" too closely to be forgotten.

[3] Camden. [4] Howard Memorials; Camden; Haynes.

was intended. The next time her majesty saw the duke, she called him to her in the gallery, and sharply reprimanded him for presuming to attempt a match with the queen of Scots without her cognizance, and commanded him on his allegiance, to give over these pretensions. The duke promised to do so, and proudly added, "that his estate in England was worth little less than the whole realm of Scotland, in the ill state to which the wars had reduced it; and that when he was in his own tennis-court at Norwich, he thought himself as great as a king."[1]

The next day the queen refused the suit of the Spanish ambassador, for the liberation of her royal prisoner, observing, at the same time, "that she would advise the queen of Scots to bear her condition with less impatience, or she might chance to find some of those on whom she relied, shorter by the head."[2]

Norfolk now found his situation at court intolerable. The queen regarded him with looks of anger and disdain, and Leicester and all his former associates treated him with studied insolence. He endeavoured to avoid collision with those who sought to force a quarrel, by returning with his father-in-law, the earl of Arundel, and the earl of Pembroke, first to London, and afterwards to his princely seat at Kenninghall, in Norfolk, whence he wrote an apologetic letter to the queen, attributing his departure "to the pain he felt at her displeasure, and his mortification at the treatment to which he had been subjected by the insolence of his foes, by whom he had been made a common table talk."[3]

The queen sent a peremptory order for his return to court, which the duke obeyed, and was arrested by her order at Burnham, three miles from Windsor, and committed to the Tower. He was subjected to an examination before lord-keeper Bacon, Northampton, Sadler, Bedford, and Cecil; but they reported to her majesty that the duke had not put himself under the penalty of the law, by any overt act of treason, and that it would be difficult to convict him without this.

"Away!" she replied; "what the law fails to do, my authority shall effect." Her rage was so ungovernable that she fell into a fit, and they were forced to apply vinegar and other stimulants to revive her.[4]

The queen of Scots naturally felt the ill effects of the treachery of her supposed friend, Leicester. His denouncements placed her, as well as her friends, in a most perilous position; and the earl of Huntingdon, Leicester's brother-in-law, the immediate descendant of George, duke of Clarence, and, like all of that line, a covert pretender to the regal succession, was associated with the earl of Shrewsbury, in the ungracious office of gaoler to the royal captive. Mary's terror at this appointment is described in a lively manner in the letters written by her at this period, and also her distress of mind at the peril to which Norfolk was exposed for her sake;[5] but the details belong to *her* life, and not to that of Elizabeth, who must perforce, occupy the foreground of her own history.

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Howard Memorials.
[4] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.
[5] See Mary Queen of Scots' Letters, vol. i., new edition, pp. 182—186.

The arrest of Norfolk precipitated the disastrous rising in the North, under the luckless earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland.[1] The re-establishment of catholicism in England, was the object of this insurrection; and it may be regarded as a second part to that ebullition of misdirected zeal and patriotism, the pilgrimage of grace, six and thirty years before; and it is a curious fact, that the persons engaged in the Northern Rebellion, were the sons of those who figured as pilgrims. Wordsworth, in a few of his graceful lines, appears to have given a very clear and correct view of the case. No apology can be required for quoting them, pleasingly illustrative as they are of the period in question:—

"It was the time when England's queen
Twelve years had reign'd a sovereign dread,
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturb'd upon her virgin head.
But now the inly working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right.
Two earls fast leagued in discontent,
Who gave their wishes open vent,
And boldly urged a general plea,
The rites of ancient piety,
To be triumphantly restored
By the dread justice of the sword."[2]

Mary Stuart, as the catholic heiress of the crown, and exciting by her beauty and misfortunes, her persecutions, and her patience, the deepest interest among the chivalry of the north, who were chiefly professors of the same creed, was the watchword and leading point of the association. Whether the plot was fomented by her is doubtful. It has, however, been generally supposed, that Shakspeare's mysterious lines, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, imply, "that some seductions had been used by the captive queen to charm the northern magnates from their duty to their own sovereign:[3]—

"Once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

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[1] For the particulars of this insurrection, compiled from inedited documents, the reader is referred to the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by Sir Cuthbert Sharp, a most valuable contribution to the history of Elizabeth's reign.

[2] White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons.

[3] The real cause of Northumberland's disaffection is attributed by Camden to the appropriation of a rich copper mine by Elizabeth, which had been discovered upon his estate in Cumberland. Westmoreland's wife, lady Jane Howard, the daughter of Surrey, and sister of Mary's affianced husband, Norfolk, was one of the most beautiful, learned, and accomplished ladies of that age, and probably influenced her weak husband to espouse the cause of Mary, although she was herself a zealous Protestant, having been, like her brother, the pupil of the historian of the Reformation, Fox.

The rebel earls entered Durham in warlike array, November 14th; Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers, who had married the sister of queen Katharine Parr's second husband, Neville, lord Latimer, a hoary-headed gentleman, aged seventy-one, bore the banner of the cross before the insurgents.

"The Nortons ancient had the cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did bear."

The principal exploits of the misguided multitude, who followed this banner, consisted in burning the translations of the Scriptures and the liturgies, in all the towns they passed through. They had neither plan, order, nor money, to maintain themselves in the rash position they had assumed. A few days sufficed the earl of Sussex to crush the insurrection. The two earls fled; Northumberland to Scotland, where, falling into the hands of Murray, he was sold to the English government, and brought to the block; Westmoreland took refuge in Flanders, and died in exile.[1]

The calamities of the Percys, Nortons, Dacres, and Nevilles, and other noble ancient families, who took part in this disastrous rising, inspired some of the noblest historical ballads, and metrical romances in our language. Elizabeth herself became malignly poetical on the occasion, and perpetrated the following sonnet, as it is styled:—

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
For falsehood now doth flow, and subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom wove the web;
But clouds of toys untried do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent, by course of changed winds.
The top of hope, supposed, the root of ruth will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as ye shall shortly see.
These dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood binds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain, where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort;
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for joy."[2]

Elizabeth made good the threats with which this unfeminine effusion concludes; for, besides the executions of such of the leaders of the rebellion as fell into her hands, she compelled her victorious general, Sussex, to deluge the northern counties with the blood of the simple, unreflective peasants, who had been induced to join the revolt. The learned research of sir Cuthbert Sharp has brought to light some hideous facts, in the contemporary documents preserved among the Bowes MSS.[3] Staunch, indeed, must be the admirers of good queen Bess, who can calmly peruse the following order for the hangings in Richmondshire, without a shudder:—

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[1] Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir C. Sharp.
[2] Puttenham's Art of Poetry, published in Elizabeth's own reign.
[3] Published in the "Memorials of the Northern Rebellion," by Sir C. Sharp.

THE EARL OF SUSSEX TO SIR GEORGE BOWES.

"SIR GEORGE BOWES,—I have set the numbers to be executed down in every town, as I did in your other book, which draweth near to two hundred; wherein you may use your discretion in taking more or less in every town, as you shall see just cause for the offences and fitness for example; so as, in the whole, you pass not of all kind of such the number of two hundred, amongst whom you may not execute any that hath freeholds, or noted wealthy; for so is the queen's majesty's pleasure. By her special commandment, 10th of January, 1569–70.

"T. SUSSEX."

Under the list of those who joined from each town and village, the earl of Sussex has written the number to be executed, amounting to every fifth man. The fearful order was tardily executed, and Sussex wrote to spur on the reluctant ministers of the royal vengeance. In his letter of the 19th of January, addressed to sir George Bowes, he says, —

"I received, yesternight, letters from the court, whereby I perceive that the queen's majesty doth much marvel that she doth not hear from me that the execution is yet ended, and that she is disburthened of her charges that was considered for that respect; and therefore I heartily pray you to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both."

The richer sort purchased their lives, but no less than eight hundred of the working classes perished by the hands of the executioner! Leicester had expressed a great wish to march against the rebels, but the queen detained him as her principal adviser and protector, in case of danger.

Early in the spring of 1570, pope Pius V. published his bull of excommunication against queen Elizabeth, and on the morning of May 15th a copy of this anathema against the sovereign was found fixed on the gates of the bishop of London's palace, in St. Paul's. After strict search, a duplicate was discovered in the possession of a student of Lincoln's-inn; who, being put to the torture, confessed that he received it from Mr. Felton, a rich catholic gentleman of Southwark. Felton, on being apprehended, not only acknowledged that he had set up the bull on the bishop of London's gate, but gloried in the daring act, bore the rack without betraying his accomplices, and went to the scaffold in the spirit of a martyr. As the purport of the bull was to deprive Elizabeth of the title of queen, and the allegiance of her subjects, Felton gave her no other title than "the pretender;" but, at his execution, he said, "he begged her pardon if he had injured her," and drawing a magnificent diamond ring, value four hundred pounds, from his finger, requested the earl of Sussex, who was present, to give it to her in his name, as a token that he died in peace with her, bearing her no malice for his sufferings and death.[2]

This bull caused little mischief, but great annoyance to Elizabeth, she even condescended to solicit the emperor Maximilian to procure its revocation.[3] A sarcastic query from the pontiff, in reply to the imperial

[1] On the 23d, Sussex, who evidently loathed the duty that had been imposed upon him, wrote in bitter sarcasm to Cecil—"I was first a lieutenant; I was after little better than a marshal; I had then nothing left to me but to direct hanging matters."

[2] Camden.

[3] Lingard.

intervention, was the only result of this undignified proceeding on the part of the head of the protestant church. In August, the plague broke out in London, and some deaths having occurred in the Tower, Elizabeth was induced to release the duke of Norfolk, on his promising to give up all future correspondence with the queen of Scots, and attempts in her behalf. He was then allowed to return to his own mansion at the Charter-house, where he remained for a time as a prisoner at large, under the charge of his friend, sir Henry Neville. A sort of riot had taken place, in his behalf, among his loving tenantry and servants at Harleston-fair, in his territorial county of Norfolk; some of the nobles and gentry in that neighbourhood were supposed to have encouraged the outbreak, but it was merely regarded as the effects of pot-valour on the part of the men of Harleston, and no injury resulted to the duke from their injudicious way of manifesting their affection.[1]

On the assassination of the Scottish regent, Murray, Elizabeth was urged by the friends of the captive queen of Scots, both in France and Scotland, to reinstate her in her royal authority, under certain conditions, which might have been rendered of great political advantage to England, but those demanded by Elizabeth were neither in Mary's power, nor consistent with her honour to perform, especially as the *sine qua non* was, that she should give up her infant son, who had been crowned king of Scotland, as her principal hostage.[2] The possession of this princely babe had been the great object of Elizabeth's intrigues, almost from the time of his birth, but neither Mary nor the lords of the congregation would hear of trusting him to her keeping. "The times," says Camden, "were then full of suspicions and conspiracies," for Thomas and Edward Stanley, the two younger sons of the earl of Derby, by the duke of Norfolk's daughter, with sir Thomas Gerard, Rolston, Hall, and others of the county of Derby, conspired to free the queen of Scots out of prison, but Rolston's son betrayed the confederacy, and the parties were arrested, except Hall, who fled to Scotland, where he was afterwards taken, at the fall of Dumbarton castle, and put to death in London. Mary's ambassador, the bishop of Ross, being implicated in this plot, was once more sent to the Tower. Elizabeth had taken a terrible vengeance on the border counties of Scotland, for the encouragement the partisans of the queen of Scots, there, had given to the rebels in the north of England, for she caused Sussex, with a military force, to burn and lay waste nearly three hundred villages.[3] These cruelties were regarded as so many triumphs, by those who heard of the progress made by the unresisted bands of England, and saw not the misery caused by the inglorious work of destruction that was perpetrated.

The twelfth year of Elizabeth's reign being now completed, the anniversary of her accession was celebrated as a general festival throughout her dominions. The aspect of public affairs was, however, still gloomy, the unsettled state of the succession was more alarming to the nation than ever, and Elizabeth herself began to consider that the only chance of putting an end to the plots and intrigues of the partisans of Mary

[1] Camden; Howard's Memorials. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

Stuart, would be the birth of heirs of her own. Her attempt to attract the young king of France from the Austrian princess had only procured a few empty compliments from the ambassador; and, even if the king had not been too deeply pledged to his affianced bride to avail himself of the opening she had given him, Elizabeth was well aware that the obstacles to such a union were insuperable. But that she did regret having been induced by Cecil and Leicester to trifle with the addresses of the archduke Charles, there is abundant proof, and even that she was anxious "to lure the tercel gentil back again."

In the secret minutes of the affairs of the court of England, prepared by the sieur de Vassal, one of Fenelon's spies, for the information of the queen-mother of France, it is stated, that after the announcement had been made to her that the marriages of her two rejected royal suitors, the kings of France and Spain, with the daughters of the emperor, were concluded, Elizabeth became very pensive; and when she retired to her chamber with her ladies, she complained, "that, while so many honourable marriages were making in Europe, not one of her council had spoken of a match for her, but if the earl of Sussex had been present, he, at least, might have reminded them of the archduke Charles."[1]

This being repeated by one of the ladies to the earl of Leicester, he was compelled, on the morrow, to endeavour to please her, by taking measures to renew the negotiations with the archduke; the son of sir Henry Cobham was forthwith despatched on a secret mission to Spires for that purpose. In the meantime, she showed more and more inclination to marry, and spoke with so much affection of the archduke, that the earl repented having taken any further steps in the matter.

The juvenile appearance of the functionary, whom Elizabeth had selected for this delicate business, excited some surprise, both at home and abroad, for it was said that, "if so grave and experienced a statesman as the earl of Sussex had failed to arrange a matrimonial treaty to her majesty's satisfaction, it was scarcely to be expected that a beardless boy, of no weight, would be able to effect much."[2] The youthful Mercury, however, opened the object of his mission, to the emperor with all possible solemnity, by informing him, "that his royal mistress had sent him to continue the same negotiation that had been commenced, three years before, by the earl of Sussex; that she had not been able, till the present moment, to render a decisive answer on the proposal of the archduke, by reason of frequent illnesses, the wars in France and Flanders, and other impediments; but this delay had not, she trusted, put an end to the suit of his imperial majesty's brother, and if he would be pleased to come to England now, he should be very welcome; and, as to the differences in their religion, she hoped, that her subjects would consent that he and his attendants should have such full exercise of their own, and that he would be satisfied."[3]

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., p. 466.

[2] Secret Memorial for the French Court, by Vassal. Despatches of Fenelon, vol. iii., 466.

[3] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran for the queen-mother of France, in Fenelon vol. iii., 424.

The emperor replied, "that his brother was very sorry that her majesty had been so tardy in notifying her good intention to him, for which he was nevertheless very much obliged, but that the prince, not supposing that her majesty would have delayed her answer for three years, if she had intended to accept him, had turned his thoughts on another match, and was now engaged to a princess, his relation and a catholic, with whom there could be no disputes on the subject of religion, but that he regretted that he had not been accepted by the queen at the proper time, and hoped that she would henceforward regard him in the light of a brother." His imperial majesty concluded with a few compliments, on his own account, to the queen, and dismissed young Cobham with the present of a silver vessel.[1]

This reply was taken in such evil part by Elizabeth, that she exclaimed, in her first indignation, "that the emperor had offered her so great an insult, that if she had been a man instead of a woman, she would have defied him to single combat."[2]

Our authority goes on to report the contents of an intercepted letter, written by one of the lords of the English court to another, in which the following passage occurs:—"The cause of the grief and vexation of our queen, is assuredly the marriage of the archduke Charles with the daughter of his sister, the duchess of Bavaria, either because she had fixed her love and fantasy on him, or that she is mortified that her beauty and grandeur have been so lightly regarded by him, or that she has lost this means of amusing her people for the present, and fears that she will now be pressed by her states and her parliament not to defer taking a husband, which is the principal desire of all her realm."

Elizabeth had, however, reached that point, when, in common with every childless sovereign, who is on ill terms with the successor to the crown, she felt that her power was checked, and her influence bounded within comparatively narrow limits, by the want of heirs of her own person. This consideration appears, if we may believe her own assertion, to have inclined her to encourage thoughts of marriage, and the offer of the young, handsome Henry of Valois came at the seasonable juncture, when she was burning with indignation at the marriage of the archduke Charles. "After the said Cobham had returned with the answer of refusal," says the sieur de Vassal, "she began to listen with more affection to the proposal of monsieur."

This prince was the second surviving son of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, and had just completed his eighteenth year. Elizabeth was turned of thirty-seven, and had been, in her infancy, proposed as a wife for his uncle, Charles duke of Angoulême. The project for her marriage with the duke of Anjou seems to have been first suggested by the cardinal Chastillon, who, notwithstanding his high rank in the church of Rome, came to England for the purpose of soliciting the mediation

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[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Savran for the queen-mother of France, in Fenelon, vol. iii., 424.

[2] Ibid., 425.

of Elizabeth in a pacific treaty between the king of France and the Huguenots.[1]

It is probable that this liberal-minded ecclesiastic imagined, that the union of the heir of France with the protestant queen of England, would procure a general toleration for persons of her religion in France, and that her influence and power would be amicably exerted, to compose the stormy elements, whose strife was pregnant with every species of crime and misery.

He took the first opportunity of touching on this project during a private conference with Elizabeth at Hampton Court, as soon as the fact of the archduke's marriage transpired, and received sufficient encouragement to induce him to open the matter to the queen-mother, who, on the 20th of October, wrote to La Mothe Fenelon, "That the cardinal de Chastillon had spoken to her son, the duke of Anjou, of an overture of marriage between him and the queen of England, and she was earnest with him to give it all the encouragement in his power."

Towards the end of December, La Mothe Fenelon paid a visit to the queen at Hampton Court; he was introduced into her privy chamber by Leicester, "where he found her better dressed than usual, and she appeared eager to talk of the king's (Charles IX.) wedding." La Mothe told her, "that he could wish to congratulate her on her own." On which she reminded him, "that she had formerly assured him that she never meant to marry," but added, "that she regretted that she had not thought in time about her want of posterity, and that if she ever did take a husband, it should be only one of a royal house, of suitable rank to her own."[2]

On this hint, the ambassador could not forbear from recommending the duke of Anjou to her attention, as the most accomplished prince in the world, and the only person who was worthy the honour of her alliance.[3]

She received this intimation very favourably, and replied, "that monsieur was so highly esteemed for his excellent qualities, that he was worthy of the highest destiny the world could bestow, but that she believed his thoughts were lodged on a fairer object[4] than her, who was already an old woman, and who, unless for the sake of heirs, would be ashamed to speak of a husband; that she had formerly been sought by some who would wish to espouse the kingdom, but not the queen; as, indeed, it generally happened among the great, who married without seeing one another." She observed, "that the princes of the house of France had a fair reputation for being good husbands, much honoured by their wives, and not less beloved." She said many more things to

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[1] It is an interesting fact that this cardinal de Chastillon was the brother of the illustrious Protestant leader, admiral de Coligny, whose family name was Chastillon. The cardinal used his influence, like a good man, to moderate between the infuriated parties. (See Brantome, Les Vies des Hommes Illustres, 3me Partie, p. 151.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii. [3] Ibid., vol. iii., p. 418.

[4] The beautiful princess of Cleves, with whom Henry of Anjou was passionately in love at that time.

the same purpose, but La Mothe, in reporting this conversation, in a private letter to the queen-mother, expresses himself as doubtful whether she will ever carry any marriage into effect, having frequently promised her people to marry, and then, after entertaining a proposal for a long while, found means to break it off. However, he recommends the offer to be made.

The first time Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, after the marriage of Charles IX., she asked him, "how his master found himself as a married man?" and added many questions as to the probability of his being happy with his young queen. La Mothe replied, "that his sovereign was the most contented prince in Christendom, and the greatest pleasure he had was being in her company."

Elizabeth cynically observed, "that the record of the gallantries of his majesty's father and grandfather, Francis I. and Henry II., inclined her to fear that he would follow their example." "And thereupon," pursues the ambassador, slily, to his sovereign, "she revealed to me a secret concerning your majesty, which, sire, I confess I had never heard before."[1] So much better was our maiden queen acquainted with the scandals of her royal neighbour of France than his own ambassador, although monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon was a notorious gossip.

We are indebted to his lively pen, for many rich details of her sayings and doings, relative to the successive matrimonial negotiations between her and Henry duke of Anjou, and subsequently with his younger brother Francis, alias Hercules, duke of Alençon, also for a variety of anecdotes of this great queen, which are new to all but those who have studied his despatches. In a private letter, dated January 18th, 1571, he informs the queen-mother, that on the preceding Sunday, he was conducted by the earl of Leicester into the presence of the queen of England, when the conversation having been led to the subject of the private overtures for the marriage with the duke of Anjou, the queen acknowledged, "that she objected to nothing but his age." To which it was replied, "That the prince bore himself already like a man." "But," said the queen, "he can never cease to be younger than me."

"So much the better for your majesty," rejoined Leicester, laughing, and Elizabeth took this freedom from her master of the horse in good part. Then the ambassador took the word, and, after adverting to the wedded happiness of his recently-wedded king and queen, said, "that he would advise any princess, who wished to acquire perfect felicity in wedlock, to take a consort from the royal house of France." Elizabeth replied, "that madame d'Estampes and madame de Valentinois made her fear, that she would be only honoured by her husband as a queen, and not loved by him as a woman." This interesting conversation was interrupted by the entrance of cardinal Chastillon, on which Fenelon and Leicester withdrew, and her majesty remained a considerable time in private conference with him.

As soon as the cardinal retired from her presence, Elizabeth summoned her council, and communicated her matrimonial prospects to them in a

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii.

truly original style. She began by informing them, "that the cardinal Chastillon had inquired of her three things; 'first, if she were free from all contracts, with power to marry where she pleased? secondly, whether she intended to marry within her own realm, or to espouse a foreigner? and, thirdly, in case it was her will to take a foreigner for her consort, if she would accept monsieur, brother to the king of France?' and that she had replied to these questions, 'that she was free to marry, but that she would not marry one of her subjects, and that she would, with all her heart, enter into a marriage with monsieur, on such conditions as might be deemed advisable.'"[1] She then went on to say, that the cardinal had presented his credentials from the king, and prayed her, as the affair was of great consequence to the world, that she would communicate with her council on the subject before it went any further. "But this," her majesty said, "she could tell them plainly, she had not thought good, and had replied, 'that she was queen sovereign, and did not depend on those of her council, but rather they on her, as having their lives and their heads in her hand, and that they would, of course, do as she wished;' but inasmuch as he had represented to her the inconveniences which had been considered to result to the late queen, her sister, for having chosen to treat of her marriage with the king of Spain, without consulting her council, she had promised him, that she would propose it to them, and she willed that they should all promptly give her their advice."

The members of the council hung their heads in silence, being scarcely less startled at the gracious terms in which their maiden monarch had thought proper to signify her intentions, with regard to this new suitor, than astonished at the fact, that the affair had proceeded to such lengths; for so secretly had the negotiations been kept, that very few of them had an idea that such a thing was in agitation. At length, after a considerable pause, one of the most courageous ventured to say, that "Monsieur appeared to be very young for her majesty."

"What then!" exclaimed Elizabeth, fiercely interrupting him, "if the prince be satisfied with me?" and then, apparently desirous of averting the unwelcome discussion of her age, she concluded by saying, "that the cardinal, after showing his credentials, had proposed several articles of an advantageous nature, which she considered well worthy of attention."[2]

The reason of Elizabeth's imperious language to her council on this occasion may be attributed to the displeasure she had cherished against those, who opposed obstacles to her marriage with the archduke, which had ended in his abandoning his suit to her, and wedding the Bavarian princess. Far from concealing her feelings on this subject, she spoke, among her ladies, in a high tone of the ill-treatment, she considered that she had experienced from her cabinet, with regard to the various overtures that had been made by foreign princes for her hand, observing, with emphatic bitterness, "that her people had often pressed her to marry, but they, her ministers, always annexed such hard conditions to

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., pp. 439, 440. [2] Ibid., p. 440.

the treaty, as to keep her from it, and that she should know now who were her good and faithful subjects, and they might note well, that she should hold as disloyal those who attempted to cross her in so honourable a match." When one of her ladies regretted that monsieur were not a few years older, she replied, "He is twenty now, and may be rated at twenty-five, for everything in his mind and person beseems a man of worth;"[1] and when my lord chamberlain proceeded to relate an anecdote of the prince, which some of the ladies of the bed-chamber considered rather alarming on the score of morality, her majesty only turned it off with a joke. But however favourably disposed she might be to her new suitor, she could not forget or forgive the slight which she considered she had received from him, by whom she had been forsaken.

If we may believe the sieur de Vassal and La Mothe Fenelon, when the baron de Vualfrind was presented to her, she expressed herself with mingled jealousy and disdain on the subject of the archduke's nuptials. She inveighed with strong reprobation on a marriage between such near relations as uncle and niece, observing, "that the king of Spain, as a great prince, possibly considered that his example might be a law to the world, but that it was a law against Heaven." According to the same authority, she so far forgot the dignity of the queen and the delicacy of the woman, as to add, "that the archduke was much obliged to her for refusing him, since he had found a better than her, and where love could not fail, for if they could not love each other as spouses, they might love as relations; and that she also hoped, on her part, to find better than him, and so the regret would cease on both sides." Then she went on to say, "that she had not refused him, but only delayed her answer, and he had not been willing to wait; but, nevertheless, she loved and honoured the emperor and all his house, without any exceptions."

When the baron left her majesty's presence, he inquired of the writer of this memorial, "whether the queen had spoken thus of the archduke from affection and jealousy, or by way of a device?" and said, "he repented of not having proposed prince Rodolph, the emperor's eldest son to her, as he was already seventeen." The sieur de Vassal told him, "that the mission of young Cobham to the emperor showed plainly, that if the archduke had been willing to wait the queen's leisure, he would have been accepted." On which the baron expressed much regret, that the archduke had been so hasty in plighting himself to the Bavarian princess; but observed, "that the conditions to which they would have obliged him, if he had married the queen, were so hard that it was shameful to impose such on a king."[2]

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[1] Secret Memorial of M. de Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iii., p. 467.

[2] That title would, of course, have been conferred on any prince whom Elizabeth had thought proper to honour with her hand; and it was guarantied to her two successive suitors, the princes of France, but only for the term of her life; and we shall see that it was contended for Henry of Anjou, that if he survived her, he should retain a shadow of this matrimonial dignity, by bearing the style of king-dowager of England.

One of the proudest and happiest days of Elizabeth's queenly life, was the 23rd of January, 1571, when she came in state into the city, to dine with that prince of English merchants, sir Thomas Gresham, who had invited her to open the new Bourse, on Cornhill, which he had built at his own expense, for the benefit of his fellow-citizens.[1]

The queen had not visited the city of London for upwards of two years, on account of the pestilence; of which, like her father, Henry VIII., she was always in great dread. The welcome which she received on this occasion, from her loving lieges in the east, was enthusiastically affectionate. La Mothe Fenelon, who accompanied her majesty, as an invited guest, to "the festival of the Bourse," as he terms it, bears testimony, in his letters to his own court, to the magnificence of the preparations that had been made in the city, in honour of her coming, "which," he says, "were no less splendid than on the day of her coronation. She was received everywhere by throngs of acclaiming people; the streets were hung and garlanded; and all things in the same order, as at her first public entrance. It gave her great pleasure," continues he, "that I assisted on this occasion, because it showed more of her grandeur, that such a display should be so suddenly arranged, than if it had been premeditated, and got up some time beforehand. The said lady did not omit to make me remark the affection and devotion with which she is looked upon by this great people."[2]

Elizabeth dined in company with Fenelon, at sir Thomas Gresham's house, in Bishopsgate Street, where, though every costly viand that wealth could procure, and refined luxury devise, were provided for her entertainment, her greatest feast appears to have been that, which neither Stowe, Holinshed, or any of our pleasant civic chroniclers of that day were at all aware her majesty enjoyed—namely, the choice dose of flattery, which the insinuating French diplomat administered. In his private letter to the queen-mother of France, he says, "the queen of England took pleasure in conversing a long time with me after dinner; and, among other things, she told me, 'that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects; and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, or by the birth of offspring (if it should please God to give them to her), to the enter

[1] Queen Elizabeth was accustomed to call this great and good man "her merchant." La Mothe Fenelon mentions him, in his despatches to his own court, as "*Grasson*, the queen's factor." He was related to the queen through the Boleyns; and he and his father had amassed great wealth during the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns. On the death of his only son, he declared his intention of making his country his heir, and wisely endeavoured to divert his grief for his irreparable loss, by the erection of a public building for the transaction of mercantile business, such as he had seen in the great commercial cities abroad; and which was indeed a public want in the rich city of London, where the merchants, not having a proper place of assembly, were accustomed to congregate in Lombard street, to the great inconvenience of passengers in that narrow thoroughfare; and when the weather was unpropitious, they adjourned to the nave of old Saint Paul's to complete their bargains, with no more reverence to a Christian church than was exhibited by the money-changers and sellers of doves in the temple at Jerusalem.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., p. 450.

prises which she felt would perpetually be made against her person and her realm, if she became so old a woman that there was no longer any pretence for taking a husband, or hope that she might have children.' "[1]

She added, "that in truth, she greatly feared not being loved by him, whom she might espouse, which would be a greater misfortune than the first, for it would be worse to her than death, and she could not bear to reflect on such a possibility."

"I told her, in reply," continues monsieur de la Mothe, "'that to such prudent considerations, I had nothing to say, except, that in the course of a year she might remedy all that, if before next Easter she would espouse some royal prince, the choice of whom would be easy for her to make, as I knew of one who combined in himself every virtue, by whom there was no doubt but she would be singularly beloved and greatly honoured; and then I hoped that in due time she would find herself the mother of a fair son, and being thus rendered happy in a consort and an heir, she would by that means prevent any more evil plots being devised against her.' She approved of this very much, and pursued the subject with joyful and modest words for a considerable time. The cardinal Chastillon was also at this festival, but she did not speak with him apart."[2]

The time chosen by sir Thomas Gresham, for her majesty's visit to his patriotic foundation, was evening, "and the whole of the buildings of that fair cloister, the Bourse," as it is called by the old translator of Camden, were brilliantly illuminated, and adorned in an appropriate manner, for the occasion;[3] neither pains nor expense had been spared to render it worthy of her attention.

The munificent founder had secured a grand and unbroken coup-d'œil, by offering the shops rent free for a year, to such as would furnish them with goods and wax-lights against the coming of the queen. Thus everything was new and fresh, and effectively arranged; and a splendid display was made of every variety of the most costly and splendid wares, that native industry could produce, or commerce supply.

The queen, attended by the principal nobles and ladies of her court, and the friendly representative of the king of France, on her homeward route through Cornhill, entered the Bourse on the south side, and visited with great interest every part of the edifice, in which she beheld, not only a monument of the generosity and public spirit of her civic kinsman, but a pledge of the increasing greatness of her city of London; and after expressing herself with eloquent and gracious words in commendation of all she saw, especially the Pawn, where the richest display was made, she gave it the name of the Royal Exchange,[4] and caused proclamation to that effect to be made by sound of trumpet. She remained till about eight o'clock, and was escorted in great state through the illuminated streets, which were lined on each side by torch-bearers; the whole population, indeed, supplied themselves with torches on this occasion to do her honour, and surrounded and followed her with tumultuous acclamations of joy.

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., p. 450.
[2] Ibid., p. 455.
[3] Stowe.
[4] Stowe's Survey; Camden.

Her majesty asked monsieur de la Mothe, "if this did not, in a small way, remind him of the late rejoicings in Paris, at the public entrance of the king, his master?" She then observed, "that it did her heart good to see herself so much beloved and desired by her subjects;" and added, "that she knew they had no other cause for regret, than that they knew her to be mortal, and that they had no certainty of a successor, born of her, to reign over them after her death." The courteous statesman replied, with an outpouring of compliments to this pathetic boast, "that her majesty would be without excuse to God and the world, if she deprived her subjects of the fair posterity she had it in her power to provide for them."[1]

Soon after the opening of the Royal Exchange, Elizabeth created sir William Cecil, lord of Burleigh (indifferently spelt Burghley), and made him lord high treasurer. Her uncle, lord William Howard, exchanged the office of lord chamberlain, for that of lord privy seal; the earl of Sussex succeeded him as chamberlain; sir Thomas Smith was made principal secretary of state; and Christopher Hatton, esq., captain of her majesty's guard. The latter gentleman, who has been described by Naunton as a mere vegetable of the court, that sprang up at night, and sank again at his noon, was soon after preferred to the office of vice-chamberlain, sworn of the privy council, and, lastly, made lord chancellor. He was indebted for his good fortune to his fine person, insinuating manners, and graceful dancing. He was bred to the law, and entered the court, as his great enemy, sir John Perrot, used to say, "by the galliard," for he first appeared there among the gentlemen of the inns of court in a mask, at which time her majesty was so charmed with his beauty and activity, that she took him into her band of pensioners, who were considered the tallest and handsomest men in England.[2]

The extraordinary marks of favour lavished by the queen on her new favourite, excited the jealousy of the whole court, and most especially that of Leicester, who, for the purpose of depreciating the accomplishment which had first attracted Elizabeth's notice to the handsome young lawyer, offered to introduce to her attention a dancing master, whose performance of the same dances, in which Hatton's caperings had been so much admired, was considered much more wonderful, and worthy of the encouragement of her smiles. "Pish!" replied Elizabeth, contemptuously; "I will not see *your* man: it is his trade." Not only her partiality for Hatton, but her good taste, led her to prefer the easy grace of the gentleman to the exhibition of the professor of the art.

Scandal did not spare Elizabeth on the score of sir Christopher Hatton, but as he was not only the beau ideal of a queen's vice-chamberlain, but acquitted himself very well in his high and responsible office of lord chancellor, we may fairly conclude that his royal mistress preferred him for his talents to those places, rather than from the improbable weakness which has been attributed to her.

Hatton, though of mild and gentle manners, was rapacious, and

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., p. 454. [2] Naunton's Fragmenta.

coveted a slice of the bishop of Ely's noble garden, which consisted of twenty acres of richly planted ground on Holborn-hill and Ely-place.[1]

Dr. Cox did not like his see to be despoiled, and resisted this encroachment, though backed by the queen's private orders. This refusal produced the following unique epistle from her maiden majesty:—

"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are now. If you do not immediately comply with my request, I will unfrock you, by God. ELIZABETH."

This letter had the desired effect of inducing the bishop of Ely to resign a large proportion of the estate of the see,—the gate-house of his palace on Holborn-hill, and several acres of land, now Hatton-garden, reserving to himself and his successors free access, through the gate-house, of walking in the garden, and leave to gather twenty bushels of roses yearly, therein.[2] Twenty bushels of roses gathered on Holborn-hill!—what a change of time, place, and produce since. How perplexed would the denizens of Ely-place and Hatton-garden be, if the present bishop of Ely were to demand his twenty bushels of roses, and admission to gather them in Hatton-garden? It was this bishop of Ely who remonstrated with Elizabeth for retaining the crucifix and lighted tapers in her chapel; for which she never forgave him. Soon after, her fool, set on by one of her courtiers, put out the wax-lights; but though she suffered them to be abolished in general, she ever retained them on her own domestic altar.

Fenelon informs Catherine de Medicis that there were four lords of queen Elizabeth's court and cabinet, who influenced the decisions of all the others, and even those of their royal mistress. He does not name this junta, but they appear to have consisted of Leicester, Cecil, Walsingham, and the lord keeper Bacon. In his letter of the 6th of February, he writes to Catherine, "that these four statesmen had met in council to deliberate on what course they should advise the queen to pursue, touching the proposed marriage with the duke of Anjou. The first of these approved of it as good and honourable; the second opposed it as perilous to the protestant religion, calculated to provoke jealousy in other princes, and full of danger to the realm; the third was of the same opinion as the second; and the fourth held with the first, but only so far that he considered the match was for the honour of her majesty and the realm, yet, if it could be broken without personal offence to monsieur, by means of such conditions being annexed as would be refused by the king of France, it would be the means of creating a division and enmity between the royal brothers, which would be advantageous to England."

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[1] Fuller.

[2] Elizabeth's bishops appear to have been great horticulturists. Edmund Grindal, bishop of London, sent her an annual present of grapes from his vineyard at Fulham, but had nearly forfeited her favour for ever, by sending his last offering at the time there had been a death in his house, which caused a report that he had endangered her majesty's person, by sending from an infected place. He wrote a piteous letter, denying that the plague was in his house.

The queen, when she was informed of these adverse opinions of her council, assembled them together, and said, with a tear in her eye, "that if any ill came to her, to her crown, or her subjects, from her not having espoused the archduke Charles, it ought to be imputed to them, and not to her;"[1] adding, "that they had been the cause of giving umbrage to the king of Spain—that they had embroiled her with the Scotch—and that, through their intrigues with the Rochellers, a war with the king of France would have ensued if she had not prevented it, and she prayed them all to assist her now to smooth all these evils in the only way they could, which was by forwarding her marriage with monsieur, and that she should hold every one as a bad subject, an enemy to this realm, and disloyal to her service, who in any way crossed her in it." No one present, of course, presumed to contradict or oppose her in her sad and passionate mood.

It appears to have been the rule with Elizabeth's ministers to listen, with profound reverence, to every rating it pleased her to bestow upon them, but without altering, except in a few deceitful compliances of trifling and temporary import, the line of conduct which had provoked her displeasure.

It was the decided opinion of that minute observer, La Mothe Fenelon, that it was not the intention of those who ruled the councils of the queen, and overawed the ancient aristocracy of her realm, to permit their royal mistress to marry. Leicester, from whom he had much of his information, whether true or false, but most probably a mixture of both, informed him, "that such of the lords of the council as were in the interest of Spain were greatly opposed to the match between her majesty and monsieur, so also he said was Mr. Secretary Cecil (Burleigh), who did not choose that his mistress, after the fashion of the world, should have any husband but himself, for he was more the sovereign than she was." So earnestly, indeed, was Cecil bent on diverting Elizabeth from the French marriage, that he even ventured the daring experiment of tampering with her suspected passion for Leicester, by gravely soliciting her to accept him for her husband, as the person who would give the greatest satisfaction to the whole realm, but she treated the notion with deserved contempt.

Leicester, on his part, assured La Mothe Fenelon, "that, knowing full well that Burleigh had no good meaning in this, and that he only devised it, as a contrivance, to hinder the queen from entering into a matrimonial treaty with the French prince; he had replied, "that when the time was favourable for him in that matter, Burleigh had opposed and prevented him; but now that the time was unpropitious for it, he pretended to assist him; but those who would now attempt such a thing were neither good servants to her majesty nor true friends to him, their only aim being to interrupt the proposition of Monsieur, for which he (Leicester) owed them no good-will, nor would render them thanks, not choosing to become their tool."[2]

The queen, meantime, having apparently set her mind entirely on the

[1] Depêche de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., p. 462. [2] Ibid.

French marriage, complained to lady Clinton and lady Cobham of the difficulties that some of her ministers made to her marriage with monsieur, on account of his being too young, and she conjured them, "to tell her freely their opinions, as she esteemed them as two of the most faithful of her ladies, and placed more confidence in them than in all the ladies in the world, and therefore did not wish them to dissimulate with her in anything." Then the lady Clinton, being an old courtier, and well knowing that her majesty did not wish to hear a repetition of the same sentiments which had displeased her in her uncomplying council, replied by praising the perfections of her majesty, and encouraging her in her design of marrying, and highly approving of her choice of monsieur, "whose youth," she said, "ought not to inspire her with fear, for he was virtuous, and her majesty was better calculated to please him than any other princess in the world."[1]

Her majesty received this agreeable answer with such evident satisfaction, that lady Cobham, not daring to say anything in opposition, merely observed, "that those marriages were always the happiest when the parties were of the same age, or near about it, but that here there was a great inequality!" Elizabeth interrupted her, by saying, "that there were but *ten* years difference between them." Now, although both the ladies were aware that it was nearer twenty, neither ventured to correct the royal calculation, and her majesty said, in conclusion, "that it might possibly have been better if the prince had been the senior, but since it had pleased God that she was the oldest, she hoped that he would be contented with her other advantages."[2]

But while the mighty Elizabeth, laying aside the dignified restraints of the sovereign, endeavoured, like a perplexed and circumvented woman as she was, to find, among her favoured confidants of the bedchamber coterie, sentiments and advice more in accordance with her wishes than the unwelcome opposition she had encountered from her privy councillors, and was soothed by their flattery into so happy an idea of her own perfections, that she anticipated no other obstacle to her marriage with the handsome Henry of Anjou, than that which proceeded from the jealousy of her own cabinet, the possibility of a demur arising on his part appears never to have entered into her imagination. Unfortunately, however, the overtures for this marriage had been made by the scheming politicians of France, and the negotiations pursued by the desire of the ambitious queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, up to the present point, without the necessary preliminary of obtaining the assent of the said Henry of Anjou, to the disposal of his hand in wedlock to her majesty of England.

When matters were so far advanced, that it was absolutely necessary for the nominal suitor to come forward, in *propria persona*, the royal youth, with all the reckless wilfulness of his age, expressed his disapproval of the mature bride elect, who had been so warmly wooed in his name, and protested "that he would not marry her, for she was not only an old creature, but had a sore leg." This infirmity, though a

[1] Secret Memorial of Vassal, in Fenelon's Despatches. [2] Ibid.

new feature in the personal description of queen Elizabeth, was not altogether the invention of her refractory suitor; it seems she really had a temporary affliction of the kind, for, in the preceding June, La Mothe Fenelon informed his court, in his official report, that he could not have an audience, on business, with Elizabeth, for she was ill, and, the truth to say, something was the matter with her leg.

On the 26th of the same month, she gave the French ambassador an audience in her chamber, dressed in a wrapping-gown, with the leg laid in repose. First she discussed her malady, and then the affairs of Europe, and she vowed, "if she were lame, France and Scotland would find her affairs did not halt."[1]

The next month her lameness was not amended, and she was forced to make her summer progress in a coach. Nevertheless, in September she was not only on her feet, but pursuing her old diversions of the chase. She received La Mothe, he says, in a sylvan palace, not far from Oxford, surrounded by forests, which, though he calls it by the unintelligible name of *Vuynck*, could be no other than Woodstock. She gave him audience, not in the main building, but in a lodge in the wilderness, where toils were pitched, that she might shoot deer with her own hand, as they defiled before her. "She took the cross-bow and killed six does; and," says the ambassador, "she did me the honour to give me a share of them."

Early in February, 1571, the repugnance of young Anjou assumed a graver and sterner form, and finding that his ill-mannered railing against the royal bride, who had been provided for him, was only regarded by his mother as boyish petulance, he appealed to the king, his brother, against the marriage, on such startling grounds, that the wily queen-mother, deeming it useless to proceed further with the negotiation in his name, wrote an agitated letter to monsieur de la Mothe, informing him of the contumacy of Henry, and imploring him to do his best to prevail on the queen of England to accept his younger brother, the duke of Alençon, in his place. After telling the ambassador "that she would not confide the purport of what she is about to write to any other hand than her own," she says, "I assure myself that you will conduct this affair so secretly and dexterously, that we shall not incur the danger I apprehend, if the queen of England, thinking herself disdained or scorned, should avenge herself by making war upon us, either openly or underhand, as she has done before now. To come to the point, my son (Anjou) has let me know, by the king his brother, that he will never marry the queen of England, even if she be ever so willing to have him —so much has he heard against her honour, and seen in the letters of all the ambassadors who have ever been there (in England), that he considers he should be utterly dishonoured, and lose all the reputation he has acquired. But still, hoping to make him yield to reason, I would wish you to continue to write in the same strain as at present, till I can decide what to do; letting the affair proceed, lest she should bear us ill-will, and feel resentful at being refused. I declare to you, that if she

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iii., pp. 219, 220.

expresses a willing mind, I shall feel extreme concern at the opinion he has taken. I would give half my life-blood out of my body could I alter it, but I cannot render him obedient in this matter.

"Now, monsieur de la Mothe," continues the royal maternal speculator, "we are on the point of losing such a kingdom and grandeur for my children, that I shall feel great regret—see if there be no means, as I formerly asked you, of inducing her to adopt one of her female relatives as her heiress, whom one of my sons could espouse."[1] The ignorance betrayed by Catherine de Medicis in this modest suggestion, is scarcely less laughable than her absurd egotism; since, if Elizabeth could have been guilty of the folly of involving her realm in a succession war, for the sake of thus aggrandizing one of the cadet princes of France, there was no surviving marriageable lady descended from Henry VII., save Elizabeth herself and the captive queen of Scots.

Catherine had, however, another project, scarcely less chimerical, by which she hoped to secure the crown of the Plantagenets and Tudors to her own precious offspring—"Not very easy," as she herself admits in the said letter to La Mothe, but still possible to be accomplished through his surpassing powers of persuasive eloquence. Her majesty discloses this darling scheme in the following anxious query—"Would she (queen Elizabeth) have my son Alençon?—As for him, he wishes it. He is turned of sixteen, though but little of his age.[2] I deem she would make less difficulty of it if he were of stately growth, like his brethren, then I might hope somewhat; for he has the understanding, visage, and demeanour of one much older than he is; and, as to his age, there are but three years between his brother and him."

This doughty candidate for the hand of the greatest female sovereign the world had ever seen, was born in March, 1555, consequently he was two and twenty years younger than Elizabeth, and his diminutive, mean figure, and prematurely old face, were rendered more ridiculous by the fact that he had received the potent name of Hercules at the baptismal font; though, at the death of his elder brother, it had been judiciously changed for that of Francis. To make the case worse, he was scarred with the small-pox, his nose was so disproportionately large as to amount to deformity, and the conditions of his mind were as evil as those of his inconvenient little body. These circumstances were the more unpropitious, as Elizabeth was a decided admirer of beauty, and entertained the greatest antipathy to ugly and deformed people; she even carried her fastidiousness on this point to such an extreme, that she refused the place of a gentleman-usher to an unexceptionable person for no other objection than the lack of one tooth; and whenever she went abroad, all ugly, deformed, and diseased persons were thrust out of her way, by certain officers whose business it was to preserve her majesty from the displeasure of looking on objects offensive to her taste. La Mothe Fenelon, who was aware of all her peculiarities, in his reply to Catherine, positively refused to insult Elizabeth by the offer of such

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii., pp. 178, 179.
[2] Ibid., pp. 170—180.

a consort as the ugly urchin whom he was requested to recommend to her acceptance, and requested leave to return to France. He advised the queen-mother, withal, to wait till the duke of Alençon should have grown a little, before she caused him to be proposed to the queen of England, or that princess would consider that it was done in mockery, and might possibly retaliate by some serious political injury. In reply to the evil reports alluded to by the duke of Anjou, he affords the following noble testimonial of Elizabeth's character:—

"They can write and speak very differently of this princess from the hearsay of men, who sometimes cannot forgive the great qualities of their betters; but in her own court they would see everything in good order; and she is there very greatly honoured, and understands her affairs so well, that the mightiest in her realm, and all ranks of her subjects, fear and revere her; and she rules them with full authority, which, I conceive, could scarcely proceed from a person of evil fame, and where there is a want of virtue. Nevertheless, I know what you have heard; and that there is an opinion that she will never have children."

At the end of February, the importunities of Catherine de Medicis had wrung from Anjou a declaration that he was not only willing to wed queen Elizabeth, but that he earnestly desired it. She wrote indefatigably with her own hand to forward the marriage, and gave the most earnest advice to Elizabeth to wed Anjou while he was in the mind. She exerted all her diplomatic skill in a dialogue she had with lord Buckhurst, queen Elizabeth's relative, and ambassador extraordinary at Paris; but, to her infinite vexation, she found him perfectly acquainted with the reluctance of the bridegroom, for his refrain to all her fine speeches was—

"But why is monsieur so unwilling?"

On the return of Norris, her ambassador, to the court of France, Elizabeth questioned him very minutely as to the personal qualifications of Henry of Anjou; and received such a favourable description of his fine figure, handsome face, and graceful mien, that, conceiving a great wish to see him, she ordered Leicester to make a discreet arrangement for that purpose with La Mothe Fenelon, without committing her maidenly delicacy. The plan proposed was, for her to direct her progress towards the Kentish coast, and then, if her princely suitor wished to see her, he might cross the channel, incognito, by a morning tide, and return by the next tide, provided he had no inclination to remain longer, to cultivate the opportunity, thus condescendingly vouchsafed to him, of pleading his own cause.[1] Unfortunately, monsieur did not feel disposed to become the hero of the petite romance, which the royal coquette had taken the trouble of devising, by way of enlivening the solemn dulness of a diplomatic courtship with a spice of reality. She had, from first to last, declared that nothing on earth should induce her to marry a prince whom she had never seen; and Henry of Anjou, though acknowledged to be one of the handsomest princes in Europe, perversely determined not to gratify her curiosity by exhibiting himself.

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

Perhaps he had been alarmed at the well-meant, but injudicious hint conveyed by monsieur de la Mothe to his royal mother, that the queen's ladies had received instructions to watch him very diligently, in order to discover whether he evinced any genuine demonstrations of love for their mistress. A formidable ordeal, certainly, for any man to undergo, who was expected to play the wooer to a royal spinster of Elizabeth's temper; and who was so many years his senior. Elizabeth, though disappointed of a personal interview of monsieur, requested to see his portrait; and two were sent for her inspection, by the queen-mother.

In her official instructions to Walsingham, on the subject of the preliminary negotiations for her marriage with Anjou, Elizabeth expresses herself sincerely disposed to take a consort for the good of her realm; enlarging at the same time on her natural preference for a maiden life, she says[1]—"In the beginning of our reign it is not unknown how we had no disposition of our own nature to marry, no otherwise than it is manifestly known, that when the king, our dear father reigned, and many times pressed us earnestly to marry; nor when, in the late king, our brother's time, the like was renewed unto us, even for such as were then in real possession of kingdoms. When we lived but in a private state as a daughter, or a sister to a king, yet could we never induce our mind to marry; but rather did satisfy ourself with a solitary life." Who the regal suitors were by whom the hand of Elizabeth was sought during her father's life, might have been known to herself, but no historian, or documentary evidence, has ever recorded their names. Small, however, would have been the attention vouchsafed by Henry VIII. to her reluctance to espouse any person on whom he might have felt disposed to bestow her in marriage. The evidences of history sufficiently prove that, from the time of her mother's first decline in the favour of the capricious tyrant, Henry, the young Elizabeth was at discount in the royal matrimonial market; and even the earl of Arran neglected to secure her, when offered as a bride for his son. The scene was changed, as she felt, when a kingdom became her portion; and her contempt for the interested motives of the numerous princely wooers, by whom she was then surrounded, was open and undisguised. But as the princes of the royal house of France were not marriageable till some time after her accession to the crown, she received the successive proposals of the three brothers with more civility than sincerity. She had a great political game to play; and in entertaining the matrimonial overtures from the court of France, she disarmed every direct hostile attempt that might otherwise have been made in favour of her royal prisoner, Mary Stuart.

She directed Walsingham to say, in her name, "that, considering the king is married, there can be no greater nor worthier offer made by the crown of France than monsieur d'Anjou; and therefore we do thankfully accept it." On the terms of the marriage she bids him say, "that he thinks no less can be offered for conditions than was by the emperor Charles with king Philip, for queen Mary." On the matter of religion, Walsingham was privately to inform the queen-mother, "that though

[1] Complete Ambassador, by Sir Dudley Digges, folio 63.

she did not mean to put any force on the conscience of her son, yet she could not permit his exercising that form of religion in England which was prohibited by the laws of her realm; and that she should require his attendance upon her at such churches and oratories as she frequented."

She adds, "that she is contented to have this matter kept secret for the present;" meaning to make no one privy to it but such members of her council whom she has most reason to trust, both for fidelity and secrecy; "to wit, our cousin, the earl of Leicester, of whom you may say that whatsoever may be otherwise doubted, we find ready to allow of any marriage that we shall like, and withal marriages with any prince stranger—most of all this with the crown of France; the other is sir William Cecil, lord of Burleigh, and our principal secretary."[1]

This letter is given under the royal signet at Greenwich, the 24th of March, 1571. Walsingham, diplomatist though he was, candidly wrote to Burleigh, "that this letter fairly perplexed him; but he thought it safest to follow the course prescribed by her majesty, whatever came of it."

Meantime, the earl of Morton, and others of his party, had arrived in England, to treat on the affairs of Scotland, in the name of the infant, king James. Queen Elizabeth, who was still amusing Mary and the court of France with deceptive negotiations, for the restoration of that unfortunate princess to her liberty and her throne, required the rebel commissioners to declare the grounds on which they had deposed their queen. Instead of gratifying her, as she expected, with the repetition of all their frightful accusations against her hapless kinswoman, they favoured her majesty with a lengthy manifesto, setting forth, "that Scotland had from time immemorial been governed by male monarchs; and that they had the authority of Calvin to prove, that magistrates had power to punish wicked sovereigns, by imprisoning and depriving them of their realms; that they had shown their queen great favour, in permitting her son to reign; and that she existed at that time only through the mercy of her people."[2] Elizabeth could not listen with even a show of patience to sentiments so opposed to her notion of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. She told the deputies that "they had not shown, nor could she perceive, any just cause for the manner in which they had troubled their queen; and advised them to seek other means for composing the discord then raging in Scotland."[3]

When Morton refused to agree to the articles of the treaty with Scotland, which had been proposed by the commissioners of Elizabeth, she told the four commissioners who brought his answer to her, "that she perceived in that answer, the arrogance and hardness of a very obstinate heart; and that she knew that Morton himself had not brought such a one to her country, but that he had acquired it here, from some of the members of her council, of whom she could well say, that they were worthy of being hanged at the gate of the castle, with a copy of their advice about their necks; and that it was not her will that Morton

[1] Digges. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

should stir from London, or his suite from her court, till some good conclusion had been made in this affair."[1]

On the 23d of March, 1571, queen Elizabeth held a council at Greenwich, at which the affairs of Mary, queen of Scots, were debated in her presence, and the articles of the treaty, then on the tapis, caused such a fierce contention among these statesmen, that her majesty was compelled to interpose for the restoration of order. This she did in the very tone of old Henry, her father, by calling one of the assembly "a fool," and another "a madman."[2] The French ambassador had been invited to attend this council, as a matter of courtesy to Mary's royal kindred in France, and entered just at the moment the discussion had reached this interesting climax. His arrival gave a different turn to the scene, for instead of proceeding with the subject, his excellency paid his compliments to the queen, "and told her it was a long time since he had received news from France, and he came express this time to inquire of hers." She told him, with much satisfaction, "that she could inform him, that the public entry of their majesties of France had been made, on the first Monday in March, and that her ambassador, lord Buckhurst, had informed her that it was very magnificent; and also had written to her accounts of the combat at the barriers, and all the other feats that had been performed by the royal bridegroom, Charles IX., whose personal prowess he had greatly extolled, and had also praised monseigneur, his brother, and that one of her equerries whom she had sent with lord Buckhurst was already returned, and had affirmed that, without making comparisons between kings, for he had never seen any other besides his present majesty of France, it was impossible for any prince, lord, or gentleman, to go beyond him, or perform his part more gallantly, or with greater skill, in every sort of combat, whether on horse or foot, and that he had related to her many particulars, all which had given her such pleasure to hear, that she had made him repeat them several times, not without wishing that she had been present, as a third queen, to see it all herself, and that in truth she could willingly have reserved for herself the commission which she had given to lord Buckhurst, to go and congratulate their most Christian majesties on their present felicity;" adding, "that she trusted, that by the blessing of God, the most Christian queen would be happily cured of all her sickness in the course of the next nine months."

She then said, "she had to solicit pardon, for having sent a thief to Paris, to steal a likeness of the queen, that she might enjoy the satisfaction of possessing her portrait." She drew it forth, as she spoke, from that capacious pocket, to which she was accustomed to consign the letters of foreign potentates and despatches from her own ambassadors, with other diplomatic papers, and showing it to monsieur de la Mothe, inquired if her most Christian majesty had quite as much *embonpoint*, and whether her complexion were as beautiful as the painter had represented.

Before the interview concluded, La Mothe said, "he was instructed

[1] Dépêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 20. [2] Ibid., p. 30.

to inquire how her majesty meant to proceed with respect to the queen of Scotland." On which, Elizabeth observed, "that she had doubted whether he would allow the audience to end without naming the queen of Scots to her, whom she could wish not to be quite so much in his master's remembrance, and still less in his." After this shrewd hint, she said, "that she had used her utmost diligence to have the treaty perfected, and complained that the cardinal of Lorraine had said and done various things against her which monsieur de la Mothe took some pains to explain;"[1] and the interview ended pleasantly on both sides.

After an interval of five years, Elizabeth found it necessary to summon a new parliament to meet at Westminster, for the purpose of granting an enormous property tax, consisting of two-tenths, and two-fifteenths, and one subsidy by the laity, and six shillings in the pound by the clergy.[2] The interference of Elizabeth in the continental wars, and the pensions she had paid for years, and continued to pay to the mercenary agitators in France, Scotland, and elsewhere, compelled her to inflict these grievous burdens on her own subjects. The spoils of the nobility and gentry, who had taken part in the late risings in the north, might have sufficed to pay the expenses of the armament, employed to crush the insurrection, but the queen had been harassed by the importunities of a greedy set of self-interested councillors and servants, who expected to be paid for their loyal adherence to her cause, out of the forfeitures of their misguided neighbours. At the head of these bold beggars, was her cousin, lord Hunsdon, who, to use his own expression, was laudably anxious that her majesty's friends "may pyk a sallett" from the spoils of the house of Percy.[3] He and his sons made a good thing of the late revolt.

Nothing tends more to establish despotism in sovereigns than the unsuccessful efforts of a faction, to resist lawful authority. In consequence of the late rebellion, statutes were made for the security of the queen, which stretched the prerogatives of the crown beyond the limits to which the haughtiest of her predecessors had presumed to carry it; and the penalties against non-conformity assumed a character as inconsistent with the divine spirit of Christianity, as the religious persecutions which had disgraced the preceding reign.

In the very face of these arbitrary enactments, George Strickland, esq., one of the leaders of the Puritan party in the House of Commons, moved a reformation in the liturgy of the church of England, and his motion was supported by those members professing the same opinions. The queen was highly offended at the presumption of Strickland in daring to touch on matters, over which she, as the head of the church, claimed supreme jurisdiction.[4] But when this intimation was given to

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. [2] Journals of Parliament.

[3] So much offended was Hunsdon at not being gratified with the picking of the salad, on which he had set his mind, that he refused to carry the unfortunate earl of Northumberland to be executed at York, with this remark:—"Sir John Forster hath both the commodity and profit of all his lands in Northumberland, and he is fittest to have the carriage of him to York."—Appendix to Memorials of the Northern Rebellion, by Sir Cuthbert Sharp.

[4] Journals of Parliament.

the Commons, Strickland and his party unanimously exclaimed, "that the salvation of their souls was in question, to which all the kingdoms of the earth were nothing in comparison." Elizabeth, in a transport of indignation, summoned the uncompromising northern member before her and her council, and laid her personal commands upon him not to appear any more in the house of Commons. This arbitrary interference with the proceedings of the representatives of the great body of her subjects, excited murmurs, both deep and loud in the house, which, for the first time, entered the lists with royalty, on the subject of violated privilege, and in defence of that palladium of English liberty—freedom of debate. They maintained, withal, the constitutional truth, that it was neither in the power of the sovereign to make laws singly, nor to violate those that were already established. Elizabeth had the wisdom to relinquish the struggle, and Strickland triumphantly resumed his place in the house, where he was received with shouts of congratulation.[1]

If we may trust the reports of La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth was heard to say, "that she was tired of parliaments. None of her predecessors," she observed, "had held more than three during their whole lives, while she already had had four, and she had been so much tormented in the last about marrying, that she had resolved on two things — the first was, never to hold another parliament; the other, never to marry; and she meant to die in this resolution."[2] But, as concerned holding the parliament, it was easier to make that resolution, than to abide by it.

One of the statutes of this parliament rendered it penal, even to speak of any other successor to the crown of England, than the issue of the reigning queen. Elizabeth's fastidious delicacy in refusing to have the word lawful annexed, as if it were possible that any other than legitimate children *could* be born of her, gave rise not only to unnecessary discussions on the subject, but some defamatory reports as to her motives for objecting to the customary word. "I remember," says Camden, "being then a young man, hearing it said openly by people, that this was done by the contrivance of Leicester, with a design to impose, hereafter, some base son of his own upon the nation, as the queen's offspring." In the preceding August, a Norfolk gentleman, of the name of Marsham, had actually been tried for saying, "that my lord

[1] D'Ewes' Journals. That queen Elizabeth did not scruple to send members of parliament to the Tower for saying what she did not like, is evident from what befel Mr. Wentworth. A brief abstract of her dealings with him is as follows. "Wentworth, a member of the House of Commons, reflecting on the queen for ordering Mr. Strickland to forbear coming to the House last sessions, was sent to the Tower, February 8, 1575."—Toone's Chronology, second edition. Again, in February, 1587, several of the most zealous members of the House of Commons were sent to the Tower, by an order from council, for bringing in a bill to establish Puritanism against the Church of England.—(Toone, vol. i., p. 184.) Again, in September, 1588, a book of devotion being presented to the House of Commons by four members of parliament, the queen committed to prison the four members who presented it.—(Toone, vol. i., p. 185.)

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

of Leicester had two children by the queen," and was condemned to lose both his ears, or else to pay a hundred pounds; both punishments combined would have been a trifling mulct for the propagation of so injurious a scandal of a female sovereign.

Early in April, 1571, signor Guido Cavalcanti arrived in England, bearing a joint letter from Charles IX., and Catherine de Medicis, addressed to queen Elizabeth, in which a formal tender of the duke of Anjou's hand was made to her. Cavalcanti was stopped at Dover by order of the queen, and conducted, under a guard, to the house of lord Burleigh, in London, where she had a secret interview with him, on the subject of his mission, before he was permitted to see the French ambassador, to whom the office of delivering the royal letter to her majesty was assigned by his own court. The next day, April 12th, La Mothe Fenelon obtained an audience of her majesty, who received him in a retired part of her gallery, and, after a few observations had been exchanged on other subjects, he made the proposal in due form, and delivered to her the letter from the king and queen-mother of France. She received it, according to Fenelon, with evident satisfaction, and replied modestly, but expressed herself so desirous of the accomplishment of the marriage, that he was fully convinced of her sincerity. She referred him to Leicester and Burleigh, as the chosen councillors by whom the conditions of the marriage were to be arranged on her part.[1]

The limits of this work will not admit of the insertion of the official correspondence, on the preliminaries of this marriage, that was exchanged on the part of their majesties of France and queen Elizabeth, but it is among the richest documentary specimens of deceit. The state papers of France abound in professions of the true love and esteem which impelled Charles and Catherine to solicit the hand of the queen of England, for her "devoted servant, monsieur," together with a few apologies, for not having come to a positive declaration sooner, "having been informed that her majesty was determined never to take a consort, and that she was accustomed to deride and mock every one, who pretended to her hand, which had deterred their most Christian majesties from preferring the suit of their said son and brother, and had made monsieur very sad and sore at heart."[2]

Elizabeth, in her reply, gravely defended herself from the charge of "ever having mocked or trifled with any of the princely candidates for her hand." She availed herself, at the same time, of the opportunity of enumerating a few of the most considerable of those. "When the king of Spain first proposed to her," she said, "she immediately excused herself on a scruple of conscience, which would not permit her to espouse one, who had been her sister's husband; and as to the princes of Sweden and Denmark, she had, within eight days, replied to them, 'that she had no inclination then to marry,' so that they had no occasion to wait; and as for the proposal of the king, Charles IX., which was made when he was very young, she had also done all that was proper to let him understand her mind. The archduke, she must confess, had been kept

[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 58.

[2] Ibid., p. 64, 65.

longer in suspense, because of the troubles and hindrances that were happening in the world; but it might nevertheless be seen that she had used no deceit towards him." She artfully hinted, with regard to Scotland, "that when monsieur should be her lord and husband, the prosperity and peace of England would be his concern no less than hers, and he would see that, the dangers, caused by the intrigues of the queen of Scots, would be more easy to parry while she was in her care, than if she were at large."[1]

On the 13th of April, articles were presented, by the French ambassador and Cavalcanti, as preliminaries, among which it was proposed, that the marriage might be solemnized without the ceremonies prescribed by the catholic ritual; that monsieur and his domestics should have free exercise of their religion; that, immediately the marriage was concluded, monsieur should govern jointly with the queen; and that, the day after the consummation of the marriage, he should be crowned as the husband of the queen, and received by her subjects as king, and sixty thousand livres a year should be granted for his maintenance. It was replied, on the part of Elizabeth, "that she could not concede the exercise of his religion to the duke, but that she would promise, that neither he nor his servants should be compelled to use those of her church. The title of king," of which she notices, "there was precedent in the case of her sister's husband, king Philip, she was willing to allow." With regard to the pension, she objected, but did not refuse it, observing, "that king Philip had no manner of thing allowed him, but sustained all his own charge, and gave also to noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomen of our nation good entertainment."[2]

She then made some inquiries as to the dominions of the prince, and in what manner they were to be inherited, whether by daughters as well as sons. She notices that the ambassador had earnestly required "that if the duke should survive her, and have a child living, that should be heir to the crown, he might retain the regal title, with this modification, to be called 'rex pater;' and if no child should be surviving, then to be called 'rex dotarius' (king-dowager)." Of this very original clause, her majesty contents herself with observing, "that she considers it rather matter of form than substance, and meeter to be thought of when greater matters are accorded than in the present stage of the business."[3]

In a conference between Walsingham and monsieur de Foix, on the subject of the disputed articles, when Walsingham told de Foix that the difference on religion appeared the principal obstacle, the other replied, "that it was necessary, both for the prince's happiness and honour, that he should have some religion, and that he believed him to be well disposed in that way, yet not so assuredly grounded but that some change might be effected in time, and with the queen's good persuasions: whereof," continued the catholic negotiator, "we have seen good experience of woman's virtue in that way. Constantine was converted by

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. p. 64.
[2] Instructions to Walsingham, in the Complete Ambassador, 84. [3] Ibid.

his mother Helena, the king of Navarre by the queen his wife, and therefore can I not doubt but, this match proceeding, monsieur will be turned by his wife." To this it was replied, on Elizabeth's part, "that although it would be a glory to her to imitate the empress Helena in so great a thing, yet it by no means followed that such would be the case with regard to monsieur, for there were to the full as many wives converted by their husbands, as husbands by their wives."[1]

As to the articles submitted to her on the part of their majesties and monsieur, she found the greatest difficulty in those which related to religion, and she wished some of the ceremonials, required by the prince, in the marriage service to be omitted. The reply to this was, "that her majesty's marriage with monsieur ought to be dignified with all the solemnities suited to their relative positions, and that the king and queen of France were sure she would not treat the prince so unkindly, as to wish to deprive him of the exercise of his religion; neither could she esteem him, if, for the sake of worldly advantages, he were to dispense with it." To this Elizabeth very obligingly responded, "that she had herself been sacred and crowned according to the ceremonies of the catholic church, and by catholic bishops, without, however, assisting at the mass, and that she would be sorry if she thought monsieur was willing to give up his religion, for if he had the heart to forsake God, he might also forsake her." However, she referred all to the lords Leicester and Burleigh, whom she appears to have constituted lord-keepers of her conscience in this delicate affair.[2]

In a private conversation with La Mothe Fenelon, Elizabeth observed, facetiously, "that one of her reasons for wishing to dispense with the elaborate matrimonial service of her proposed bridegroom's church, was on the score of portents, for if monsieur, in consequence of so many ceremonies, should chance to let the nuptial ring fall on the ground, she should regard it as an evil omen." She expressed a great desire for him to accompany her sometimes to prayers, that neither she nor her people might see any manifestation of ill-will on his part towards the protestant religion. "He need not doubt," she said, "of being very honourably provided for by her, in case of being the survivor, and, during her life, he and she would have all things in common."[3]

Then she spoke of the praises she had heard of the prince, with a fear, put in parenthetically, that he had not received such advantageous reports of her, and fell to repeating the commendations she had heard of his sense, prudence, and good grace, of his valour and magnanimity, and the beauty and elegance of his person, not forgetting to speak of his hand, which she had been told was one of the most uncommonly beautiful that had ever been seen in France; "and then," says the ambassador, "concluded, with a smile, by telling me, 'that she would have me told one day by my said lord, if things came to a good winding up, that I ought rather to have maintained, that a match with her would be more honourable for him, than with the queen of Scots.' "

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[1] Complete Ambassador.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., pp. 65, 66.

[3] La Mothe Fenelon

Notwithstanding these flattering words, La Mothe Fenelon had his doubts, and in order to come to a clear understanding of her majesty's intentions on this subject, he endeavoured to cultivate the good-will of the countess of Lenox, who, as the first lady in the realm, next to the queen and her nearest relative, he supposed would be in the secret. All the information, however, that lady Lenox gave him, he says, only amounted to this: "That by what she could observe in the queen, she seemed to be not only well disposed, but affectionately inclined to my said lord; that she generally talked of nothing but his virtues and perfections; that her majesty dressed better, appeared more lively, and more of a belle, than was usual, on his account; but that she did not use much confidence with her ladies on this subject, reserving it entirely between herself, the earl of Leicester, and my lord Burleigh; so, if I required more light on the matter, I must obtain it from one of the twain." [1]

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon applied himself to Leicester and Burleigh, and inquired of them, how the nobles of the realm stood affected to the match. Leicester replied, "that he had sounded the duke of Norfolk on that point, for he was the leader of the ancient nobility, and he had professed himself entirely devoted to the wishes of the king of France and his brother of Anjou." Some communication had already taken place between Norfolk and La Mothe Fenelon on the subject, and the latter had promised, that in case the duke made no objection to the matrimonial treaty between the French prince and Elizabeth, his own marriage with the queen of Scots would be facilitated, through the friendship of the court of France. Meantime, one of La Mothe's spies informed him, "that the opinion of the people was, that the queen neither could, would, or ought to espouse monsieur, and that her intention was merely to lull the French court on the affairs of Scotland, and also to induce the king of Spain to offer better conditions to her, and for the satisfaction of some of her subjects; but even if all the articles of the contract could be agreed upon, the marriage would never take effect, and that leagues were already formed to strengthen the malcontents from the dangers that might befal from this marriage." [2]

Elizabeth had, at the same time, received reports of a far more annoying nature from her spies in France; and, in her next interview with La Mothe, she complained bitterly, "that it had been said, in France, 'that monsieur would do well to marry the old creature, who had had for the last year the evil in her leg, which was not yet healed, and never could be cured; and, under that pretext, they could send her a potion from France, of such a nature, that he would find himself a widower in the course of five or six months, and after that he might please himself by marrying the queen of Scotland, and remain the undisputed sovereign of the united realms.'" She added, "that she was not so much shocked at this project on her own account, as she was from her regard for monsieur, and the honour of the regal house from which he sprang."

La Mothe, with all the vivacious eloquence of his nation, expressed

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv. [2] Ibid.

his detestation of the project, and of the person by whom it had been promulgated; and entreated the queen to name him, that their majesties of France might punish him.

Elizabeth replied, with great anger, "that it was not yet the proper time to name him, but that it was undoubtedly true, and she would soon let them know more about it."[1]

The next time she vouchsafed an audience to his excellency, was, on the 10th of May, in her privy chamber, to which he was conducted by Leicester and Burleigh. When her majesty entered, she presently gave him a shrewd hint on the sore subject, by informing him, "that, notwithstanding the evil report that had been made of her leg, she had not neglected to dance on the preceding Sunday, at the marquis of Northampton's wedding, so she hoped that monsieur would not find himself cheated into marrying a cripple (*un boiteuse*), instead of a lady of proper paces."[2] That Sunday evening's performance of the royal Terpsichore must have been well worth witnessing. How "high and disposedly" she danced on that occasion, and the energetic nature of the pirouettes she executed for the honour of England, as a public vindication of the activity of her insulted limb, may be imagined.

It was at this crisis that Walsingham wrote to Elizabeth "that the court of France projected a marriage between the duke of Anjou and Mary queen of Scots; and matters were so far advanced, that the pope had been applied to, and had promised to grant a dispensation; and that it was determined, if the treaty for restoring her to her liberty and royal authority did not succeed, that an expedition should be immediately prepared for taking her by force of arms from England." Elizabeth was transported with rage and jealousy at the idea that the prince, whose addresses she had condescended to encourage, actually preferred to her and her royal dowry, the deposed, calumniated princess, whose existence hung on her fiat. This preference, though unsought by her beautiful rival, who, wrapped up in the excitement of her romantic passion for Norfolk, regarded the addresses of all other suitors with coldness and impatience, was probably the cause of the vindictive cruelty with which the last fifteen years of the hapless Mary's imprisonment was aggravated, and the many petty mortifications which Elizabeth meanly inflicted upon her. Mary's treatment at this period was so harsh, that Charles interposed in behalf of his hapless sister-in-law, by his ambassador, who, ceasing to speak of the duke of Anjou, warned Elizabeth, "that unless she took means for the restoration of the queen of Scotland to her rightful dignity, and in the meantime treated her in a kind and honourable manner, he should send forces openly to her assistance."

Elizabeth stifled her anger at this menace, so far as to commence her reply, with deceitful softness, "that she was grieved that he should always put her friendship at less account than that of the queen of Scots;" and then began angrily to enumerate a great number of offences which she had received from that lady, before she entered into her

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 85. [2] Ibid., p. 21.

realm; and many and more heinous ones since, by her intrigues with Rome, France, and Flanders, and lately with the duchess of Feria, in Spain,—of all of which she had such clear proofs in her possession, that she could not but regard her as her greatest enemy."[1]

In June, 1571, Elizabeth wreaked her long-hoarded vengeance on the hoary head of her ancient foe, Dr. Story, who had, during her time of trouble, in her sister's reign, loudly proclaimed before the convocation, "that it was of little avail destroying the branches, as long as the princess Elizabeth, the root of all heresies, was suffered to remain." On her accession, he had entered the service of Philip of Spain; but in the year of 1569, he was taken on board an English ship, on his voyage to London. He was tried on the charges of magic and treason, and condemned to death. One of the charges against him was, that every day before dinner he regularly cursed her majesty, as a part of his grace. The Spanish ambassador endeavoured to save Story's life, by claiming him as a subject of the catholic king.

"The king of Spain may have his head, if he wishes it," replied Elizabeth, "but his body shall be left in England."[2]

About this time, the emperor Maximilian offered his eldest son, prince Rodolph, as a husband for Elizabeth, a youth about six months younger than the duke of Anjou; and Elizabeth gave an encouraging reply to the overture. On this, the ambitious queen-mother of France, dreading the loss of so grand a match for her son Anjou, conjured him to waive all foolish scruples, and win the prize from this powerful rival. She even entreated Walsingham to try the effect of his rhetoric on her perverse son, in a private conversation, for the purpose of prevailing on him to exchange the mass for the crown matrimonial of England.

The prince replied as evasively as Elizabeth herself could have done under such temptation, by saying, "that he rather desired to become the means of redressing inconveniences, than causing any, which he trusted would not happen." Not to be outdone by Elizabeth's boasts of the numerous matrimonial offers she had received, he added, "that though he was young, yet for the last five years there had been many overtures of marriage made unto him, but that he found in himself no inclination to yield to any, till the present; but," said he, "I must needs confess, that through the great commendations that are made of the queen, your mistress, for her rare gifts, as well of mind as of body, being, as even her very enemies say, the rarest creature that has been seen in Europe these five hundred years, my affections, grounded upon so good respect, make me yield to be wholly hers; and if I thought any inconvenience could ensue to her disquiet through me, I would rather wish myself never to have been." He then requested, as it touched his soul and conscience, that some private place might be accorded for the exercise of his own religion in secret. Walsingham replied, by recommending him to dispose himself to a devout attendance on the church service.

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[2] Story was executed in his eightieth year. He had been the most pitiless of persecutors, and gloried in having inflicted acts of needless cruelty with his own hands.

On which he rejoined, "that he knew not how God hereafter would dispose his heart, therefore for the present he requested her majesty to weigh, in her own mind, what it was to do anything with scruple or remorse of conscience, and so requested Walsingham to present his most affectionate and humble commendations to her, and to assure her that she only had authority to command him."[1] A very dutiful declaration, if it had been sincere.

Elizabeth had, about the same time, the offer of the young hero and hope of the protestant cause in France, Henri of Navarre; but she gave little encouragement to his suit. Her pride was more flattered by the addresses of the princes of the royal house of Valois or Austria. She coquetted with all in turn, both amorously and politically.

Whenever Elizabeth perceived that the negotiation flagged, she said, "that her inclination for matrimony had decreased, and she had in fact never suffered such great constraint since her imprisonment in the Tower, during her sister's reign, as she had done in making up her mind to marry."[2] She also caused reports to be circulated, that she was going to send sir Henry Sidney and sir James Croft into Spain on a secret mission, touching the rival candidate for her hand, prince Rodolph. Then the indefatigable monsieur de la Mothe, alarmed at the possibility of such an alliance, redoubled his flatteries and persuasions in behalf of his recreant client, Anjou, whom neither gallantry, ambition, nor maternal authority could induce to come to England and plead his own cause.

All, however, that could be effected in the way of deputy courtship, was done by our silver-tongued diplomatist, from day to day, and still the treaty advanced no further, though Leicester affected to be anxious for its completion, and her majesty appeared to be well disposed towards it. One evening, in June, she sent for La Mothe Fenelon to go with her into her park at Westminster, to witness a salvo of artillery, and a review of some arquebusiers, that the earl of Oxford had led there, when she was pleased to say, "that she should not fail to provide in good time such pleasures for monsieur; but that she was astonished at the tardy proceedings of his ambassador in coming to some conclusion."

In his despatch of the 9th of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs the queen-mother of France, "that he has many times inquired of the lords and ladies about the queen, how her majesty stood affected to the marriage, and that one of her ladies had told him, that one day when she was alone with the queen, her majesty had of her own accord commenced talking of monsieur, and had said, 'that up the present hour, she was resolved on the match, and that she hoped much from the virtue, valour, praiseworthy qualities, and good graces that were in him; that he was reputed, wise, brave, and generous, and very amiable, like all the members of the royal house of France; that he was handsome but not vain; and she trusted that he would deport himself so pleasantly to her subjects, that all would be agreeable between him and them, and that they two would live very happily together, although some of her

[1] Complete Ambassador, p. 102. [2] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. iv.

nobles, who were in the interests of others, would do all they could to traverse it. For herself, she confessed, that she had been, and still was struggling with many doubts; for as he was younger than herself, she feared that he would soon despise her, especially if she should have no children, but that she hoped God, in his grace, would give her some; and, at all events, she would place all her affection on the prince, and love and honour him as her lord and husband.'" The lady to whom these observations were made, endeavoured to encourage her royal mistress in her present disposition.

The next day, however, some of the other ladies strove to infuse scruples into the mind of the queen, by speaking of the dangers that were involved in this marriage, and prognosticating that she would have cause to repent it; on which her majesty said, "that in truth she feared the young prince would despise her, and that she neither found herself in health nor inclination for a husband, and that she wished to delay the treaty till she found herself more disposed to it." This being repeated to the French ambassador the same evening, he hastened to represent to her two male confidants, "that it would by no means be advisable for her majesty to trifle with the duke of Anjou, now matters were so far advanced, for he was not to be considered like the king of Sweden, the duke of Holstein, or the archduke, who were all poor princes, too far off to do her any harm; but monsieur was the best loved brother of a very powerful king, and that he was himself a duke and military leader of a very warlike nation; and so near a neighbour, that in ten hours he could invade her realm; and that she might be assured he would not brook such treatment as she had shown to the other princes."

The next night, the queen, while she was undressing to go to bed, sprained her right side so severely that she was much alarmed, and in great pain with violent spasms, for more than two hours, which caused a pause in the negotiations; after which, a privy council was held at the house of the earl of Leicester, to deliberate on the old stumbling-block, the demands made by the duke of Anjou for the unrestrained exercise of his religion. As usual much was said, and little done. The queen could not grant enough to satisfy the scruples of a catholic; and she had conceded too much to please the protestant portion of her subjects. Meantime, having received a portrait of her princely suitor, she sent for the French ambassador, to discuss it with him. She said, "although it was done in crayons, and his complexion had been chafed and injured with the chalks, enough of the lineaments remained to indicate great beauty, and marks of dignity and prudence, and she could easily see the manner of a perfect man." Then she adverted to the disparity of age between herself and the prince, and said, "that, considering her time of life, she should be ashamed to be conducted to church, to be married to any one looking as young as the earl of Oxford," who was the same age as her bridegroom elect; "but that monsieur had such a modest and dignified mien, with so great an appearance of gravity and wisdom, that no one could say but he looked seven years older than he was, and she only wished that it really were so, not because those

years would have given him the crown of France, which in right of primogeniture pertained to his brother, (for would to God that she might never desire anything more,) it being well known what pain she had been in about his majesty's wound, and her fear lest it should have ended in making monsieur so great, that he would not have required the grandeur, she had it in her power to bestow upon him; her only reason for wishing him to be older was, that he might not find such a great disparity between them, for she confessed to have seen thirty-five years, although neither her countenance nor her disposition indicated that she was so old."[1]

As Elizabeth was born in 1533, she was three years older than she told the ambassador; but so far from correcting her small miscalculation on the delicate point, he courteously replied, "that God had so well preserved her majesty, that time had diminished none of her charms and perfections, and that monsieur looked older than her by years; that the prince had shown an unchangeable desire for their union, and he (monsieur de la Mothe) doubted not, that she would find in his said lord, everything that she could wish, for her honour, grandeur, the security, and the repose of her realm, with the most perfect happiness for herself." All this her majesty received with great satisfaction; and everything appeared to progress favourably towards the completion of the matrimonial treaty.

Elizabeth sent her portrait to Anjou, and ultimately declared her full determination to espouse him, and to grant him the free exercise of his religion in private; when lo! the unfortunate youth, who had relied on her caprice and insincerity, had no other way of escape, but declaring he would not go to England, unless he could be allowed the full and public profession of the catholic religion; on which his disappointed mother-queen penned the following letter,[2] in which her hypocrisy is fully displayed; for if she had believed in the religion for which she committed so many crimes, could she have been so angry because her son refused to compromise it? or ought she to have vowed vengeance on his adviser?

"Monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon,

"As I place particular confidence in you, I will not hide from you that the humour in which I find my son Anjou has given me great pain. He is utterly determined not to go over to England, without having a public assurance for the open exercise of his religion; and neither the king nor I can prevail on him to rely on the word of the queen of England. We suspect, very strongly, that Villequier, Lignerolles, or Sauret—possibly all three together—are the originators of these fantasies. If we could have *assurance* that such were the case, I can *assure* you that they should repent of it.[3]

"For all this, I would not that we reveal it, since it is possible we may work something on his mind, or on that of the queen (Elizabeth).

"If, unfortunately, matters do not accord for my son (Anjou) as I could wish,

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., pp. 186, 187.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii., p. 234, written entirely in the queen's hand (Catherine de Medicis).

[3] Catherine de Medicis plays on the words *assurance* and *assure* exactly thus in the original French:—

Si nous pouvons, en avoir, aulcune asseurance, je vous asseure qu'ils s'en repentiront.

I am resolved to try all efforts to succeed with my son Alençon, who would not be so difficult. Meantime, as we propose to make a league with this queen, to attach her the more to us, and distance the son of the emperor and others, let no hint of this appear; but burn this present, after having read it, and believe nothing that may be told you, and nothing that is written to you, save that which bears the king's signature, or mine;[1] and this you are told not without reason, for those who desire not that things should be as they are (thanks be to God), so well advanced and disposed to be successful, have artifices enough to write and publish which they think may hinder the good work. Praying to God for you, &c., &c.

"At Fontainebleau, this Thursday, xxv. day of July, 1571.

"CATERINE."

On the 31st of July, monsieur de la Mothe informs Catherine de Medicis, "that queen Elizabeth, on the previous Tuesday, filled one of her own little work-baskets, which always stood in her cabinet, with beautiful apricots; and desired the earl of Leicester to send it to him, with her commendations, that he might see that England was a country good enough to produce fair fruits." Leicester employed his secretary to deliver her majesty's present and message to the ambassador, and to inquire, if he had had any news from France, for the satisfaction of the queen, whom he assured him "he had never seen in better health or spirits than at present; and that she would not go out in her coach any more to the chase, but on a fine large horse."[2]

"I replied," continues our diplomat, "that I thanked the earl very much for the continuation of his good-will towards me; and that I entreated him to kiss her majesty's hands, very humbly in my name, and to assist me in thanking her properly for her greeting, and beautiful present, and added, 'that these fine apricots showed very well that she had fair and good plants in her realm, where I wished the grafts from France might in time produce fruits even more perfect.'" This last compliment was intended as an allusion to the marriage, which was then in negotiation between the queen and the duke of Anjou. Some delay had occurred in the arrival of communications from France, at which it should seem her majesty was impatient; for, on the 5th of August, she sent a gentleman to the ambassador, with the present of a fine stag, which she had shot with her own hand, with an arblast, or cross-bow, and inquired again "if he had any news from France?"

"The earl of Leicester," writes monsieur de la Mothe, "has sent to me, 'that the queen, his mistress, having seen this great stag as she was hunting at Oatlands, and wishing to kill it, that she might send me the venison of her forests, as well as the fruits of her gardens, that I might be the better able to judge of the goodness of her land, called hastily for an arblast, and with one blow from the bolt, she had herself broken its leg, and brought it down; and her old lord chamberlain had finished killing it.' I was at the time assured, that the said lady persevered in her good intentions towards monsieur; and often talked of the agreeable pleasures and exercises they should take together, in hunting and

[1] It might be thought this caution was superfluous to an ambassador, especially to so careful a man as La Mothe.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 200.

visiting the beautiful places in her kingdom; but that she considers that your majesties are very tardy in your replies, and thinks it strange that she has not yet had the portrait of monsieur in large, and in colours." That which had been sent about a month before, was evidently only a sketch in black chalks. Two portraits, from the skilful hand of Janet, were afterwards sent—one to show the face, the other the figure of the prince; but the original, though Elizabeth had so frequently intimated how agreeable a visit from him would be, remained obstinately on the other side the water, whence reports were perpetually transmitted by Walsingham, sometimes of his projected marriage with the queen of Scots, and at others with her venerable rival, the princess of Portugal.

The detection of the share the French ambassador had taken in the Norfolk plot, had the effect of suspending the negotiations for the alliance between Elizabeth and the duke of Anjou; and though Burleigh, in one of his oracular letters to Walsingham, at this crisis, writes:—"Truly, the more matters are discovered, the more necessary it is seen that her majesty should marry"—all attempts to agitate the matter proved abortive. The reluctance of the proposed bridegroom was, in fact, insurmountable, though the farce was carried on a few weeks longer.

When Anjou told his ribald companion, the mareschal Tavannes, "that the earl of Leicester had endeavoured to forward his marriage with the queen of England," the other profanely rejoined, "My lord Robert would marry you to his friend; make him marry Chateauneuf, who is yours."[1] Leicester having importuned for a French lady of rank as a bride.

Elizabeth honoured her kinsman, lord Hunsdon, with a visit in September, 1571, at his mansion, Hunsdon House. A curious contemporary painting, in the possession of the earl of Oxford, is supposed to commemorate this event, and the manner of the royal approach. The queen is seated in a canopied chair of state, carried by six gentlemen, preceded by knights of the garter, and followed by a procession of the most distinguished ladies of the household—they are all portraits. Henry lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state before her majesty. Among the knights of the garter, Leicester walks nearest to the queen; then my lord-treasurer, Burleigh, with his white staff, and Charles Howard the admiral, afterwards earl of Nottingham; followed by Sussex, Russell, and Clinton, each adorned with a profile portrait of her majesty, pendant from a ribbon. The ladies are all richly jewelled, and Elizabeth herself, according to custom, outdoes the queen of diamonds in her bravery. She is represented of a comely and majestic presence.

The picture is conjectured to have been painted by Mark Gerrard, Elizabeth's court painter, and it has been splendidly engraved by Vertue, among his historic prints; a posthumous portrait of Mary Boleyn, lord Hunsdon's mother, and aunt to the queen, appears in the background, in a grave dark dress; lady Hunsdon is in white, and nearest to the queen. Lady Knollys, his sister, and the young Catherine Carey,

[1] The countess Chateauneuf was the mistress of the duke of Anjou.

his daughter, who afterwards married her cousin, Charles Howard, the lord admiral, are also among the dramatis personæ of this remarkable picture.

We find, by Stowe, that the queen was carried to St. Paul's, occasionally, after this fashion, which reminds us of the procession of a pagan goddess, surrounded by her priests and worshippers, or the ovation of a Roman conqueror, rather than the transit of a Christian queen in civilized times. The semi-barbarous display of pomp and homage suited the theatrical taste of Elizabeth, who inherited the pride and vanity of both her parents, and understood little of the delicacy and reserve of an English gentlewoman, which, even in the days of Alfred, deterred royal females from exhibiting themselves to the vulgar in a manner unbefitting the modesty of their sex.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth discovers Norfolk's implication in Ridolfi's plot—Scene with the French ambassador—Her anger—Her observation touching her wedding—Anjou breaks his faith with her—His younger brother offered to her in his place—Elizabeth's vexation—Her rejoinder to the Spanish ambassador—Her reluctance to Norfolk's execution—Signs his death-warrant—Revokes it—Her angry letter to the queen of Scots—Dangerous illness of Elizabeth—Her marriage treaty with Alençon—Her Maundy—Alençon's portrait sent to her—Execution of Norfolk—Parliament urges her to execute the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's noble reply—Signs a treaty with France—Elizabeth's fêtes, &c., and Sunday amusements—Dissimulation—Flattered by La Mothe Fenelon—Alençon's letter—Elizabeth objects to his youth, ugliness, &c.—Deliberates on curing his defects—Elizabeth's praise of Catherine de Medicis—Entry into Warwick—Receives the French ambassadors there—Their flattery, and marriage discussions—Warwick fired by the fireworks at a festival in Elizabeth's honour—Her reception of the French ambassador after the massacre of St. Bartholomew—Her project for betraying the queen of Scots—Her parsimony—She continues secretly her marriage treaty with Alençon—She has the small-pox—Her recovery—Facetious observations—Accepts the office of sponsor to Charles IX.'s infant—Scene in the privy-council—Love-letter from Alençon to Elizabeth—Asks permission to visit her—She demurs—Court gossip—Favours the earl of Oxford—Interferes in his quarrel with Sir Philip Sidney—Her progress in Kent, &c.—Her visit to Canterbury—Feasted by the archbishop of Canterbury—Treats with the French envoy—Dinner at St. Austin's Hall—Her visit to Sandwich—Entertained by mayor's wife, &c.—Surveys the dock-yards at Chatham.

While Elizabeth was deluding herself into something like an imaginary passion for the youthful heir-presumptive of France, her kins-

man, the duke of Norfolk, had resumed his interdicted correspondence with the captive queen of Scots; and the luckless lovers had suffered themselves to be entangled by the intriguing Florentine banker, Ridolfi, in the meshes of a political plot, of the full tendency of which they appear not to have been aware.[1] Its ostensible object was the liberation of Mary, her marriage with Norfolk, and her restoration to her rightful throne. As this could not be effected without foreign aid, Mary and Norfolk empowered Ridolfi to apply to the duke of Alva.

Alva by no means approved of his client, whom he regarded as a chattering visionary, half-madman, half-knave, but as it was the policy of his sovereign to cause all the annoyance in his power to the queen of England, he promised to assist the confederates with ten thousand men in the following spring. Letters to that effect were found on the person of Baily, the queen of Scots' courier from France, and a watchful eye was kept on all parties. Meantime, Fenelon, by Mary's desire, furnished two thousand crowns in gold for the relief of her faithful friends in Scotland. These the duke of Norfolk undertook to forward, and his servant, Higford, gave the bag to a person of the name of Brown, telling him it was silver for the duke's private use, and bidding him deliver it to Banister, his lord's steward. Brown, judging by the weight of the bag that it contained gold, carried it to the council. It was opened, and letters in cipher discovered, which betrayed the whole business. Norfolk was arrested, and the letters from the queen of Scots, which Higford had been ordered to burn, but had treacherously preserved, were found under the mats of his chamber-door, and the key of the cipher in which they were written under the tiles of the house.[2]

There is something peculiarly revolting in the fact, that Elizabeth should have been so callous to all the tender sympathies of the female character, as to enjoin the application of torture to extort a confession, against their unfortunate lord, from Barker and Banister, two of the duke of Norfolk's servants. She says:—

"If they shall not seem to you to confess plainly their knowledge, then we warrant you to cause them both, or either of them, to be brought to the rack; and first to move them with fear thereof, to deal plainly in their answers; and if that shall not move them, then you shall cause them to be put to the rack, *and to find the taste thereof*, until they shall deal more plainly, or until you shall think meet."[3]

Two days subsequent to the date of this warrant, sir Thomas Smith writes thus to lord Burleigh, respecting Barker's, Banister's, and the other examinations:—

"I suppose we have gotten so much as at this time is likely to be had, yet to-

[1] The details of this foolish business may be seen in Camden, Lingard, and other historians of Elizabeth's reign. The intelligent research of my lamented friend, the late Mr. Howard of Corby, among the records of Simanças, has brought to light many curious particulars connected with the intrigues of Ridolfi, which are printed in the last supplementary appendix of the Howard Memorials, for private circulation.

[2] Camden; Despatches of Fenelon; Lingard.

[3] Letter of warrant, addressed to Sir Thomas Smith and Dr. Wilson, MS. Cotton. Calig. c. 111, fol. 229.

morrow do we intend to bring a couple of them to the rack, not in any hope to get anything worthy that pain and fear, but because it is so earnestly commanded to us."[1]

Melancholy comment on the royal order!

When the confessions of Higford, and others of his servants, were read to the unfortunate nobleman, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his heart, "I am betrayed and undone by mine own people, for not knowing how to distrust, which is the only sinew of wisdom!"[2]

Ridolfi deposed before the council, "that the catholics were resolved to seize the queen's person, or to assassinate her, during one of her progresses in the country, and that the marquis Vitelli had offered to strike the blow." The pope, the king of Spain, and the bishop of Ross, were all stated to be cognizant of these intentions, but the duke of Norfolk passionately denied having the slightest evil intention against his royal mistress; he acknowledged that he had been undutiful in disobeying her commands, but that he would have died a thousand deaths rather than have suffered her to be harmed."[3]

The queen was greatly irritated, especially against the bishop of Ross, whom she had at one time determined to put to death. While her indignation was at its height, the French ambassador came to intercede for the bishop, and presented a letter in his behalf from Charles IX., which he prayed her majesty to take in good part. The queen read the letter, and replied, angrily, "that she could not take it in good part that the king of France should have written to her in that fashion, for the bishop had been plotting against her, to introduce foreigners as invaders of her realm, who were to be joined, she found, by some of her own subjects, and that there was a conspiracy to declare her illegitimate, and to place the queen of Scots on her throne: for which, as he had violated the character of an ambassador, she had imprisoned him." She said, "she wished to know to whom the bishop of Ross had written two letters, marked 40 and 30, since the Spanish ambassador and the queen of Scots had affirmed that it was not to them,"[4] and significantly observed, "that the king of France, who had been implicated in the confederacy against her, wished, she supposed, to exemplify the truth of this saying of Machiavelli—

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[1] Murdin State Papers. The case of Barker and Banister was not, we lament to add, a solitary instance of the use of torture in the reign of Elizabeth. The history of the Tower of London teems with records of the cruelties that were, in the years 1580–1, inflicted upon the recusants, and other state prisoners, with whom the jealous policy of her ministers had peopled its gloomy cells. Some persons were confined in a dungeon twenty feet below the surface of the earth; others in "litel ease," where they had neither room to stand upright, nor to lie down at full length. Some were put to the rack, or placed in Skivington's irons, vulgarly called the "scavenger's daughter" (*scavengeri filiam*), an iron instrument, by which head, feet, and hands were bound together. Many were chained and fettered, while others, still more unfortunate, had their hands forced into iron gloves, which were much too small, or were subjected to the horrid torture of the boot. (Bayley's History of the Tower of London.)

[2] Camden. [3] Ibid.

[4] La Mothe Fenelon.

"'The friendship of princes does not go beyond their convenience.'"[1]

Charles might have retorted, that all the domestic troubles by which his realm was convulsed, had been, in like manner, fomented by Elizabeth. He had been especially incensed at the protection afforded by her to the count Montgomeri, by whose erring lance his royal father had been slain at the bridal tournament twelve years before, and who had since distinguished himself as one of the Huguenot leaders. After the defeat of his party at Moncortour, Montgomeri had taken refuge in England. Charles demanded, by his ambassador, that he should be given up. "Tell your master," said Elizabeth, "that I shall answer him in this case, as his father once did my sister, when some of her traitors having fled to France, she demanded that justice might be done on them, to which he replied, 'I see no reason why I should be the queen of England's hangman;' and such is my answer touching Montgomeri."[2]

As neither Charles nor Elizabeth were prepared for open hostility, they contented themselves with doing each other all the ill turns they could, under the name of friendship, exchanging meanwhile all the compliments and affectionate professions that the deceitful tempers of either could devise. On the 11th of November, the French ambassador gave a banquet at his own house to Leicester, Burleigh, the admiral, and the other members of Elizabeth's cabinet; on which occasion, Leicester enlarged on the affection borne by his royal mistress to the king of France, and assured La Mothe, "that nothing could disunite them, unless it were interference with her majesty in the affairs of Scotland; and at the same time openly avowed, that it was not her intention ever to liberate the Scottish queen."

The court of Elizabeth was enlivened by four weddings, December 22; that of the sister of the earl of Huntingdon with the son of the earl of Worcester, the eldest daughter of the lord chamberlain with lord Dudley, the daughter of Burleigh with the earl of Oxford, and the lord Paget with a rich young widow. Elizabeth honoured the nuptials of the daughter of her premier, with the representative of the ancient line of de Vere, with her presence, and, becoming a little merry at the wedding feast, she was pleased to observe to the French ambassador, "that so many marriages at one time seemed to her a presage[3] that her own would soon take place."

Monsieur de la Mothe, though well aware of the state of the handsome and reckless Henry of Anjou's feelings towards his royal *fiancée*, made a complimentary reply to this intimation, and took care to charge the blame of the tardy progress of the treaty on her majesty's confidential advisers.

It was a singular coincidence, that the month of January, 1572, was fraught with the condemnation of Mary Stuart's affianced lover, the duke of Norfolk, and the rupture of the matrimonial treaty between the duke of Anjou and queen Elizabeth. Matters had indeed come to such a pass, that Elizabeth perceived, that if she would avoid the mortification of

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 145. [2] Ibid., vol. iii. [3] Ibid., vol. iv.

being refused by that prince, she must refuse him, on the grounds of religious scruples. She expressed her regrets "at the necessity that compelled her to decline the alliance, and hoped, that neither the king of France nor monsieur would consider her fickle; but, till the last communication she received from them, she had flattered herself that the disputed points might have been arranged."[1]

The plenipotentiaries of France, who had long been aware of the impossibility of inducing their wilful prince to fulfil the engagements which had been promised and vowed in his name, felt themselves relieved from an embarrassing dilemma by the declaration of Elizabeth; and the very same day proposed, as a candidate for her majesty's hand, the Duke of Alençon, the younger brother of Henry of Anjou, who was disposed to be more complying on the subject of religion than the said Henry. The first hint touching this absurd alliance, was given to Burleigh and Leicester, and not, on the whole, unfavourably received, though one of them exclaimed, in his first surprise, that "the royal pair would rather remind people of a mother and son, than of a husband and wife." Particular inquiries were then made as to the prince's age, and especially what was his precise height. The artful Frenchman had no distinct remembrance on these points.

Burleigh, who was sick of an intermittent fever and cold, caught at the marriage of his daughter with the young earl of Oxford, wrote to Walsingham, the 23d of January, 1571-2, in allusion to this new suitor of the royal house of France. "In the matter of the third person, newly offered, his age, and other qualities unknown, maketh one doubtful how to use speech thereof. The ambassador hath dealt, as he saith, secretly with me; and I have showed no argument from one hand or the other, but fear occupieth me more in this cause of her marriage, whom God suffered to lose so much time, than for my next fit."

When the premier broke the matter to Elizabeth, and told her, "that the treaty of alliance proposed with the duke of Alençon would be attended with the same political advantages as that lately negotiated for Anjou." Her majesty replied, quickly, "that, however suitable it might be in other respects, there was too great a disproportion in age, as well as stature, between them;" and asked, "how tall the duke of Alençon was?"

"About your majesty's own height," was the reply. Elizabeth was not to be put off with generalities on such important points—she insisted on date and measurement being produced. Burleigh applied to the ambassador for these, and both were promised.

Notwithstanding the semblance of indifference assumed by Elizabeth, on the rupture of the matrimonial treaty with Henry of Anjou, it was a bitter mortification to her in reality; for Burleigh writes, in confidence to Walsingham, "this matter of monsieur is here grievously (in secret) taken, and surely it was not *here* well used, in drawing it out at length, which was politically done; so hath it not *there* been friendly ordered, and yet I do not so show mine opinion of her majesty's stomaching that

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 354.

part, where the amity is so needful."[1] Thus it appears that the suavity, with which the ridiculous proposal of the youngest brother of France was received, proceeded at first, not from the coquetry of Elizabeth, but the diplomacy of Burleigh, who was determined not to allow his sovereign to take an affront with the court of France. Her majesty in consequence smothered her resentment, and revenged herself by playing on the maternal ambition of the queen-mother, and tantalized her for years with delusive hopes that she might be induced to share her crown with the ugly untoward imp, Alençon.

Burleigh appears to have done all in his power to induce the queen to entertain the proposal. He even wrote out (some say, made) an astrological calculation of her majesty's nativity, by which it seemed "that the stars decreed that she was to marry a young man, a stranger, who had never been married; that she would have by him a son, healthy, famous, and fortunate in his mature age; that she would highly esteem her husband, would live with him many years, and also survive him."[2] The fact was, Burleigh did not mean the queen to marry at all, and judged that the negotiations with Alençon would amuse and prevent her from looking out for another husband, till it was too late to think of matrimony. This proved to be the case.

Early in this year arrived a deputy from Flanders, with a message from the Duke of Alva, announcing to queen Elizabeth the accouchement of the queen of Spain, and informing her, "that the king, his master, who was despatching a courier to the emperor at the same time, had not had leisure to write to her, to ask her congratulations on the birth of the son which God had given him, but that he had charged the Duke of Alva to do so, in his name, by a special messenger."

Elizabeth replied with infinite disdain, "that she rejoiced at the good luck of the king of Spain, but not at the fashion in which it had been made known to her; for as a courier had been despatched so far express for that purpose, he might have been delayed a few moments, or even an hour, to write the same thing which the duke of Alva had sent to her."[3]

The messenger requested leave, through the Spanish ambassador, to remain till they should receive some communication from their sovereign, to which she replied, "that in four days she would let them know her pleasure;" but before that time, she sent her orders to the ambassador to depart, but detained his maitre d'hotel as a prisoner, on a charge of having conspired against lord Burleigh.

Elizabeth held the axe suspended over her unfortunate kinsman, the Duke of Norfolk, for many weeks, during which time earnest supplication was made for his life, by his mother, sister, and the French ambassador. He endeavoured himself to mollify her by his submissive deportment, though he behaved like a faithful and stainless knight, with regard to his royal love, the captive queen of Scots. Early in February Elizabeth issued her warrant and order for his execution on the follow-

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[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges, p. 166. [2] Strype's Appendix.
[3] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

ing morning; and at eleven at night her mind misgave her, and she sent to revoke it.

Burleigh, who, some months before, had offered to save the life of this great peer if he would resign his pretensions to the hand of the queen of Scots, and marry his sister, had, on his declining, though with all possible courtesy, an alliance so unsuitable in point of birth, conceived the most vindictive hatred for him, and sorely grudged at these indications of the royal disposition to mercy. In one of his letters to Walsingham, dated February 11th, he says:—

"I cannot write to you what is the inward stay of the duke of Norfolk's death, only I find her majesty diversely disposed. Sometimes, when she speaketh of her danger, she concludeth that justice should be done; another time, when she speaketh of his nearness of blood, (meaning his close degree of relationship to herself,) of his superiority in honour, she stayeth. On Saturday, she signed a warrant for the writs to the sheriffs of London for his execution on Monday; and so all preparations were made, with the expectation of all London, and concourse of many thousands yesterday in the morning, but their coming was answered with another ordinary execution of Mather and Burney, for conspiring the queen's majesty's death, and of one Ralph, for counterfeiting her majesty's hand twice, to get concealed lands. And the cause of this disappointment was this:—suddenly on Sunday, late in the night, the queen's majesty sent for me, and entered into a great misliking that the duke should die the next day, and said, she was and should be disquieted, and "that she would have a new warrant made that night to the sheriffs to forbear until they should hear further, and so they did. God's will be fulfilled, and aid her majesty to do herself good."[1]

Norfolk was nearly allied in blood to the queen, and whether from that cause, or from the consciousness of his accomplishments and great popularity, she appears to have entertained many misgivings before she could resolve to carry the sentence against him into effect. Through the incessant importunity of Burleigh and Leicester, she again signed an order for his execution on the 27th, and revoked it the next morning, two hours before day. Two other warrants were afterwards signed and revoked in the same manner.

The last letter of revocation, the original of which is written entirely in the queen's own hand, is extremely curious, and worthy of the reader's attention, it is addressed to lord Burleigh, and is as follows:—

"My lord, methinks that I am more beholden to the hinder part of my head than will dare trust the forward side of the same, and therefore sent the lieutenant and the S., as you know best, the order to defer this execution till they hear further. And that this may be done, I doubt nothing, without curiosity of my further warrant, for that this rash determination upon a very unfit day, was countermanded by your considerate admonition. The causes that move me to this are not now to be expressed, lest an irrevocable deed be in meanwhile committed. If they will need a warrant, let this suffice, all written with my own hand. Your most loving soveraine, ELIZABETH R."

This letter is indorsed in Lord Burleigh's hand:—

[1] Complete Ambassador, Sir Dudley Digges.

"xi. Apl. 1572.
"The Q. Majy. with
her own hand, for
staying of the execution
of the D. N.
R. at 2 in the morning."[1]

Elizabeth appears to have been much exasperated, at this painful crisis, by a letter addressed by the queen of Scots to the duke of Alva, which was unfortunately intercepted. When she gave an audience to monsieur du Croc, who had just arrived on a mission from France, and wished to obtain permission to see Mary, and also to convey her to France, she told him "she would not grant either request, and took a paper out of her pocket," says La Mothe Fenelon, "which she showed us was a letter in cipher, and we recognised that it was really signed by the queen of Scotland's hand. She then read to us a portion of the decipherment, which was addressed to the duke of Alva, exhorting him to send ships to the coast of Scotland, to carry off the prince h r son, whom she had committed to the king of Spain. Unfortunately, Mary adverted to the state of affairs in England in this letter, and said, "that she had a strong party there, and of the lords who favoured her cause, of whom, although some were prisoners, the queen of England would not dare to touch their lives." She concluded by expressing a hope "that the whole island would, by these means, in time be restored to the catholic church."[2]

La Mothe goes on to say, that Elizabeth's comments on this decipherment were very bitter, and she enlarged angrily on all the plots, which she said "the queen of Scots had devised to deprive her of her life and royal estate."

It was this letter which, probably, decided the fate of Norfolk, for Elizabeth was not of a temper to brook the opinion, that she dared not touch the life of the mightiest in her realm who had offended her, although the noble blood that she was preparing to shed on a scaffold was the same that flowed in her own veins, the duke and herself being the descendants of the same great-grandfather—the victorious earl of Surrey, afterwards duke of Norfolk.

Elizabeth vented a portion of the vindictive rage that was rankling in her heart against her royal captive, Mary Stuart, by replying in the following bitter terms to several piteous letters, of supplicatory remonstrance, which the latter had written to her from the bed of sickness:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.[3]

"February 1st, 1571–2.

"Madame,—Of late time I have received divers letters from you, to the which, you may well guess, by the accidents of the time, why I have not made any answer, but specially because I saw no matter in them that required any answer, *as* could have contented you; and to have discontented you, had been but an

[1] Ellis' Royal Letters.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. iv., p. 393, 394.
[3] MS. Cottonian Calig., c. iii., fol. 141. Endorsed, "Minute of a letter sent to the queen of Scots."

increase of your impatience, which I thought time would have mitigated, as it commonly doth, where the cause thereof is not truly grounded, and that it be so understood; but now, finding by your last letter, the 27th of the last (month), an increase of your impatience, tending, also, to many uncomely, passionate, and vindictive speeches, I thought to change my former opinion, and, by patient and advised words, to move you to stay, or else to qualify your passions, and to consider, that it is not the manner to obtain good things with evil speeches, nor benefits with injurious challenges, nor to get good to yourself with doing evil to another.

"And yet, to avoid the fault which I note you have committed, in filling a long letter with a multitude of sharp and injurious words, I will not, by way of letter, write any more of the matter, but have rather chosen to commit to my cousin, the earl of Shrewsbury, the things which I have thought meet, upon the reading of your letters, to be imparted unto you, as in a memorial, in writing, he hath to shew you; wherewith I think, if reason be present with you, and passion absent at the reading, you will follow, hereafter, rather the course of the last part of your letter than the first, the latter being written as in a calm, and the former in a storm. Wishing you the same grace of God that I wish to myself, and that he may direct you to desire and attain to that which is meet for his honour and your quietness, with contentation both of body and mind. Given at my palace of Westminster, the 1st day of February, 1571–2.

"Your cousin, that wisheth you a better mind,

"ELIZABETH."

It is very probable that the sudden and dangerous attack of illness with which Elizabeth was seized, about the 20th of March, was caused by the mental conflict she certainly suffered at this anxious period. This illness appears to have been severe inflammation of the chest and stomach, attended with agonizing pain; and, according to the temper of the times, it was at first attributed to poison, though her majesty's physicians declared "that it was occasioned by her contempt for physic, and utter neglect of such potions as they considered necessary to keep her in health." But, from whatever cause it originated, her illness was most alarming to her cabinet, and with good cause, considering how deeply one and all stood committed with the captive heiress of the realm. The whole court awaited the event in breathless suspense—the two whom it most concerned, Leicester and Burleigh, watched three whole nights by her bedside, and the French ambassador detained his courier, who was ready to start with his despatches, till it was decided whether her majesty would live or die. The shadow of death passed from over her, after five days of intense pain, and, as soon as she was convalescent, she again issued her mandate for the execution of the duke of Norfolk; and, for the fourth time, revoked her order. This was the 17th of April.

Meantime, a lively dialogue on the affairs of England and her queen took place in the gardens of the royal castle of Blois, between the queen-mother of France and Elizabeth's astute ambassadors, Walsingham and sir Thomas Smith,[1] which we abstract from the official report of the latter, as affording a most amusing episode in the negotiations for the Alençon alliance.

[1] The Complete Ambassador, edited by Sir Dudley Digges, p. 195, dated March 17, 1571–2 Letter of Sir Thomas Smith, clerk of Elizabeth's council, then temporary ambassador.

Catherine asked, "If the duke of Norfolk were executed yet?"

"We said, 'No; not that we could learn.'

"'No!' said she, 'then belike the queen will pardon him?' We answered, 'We could not tell.' 'I would,' resumed Catherine de Medicis 'that she were quiet from all these broils. Do you know nothing, now, how she can fancy marriage with my son the duke of Alençon?'

"'Madame, you know me of old, except I have a sure ground, I dare affirm nothing to your majesty.'

"'Why,' rejoined Catherine, 'if your queen be disposed to marry, I do not see where she can marry better, though I, as a mother, may be justly considered partial, but as for those I have heard named, the emperor's son (the archduke Rodolph), or don John of Austria, they both be lesser than my son is, and of less stature by a good deal. If she should marry, it were pity any more time should be lost.'

"'Madame,' quoth I, 'if it pleased God that she were married, and had a child, all these brags, and all these treasons would be soon appeased; and, if her child's father were the duke of Alençon, for my part I cared not if ye had the queen of Scots here, for ye then would be as jealous over her, for the queen my mistress' security, as we, or as she herself is.'

"'That is true,' replied her majesty, 'and without this marriage, if she should marry otherwise, I see not how our present league and amity will be sure!'

"'True, madame,' quoth I, 'the knot of marriage and kindred is a stronger seal than that which is printed in wax; yet all leagues have not marriage joined with them, as this may, if it please God.'

"'I would it were done,' replied Catherine, 'then surely would I make a start over to England, and see her myself, which I most desire of all things.'

"'Madame,' quoth I, 'if I had now as ample a commission for M. de Alençon as I had at the first for monsieur[1] (the duke of Anjou), the matter would soon, by God's grace, be at an end!'

"'Would you had,' enthusiastically replied the royal mother of both the princes; 'and if you have such a one when you return to England, would you not come over again to execute it?'

"'Yes, madame,' quoth I, 'most gladly, for so good a purpose would I pass again the sea, if I were never so sick!'

"'Surely,' interposed Mr. Walsingham, 'it was not religion which made that stop in the marriage of monsieur, the duke of Anjou, but some other thing?'

"'No, surely;' replied the queen-mother, 'my son Anjou never showed me any other cause.'

"'I assure you, madam,' said Mr. Walsingham, 'I can *marvellous* hardly believe it; for, at *Gallion* (?)[2] he was so willing and well-affected, that methought it did me much good to hear him speak of the queen, my mistress; I perceived it in his words, in his countenance,

[1] This passage shows, from the very highest authority, how fully determined queen Elizabeth had been to marry the duke of Anjou (afterwards Henry III.)

[2] Probably Galliers, a French country palace.

and in all things; but, when he came again to Paris, all was clean changed!'

"'It is true,' replied queen Catherine, 'and it may be much to marvel, but even at *Gallion* all things he liked well but the religion, at which he made a little stop, yet nothing as he did afterwards. Upon this I bare him in hand, for it grieved me not a little, (and the king, my son, as you know,) that he believed all evil rumours and tales that naughty persons, who wished to break the matter, spread abroad of the queen of England, and that made him so backward. I told him,' continued Catherine, 'that all the hurt which evil men can do to noble and royal women, is to spread abroad lies and dishonourable tales of us; and that we princes, who be women, of all persons are subject to be slandered wrongfully by them who be our adversaries—other hurt they cannot do us.[1] Then my son Anjou said and swore to me, that he gave no credit to them, for he knew that queen Elizabeth had so virtuously governed her realm, for this long time, that she must needs be a good woman and princess, and full of honour, and other opinion of her he could not have, but his conscience and his religion did so trouble him, that he could not be in quiet.'"[2]

Walsingham and Smith[3] were recreated with another diplomatic walk in the garden of the castle of Blois with the scheming queen-mother of France. Some curious conversation occurred, relating to the mutual jealousies felt by England and France at the Ridolfi plot, the gist of which was to steal young James of Scotland from his guardians, and deliver him to Philip II., in order that marriage might be contracted between him and the young infanta. Likewise the project of Alva to free Mary, queen of Scots, by an invasion of Flemish troops at Harwich.

"Jesus!" exclaimed Catherine de Medicis, "and doth not your mistress, queen Elizabeth, see plainly that she will always be in such danger till she marry? If she marry into some good house, who shall dare attempt aught against her?"

"Madame," replied sir Thomas Smith, "I think if she were once married, all in England that had traitorous hearts would be discouraged, for one tree alone may soon be cut down; but when there be two or three together, it is longer doing; for if she had a child, then all these bold and troublesome titles of the Scottish queen, or of the others, whc make such gapings for her death, would be clean choked up."

"I see," observed Catherine, "that your queen might very well have five or six children."

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[1] This observation, coming so philosophically and calmly from the lips of a queen who is more loaded with obloquy than any other woman in the world, in defence of another, who had her share of scandal (from one party at least), is a great historical curiosity.

[2] The reader has been let behind the scenes as to Anjou's real reason for his insolent refusal of Elizabeth, by his mother's letter, already quoted. Catherine de Medicis, who was not so cunning as she thought herself, lets out his real reasons—viz., the scandals on Elizabeth, in this remarkable speech to the acute and inimical Walsingham.

[3] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, Complete Ambassador, p. 167, dated March 22, 1571-2.

"I would to God we had one!" devoutly rejoined the zealous Smith.

"No;" said Catherine, "two boys, lest one should die, and three or four daughters to make alliance with us again, and with other princes to strengthen the realm."

"Why, then," replied ambassador Smith, gaily, "you think that monsieur Le Duc shall speed?"

Catherine laughed, and said, "*Je le desire infinitement*, and I would then myself trust to see three or four, at the least, of her race, which would make me spare nor sea nor land to behold them myself. And if," continued she, "queen Elizabeth could have fancied my son Anjou as much as you told me, why not this (the duke of Alençon), come of the same house, and every way equal to his brother?"

Nevertheless, her majesty expressed her doubts that Alençon had stopped growing, and that he would never attain the fine stature of Anjou. She, however, interrupted a remark of the English ambassador, on the height of this candidate for Elizabeth's hand, by exclaiming—

"Nay, he is not so little; he is as high as you, or very near."

"For that matter," replied Smith, "I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the queen's majesty can fancy him. Since Pipinus Brevis,[1] who married Bertha, the king of Almain's (Germany) daughter, was so little to her, that he is standing in Aquisgrave[2] or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle; and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great emperor and king of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature. And as to your *Oliver* Glesquim, the *Briton* constable,[3] that you make so much of, who lieth buried among your kings at St. Denis, if he was no bigger than there portrayed on his tomb, he must have been very short, scarcely four foot long, but yet he was valiant, hardy, and courageous, and did us Englishmen most hurt of any one."

Thus did ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men, including among them the redoubtable descendant of king Pepin, Elizabeth's small suitor Alençon, and, doubtless, himself, since Catherine de Medicis considered them nearly the same height.

"It is true," resumed her majesty, "that it is the heart, courage and activity that are to be looked for in a man, rather than his height. But, hear you no word of the queen's affection in my son's way? can you give me no comfort?"

Smith assured her he had no fresh intelligence, "for their courier had only departed on the 11th of the month, and had not yet returned."

In the midst of all these matrimonial speculations, Elizabeth kept her maundy at Greenwich, according to the ancient custom practised by Edward the Confessor, and his relatives St. Margaret, St. David, and queen Matilda Atheling the Good. This custom required, that the queen herself should wash the feet of the poor, in remembrance of our Saviour

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[1] Pepin, the little king of France, father of Charlemagne. [2] So written.
[3] Probably the valiant Bertrand du Guesclin, constable of France.

washing the feet of the apostles. Elizabeth will scarcely be blamed in modern times, because she performed the office daintily. The palace hall was prepared with a long table on each side, with benches, carpets, and cushions, and a cross-table at the upper end, where the chaplain stood. Thirty-nine poor women, being the same number as the years of her majesty's age, at that time, March 19, 1572, entered, and were seated on the forms; then the yeoman of the laundry, armed with a fair towel, took a silver bason filled with warm water and sweet flowers, and washed all their feet, one after the other; he likewise made a cross a little above the toes, and kissed each foot after drying it; the sub-almoner performed the same ceremony, and the queen's almoner also. Then her majesty entered the hall, and went to a priedieu and cushion, placed in the space between the two tables, and remained during prayers and singing, and while the gospel was read, how Christ washed his apostles' feet. Then came in a procession of thirty-nine of the queen's maids of honour and gentlewomen, each carrying a silver bason with warm water, spring flowers, and sweet herbs, having aprons and towels withal. Then her majesty, kneeling down on the cushion placed for the purpose, proceeded to wash, in turn, one of the feet of each of the poor women, and wiped them with the assistance of the fair bason-bearers; moreover, she crossed and kissed them, as the others had done. Then, beginning with the first, she gave each a sufficient broad cloth for a gown, and a pair of shoes, a wooden platter, wherein was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings, two manchetts, and a mazer, or wooden cup, full of claret. All these things she gave separately. Then each of her ladies delivered to her majesty the towel and the apron used in the ablution, and she gave each of the poor women one a-piece. This was the conclusion of the ladies' official duty of the maundy. The treasurer of the royal chamber, Mr. Heneage, brought her majesty thirty-nine small white purses,[1] each with thirty-nine pence, which she gave separately to every poor woman. Mr. Heneage then supplied her with thirty-nine red purses, each containing twenty shillings; this she distributed to redeem the gown she wore, which by ancient custom was given to one chosen among the number. After taking her ease on her cushion of state, and listening awhile to the choir, her majesty withdrew, for it was near sunset.

La Mothe Fenelon soon after announced that the portrait of the duke of Alençon had been delivered by Cavalcanti, to the earl of Leicester, who carried it into her majesty's private cabinet, and submitted it to her inspection; and he afterwards told La Mothe, "that though it was not altogether the same as monsieur, her majesty seemed to think it had somewhat of the same air and bearing; that she did not appear to dislike it, and had judged that the accident to his face would wear out in time; but when she came to read the inscription of his age, she said, 'It was just the half of hers—nineteen years to thirty-eight—and that she feared being so much his senior.'"[2]

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[1] They were made of wash-leather, with very long strings.

[2] Fenelon's Despatches, vol. iv.

In consequence of Elizabeth's reluctance to bring the duke of Norfolk to the block, a party was raised by the secret instigation of Burleigh, and his other equally deadly foe, Leicester, by whom her majesty was urged both privately and publicly, to cause the sentence of death to be executed on the unfortunate duke. At length an address from parliament, assuring her that there could be no security for herself and realm till this were done, furnished her with a legitimate excuse for bringing him to the block, June 2d, 1572.

It is impossible, however, to read Burleigh's frequent lamentations to Walsingham, on the repugnance of their royal mistress to shed her unfortunate kinsman's blood, without perceiving the real authors of his death. Well did the pitiless men by whom Elizabeth's better feelings were smothered, understand the arts of bending her stormy temper to their determined purposes.

"As to your letters to her majesty," writes Burleigh to Walsingham, "foras much as the duke of Norfolk had suffered upon Monday, and your letters came on Tuesday, I thought it not amiss to tell the queen 'that I had letters from you to her, which I thought were only to shew her the opinion of wise men, and her majesty's well-wishers in France, both for the queen of Scots and the duke of Norfolk;' whereupon, she bade me open the letters, and so I did, in her presence; and she being somewhat sad for the duke of Norfolk's death, I took occasion to cut off the reading thereof, and so entered into speech of the queen of Scots, which she did not mislike, and commended your care and diligence." [1]

The death of Norfolk was intended by Elizabeth's council as a prelude to that of a more illustrious victim. The queen was told, "that she must lay the axe to the root of the evil, for that she would neither have rest nor security while the Scottish queen was in existence." Elizabeth, with a burst of generous feeling, recoiled from the suggestion. "Can I put to death," she exclaimed, "the bird that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to my feet for protection? Honour and conscience forbid!"

The same parliament which had urged the execution of the duke of Norfolk, passed a bill for inflicting the punishment of death on the queen of Scots, for her share in the recent plots, but Elizabeth refused her assent both to that and another bill, which would have made it a capital offence for any one to assert the rights of that princess to the regal succession.

The tragedy of Norfolk's execution was followed by a series of brilliant fêtes, which were ordained in honour of the arrival of the duke de Montmorenci and monsieur de Foix, who came to conclude, in the name of the king of France, the solemn treaty of perpetual peace and alliance between that prince and queen Elizabeth, as well as to make an official offer to her of the hand of the boy Alençon.

On the 14th of June, the noble envoys presented their credentials to her majesty, together with private letters from the king of France, the queen-mother, and the two princes, her late suitor, and her present; all which she received graciously, but only read that from the king in their presence. The next day being Sunday, they, with the French ambassa-

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges, 212.

dor, monsieur de la Mothe, were introduced by lord Burleigh into the chapel royal, after the prayers were ended, for the purpose of receiving a solemn ratification of the treaty from the queen.

A profusion of compliments having been exchanged, her majesty expressed her happiness at entering into a treaty of perpetual alliance with the king of France; and called "God to witness for her punishment, if in her heart he saw not a true intention of bringing forth the fruits of this concord by suitable deeds; for words," she said, "were no better than leaves." She made also a deceitful profession of her impartial dealing with regard to Scotland, in a loud voice. She then demanded the parchment digest of the treaty with the royal seal and signature of the king of France, which was forthwith presented to her with all due ceremony by the plenipotentiaries of his most Christian majesty. Then she approached the altar, and, laying her hand on the gospels, which were held by one of her bishops, swore solemnly "to observe all the articles contained in the treaty." She signed it on a golden desk, which was supported by four earls, in the presence of a great many French nobles, and the principal lords and ladies of her court.[1]

"On our departure from the chapel," says monsieur de la Mothe, to whose lively pen we are indebted for these details, "she took us all three into her privy chamber, and, a little after, to her hall of presence, where she would have us dine at her own table, and the other French nobles in another great hall, with the lords of her court." After dinner, she talked some time apart with the duke de Montmorenci; and then conducted the matrimonial commissioners into her privy chamber, where the more interesting business, with which they were charged, was formally opened by the duke de Montmorenci, and confirmed by De Foix, according to the royal etiquette on such occasions, after she had read the letters of the royal family of France.

Her majesty returned her thanks most graciously, "which," observes La Mothe Fenelon, "she well knows how to do;" touched on the difficulties that had attended the late negotiation, and were likely to impede the present; and, without either accepting or rejecting the new candidate for her hand, deferred her answer till such time as she should have given it proper consideration. She then did M. de Montmorenci the honour of taking him into her own bed-chamber, where she permitted him to remain for some hours, till his own was prepared for him, which was near it, being the same formerly occupied by the earls of Leicester and Sussex.[2]

"Then they came," pursues La Mothe, "and took us to see the combats of bears, of bulls, and of a horse and monkey." The latter sport appears to have been an amusement confined to the court of the maiden queen, who took peculiar delight in these pastimes. "Then," continues his excellency, "we went into the pleasure gardens, till the said lady came out, in readiness for the banquet, which was prepared with the utmost grandeur and magnificence, on one of the terraces of the palace, in a green arbour, or a pavilion, very large and beautiful, and well

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid., vol. v., p. 16—18.

adorned with many compartments, and with two of the richest and most splendid beaufets in Europe.

"She again made M. de Montmorenci, M. de Foix, and me, eat at her own table; and all the rest of the lords, French and English, mingled with the ladies of the court, occupied another very long table near hers. We were sumptuously entertained, and the feast was prolonged till about midnight, when she led us to another terrace, which looked into the great court of the palace, where we had not been long, when an old man entered with two damsels, and implored succour for them in her court; and immediately there appeared twenty knights in the lists—ten in white, led by the earl of Essex, and ten in blue, led by the earl of Rutland—who, in the cause of these damsels, commenced a stout combat on horseback with swords, which lasted till the dawn of day, when the queen, by the advice of the umpires of the field, declared 'that the damsels were delivered, and gave them all leave to retire to bed.'"[1]

This royal fête champêtre and mask, took place on a midsummer Sabbath-night, at the old palace of Westminster, on the banks of the Thames. Two days after, the French ambassador accompanied the court to Windsor, where her majesty invested Montmorenci with the order of the Garter. La Mothe Fenelon informs the king of France that he and his suite travelled at the expense of the queen, and were most liberally treated. "And I have seen," says he, "in the palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court, but especially at the latter, more riches, and costly furniture, than I ever did see, or could have imagined."

At the same time that Francis duke de Montmorenci was admitted as knight of the Garter, Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, the lord Grey of Wilton, lord Chandos, and lord Burleigh, were elected companions of the order; and at the investiture, queen Elizabeth, as a signal mark of her favour to her prime minister, Burleigh, buckled the Garter about the knee herself; which appears to have been the first time this personal favour was conferred by the hands of a female sovereign.[2] Elizabeth was, however, very proud of her distinction as the sovereign of this chivalric order.

La Mothe Fenelon informs the queen-mother of France, in his letter of the 22d of June, "that he had urged Burleigh and Leicester to entreat their royal mistress to give an early answer on the subject of the marriage, and grant a conference to himself and Montmorenci. For this cause," pursues he, "she sent for us all three on the morrow, to come to her after dinner, in private, without ceremony. We were brought by water into her garden, and found her in a gallery, where she received us all very graciously."

Elizabeth, while she avoided saying anything that might in the slightest degree commit herself, accused the equally cautious procurators of confining themselves to generalities, and said, "she desired to enter into particularities, especially on the important subject of religion." They assured her that everything would be arranged to her satisfaction. It is

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.
[2] Hist. of the Orders of Knighthood, by Sir H. Nicolas.

impossible not to observe the malign pleasure with which Elizabeth recounts the personal defects of the unlucky boy, whom the royal intriguante, Catherine de Medicis, had the folly to propose as a suitable consort for her. She demands of the ambassador, "what compensation is to be made to her, in the marriage articles, for the injury to his face from the small-pox?" and discusses his royal highness from top to toe, with no more ceremony than is commonly used by persons who are bargaining for the purchase of a lap-dog, a monkey, or any other animal of small account. But for the strong reasons of political expediency, which rendered it necessary for the haughty Elizabeth to keep fair with France, there can be no doubt but she would have poured the overflowing measure of her ill-concealed scorn on both mother and son; as it was, she served her own purposes, by humouring this most absurd of projects, and permitted the wily Catherine, and her agreeable agent, monsieur de la Mothe Fenelon, to fancy that they were beguiling her, while she was in reality fooling them.

It was, however, no mistake for them to suppose that their flattery had some effect on the mind of Elizabeth, for she enjoyed it so much, that it is evident she prolonged the negotiations for the purpose of having the dose more frequently repeated; but though it was not difficult for the insinuating diplomatist to persuade the vainest of princesses that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and that the laws of nature were so far reversed in her favour, that time had improved her charms, instead of injuring them, it was another matter to induce her to bestow all these perfections, in addition to her more important endowments of grandeur and regal power, on a suitor of Alençon's description. Elizabeth certainly treated the idea with mockery at the very time that she was feasting and bestowing honours, presents, and counter-flattery on the procurators of the marriage. The fêtes and entertainments, with which she graced Montmorenci and De Foix, lasted for a whole fortnight. The queen gratified them with costly and valuable presents of plate and money at their departure. Burleigh informs Walsingham, "that the ambassadors did all they could in the matter of the duc d'Alençon, but got from her majesty neither yea nor nay, but the delay of a month, in which she was to make up her mind." He charges Walsingham, meantime, to learn all he can of the duke, his real age and stature, and conditions, his inclination to religion, and that of his followers; of all which her majesty desired to be speedily advertised, that she might resolve before the month; "and surely," observes the premier, "I cannot see any lack in this, but in opinion for his age; which defect, if it might be supplied with some other recompense, were not worthy to be thought of. I wish we might have Calais for their issue, and he to be governor thereof during his life, so as we might have security for our staple there."[1]

The next time La Mothe Fenelon had an interview with Elizabeth, on the subject of the marriage, she expressed herself doubtfully touching the disparity of their age. The ambassador assured her, "that his

[1] Complete Ambassador, Digges.

prince's youth would be a singular advantage, as it would enable her and her counsellors to govern him at their own discretion; and that she could not, in all Europe, find a gentleman more deserving of the love and esteem of a fair and virtuous princess than the duke; and that she did herself wrong if she doubted that she was not worthy of the love and service of the most accomplished prince in the world, and entreated her to be satisfied that no one under heaven would be so extremely beloved as she, if she would but accept the affection of this prince, and receive him into her good graces." Elizabeth replied, "that perhaps it might be so for a little while, but in seven or eight years he would begin to despise and hate her, which would quickly bring her to the grave."

Then the ambassador told her, "that he had found a little piece of writing among monsieur de Foix's papers, after his departure, which was part of a letter written by the duke of Alençon himself to that gentleman, on the subject of his much-desired marriage with her majesty, and though, in truth, he had no commission to show it to her majesty, yet, if she would like to see it, he would venture to do so, as it would serve materially to dispel the doubts she had in her heart." Elizabeth immediately called for seats, and, having taken his excellency into a corner of the apartment, made him sit down by her, while she perused the paper, which had, of course, been written for this very purpose. "She read and re-read it," says La Mothe, "and pronounced it 'marvellously well done, and exactly what she hoped to find in him,' adding her praise of his beautiful and graceful style of writing, and also commended his fair penmanship."

The next day, Leicester came to inform the ambassador, that the sight of that little letter had done more with her majesty, in favour of the marriage, than all that had been said by Montmorenci and de Foix, by himself, or Burleigh, and, in short, than all the council had been able to do; and very obligingly advised La Mothe to get the duke of Alençon to write another good letter, as discreetly expressed, and full of affection, that it might be shown to the queen, and even, if he thought proper, one to her majesty, who would not take it amiss. Leicester took the opportunity of hinting, "that if the marriage were accomplished through his good offices, he should have no objection to a noble and wealthy French match himself, and expressed a wish that the queen-mother would send him the portrait of mademoiselle de Montpensier, which he knew well was in the house of the Count Palatine."[1]

One day, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "that one of her embassy in France had written very favourably of the duke of Alençon, in all respects, and had said, 'he would not deceive her about the injury his face had received from the small-pox, knowing what a delicate eye she had for observing everything about any one, but that he would otherwise have been much handsomer than his brothers.'"

On this hint, La Mothe Fenelon launched out into the most extravagant encomiums on the prince, declaring "that in every particular, save

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

and except the accident to his face, he was a paragon above all the other princes in the world, and that this injury was not without remedy, for there was a physician in London, who had lately cured a person of the marks of the small-pox, who had been more frightfully seamed with it than any one in the world, and that if she would only accept the ser vice of the duke, he would, in a few days afterwards, be rendered beau tiful, and worthy of her favour." This was certainly treating Elizabeth very much like a child, but it was an age of quackery and credulity, and it is very plain that Fenelon was himself deceived by the reports of the wonderful renovations, effected by this occult practitioner, in complexions that had been spoiled by the small-pox. He spoke of this to Burleigh, who begged him to name any person within the realm, who, to his certain knowledge, had been cured by the said physician.

"I named two," writes La Mothe to the queen-mother, "one of whom is of this city of London, and the other is a country lady, and a relation of the countess of Bedford. In truth, the said doctor is a person of great learning and much experience, and has made no difficulty of it, but said, 'that the remedy has nothing in it that is noxious, and that it is very sure.'"

After La Mothe had mentioned this to Elizabeth, she smiled, and begged him to have the remedy applied by all means to the face of the duke of Alençon.[1] The earl of Lincoln, on his arrival from Paris, spoke very favourably of the young prince, and settled the two great objections, that were constantly urged against the marriage, in an off-hand way, by saying, "that his youth need not be any impediment, as he was growing older every day, and as for the scars of the small-pox, they were of no consequence, as he would soon have a beard to hide them."

On the 27th of July, Elizabeth sent the earl of Sussex, her grand chamberlain, to tell the French ambassador, "that she was going, the next day, to dine at the house of the lord-treasurer, and that if he would come, he should be very welcome, and requested him to bring any letters that he had received for her, from his own court, with him." After dinner, she led him into a little compartment, out of the saloon, where she ordered seats to be brought for him and herself, and suffered no other person to approach. When she had discussed several subjects of political interest with him, he presented to her letters which he had received in his last packet, addressed to her from the king and queen of France. She opened and read them with apparent satisfaction, and particularly noted every word of that written to her by the queen-mother, whom she commended as one of the wisest and most virtuous princesses in the world. She then put her letters into her pocket, and began to discuss her small suitor, the duke of Alençon, and the objections to her marriage with him, observing "that her subjects had hitherto esteemed her as somewhat wise, she having reigned over them in peace and prosperity fourteen years; but if, after she had eschewed matrimony all her life, she should, now she was an old woman, take a husband, so much too young, and especially with such a blemish in his face as that

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.

which had befallen monsieur d'Alençon, they would despise her, and deem her very ill-advised, even if she could show them a sufficient counterpoise to atone for those great defects;" viz., his immature age and the scars of the small-pox. She added, "that she had, in the first instance, charged her council to prepare a reply in her name to that effect, the same day the proposal was made to her by monsieur de Montmorenci, and she prayed his most Christian majesty to take it in good part, and to continue to regard her as his own sister."[1]

The ambassador replied, with many compliments on her prudence, and all the fine qualities which had rendered her reign so prosperous, and assured her, "that she would study the good of her subjects, by accepting such a match as would increase her power, and that the king of France offered her the same conditions with Alençon that had been offered with monsieur, only that instead of Henry, she would take Francis, who would be contented with a less public exercise of the rites prescribed by his religion, than the other, whose conscience would not permit him to omit anything connected with it."

He then begged permission to deliver to her majesty a letter which he had in charge to present to her from the duke of Alençon.[2] She took the letter, perused it with much satisfaction, and said, "that all he had written corresponded with what she heard in his praise." The ambassador requested that she would permit the duke to write to her again, to which she made no objection.

La Mothe Fenelon, at the conclusion of the conference, noticed, that the complexion-doctor had engaged to obliterate the disfiguring traces of the small-pox from the face of the duke, and received her majesty's gracious permission to confer with the lords of the council, on the preliminaries of the marriage, of which this cure appears to have been the leading article. An envoy extraordinary, monsieur de la Mole, was sent from the court of France, to assist in the treaty. He arrived in London on the 27th of July, and La Mothe Fenelon sent an immediate notice of this event to the queen, who had begun her summer progress to the midland counties, and had advanced forty miles on her way to Warwick. She requested the plenipotentiaries of France to meet her at Easton, the seat of the valiant and hospitable sir George Pomfret. The excitement of the chase, however, proved more interesting to Elizabeth than the discussions for her union with monsieur d'Alençon, and she kept the procurators waiting for her two days at Easton; for, having started a large swift stag on the morning previous to that appointed for their audience, she pursued it all the day, and till the middle of the night, and was so greatly fatigued in consequence, that she was compelled to keep her chamber all the next day.[3] After recovering herself a little, she proceeded on her journey, and gave monsieur de la Mole, who was presented in all due form, by monsieur de la Mothe, a gracious reception, and invited them to accompany her to Kenilworth.

On the 12th of August, she made a public entry into Warwick, travelling in her coach, attended by the countess of Warwick, and sur-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v. [2] Ibid., p. 70. [3] Ibid.

rounded by the greatest lords and ladies of her court. Her majesty, on account of the badness of the roads from heavy rains, was brought through Chesterton pastures, and approached the town by Ford Mill Hill, where the bailiff, recorder, and principal burgesses, were drawn up in order, on their knees, to receive and welcome her. The queen caused her carriage to be thrown open on every side, that all her subjects might behold her, and paused while the recorder addressed her, in a very long-winded and remarkably pedantic harangue, ending with a humble request to her majesty, to accept a small present from the town, which he compared to the widow's mites, and the drop of water which Alexander the Great condescended to accept of a poor soldier by the wayside." Then Robert Philippes, the bailiff, rising from his knees, and coming to the side of the coach, or chariot, in which her majesty sat, knelt down and offered to her a purse, very fairly wrought, and in the purse twenty pounds, all in sovereigns, on which she put forth her hand very graciously, and received it with a benign and smiling countenance; and, turning to the earl of Leicester, said, "My lord, this is contrary to your promise;" then she made the following considerate reply to the bailiff and corporation:[1]—

"Bailiff, I thank you, one and all, for your good-wills, and I am very loth to take anything at your hands now, because you, at the last time of my being here, presented us, to our great liking and contentation, and it is not the manner to be always presented with gifts, and I am the more unwilling to take anything of you, because I know a mite at your hands is as much as a thousand pounds from some: nevertheless, that you may not think I mislike of your good-wills, I accept it with most hearty thanks to you all, praying God that I may perform, as Mr. Recorder saith, such benefit as is hoped;" and therewithal she offered her hand to the bailiff to kiss, and when he had done so, she returned his mace to him, which he had surrendered to her majesty before the oration, and which she had kept in her lap till it was ended. When she had delivered the mace, she called Mr. Aglionby, the recorder, to her, and offering her hand to him to kiss, she said to him, with a smile—

"Come hither, little recorder: it was told me that you would be afraid to look upon me, or to speak boldly, but you were not so afraid of me as I was of you, and I now thank you for putting me in mind of my duty, and what should be in me."[2] And, showing a most gracious and favourable countenance to the spectators, she said again, "I most heartily thank you all, my good people," and so was desirous to be going, but Mr. Griffin, the preacher, approached her majesty, kneeled down, and offered her a paper, to whom she said, "If it be any matter to be answered, we will look upon it, and give you our answer at my lord of Warwick's house." The paper was, however, a quaint Latin acrostic, in which her majesty was compared to Pallas, Astrea, Penelope, and Debora; a great deal of time and trouble having been expended, to compel the first letter and the last of every line in the first stanza to form the following compliment:—

[1] From a MS. called the Black Book of Warwick Corporation, fols. 60—70.
[2] Ibid.

"Tu Elisabeta viro nubis, O mater eris."

These verses her majesty gave to the countess of Warwick, who was in the coach with her. Then the bailiff, recorder, and burgesses, took to their horses, and, marshalled by the heralds, rode two and two before her majesty, till they brought her to the castle gate. The old Corporation Book,[1] from which these details are abstracted, does not omit to record that the twelve principal burgesses were clad, on this occasion, in gowns of puke colour, lined with satin and damask. The bailiff, in a gown of scarlet, rode next her majesty, on the right hand of the lord Compton, who was then high sheriff of the shire, and therefore would have carried his rod up into the town, but was forbidden by the heralds and gentlemen ushers, as contrary to etiquette on that occasion.

When her majesty reached the castle gate, they made a lane for her to pass through, who, viewing them well, gave them thanks, and pronounced them to be "a goodly and well-favoured company." She remained at Warwick from the Monday till the Wednesday, when she commenced her journey to Kenilworth, leaving her household and train at Warwick, and proceeded, by the north gate, through Mr. Thomas Fisher's grounds, and so by Woodloes, which is the fairest way to Kenilworth, where she remained from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, as the guest of the earl of Leicester.

La Mothe Fenelon, in his letters to his sovereign, speaks with great satisfaction of the princely festivities with which he and his friend, La Mole, were entertained by the earl at Kenilworth. The day after their arrival, he and De la Mole had a private conference, of an hour and a half, with the queen, on the subject of the proposal of the duke of Alençon, in which she flattered them with deceitful hopes of consenting to the marriage. After dinner, they all pursued the pastime of hunting the hart, till night, in one of the parks.

On Saturday night, very late, Elizabeth returned to Warwick, and because she would see what cheer my lady of Warwick made, she entered unexpectedly into Mr. Thomas Fisher's house, where, finding them all at supper, she sat down a little while, and, after a slight repast, rose again, leaving the rest at supper, and went to visit the good man of the house, Mr. Fisher, who was at that time grievously vexed with the gout, but chose to be brought out of his chamber into the gallery, to pay his duty to her majesty, and would have made an attempt to kneel to her, but she prevented him, and comforted him with such gracious words, that, forgetting his pain, he was on horseback to attend her majesty on the following Monday, on her return to Kenilworth.[2]

Meantime, however, she took up her abode in Warwick castle, where it pleased her, on the Sunday, to have the country people come and dance before her in the court of the castle, while she looked out from her chamber window, which pleased them, and appeared to make her very merry. On that day, the French ambassador and monsieur de la Mole, having received despatches from their own court, with letters from the royal family for her, came to wait upon her there. In her last

[1] MS. Black Book of Warwick.

[2] Nichols' Progresses.

letter, Elizabeth had intimated, that before the negotiations proceeded further, it was absolutely necessary that she should have a personal interview with her youthful suitor, but the wily queen-mother — being perfectly aware that unless Elizabeth could be induced to make a blind-fold bargain, by plighting herself before she saw the prince, the match would never take place — opposed the projected meeting, as derogatory to the dignity of her son, for him to come over to be looked at, at the risk of being mocked with a rejection."[1]

Elizabeth, in reply to this objection, said, "she entreated that neither the king of France, the queen-mother, nor the ambassador, would believe her to be capable of such baseness as to speak of an interview with a prince of his high rank, if she were not disposed to marry him, that it was long before she could overcome her reluctance to the wedded state; and now she had gained that victory over herself, she was disposed to use it for the purpose of strengthening the bonds of friendship between the royal house of France and herself. That she desired the said interview as much for the satisfaction of the duke, as for her own; to the end, that he might not be compelled to espouse a woman whom he could not love, and, on her own account, she wished to see if she could be loved by him, and also if the disparity of his age, and what had been reported of his face, were objections that might be overcome, and if she could not have that satisfaction, then she must beg us to tell the king and his mother, that the matter was at an end." After pronouncing these words, the queen remained silent and pensive. Then the two subtle diplomatists endeavoured, by the following flattering logic, to persuade her, "that the disparity in age between herself and their prince amounted to nothing, seeing that it was only the trifling difference of nineteen years; and as her majesty, from her charms of mind and person, appeared younger by ten years than she really was, and monseigneur, the duke, in consequence of his fine manly figure and good sense, had anticipated the other nine years in his age, and looked full seven-and-twenty, they were placed on an equality."[2]

As for the interview, the king and queen of France were most anxious that it should take place, if they could be certain of her majesty's remaining in the mind to marry; but as yet she had only given doubtful and unsatisfactory answers, to the great discontent of the duke, and as she had seen his portrait, and heard by many of her own people what he was, it was necessary that she should return a more decided answer, and, at any rate, that she would sanction another conference with the lords of her council on the subject. On this, she raised her head, and replied, with a more agreeable and cheerful countenance, "that she was content that the conference should take place, if only to prove to the king of France how greatly she valued his friendship." After insinuating that she felt more favourably disposed towards the marriage, "she withdrew," says La Mothe, "very gaily, to her chamber, telling Leicester that we were to return and sup with her, and invited us herself. When we came back, we found her playing on the spinet, and she con-

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon. [2] Ibid.

tinued to play at our entreaty, and she played again to please the sieur de la Mole. At supper, which was a sumptuous feast, she gave us, before all the company, as many marks of favour as we could desire.

"After she had drank to me, she sent the cup with what remained in it to me, that I might pledge her, and wished much that she could exchange such agreeable messages with my lord the duke. She drank also to the sieur de la Mole, with many other pleasant demonstrations and courtesies, out of compliment to his master.[1]

"When supper was concluded, at about nine in the evening, a fortress that was built up in a meadow, under the windows of the castle, was assailed by a party of the youth of the court, and defended by another party for a display of fireworks, which was a very fine spectacle; and we remained with the said lady till about midnight to see the end of it."

There is a quaint and very elaborate description of this pageant in the Black Book of the Warwick corporation, by which we learn that there were two forts, of wood and canvass, erected on the temple ditch, at convenient distances for assailing each other with squibs and fireballs, one of the forts being manned by the towns-people, clad in such harness as could be obtained by them, to maintain a warlike show; the other was defended by the earl of Oxford, with a band of the young gentlemen of the court. And between the forts were planted twelve or fourteen field-pieces, and as many mortars, which had been brought from the Tower of London, at the expense of the earl of Warwick, with which a most especial uproar was raised, in imitation of storming a citadel. Then the earl of Oxford and his company, to the number of two hundred, shot off calivers and arquebuses in return, and cast out divers fires, "terrible," says the record, "to those who have not been in like experiences, valiant to such as delighted therein, and strange to them that understood it not, for the wildfire falling into the river Avon, would for a time lie still, and then again rise and fly abroad, casting forth many flashes and flames, whereat the queen's majesty took great pleasure," till she found her good town of Warwick was in some danger of being burned down, by this device for her honour and glory. For at the last, a flying dragon, casting out huge flames and squibs, lighted upon the fort and set fire to it, for its subversion; it chanced that a ball of fire fell on a house at the end of the bridge, and set fire to the same, so that the good man and his wife, being both in bed and asleep, were with great ado saved, but the house and everything in it were consumed; and the flames spread to some of the adjoining dwellings, which were with difficulty extinguished by the exertions of the earl of Oxford, sir Fulk Greville, and others of the courtiers and towns-people.[2]

This combustion might be good pastime for the idle gallants of the court, but it was no fun for the people of Warwick, who were in almost as much alarm and danger as if they had been bombarded by a

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 96.
[2] Black Book of Warwick.

hostile army, with the fireballs flying about the town and falling on the roofs of houses, and into their courts and back yards. Four houses in the town and suburbs were on fire at once, and it was next to a miracle that no more mischief was done. As La Mothe Fenelon does not mention these accidents, it is probable that he might imagine the conflagrations were intended for a part of the show.

The next morning the queen sent for the poor old man and woman whose house had been burned, and comforted them with many gracious words; and by her grace's bounty and that of her courtiers, the sum of twenty-five pounds twelve and sixpence was given towards the losses of the sufferers, which, notwithstanding the relative value of money, was rather a paltry subscription, considering the high rank of the parties.[1]

On the following day the subject of her majesty's marriage was again discussed, and she declared, "that after having heard the opinions of her council, she found herself in a greater perplexity than ever; for though they all wished her to marry, they agreed with her, that it was impossible to advance any further in the treaty till she should have seen what manner of man the duke of Alençon really was; and for herself, she was determined not to judge of him by any other witness than that of her own eyes; she was sure some ill would come of it if they married without some previous affection, such as is usually acquired by sight," and she swore, "by her Creator, that the doubts she felt made her fear and repent of having gone so far."[2]

The following day, her majesty and the French envoys returned to Kenilworth on horseback in company, "sometimes as they went following the chase, and between whiles pursuing the subject of the matrimonial treaty, to our great satisfaction," says the deluded La Mothe, who appears, at that time, to have been actually persuaded by Elizabeth that she was bent on marriage, and might be flattered into wedding the unsuitable spouse they offered her.

He writes volumes to Charles IX. and the queen-mother, relating his private conferences with Elizabeth, and the proceedings of her council while at Kenilworth, on the subject of this alliance, assuring them, "that the queen is better disposed towards it than she has yet been." He expresses his satisfaction, in particular, for the good offices which he considers have been rendered by the earl of Leicester in the negotiation, and repeats his opinion that the latter should be rewarded with a wealthy French heiress of the highest rank, in return for his services.[3] The clear-headed Burleigh condensed the actual substance of all the frothy compliments, affectations, and mystifications used by his royal mistress in her discussions with the noble French diplomats, into the following brief entry, which is inscribed by his own hand in his private diary:—

"August 22d.—Answer given to La Mothe, at Kenilworth, when he came to move marriage for Francis, duke of Alençon, younger brother to the French king: that there were two difficulties, one for difference

[1] Black Book of Warwick.
[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon.
[3] Ibid.

of religion, the other for their ages; but yet, that the articles moved in his brother, the duke of Anjou's case, might serve for him."

Two days after this oracular sentence was inscribed by Burleigh, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was perpetrated in Paris. The tidings of this direful tragedy were received in England with feelings of generous indignation, which rendered all ranks of the people ready to take up arms, to avenge the murdered victims of the treacherous and profligate Catherine de Medicis, and the abhorrent instruments of her atrocity. The very name of a Frenchman was regarded with horror, and La Mothe Fenelon, and his suite, felt themselves the objects of popular detestation,[1] though innocent of the slightest knowledge of the crime that had been committed in the blood-stained metropolis of France. No one could be more deeply mortified at the transaction than La Mothe himself, who does not scruple to express, in plain terms, to his royal master his grief and annoyance at what had taken place, and the disgraceful light in which it had placed the monarch and people of France in the opinion of the English.

Elizabeth at first declined giving audience to the luckless ambassador, on whom the task devolved of making the most plausible story he could in extenuation of this dreadful business. After taking three days to consider whether she would see him or not, she at length decided on granting him an interview at Woodstock, where she was when the intelligence reached her. She received him in her privy chamber, in the presence of the lords of the council, and the principal ladies of her court, all of whom were, like herself, clad in the deepest mourning. A solemn silence prevailed on his entrance, and after a brief pause, the queen advanced ten or twelve paces to receive him, with a grave, stern countenance, but with her wonted courtesy; and leading him to a window, apart from the rest, she said something apologetic for having delayed his audience, and demanded of him, "if it were possible that the strange news she had heard of the prince whom she so much loved, honoured, and confided in of all the world, could be true?"[2]

La Mothe told her, "that in truth he had come to lament with her over the sad accident that had just occurred, to the infinite regret of the king, who had been compelled, for the security of his life, and that of the queen, his mother, and his two brothers, to put down the sedition and traitorous plots of those who had confederated against him many high and horrible treasons, and that what he had done, was as painful to him as if he had cut off one of his arms to preserve the rest of his body."

Elizabeth inquired, with eager curiosity, into the particulars; and lamented that the king had not proceeded against the admiral, and his adherents, according to the laws which punish treason; observing, "that although she had been unable to accept his majesty for a husband, she would always love and revere him as if she were his wife; that she was infinitely jealous of his honour, and believed that it was neither according to his disposition, nor from any premeditation of his own that these

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 123. [2] Ibid., 123, 124.

murders had happened; but from some strange accident, which time would elucidate."[1]

The convenient term "accident" was afterwards adopted by Elizabeth herself, on an occasion, when, as in the case of the royal culprits of St. Bartholomew, it implied an equivocating denial of a crime too black to be acknowledged or defended by the perpetrator.

The French ambassador, notwithstanding the trepidation with which he had entered the presence of Elizabeth, and the chill which her first reception had given him, took courage, before the audience ended, to present her with a love-letter from the duke of Alençon, and she received it willingly, and read it with apparent satisfaction. She said, however, "that it had been her intention to send the most honourable ambassador that had been seen in France for a long time, to show her respect for the most Christian queen, on the occasion of the birth of her first child, which was soon expected; but that, now, she should take care that neither Leicester nor Burleigh went, knowing how much their deaths were desired by the persons who were the instigators of what had taken place at Paris."

On leaving the queen, La Mothe had to go over the same slippery ground in explanations to the lords of her council, who were far from taking the matter as easily as their mistress had done. They would not hear of accidents or mistakes, but declared that the recent massacre was, without doubt, the most enormous crime that had been committed since the death of Jesus Christ, and loudly condemned the treachery and cruelty of those by whom it had been planned and executed.

In a letter to the king his master, dated September 29th, La Mothe describes the mortifying situation in which he and all his countrymen were placed in England, and says, "that no one will speak to him but the queen, who treats him with her accustomed urbanity."[2]

Not more atrocious, however, was the ruthless fanaticism, which prompted the butcher-work by which the day of St. Bartholomew was for ever rendered a watchword of reproach against Catholics, than the murderous spirit of cruelty and injustice which led the professors of the reformed faith to clamour for the blood of the captive Mary Stuart, as a victim to the manes of the slaughtered Protestants. Sandys, bishop of London, in a letter to Burleigh, enclosed a paper of measures, which he deemed expedient for the good of the realm, and the security of his royal mistress at that crisis, beginning with this startling article, "Forthwith to cut off the Scottish queen's head."[3] Burleigh endeavoured to prevail on Elizabeth to follow this sanguinary counsel, telling her, "that it was the only means of preventing her own deposition and murder." It is easy at all times to persuade hatred that revenge is an act of justice.

Elizabeth was beset by tempters of no common plausibility; men who had always a scripture text in readiness, to quiet the divine witness of conscience against crime. She had resisted their previous solicita-

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., pp. 127, 128.
[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.
[3] Ellis' Royal Letters, 2d series, vol. iii., p. 25.

tions to take the life of her defenceless captive, and placed her refusal on high and noble grounds; but her resolves, whether in good or evil, were easily shaken. Her passions were stronger than her principles, and were excited without difficulty by persons of cooler temperaments than herself. Sooner or later, the inflexible Burleigh always carried his point with his stormy mistress. He had terrified her with plots and rumours of plots, till he succeeded in convincing her that she was in the utmost danger from the murderous machinations of Mary Stuart, and that it would be desirable to deprive her enemies of a rallying point, by putting that unfortunate lady to death.

Elizabeth shrunk from the idea of staining her hands with royal blood; but, like many others, had no objection to sin by deputy. A darker and more treacherous expedient than either a private or a judicial murder, in her own realm, was concocted between Burleigh, Leicester, and herself, as "the most convenient method of ridding herself," as Mr. Tytler observes, "of her hated and dangerous prisoner."[1] The Scotch had sold her fugitive rebel, the earl of Northumberland, into her hands, that she might execute her vengeance upon him; and Elizabeth, in return, proposed, not to sell, but to resign their injured sovereign into the cruel hands of Morton and the regent Marr, to be dealt with in *the way of justice*—words which were tantamount to Cromwell's private memorandum, "to send such and such persons to London, to be tried and executed." There was, indeed, to be the mockery of a trial, but then the children or near kinsfolk of Morton and Marr, were to be put into the hands of the English queen, as hostages, that, trial or not, the execution of Mary was to take place within four hours after she was given up to their tender mercies.

The details of this iniquitous pact, are clearly and succinctly related by Mr. Tytler, and the actual documents may be seen in the State Paper Office.[2] The instructions for Killigrew, to whom the arrangement of "*the great matter*," as it was significantly termed by the diplomatic accomplices, was committed, are in Burleigh's own hand.[3] The muniments of history afford not a more disgraceful document; nor has the light of truth ever unveiled a blacker mass of evidence, than the correspondence between Killigrew and Burleigh and Leicester, during the negotiation.

Mary had, however, ceased to be an object of alarm to the rebel lords; and even her deadly foe, Morton, the wily accomplice in Darnley's murder, would not undertake the office of the queen of England's hangman without a fee. Why should he and the regent Marr sell their souls for nought? They demanded money of the parsimonious Elizabeth — a yearly stipend withal, no less than the amount of the sum it cost her majesty for the safe-keeping of her royal prisoner. The dark treaty was negotiated in the sick-chamber of the guilty Morton, with the ardent approbation of the dying Knox; and, after nearly six weeks' demur, the regent Marr gave consent, but was immediately stricken with

[1] History of Scotland, vol. vii. [2] Ibid., p. 310.

[3] MS. State Papers, in September, October, November, December, 1572, and in 1573.

a mortal illness, and died at the end of twenty-four hours. Morton insisted on higher terms, and, more than that, an advantageous treaty, and the presence of three thousand English troops, under the command of the earls of Huntingdon, Essex, and Bedford, to assist at the execution, otherwise he would not undertake it.[1]

The last condition could not be conceded, for Elizabeth's share in the transaction was to be kept secret; and for the honour of the English character, it is doubtful whether three thousand men could have been found willing to assist at so revolting a tragedy. Eagerly as Burleigh thirsted for the blood of Mary Stuart, he dared not venture the experiment; but, in his bitter disappointment at the failure of his project, he wrote to Leicester that the queen must now fall back upon her last resource, for the safety of herself and kingdom:—

"God send her majesty," continues he, "strength of spirit to preserve God's cause, her own life, and the lives of millions of good subjects, all which are most manifestly in danger, and that only by her delays; and so consequently she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it. God be merciful to us!"[2]

Some natural doubts must be felt, by those who have traced the long-hidden mysteries of these murderous intrigues, whether the person by whom they were devised, could have believed in the existence of that all-seeing Judge, whose name he so frequently repeats to his accomplice, in this cowardly design against the life of a persecuted and defenceless woman.

The worthy Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, to whom Elizabeth was very dear, not only as his sovereign, and the bulwark of the Protestant church, but as the daughter of his unfortunate patroness, Anne Boleyn, wrote to Burleigh a marvellous account of the sayings of "a strange body," as he called some insane foreign incendiary, whom the mayor of Dover had apprehended and conducted to London, for using expressions touching the queen, Leicester, and Hatton, such as Mr. Mayor durst not commit to paper, but was ready to whisper to the premier, if he would give him the opportunity. The "strange body" had a brother in Calais, who had also said, "that he trusted to hear of as many throats cut in England, that winter, as had been in France, and that, within the twelvemonth, he doubted not but Henry's bones, and *maistres* Elizabeth's too, should be openly burned in Smithfield."[3] Notwithstanding all this perilous talking, the "strange body" had been discharged, and allowed to return to his own friends, being in all probability a wandering lunatic, not worth the trouble of subjecting to the torture.

The recent outrages on the Protestants in France, while they furnished Elizabeth's cabinet with an excuse for advocating the murder of Mary Stuart, rendered the negotiations for the queen's marriage with a Catholic prince most distasteful to the people of England; but though apparently at an end, they were still carried on, *sub rosa*, between Elizabeth and

[1] Tytler's Scotland, State Paper MSS.
[2] MS. Brit. Mus. Caligula, c. iii., fol. 386.
[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. i.

the court of France, through the agency of monsieur de la Mothe. On the 11th of September, the queen-mother wrote to that statesman, apparently in reply to his recommendation of the English quack, who had undertaken to eradicate the traces of the small-pox, "I have seen the physician, Penna, but the visage of my son, Alençon, is much amended, and does amend every day; but I must be well certified that the said physician uses medicines such as I can see by writing what he does, so that it is evident he will do no harm. . . . . The said doctor can easily practise upon a page, and, if it does well, he can use his remedies on my son." Such were the private communications between England and France, when Elizabeth seemed publicly indignant for the massacre of St Bartholomew.[1]

When La Mothe Fenelon communicated this interesting piece of information to Elizabeth, she said, "that she was astonished, considering the great love that Catherine had always shown for her children, that she had not sooner endeavoured to remove so great a disfigurement as the scars which marred the countenance of the duke of Alençon."

Two or three days after this conversation, Elizabeth herself was attacked with the same malady, which had left such frightful traces of its ravages on the visage of her unlucky little suitor. The whole court were in a state of alarm, and Leicester again took upon himself the office of watching her sick-bed,[2] till the favourable nature of the symptoms relieved her ministers from the alarming apprehension of their being deprived of their beloved sovereign, and the yet more painful contingency of seeing her sceptre pass into the hands of Mary Stuart. The disease, however, passed lightly over Elizabeth, and she thus describes it in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, who, not without cause, had expressed great anxiety to be certified of her majesty's state:—

"Red spots began to appear in our face, like to be the small-pox; but, thanks be to Almighty God, the same vanished away."

She concludes, in her own hand—

"My faithful Shrewsbury, let not grief touch your heart for fear of my disease, for I assure you, if my credit were not greater than my show, there is no beholder would believe that I had been touched with such a malady.

"Your faithful sovereign,

"Eliz. Reg."

When Elizabeth gave audience to the French ambassador, she thanked him for his attention during her late malady of the small-pox, and told him, "that the last time he was at Windsor, she had the stomach-ache, from taking a little mithridate, but she had given him permission to see her now, because he would be able to give their majesties of France a better account of her illness;" adding, playfully, "that she believed that when monseigneur, the duke, came to hear of it, he would wish that she had had just enough of it left on her face to prevent them from reproaching one another."

[1] Letter of Catherine de Medicis, Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vii., p. 346.

[2] "Her majesty hath been very sick this night," writes Sir Thomas Smith to Burleigh, "so that my lord of Leicester did watch with her all night."

The complaisant ambassador replied in a high-flown strain of compliment, "that the king of France, monseigneur, the duke, and all connected with that crown, desired entirely the preservation of her surpassing endowments, regarding her beauty no less than those which adorned her greatness, and that they would have infinite pleasure in learning from his next despatch that she was so perfectly cured of this malady, that it had not left a vestige or trace on her countenance."[1]

His excellency added a piece of gratuitous flattery on his own account, which, from its excessive grossness, would have been regarded by any lady less vain than Elizabeth, as downright impertinence. "That for his own part, he rejoiced, no less at the accident than the cure, for it was a sort of malady which showed that her youth was not yet passed, nor ready to pass away for a long time, and that it had so greatly improved her charms, that she could never be in a better plight for matrimony than at present, nor more likely to fulfil the hopes of the nation, by continuing her illustrious line;" therefore, he besought her no longer to delay her own happiness, but to come to a favourable decision on the proposal of the duke.[2]

She rejoined, with a smile, "That she had not expected that his excellency had come to speak on that subject, just then; but rather to announce the accouchement of the most Christian queen, for already there was a report in London that she had borne a fair son, and she prayed to God that it might be so." The report was unfounded, for the queen of France brought forth a daughter on the 27th of October.

La Mothe Fenelon waited on Elizabeth to announce to her the birth of the little princess, to assure her of the continued devotion of the duke of Alençon, to inquire her intentions with regard to his proposal, and to inform her of the sentence passed by the parliament of France against the late admiral and his confederates, Briquemont and Cavagnes. The last two had been executed in the presence of the king, his mother, brethren, and the king of Navarre, by torch-light, the same day that the young queen of France had made the sanguinary monarch, Charles IX., the father of his first-born child.

Elizabeth was already well informed of a fact that had filled every heart with horror and disgust; and in her reply to the ambassador, she alluded to the circumstance with dignified and deserved censure. She said, "that his majesty could not have wished more for the safety of the queen, and her happy delivery, than she had done; that she could have desired that his felicity had been rendered more complete by the birth of a dauphin, but, nevertheless, the little princess would be very welcome in the world, and she prayed God to give her happiness equal to her illustrious rank and descent; and as she felt assured that she would be fair and good, she regretted that her royal father should have polluted the day of her birth by so sad a spectacle, as that which his majesty had gone to see in the Grêve;" and called upon the ambassador for an explanation of that circumstance.

Heartily ashamed of the conduct of his sovereign, and too honest to

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 184. [2] Ibid., vol. v.

defend it, La Mothe Fenelon only observed, "that the day had been marked by some evil, as well as much happiness; and that his master would not have assisted at such an act, if he had not had the example of other great kings on similar occasions."[1]

In respect to the duke of Alençon, Elizabeth said "that she had not yet received a reply to the last proposition that had been made by her ambassador, for which she had long waited; and that the picture of the state of France, as represented by him, filled her with extreme horror, for it seemed that everything was done against those of her own religion. As for the condemnation of the admiral and the others, if their ruin were the safety of the king of France, no one could be more glad than herself that they were dead."

On the 12th of November, Michel de Castelnau, sieur de Mauvissière, came over to solicit Elizabeth to accept the office of godmother to the infant princess of France, in conjunction with the empress. She gave him his first audience at Hampton Court; on which occasion he was presented by La Mothe Fenelon, and was most graciously received by the queen. He was the bearer of five letters to her majesty—from the king, the queen, the queen-mother, monsieur, and the duke of Alençon. The first four he delivered to her majesty after he had recited his credence, but reserved that from Alençon till after the business, on which he came, had been discussed. The queen expressed her full appreciation of the compliment that was paid her on this occasion, and said, "that she took it as an especial mark of the king's friendship, that he should wish her to be his gossip (commère), for which she begged to thank him, and the royal mother, grandmother, and uncles of the *petite madame*, with much affection." She then made particular inquiries, as to what would be done by the empress on this occasion, and what princess she would send as her representative to perform this office for her; and went on to say, "that, for herself, she was at a loss for a person of sufficient rank to send on her part."

The countess of Lenox, as her nearest relation, and the first lady of the blood royal, would have been a proper substitute on this occasion; but her immediate connexion with the queen of Scots, and the infant king James, deterred Elizabeth from allowing her to proceed to France; and to prevent the possibility of jealousy of any other lady of the court, whom she might have selected for this office, Elizabeth chose to be represented by a male proxy, at the baptism of the infant princess of France. William Somerset, earl of Worcester, a Catholic, was the nobleman despatched by her on this mission; and her godmother's gift was a font of pure gold.

The queen kept her wily statesman, Walsingham, in France, as her ambassador, while her absurd marriage treaty was negotiating. He was eager for his recall, and his wife beset the queen, frequently with tears and lamentations, that she would permit him to come back. At last the clerk of the council, sir Thomas Smith, obtained a promise to that effect, in a dialogue related by him, in which he gives a glimpse of

[1] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon, vol. v., p. 205, 206.

queen Elizabeth at her council board, not in the formal discussion of business, but in a little familiar chat, while official papers were receiving her signature:—

"At the signing of her majesty's letters to you," writes he to Walsingham, "this morning, I said to the queen—

"'Madam, my lord ambassador looks now to have some word from your majesty, respecting his return: it would comfort him very much.'

"'Well,' said the queen, 'he shall come.'

"'Yea,' quoth I, 'but the poor gentleman is almost dismayed; your majesty hath heard enough with what grief he doth tarry there.'

"'Well,' said the queen, 'you may write to him that he shall come home shortly—we think, with my lord of Worcester.'

"I said, 'indeed my lord's train would be the more honourable, if he had one ambassador to go with him, and another to return with him.'

"'Yea,' saith her majesty, 'but there be some make excuses that they would not go; but their excuses shall not serve them.'

"I thanked her majesty, and came my *ways;* for she hasted to 'go *a-walking* with her ladies, because it was a frost.' It was in the pleasances of Hampton Court she was anxious to walk, that 'frosty December morning.' She hath appointed Mr. Carew, as the French ambassabor, 'but he maketh great labour to the contrary, by her ladies of the privy chamber; yet, as I perceive by her last speech, he is to succeed you.' Yet, in the same letter, he says of the queen, 'ye know how long we be here a-resolving, and how easy to be altered.'"[1]

Walsingham was still detained. Sir Thomas Smith, whom he had urged to plead for the appointment of a substitute, writes thus to Burleigh on the subject:[2]—"I once again have moved the queen's majesty for Mr. Dale's going, and still she saith, 'there are other matters between her highness and the duke (d'Alençon), which it is not fit Dale should be made privy unto.' Howsoever the matter is, I know not the reason; but, I perceive, as yet, neither his preparation, nor the loss which he is like to sustain, nor the grief of Mr. Walsingham, can make her majesty sign anything that appertaineth to his going." Smith went on tell the queen that he had expressed a wish to Burleigh, that he would return. "Beshrew you," said she, "why did you send for him?" "Marry," replied the secretary, "madam, I did wish he were here at the departing of my lord of Worcester, to make perfect all things; first with France, and then with my lord of Desmond into Ireland." "Why," rejoined the queen, "I knew before, he would take physic at London, and then recreate himself awhile at Tongs. I beshrew you, for sending for him." "There is no hurt done," quoth the secretary, again; "madam, I will send him word again this night, what your majesty doth say; and I think then he will not be hasty to come, although I wish he were here. And then," continued he, "I had begun some instructions for my lord of Worcester, if any such questions were asked of him; for such a nobleman may not seem to be dumb, or ignorant of your highness's

[1] Perfect Ambassador, by Sir D. Digges. Letter of Sir T. Smith to Walsingham, p. 301, December 11, 1572.

[2] Smith's Letter to Burleigh, in Wright, vol, i., p. 449.

pleasure, in such things as may be asked. Otherwise, I think it be not your majesty's pleasure that he should meddle in those—that is, for the French that be here, the marriage, and the traffic." All these her majesty liked well, but woman-like, said, "that she would have the marriage first." After Smith had submitted to her majesty some other matters of business, she bade him tell Burleigh, "that the count Montgomeri, and the vidame, had been with her, and urged her to send Hawkins, or some other, with a supply of powder to Rochelle, for the besieged Huguenots, under colour of its being driven there by stress of weather; but," she said, "that she knew not how to do that, having been solicited by the French ambassador not to aid them." "Her majesty," adds Smith, "prays you to think of it, and devise how it may be done, for she thinks it necessary; and if it were done, count Montgomeri possibly would end his life there, being weary of this idle life here."[1]

In this brief detail of the consultation between Elizabeth and her secretary of state, given by himself, to his colleague, Burleigh, we have a specimen of her manner of transacting business with her ministers, and a proof of the twofold treachery of her political conduct. She could not send the supplies to the gallant Rochellers, without infringing her friendly treaty with the king of France; but she is desirous that Burleigh should devise some underhand method of sending it; nevertheless, not from zeal to the cause of protestantism, but in the hope that she may, by that means, get rid of her inconvenient friend, the Huguenot agitator, Montgomeri.

When the earl of Worcester, and the splendid ambassade she had commissioned to assist at the christening of the little princess of France, sailed, the Huguenots, despairing of further encouragement from queen Elizabeth, sent a squadron to sea, for the purpose of intercepting her envoy, and making spoil of the rich presents with which his ship was freighted. They narrowly missed their object, but took and plundered two of the attendant vessels, and killed some of the passengers.[2]

Elizabeth was much exasperated at this outrage; but as it was attributed to pirates, she sent a fleet to clear the channel of all cruisers, and utterly refused to assist the brave Rochellers with further supplies. She was now on the most affectionate terms with those *bêtes noirs* of history—Catherine de Medicis, and Charles IX., and appeared to regard the hopeful boy, Alençon, as her future husband. She again discussed the expediency of an interview, and received his letters with all due regard. The reader will probably have no objection to see a specimen of the style in which Elizabeth was addressed at this period, by her small suitor:—

FRANÇOIS, DUKE OF ALENÇON, TO ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

"Madame,

"Whatsoever I have seen or heard of the declaration you have made of your good affection towards our marriage, has given me extreme pleasure and contentment, and also, that it has pleased you to appoint an interview between you and I, which is a thing that I have so much at heart, that I can think of nothing but to do all that may be possible for me to enjoy, instantly, this satisfaction, as

[1] Letter of Smith to Burleigh, in Wright.

[2] Camden.

I have had, for a length of time, the wish of offering very humble and agreeable service, in order to participate in your good graces; of this I have always assured you by my letters, but I desire to confirm it to you by word of mouth, if it be the will of God that this interview should take place; the which I hope will be in such a manner, and so favourable, that it will not pass over without the utmost pleasure to us both, as well as an advancement that will lead this negotiation to a good conclusion. The sieur de la Mothe Fenelon, ambassador of the king, my lord and brother, resident near you, has charge to inform you of some particular matters; to him I remit them.

"I will not make this letter longer than to say, that I kiss your hands very humbly, and to pray God, madame, that he will have you in his holy keeping.

"From St. Germain en Laye, the xx. of February.

"Your very obedient brother, to do you service,

"FRANCOYS."[1]

The apparent earnestness of this and other letters, written by Alençon to Elizabeth and her ministers, induced her, at length, to signify her consent for him to come to England. Scarcely had she done so, when the election of his brother Henry to the throne of Poland, caused a sudden change in her purpose. When the French ambassador, La Mothe, informed her of this event, she expressed the utmost amazement at the news; and, after offering her congratulations, she asked many questions, in a breath, on the subject, such as, "whether the emperor would take offence; whether the new king would make war against the Turks, or against the Muscovites; if he intended to espouse the princess of Poland; and if he would leave the siege of Rochelle to go there?"[2] This last, indeed, he did, in a manner inconsistent with his honour as a general, and his duty to his royal brother. The young Alençon succeeded to the command, but neither possessed his military talents, his experience, nor the confidence of the army.

Alençon wrote many love-letters to the queen, from the camp before Rochelle, reiterating his desire to come and throw himself at her feet.[3] Elizabeth replied, "that her people liked not the business in which he was engaged, and if he came to woo her with his sword stained with protestant blood, he would be regarded by her subjects with horror; that neither she nor they could forget the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which had been perpetrated at a marriage festival." She ended by counselling him to use his influence to mediate a peace between the contending parties in France. Young as he was, Alençon was already considered a troublesome member of the royal house of France, and had acquired the jealousy and ill-will of his two elder brothers, who were most anxious to see him removed to England. It had been predicted to Catherine de Medicis, by a soothsayer, that all her children were born to become kings. Francis and Charles had successively worn the regal garland of France; Henri was elected king of Poland,—what, then, remained to fulfil the augury, but the marriage of Alençon with the queen of England?

From first to last, there was, however, a suspicion that Elizabeth's

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of H. Symonds, Esq., of Exeter, for the communication of this curious royal love-letter, from the Rawlinson MSS. in Bodleian Library, Oxford.

[2] Depêches de la Mothe Fenelon.

[3] Camden.

preference for Leicester was the great obstacle which prevented her from concluding the matrimonial treaty with the young French prince. Mauvissière ventured to hint as much to the queen, during his embassy in 1573. "Tell your master," replied Elizabeth, "that I will never condescend to marry my subject, or make him my companion." The court of France, after this right royal declaration, despatched a special envoy, of high rank, Chateauneuf, to solicit the queen to grant a safe-conduct for the royal youth to come and woo her in person, and the young gentleman seconded the request with letters, which, to use Castelnau's expression, "might have softened a frozen rock,"—they only increased the irresolution of Elizabeth.[1]

The state of the maiden court, during the merry month of May, is thus described by the gossiping pen of Gilbert Talbot, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, his father. It presents anything but a pleasing picture of the jealousies, intrigues, and malignant spirit of scandal then subsisting among the gorgeous dames and statesmen, young and old, by whom the last of the Tudor monarchs was surrounded:—

"My lord of Leicester is very much with her majesty, and she shows him the same great good affection she was wont; of late, he has endeavoured to please her more than heretofore. There are two sisters now in the court that are very far in love with him, as they long have been; my lady Sheffield[2] and Frances Howard, they (striving who shall love him the best) are at great wars with each other, and the queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him: for this reason there are spies over him. My lord of Oxford is lately grown into great credit, for the queen's majesty delighteth more in his person, his dancing, and his valiantness, than any other. I think the earl of Sussex doth back him all he can, and were it not for his (Oxford's) fickle head, he would pass all of them shortly. My lady Burleigh has declared herself, as it were, jealous. (My lady Burleigh's daughter had married Oxford, who used her cruelly; she was, probably, jealous of the queen's coquetries with her daughter's husband.) The queen has not been a little offended with her, but now she is reconciled. At all these love matters, my lord treasurer, Burleigh, winketh, and will not meddle any way."

"Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain," pursues young Talbot, "is sick still: it is thought he will hardly recover his disease; the queen goeth almost every day to see how he doth. Now, there are devices (chiefly by Leicester) to make Mr. Edward Dyer as great as ever was Hatton: for now, in this time of Hatton's sickness, the time is convenient. Dyer was lately sick of a consumption, in great danger, and (as your lordship knows) has been in disgrace this two years. The

[1] A curious specimen of the characteristic "she would and she would not" of this princess, appears in a recently discovered letter of instruction, written by her on the subject of this safe-conduct for the duke d'Alençon, to Dr. Dale, one of her resident ministers at Paris, for which we are indebted to the learned research of Francis Worship, Esq.—Archæologia, vol. xxviii., pp. 393—398.

[2] Daughters of lord William Howard of Effingham. The secret marriage of Leicester with lady Sheffield took place soon after.

queen was made to believe that his sickness came because of her displeasure towards him, so that unless she would forgive him, he was not like to recover; and hereupon her majesty has forgiven him, and sent unto him a very comfortable message. Now he has recovered again, and this is the beginning of the device. These things I hear of such young fellows as myself."

We are told by Howes, in his edition of Stowe, that in the 15th year of Elizabeth's reign, Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, presented her with a pair of gloves ornamented with four tufts of rose-coloured silk, and so deliciously scented, that she called it "the earl of Oxford's perfume;" and when she sat for her portrait invariably wore those favourite ornaments. This weak-minded young peer, presuming on the favour of the queen, and his all-powerful position, as the son-in-law of Burleigh, grossly insulted the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, before the French ambassador, in the Tennis-court, by calling him a puppy. Sir Philip retorted, with cutting scorn, "that all the world knew that dogs were the parents of puppies," and added his defiance. Oxford had no inclination to measure swords with the gallant Sidney, and the privy council interfered to prevent the encounter, but, as Sidney insisted on an apology, or personal satisfaction, her majesty was entreated to interpose.

Elizabeth sent for sir Philip, and told him "that there was a great difference in degree, between earls and private gentlemen, and that princes were bound to support the nobility, and to insist on their being treated with proper respect." Sir Philip replied, with a noble spirit of independence, "that place was never intended to privilege wrong—witness herself, who, sovereign though she were, must be content to govern by the laws." In respect to his adversary's superior station, he besought her majesty to remember, "that, although the earl were a great lord, yet was he no lord over him, and that the difference of degrees between free men entitled him of the highest rank to no other homage than precedency." He then reminded her of her father's policy, in giving the gentry free and safe appeal to the throne against the oppression of the grandees, finding it wisdom, by the stronger combination of numbers, to keep down the greater in power.

Elizabeth testified no displeasure at the boldness of her intrepid young courtier, yet he soon after retired into the country, where he employed his leisure in the composition of his elegant romance, the "Arcadia."[1]

Elizabeth left Greenwich, on the 14th of July, for her summer progress into Kent. Her first visit was to archbishop Parker, at Croydon, where she spent a week, and then proceeded to Orpington, the seat of

[1] The moral beauty of the sentiments set forth by the illustrious Sidney, in the "Arcadia," affords a noble contrast to the Machiavelian policy that ruled the court and cabinet of Elizabeth. Two attractive little volumes, of exquisite maxims, have been culled, by the accomplished author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," from the writings of Sir Philip Sidney, enriched with her own editorial notes and observations, and were, many years ago, published under the title of "The Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney." It is with great pleasure we learn, that Miss Jane Porter is preparing a new edition of this beautiful work, with many additions, which will soon be forthcoming.

sir Percival Hart. "She was welcomed, at this mansion, by a nymph, who personated the genius of the house, and was conducted through several chambers, contrived to represent, by scenic effect, the panorama of a sea fight, 'which,' says the quaint topographer, by whom the incident is recorded, 'so much obliged the eye of this princess, with the charms of delight, that, on leaving the house, she bestowed on its master the *soubriquet* of 'Barque Hart,' in allusion to the barques and ships she had seen in his pageant."[1]

After praising the hospitality of the loyal squires of Kent, Elizabeth entered Sussex, and, on the 9th of August, reached the house of Mr. Guildford. The modern tourist will scarcely forbear from smiling at the following marvellous description, from the pen of Burleigh, of the perils of Elizabeth's journey through these counties:—"The queen had a hard beginning of her progress in the wild of Kent, and, lately, in some part of Sussex, where surely were more dangerous rocks and valleys, and much worse ground than in the peak."[2] They were then bending towards the Rye, on the way to Dover, which was to be the next resting-place, and where the premier trusted to have amends for their rugged pilgrimage.

Either at Mr. Guildford's house, or at Dover, Elizabeth gave audience to La Mothe Fenelon, who presented letters from the king of France, and her former suitor, Henry of Valois, requesting her to grant the latter free passage of the sea, on his voyage to take possession of his kingdom. She replied, "that to the persons of the king of Poland and his train in ordinary, and his furniture and effects, she would willingly guarantee her protection, either with, or without safe conduct, if the wind threw them on her coast, and that they should be treated as well and honourably as if they had landed on the coast of France, or in his own dominions; but as to his men-at-arms, she would freely tell him that she would not let them pass;" and, with a bitter allusion to the affront she had received in the late matrimonial negotiation, she added "that the king, and queen-mother of France, and even the prince, had undoubtedly had a great inclination for the marriage, but that the cardinal of Lorraine, for the sake of the queen of Scots, his niece, had found means to break it, and if he had had sufficient credit to do that, he might have as much in things of less consequence, and would possibly attempt some enterprise in favour of his niece, if so many soldiers were allowed to land in England."

La Mothe Fenelon said, "her majesty must pardon him, if he reminded her, that it was herself, and the people who were about her, who had interrupted and prevented her marriage with the king of Poland, and not the cardinal of Lorraine, who had always acted according to the wishes of their most Christian majesties, and counselled them for the advancement of their honour and power to which that marriage would have conduced, and also he had hoped much from it for the relief of

[1] Hasted's History of Kent.

[2] Burleigh's letter to the earl of Shrewsbury, in Strype.

the queen of Scotland, both personally, and in settling the affairs of her realm."[1]

Among the amusing incidents connected with Elizabeth's Kentish progress is the circumstance of the learned and amiable archbishop Parker considerately sending her premier, Burleigh, sundry tracts and treatises, illustrative of the history and antiquities of the places on the road, that he might be prepared to answer the questions, her majesty would be sure to ask him, respecting every feature of the country; and as she fancied he was a man possessed of the deepest knowledge and research on all subjects, it would not be desirable for her to find him at a loss on this. My lord-treasurer appears to have required, what the Eton boys term, a good deal of cramming on this occasion, for the archbishop had privately sent him before "Lambarde's Topographical Discourse of Kent," and now in addition, "the *Antiquitates Britannicæ*, and the new preface, intended by Lambarde to be added to his history of Kent, dedicated to Mr. Thomas Wotton," at whose house her majesty intended to halt; therefore the archbishop prayed Burleigh not to let him know that he had this preface in his possession.[2] He also sent him a curious history of Dover. Parker had made notes in all these works for Burleigh's better instruction in his duty of antiquarian cicerone to their royal mistress on the progress. To these Burleigh added his own corrections, where his quick eye detected errors or oversights, and sent the treatises back to the archbishop with his revise.[3]

From Dover, the queen proceeded to Canterbury, where she arrived September 3d. She was met at Folkestone by the archbishop Parker, lord Cobham, and a gallant company of the chivalry of the county, who conducted her to the city with great respect. One of her MS. wardrobe books bears record of the following minor mishap that befel her majesty on that day.

"At Mr. Hawkes's, lost from the queen's majesty's hat one small fish of gold, with a diamond in it. 3d of September, anno 16."[4]

It is well known, that, out of compliment to her royal French suitor, the duc d'Alençon, Elizabeth cherished the jewelled similitude of a frog in her bosom, in the form of a brooch; but whether this *petit poisson* of gold, with which she adorned her hat, was emblematical of any of her numerous train of lovers, we presume not to decide.

Elizabeth was lodged in the ancient episcopal palace of St. Augustine, where she and all her ladies, officers of state, and the members of her council, were entertained at the sole expense of the archbishop. While there, a new envoy from the court of France, Gondi, count de Retz, arrived, for the purpose of informing her majesty that her juvenile suitor, Alençon, was attacked with the measles,[5] which illness, his royal mamma afterwards declared, had obliterated the traces of the small-pox from his countenance.[6]

De Retz, though a Catholic, accompanied the queen to hear the ser-

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[1] Depêches de Fenelon, vol. v., p. 389.
[2] Nichols' Progresses.
[3] Nichols; Strype's Parker.
[4] MSS. Phillipps.
[5] Camden.
[6] Despatches of Fenelon.

vice of the church of England in the cathedral, and was so enraptured with the music, that, forgetful of time and place, he exclaimed aloud, "O God, I think no prince in Europe, not even our holy father the pope, ever heard the like." Unfortunately, this enthusiastic sally of the musical ambassador struck a discordant chord on the ear of a student standing near, who fiercely rejoined—"Ha! do you compare our queen to the knave of Rome, and even prefer him to her?" Our reader will remember that defiances of the pope were, at that time, even introduced into the versions of David's psalms, as in the following specimen of Robin Wisdom's paraphrases:—

"Defend us, Lord, by thy dear word;
From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord!"

But marshal de Retz, not being fully aware of the state of excited zeal which then pervaded protestant England, took great umbrage at the incivility of the remark, and complained to some of her majesty's councillors, who were present. These made light of it, entreating him "to take it patiently; for the boys," said they, "do call him so, and the Roman Antichrist, too." "He departed with a sad countenance," says bishop Parkhurst, by whom this characteristic trait of the spirit of the sixteenth century is related.[1]

Notwithstanding the affront he had received in the cathedral, the ambassador dined at the archbishop's palace with the queen. After dinner, he had much discourse with her on matrimony and politics.[2] The queen's birth-day occurring while she was at Canterbury, was celebrated with the greatest festivity by Parker, who gave a magnificent banquet, on that occasion, to her majesty, and her court and council. The archbishop feasted them in his great hall, which had been newly repaired and decorated for the occasion. Her highness was seated in the midst, in a marble chair, covered with cloth of gold, having two French ambassadors at one end of the table, and four ladies of honour at the other end. "The queen was served by none but nobles, even to the washing of her hands," says Parker, "her gentlemen and guard bringing her the dishes." So grand an assembly had not been seen since Henry VIII. and the emperor Charles V. dined in that hall in the year 1519.

Elizabeth was so well pleased with the entertainment she received from the munificent, learned, and hospitable archbishop, that she prolonged her stay at Canterbury a whole fortnight. She went to church every Sunday in state, to hear both sermon and evensong, while she stayed, being conducted under a canopy to her traverse by the communion board, as Parker then termed the altar.

Of Elizabeth, it is recorded that she never travelled on a Sunday, but made a point of resting on that day, and attending divine service at the parish church nearest to her lodging. A good and edifying custom; but, unfortunately, her respect for the Sabbath was confined to the act of joining in public worship, for the rest of the day was devoted to sports unmeet for any Christian lady to witness, much less to provide for the amusement of herself and court; but Elizabeth shared in the

[1] In a letter to Gualter of Zurich.

[2] Strype.

boisterous glee with which they were greeted by the ruder portion of the spectators. Bear and bull-baitings, tilts, tourneys, and wrestling, were among the noon-day divertisements of the maiden majesty of England—dancing, music, cards, and pageants brought up the rear of her Sabbath amusements. These follies were justly censured by the more rigid reformers.

In the days of Elizabeth, the harvest-home festival, in Berkshire, was still celebrated by the farmers and peasants with rites in honour of Ceres, whose effigy was carried on the top of the last load of corn.[1] A custom derived from the Roman conquerors of the island.

On the last day of August, Elizabeth visited Sandwich, where her reception, if less magnificent than in more wealthy towns, was most affectionate, and arranged with exquisite taste. All the town was gravelled, and strewn with rushes, flowers, flags, and the like; every house painted black and white, and garlanded with vine branches, supported on cords across the streets, interspersed with garlands of choice flowers, forming a bowered arcade for her majesty to pass under to her lodgings—a fine newly built house, adorned with her arms, and hung with tapestry.[2] The town orator made her majesty an harangue, which she was graciously pleased to commend, observing "that it was both eloquent and well handled." Then he presented her with a gold cup, worth a hundred pounds, which she received from the mayor's son. The orator, who was a clergyman, presented the queen also with a Greek Testament, which she received very thankfully; and it is to be noted, that, even in this maritime town, verses were fixed upon every post and corner, the same as at Oxford; and at the entry to her lodgings, all these verses were put in a tablet, and hung up.

The next day she was entertained with a variety of nautical combats in boats, and the storming of a fort at Stonor, which had been built up for that purpose. The following day, Mrs. Mayoress and her sister, the jurat's wife, made her majesty a goodly banquet of one hundred and fifty dishes, in the school-house, and the schoolmaster made her an oration, and presented her a cup of silver gilt, with a cover nearly a cubit high, to whom Elizabeth answered, "*Guadeo me in hoc natam esse, ut vobis et ecclesia Dei prossim*,"[3] and so entered the school-house, where she was very merry, and ate of divers dishes, without any assay; that is, she showed her confidence in the affection of her loyal mayoress of Sandwich, by dispensing with the usual ceremony of having the dishes tasted first. So highly did she approve of the cookery withal, that she caused some of the viands to be reserved for her private use, and ordereo them to be carried to her lodgings.

On the day of her departure, a hundred, or six score, children, English and Dutch, were exalted on a bank, built up of turf, and spun fine baize yarn for the amusement of her majesty,[4] who was always well pleased at exhibitions tending to the encouragement of the industrious

[1] Hentzner's Travels. [2] Corporation of Sandwich Records, by Boys.

[3] I am glad to have been born in this age, that I may aid you, and the church of God.

[4] Records of the Corporation of Sandwich, by W. Boys.

classes. The improvement of manufactures, and the establishment of crafts, which gave employment and prosperity to the great body of her people, were always leading objects with Elizabeth, and to those ends her progresses conduced. The royal eye, like sunshine, fostered the seeds of useful enterprise, and it was the glory of the last of the Tudors, that she manifested a truly maternal interest in beholding them spring up and flourish. At her departure, Mr. Mayor presented a supplication for the haven of Sandwich, which she took, and promised herself to read. Burleigh, Leicester, Sussex, and the lord-admiral, also promised their furtherance in the suit, touching the improvement of the haven.

Elizabeth visited Rochester on her homeward route, towards Greenwich, for the purpose of surveying her dock-yards, and the progress of her naval improvements at Chatham. She spent four or five days at the Crown Inn, at Rochester, and attended divine service at the cathedral, on the Sunday. She afterwards became the guest of a private gentleman of the name of Watts, at Bully-hill, and gave the name of *Satis* to his mansion, as a gracious intimation that it was all-sufficient for her comfort and contentment.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Elizabeth's talents as a peace-sovereign—Renews the treaty with Alençon—Plans an interview with him—Her progresses—Her new-year's gifts—Receives three night-caps from the queen of Scots—Elizabeth's anger at Henry III.'s marriage—Note to her godson—Anecdotes of her private life—Her costume—Presents from her courtiers—Losses in her wardrobe—Her persecutions—Her visit to Kenilworth—Offered the sovereignty of the Netherlands—Progress into Suffolk, &c.—Her letters of condolence—Her visit to Norwich—Harsh usage of her host at Euston hall—Her favour to the envoy of Alençon—She excites Leicester's jealousy—Discovers Leicester's marriage—Her anger—Fancies she is bewitched—Her council deliberate on her tooth-ache—Incognito visit of Alençon (*now Anjou*)—The council oppose Elizabeth's marriage with him—Her irritation, anxiety, and demurs—Characteristics of Elizabeth—Her habit of swearing—Discrimination of character—Her patronage of Drake—Her letter to Sir Edward Stafford—Second visit of Anjou to England—Elizabeth's loving demeanour to him—Her ladies oppose the marriage—Elizabeth's fondness for Anjou—Accompanies him part of his journey homewards—Her love-verses—Regrets for his loss—Her interview with Edmund Campian—Her letter to Burleigh—Her maids of honour—Her illegitimate brother, Sir J. Perrot—His insolent speeches regarding her—She refuses to sign his death-warrant—Her cruel usage of Ireland.

ELIZABETH's real greatness was as a peace-sovereign; she was formed and fitted for domestic government, and her admirable talents for sta

tistics would have established a golden age in England, if she had been contented to employ her energies wholly as a civilizer. Her foreign wars were a series of expensive blunders, injurious to commerce, little conducive to the military glory of the realm, and attended with a sacrifice of the flower of the English chivalry. If she had not interfered in the quarrels between other sovereigns and their subjects, there would have been no necessity for the imposition of repeated property-taxes on her own, to defray the expenses of the needless wars in which her crooked policy entangled her, and to pay the pensions of the Scotch patriots, who devoured so large a portion of English gold, and beguiled her into the ungracious office of jailor to their queen—an office which entailed upwards of eighteen years of internal discord on her realm, planted the first thorns in her own diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals with stains of indelible blackness.

Alas! that the biographer of Elizabeth should be compelled to turn from the lovely picture of an enlightened female sovereign, smiling on the labours of the children of her own subjects, blended with those of the little Flemish refugees in the Sandwich school of industry, to depict her presiding, like Atropos, over racks and gibbets, and all the horrible panoply of religious and political tyranny.

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her Kentish progress, the following strange circumstance occurred: a crazy fanatic, named Peter Burchet, having persuaded himself, by the misapplication of certain Scripture texts, that it was lawful to kill all who opposed the gospel—that is to say, those who took a different view of church government from the furious sect to which he belonged—wounded the famous naval commander, Hawkins, with his dagger, mistaking him for Sir Christopher Hatton, whom he intended to despatch as an enemy of the Puritans. The queen was so much incensed at this outrage, that she ordered justice to be done on Burchet, in the summary way of martial law,[1] and directed her secretary to bring the commission to her after dinner for her signature. Sussex, her lord chamberlain, wrote in great haste to Burleigh, to apprise him of her majesty's intention; and that he and all her lords in waiting, were in consternation at the royal mandate. "What will become of this act after dinner," says he, "your lordship shall hear to-night."[2] Her prudent counsellors succeeded, finally, in convincing her majesty, that the ceremony of a trial was necessary before an Englishman could be executed for any offence whatsoever. It appears almost incredible that Elizabeth, after reigning sixteen years, should require to be enlightened on this point; and to be informed that martial law was only used in times of open rebellion.[3]

The terror of the plague was always uppermost in the minds of all persons in the sixteenth century, at every instance of sudden death. One day in November, 1573, queen Elizabeth was conversing with her

[1] Camden. [2] Ellis' Royal Letters, second series, vol. iii.

[3] Burchet was tried, condemned, and hanged, having first killed one of his keepers with a billet of wood, which he took out of a chimney. He had his right hand stricken off at the gallows for this last outrage, and died, says the chronicler, with a silent reluctancy. Camden; Ellis' Royal Letters.

ladies in her privy chamber, at Greenwich palace, when, on a sudden, the mother of the maids was seized with illness, and expired directly in her presence. Queen Elizabeth was so much alarmed at this circumstance, that in less than an hour she left her palace at Greenwich, and went to Westminster, where she remained.[1]

The year 1574 commenced with new efforts on the part of the court of France, to conclude the matrimonial treaty between the duke of Alençon and Elizabeth. Mauvissière arrived in January, to woo the queen in his behalf, and to solicit that she would send him a safe conduct to visit her, and plead his own cause. In a recently discovered letter, from Elizabeth to Dr. Dale,[2] on this subject, she exhibits her usual caution and feminine vacillation. She says—

"The French ambassador, sithens the return of our servant Randolph, hath sundry times had access unto us, requiring our answer, whether we could allow of the coming over of the duke of Alençon, upon the view of his portraiture, brought over by our said servant."

She goes on to state "that she has had sundry conferences with her council, and finds they were of opinion that it might impair the amity between England and France, if, on coming, there should be no liking between her and the duke; that she understood, moreover, that a fresh enterprise against Rochelle was intended, and new jealousy and misliking conceived in her subjects' hearts against the match. That she had represented these things to the French ambassador, but he persisted in urging her to grant a public interview to the prince, which she had declined—"For that," pursues her majesty—

"We can be put in no comfort by those that desire most our marriage, and are well affected to the crown, who have seen the young gentleman, that there will grow any satisfaction of our persons; and therefore you may say, that if it were not to satisfy the earnest request of our good brother the king, and the queen, his mother, (whose honourable dealing towards us, as well in seeking us himself, as in offering unto us both his brethren, we cannot but esteem as an infallible argument of their great good wills towards us,) we could in no case be induced to allow of his coming, neither publicly nor privately; for that we fear, (notwithstanding the great protestations he and his mother make to the contrary,) that if, upon the interview, satisfaction follow not, there is likely to ensue, instead of straighter amity, disdain and unkindness."

Her majesty, however, goes on to say, "that if none of these doubts, that she has suggested, will deter monsieur le duc from coming over in some sort of disguise; then Dale is to tell the king from her," that she wishes that the gentleman in whose company he may come over, as one of his followers, may not be a person of such high rank as the duke de Montmorenci, nor accompanied with any great train; "for," pursues she, "if there follow no liking between us after a view taken the one of the other, the more secretly it be handled, the least touch will it be to our honours." Elizabeth concludes this amusing piece of diplomatic coquetry, with a really kind request, to be preferred in her name to the king of France and queen-mother, in behalf of a noble protestant lady, a daughter of the duc de Montpensier, then an exile for conscience'

[1] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. ii., p. 454.

[2] Communicated by Francis Worship, Esq., F. A. S.

sake, in Germany, that she may enjoy the benefit of the late edict. The last paragraph does Elizabeth honour:—

"You shall therefore say unto queen-mother from us, that we desire her to join you in the furtherance of this suit to the king her son, our good brother, who we hope, as well for our sakes, as that the gentlewoman is so near of blood unto her children; and that it is a natural virtue, incident to our sex, to be pitiful of those that are afflicted, will so tender her case, as by her good means, the gentlewoman shall be relieved, and we gratified; which we shall be ready to requite, as the occasion shall serve us."[1]

The plan suggested by Elizabeth, for obtaining a private view of Alençon, did not suit the policy of the royal family of France, whose object it was to induce her to commit herself irrevocably in the negotiation. Charles IX. offered to come to the opposite coast of Picardy, ostensibly for the benefit of his health, bringing his brother in his train, whom he would send over as a wooer, in grand state, to Dover, whither queen Elizabeth should come to meet him. This plan Elizabeth affectedly declined, as too decided a step, towards a suitor, to be taken by a maid. The truth was, she meant to receive personally, all the homage and flatteries of a new lover, without in any way committing herself in public opinion. To this end, she proposed that Alençon should slip over from the coast of Picardy, to lord Cobham's seat, near Gravesend, from whence he was to take barge privately, and land at the water stairs of Greenwich palace, where she would be ready to welcome him, with all the delights her private household could afford.[2]

This fine scheme was cut short by the discovery of a political conspiracy, of which the hopeful youth Alençon was found to be the head. The quartan ague of Charles IX. was, in reality, a fatal consumption; and all his people perceived that he was dropping into the grave. Alençon, seeing that the next heir, his brother, Henry, king of Poland, was absent, began to intrigue with the protestant leaders to be placed on the throne of France; which plot being discovered by his mother, he, with Henry king of Navarre, were committed prisoners to the castle of Vincennes.

Alençon basely betrayed his allies, la Mole and Corconnas,[3] and the whole protestant interest, to make peace with his own family. Some suspicion existed that queen Elizabeth herself was at the bottom of the plot. However this might be, its discovery entirely broke off the marriage treaty between the mature queen, and the ill-conditioned imp, Alençon, for Catherine de Medicis caused La Mothe to ask Elizabeth, "whether she had received so ill an impression of her son, that she would not go on with the marriage treaty?"

To which Elizabeth replied, "I cannot be so ungrateful as to think ill of a prince, who thinks so well of me, but I must tell you decisively, that I will not take a husband with irons on his feet."[4]

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[1] Archæologia, vol. xxviii., p. 393—398.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi., p. 56, 83, 98.

[3] They were soon after executed, to the great displeasure of Elizabeth.

[4] All the Protestants despised Alençon as an unprincipled betrayer, who had only leagued with them to gain their secrets for the information of the royal family; but he appears to have been in earnest when he desired, by their means, to circumvent his elder brother, Henry.

He was released on this hint, and used by Elizabeth as a ready tool for embarrassing the government of his brother, as the head of a middle party.

One of those dialogues, often narrated in ambassadors' despatches at that era, took place between the virgin queen and La Mothe, after the death of Charles IX. The affairs of the new king, Henry III., then absent in Poland, were in an awkward predicament; and his faithful ambassador, fearful lest her majesty of England might retain some spiteful reminiscences of the uncivil mode in which Henry had, when duke of Anjou, broken off his marriage with her, ventured to deprecate her wrath, by saying, that "a cloud had a little passed between his new sovereign and her, which he hoped would not cast any blight on their alliance."

The queen, who wore mourning for her good brother, Charles IX., and had not only "composed her face very strongly to grief and dolour," but had let a tear fall on her black dress, answered this speech by throwing out a hint, that another marriage proposal from him was not altogether unexpected by her courtiers. "The cloud you speak of," she said, to the ambassador, "has wholly passed by, and many other things have intervened, which have made me forget all the past; indeed, it was but yesterday, that one of my people observed to me, 'that I had made a difficulty of espousing Henry, because he was not a king; he was at present doubly king,[1] therefore I ought to be content.' I replied," continued queen Elizabeth, "that Henry III. had always been right royal, but that a matter more high than crowns had parted us; even religion, which had often made crowned heads renounce the world altogether, in order to follow God, and that neither I, nor the king ought to repine at what they had done."[2]

This would have been a most respectable version of the affair, if it had been true; but, of course, no one disputed the turn the queen chose to give to the rupture of this absurd marriage treaty, which, notwithstanding all she said regarding religion, she was desirous of renewing.

Whether from a spirit of mischief, or from a downright blundering want of tact, inexcusable in a queen, who intermeddled so restlessly in public affairs, Catherine de Medicis wrote to queen Elizabeth, a letter of apology for her son's former rudeness; and this forced the English queen to remember most unwillingly all impertinences past, which she had very prudently forgotten. The discussion of this malapropos apology, occurred in July, 1574, at a state audience, when the French ambassador delivered to the maiden majesty of England, the first credentials addressed to her by Henry III., as king of France. Her demeanour, when she took the packet, was a part got up with her usual study of stage effect.[3] First, on opening it, she threw her eyes on the signature, and heaved an audible sigh, at finding CHARLES no longer; she then observed very graciously, "that it was now a HENRY that she found there;" and she read at length, very curiously, the said letter.

[1] Of France by inheritance, and of Poland by election. He ran away from the Poles when he succeeded to the French crown, to their infinite indignation.

[2] La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi. pp. 159, 160. [3] Ibid., p. 190.

What she found therein, is not stated, but her comments on its contents were original enough. "She was not," she said, "exactly a lioness; yet she allowed she had the temperament, and was the issue of the lion, and that accordingly as the king of France behaved placably to her, so he should find her soft and tractable, as he could desire; but if he were rough, she should take the trouble to be as rude and offensive as possible."

This prelude was a little ominous, and Elizabeth began to give angry hints of a circumstance, which would probably interrupt the harmony between the two kingdoms; so saying, she put into the ambassador's hands, the letter she had lately received from queen Catherine, and desired him to read it through. He declared he was thoroughly aghast, and unable to guess what was coming; however, he began to read, skipping over the ciphered portion, and read on till he came to the paragraph, wherein Catherine apologised for her son's giddiness, "in having *miscalled* her English majesty, and hoped that she would not bear any enmity to him on that account." The ambassador declared "that he stopped short, and looked at queen Elizabeth, but he saw she had not got her speech ready; and she bade him, 'go on, and finish the letter.'" At the end, the execution of the count de Montgomeri, the Huguenot leader, was announced to Elizabeth — a circumstance likely to enrage her, since she had long harboured him among the Channel Islands, whence he had invaded France repeatedly.[1]

Elizabeth took no notice of the catastrophe of her protegé; but commented on the apology offered by Catherine de Medicis, by saying, "that if Henry III. had miscalled her, she either did not know, or had forgotten it. Not that she had been well treated in the marriage proposal: for when all was agreed upon, and she had arranged that he was to have the exercise of his religion in private, and she had sent a councillor to signify her compliance, it was found that Henry had taken a directly contrary resolution. And though she could not justly blame him for having averted a marriage with *an old woman*,[2] yet she must once again repeat that her good affection and kind intentions deserved a more civil return."

The poor ambassador could only remind her, by way of reply, "that all the impediments had proceeded from herself, and that if she had been willing, his king had now been all her own."

This compliment was graciously taken; and La Mothe felt assured, as he expressly sent word to France, the queen of England's end in the whole conversation was, to induce a new proposal from the bachelor-king of France, which would now certainly meet with a more prosperous conclusion.

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[1] Catherine de Medicis had seized him, not without circumstances of treachery, and hurried him to the block. This was the principal action which distinguished her second regency, during the absence of her son Henry in Poland. She exulted in it, because the lance of Montgomeri had slain her husband at the tournament; and, what was worse, after being set at liberty by the chivalric injunction of the dying king, he had for ten years led insurrections in France.

[2] This was one of the phrases for which Catherine de Medicis had apologized so officiously.

Elizabeth finished the discussion by calling Leicester; he came and knelt before her, and soon after she rose and withdrew. Her expectation of a new offer from Henry III. was useless, that monarch had fallen in love on his homeward journey from Poland, with Louise of Lorraine, a pretty, but portionless princess of his own age, and he married her at his coronation, in the ensuing February; to the infinite indignation of Elizabeth, which she displayed by a series of bickerings with the French court.

Before the end of the year she flamed out into open anger, on a provocation which it little suited her dignity to notice. Lord North, the ambassador whom she had sent to congratulate Henry III. on his accession, had transmitted home a series of reports, which particularly enraged her; affirming, "that she had been ridiculed by the buffoons of the French court, at the instigation of the duke of Guise, the relative of Louise of Lorraine, aided by the queen-mother, Catherine. They had," he declared, "moreover, dressed up a buffoon in the English fashion, and called him in derision, a *milor* of the *north;* but, in reality, the buffoon represented king Henry VIII." Queen Elizabeth repeated all these stories to that flower of politesse, and conciliating compliment, La Mothe, before her whole court, to the great consternation of the poor ambassador, who says, "She raised her voice in great choler, and told me so loud, that all her ladies and officers could hear her discourse; adding, with very gross words, 'that the queen-mother should not have spoken so dishonourably, and in derision of so illustrious a prince, as her late father, king Henry; and that the said lord North ought to have told those, who were mimicking him, how the tailors of France might easily remember the fashion of the habiliments of this great king, since he had crossed the sea more than once with warlike ensigns displayed, and had some concern with the people there." He had, she meant to insinuate, taken Terrouenne and Boulogne by storm.

The ambassador declared "he would maintain to the last sigh of his life," that *milor* North had neither seen nor heard anything of the kind: for the queen-mother was far too courteous and well-behaved a princess, and the duke of Guise too finished a chevalier to say, or cause to be said, anything which reflected on the queen of England, the dignity of her crown, or the honour of the late king Henry, her father, "that *milor* North had misunderstood the whole, and was, consequently, a bad negotiator between princes."[1] This brouillèe had nearly occasioned a declaration of war between England and France, for La Mothe affirmed, "that her words were so high, that if the affairs of his master had permitted it, he would have defied her to war, and returned home instantly." But all lord North's budget was not communicated to him at once, for in a subsequent private interview, Elizabeth told La Mothe, "how she had heard that two female dwarfs had been dressed up in the chamber of Catherine de Medicis, and that the queen and her maids had excited them to mimic her (queen Elizabeth), and ever and anon, thrown in injurious words, to prompt the vile little buffoons to a vein of greater derision and mockery."

[1] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi., p. 331.

La Mothe, in reply, assured her, "that to his certain knowledge, the queen-mother of France, had been unwearied in praising her English majesty's beauty and good qualities to her son, the king of France, when he was duke of Anjou, and her suitor, and he roundly laid the whole on *milor* North's utter ignorance of the French language, which had caused him to mistake the whole tenour of what he described." This apology had so good an effect on queen Elizabeth, that she forthwith desired to be excused, "if, out of ignorance of the French language, she herself, had made use of any unbecoming phrases regarding Catherine de Medicis."

The tribulation of the tormented ambassador, when describing these embarrassing scenes with the offended majesty of England, is irresistibly diverting; he slily remarks, however, "that it was not the mockery of her father, first mentioned, but of herself, which had really laid boiling and swelling at the bottom of her heart." Several interviews took place before the adroit Frenchman succeeded in flattering Elizabeth into a placable humour again.

This year, Elizabeth visited the archbishop of Canterbury at his summer palace at Croydon. The learned primate, his comptroller, secretaries, and chamberers, were at their wits' ends, where and how to find sleeping accommodation for her majesty, and her numerous train of ladies and officers of state, on this occasion. There is a pitiful note, signed J. Bowyer, appended to the list of these illustrious guests, for whom suitable dormitories could not be assigned, in which he says:—

"For the queen's waiters, I cannot find any convenient rooms to place them in, but I will do the best I can to place them elsewhere; but if it will please you, sir, that I do remove them, the grooms of the privy chamber, nor Mr. Drury, have no other way to their chambers but to pass through that where my lady Oxford should come. I cannot then tell where to place Mr. Hatton; and for my lady Carewe, there is no place with a chimney for her, but that she must lay abroad by Mrs. A. Parry and the rest of the privy chamber. For Mrs. Shelton, there are no rooms with a chimney; I shall stay one chamber without for her. Here is as much as I am able to do in this house. From Croydon."[1]

Elizabeth and her court went in progress to Worcester, August 18th, 1574, and remained till the 20th. While there, she made a grant of free-bench to the widows of the city, by which they were empowered to a life interest in the property of their deceased husbands, in defiance of creditors, or any other claimants.[2] On the day of her arrival, after listening very graciously to the welcome of Mr. Bell, the town orator, she checked her horse opposite St. Nicholas' church, to look at the structure; on which her loyal lieges shouted, "God save your grace!" and she, throwing up her cap, with a heartiness that did her honour, responded, "And I say, God bless you all, my good people!"[3]

From Worcester she proceeded to Bristol, where she was entertained with pageants of a martial and allegorical character, and inspired a great deal of adulatory poetry. On her way from Bristol, she honoured Katharine Parr's nephew, Henry earl of Pembroke, with a visit, and was

[1] Sloane MS., 1—4, 160, n. 217.
[2] Green's Worcester.
[3] Nash's Worcester.

magnificently entertained by him and his countess, the learned and amiable sister of sir Philip Sidney, for several days at Wilton house. While there, she hunted the deer in Clarendon park with greyhounds.

The same year, a private marriage was made between lord Charles Lenox and the daughter of the countess of Shrewsbury. As the bridegroom stood next to his mother, after Mary Stuart and her son, in the natural order of the regal succession, Elizabeth was much offended at his presuming to marry, and, as a token of her displeasure, committed both the intriguing mothers, the countess of Lenox and her of Shrewsbury, to prison. They made their peace by laying the blame of what had happened on the captive queen of Scots.

Even Burleigh came in for a share of the irritation of temper, which the jealousy of Elizabeth's disposition induced at this crisis. He had been to Buxton, which had just become a fashionable place of resort for gouty and rheumatic sufferers, the queen of Scots having derived some benefit from her visits to that place. Elizabeth took great offence at her premier choosing to resort to the same place, although his maladies were of the kind for which its waters were esteemed so efficacious. He writes, in a pitiful strain, to the earl of Shrewsbury, of the rating he had received for this offence:—"Her majesty did conceive that my being there was by means of your lordship and lady Shrewsbury, to enter into intelligence with the queen of Scots; and at my return to her majesty's (Elizabeth) presence, I had very sharp reproofs for my going to Buxton, with plain charging me for favouring the queen of Scots, and that in so earnest a sort as I never looked for, knowing my integrity to her majesty." Thus all in turn drank of the poisoned chalice their own injustice had brewed, and the captive was scarcely more wretched than mutual doubts and recriminating suspicions made the powerful sovereign, her prime minister, and the great noble who played the gaoler to the oppressed lady.

In the midst of all these heartburnings, one Corker, a malcontent chaplain belonging to the lord Shrewsbury, ran away to court, and repeated, with many additions of his own, all the *on dits* he could gather at Sheffield castle regarding queen Elizabeth, to her great indignation. In the correspondence and controversy concerning these grievances, an anecdote presents itself, which is illustrative of Elizabeth's character. It is related by Shrewsbury to Walsingham, in the course of his explanations "touching that viper Corker." "It pleased the queen's majesty (Elizabeth) to send me word that she did not condemn me for anything, saving for certain conversations her highness had vouchsafed unto me, which I had disclosed to him. The truth is, it pleased her majesty once, upon some occasion, to tell me how wonderfully God had preserved her from her enemies. Once on a time, having notice of a man who had undertaken to execute mischief to her sacred person, his stature and some scars of his face being described to her, she happened, as she was in progress, amongst a multitude of others, to discover that man; yet not being alarmed at the view of him, she called my lord of Leicester, and showed that man to him; he was apprehended, and found to be the same. Now this wicked serpent, Corker, added, that after re-

lating this incident, I should infer and say, 'that her majesty thought herself a goddess, that could not be touched by the hand of man;' whereas I never uttered such a thing, neither a whit more than her majesty's own sacred mouth pronounced to me; the which I uttered to him as a proof of God's merciful providence over her, and that false addition proceeded only out of his most wicked head and perilous invention; and yet this did so sink into her majesty's conceit against me, as I verily think it hath been the cause of her indignation; but I humbly beseech her majesty to behold me with the sweet eyes of her compassion, that I may either prove myself clear and guiltless, or else be for ever rejected as a castaway."[1]

The commencement of the year 1575 found Elizabeth in high good humour; she received the congratulations and compliments of monsieur de la Mothe on the new year's day very graciously, attributing the recent misunderstanding with the royal family of France to the mistakes caused by lord North's ignorance of the French language. She was pleased to add, "that the trouble in which his excellency had remained since their last conference, recalled to her mind the distress in which she herself was plunged when the late queen, her sister, in consequence of some misconceived words regarding her, had caused her to be examined in the Tower."[2] Elizabeth was certainly fond of recurring to that epoch of her life, but her allusions, as in the above instance, rather tend to mystify than elucidate the true cause of her imprisonment.

The ambassador, perceiving that this confidential remark was intended as an extension of the olive branch, adroitly took the opportunity of presenting to Elizabeth, as a new year's gift from the queen of Scots, a very elegant head-dress of net-work, wrought by her own hand very delicately, likewise the collar, cuffs, and other little pieces *en suite;* all which queen Elizabeth received amiably, and admired exceedingly. In the course of the spring, La Mothe brought her another gift of three night-caps, worked by the hand of her prisoner; but a demur took place regarding the night-caps, and they were for a time left on the hands of the ambassador; for Elizabeth declared, "that great commotions and jealousies had taken place in the privy council, because she had accepted the gifts of the queen of Scots." Finally, she accepted the night-caps,[3] with this characteristic speech to La Mothe:—

"Tell the queen of Scots that I am older than she is, and when people arrive at my age, they take all they can get with both hands, and only give with their little finger." On this maxim, though jocosely expressed, Elizabeth seems to have acted all her life.

Her majesty incurred some personal danger, in consequence of a visit she paid to the countess of Pembroke, who was dangerously ill this

[1] Lodge's Illustrations. [2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi., p. 348.

[3] The inimitable Cervantes makes Sancho lament the loss of "three night-caps, worth three royal cities." Surely these night caps, worked by one queen regnant, and presented for the wearing of another, the most renowned female sovereign in history, made the subject of national jealousies in a privy council, and of an ambassador's negotiation and despatch to his king, could not be worth less than those of Sancho, but as yet they have not been equally celebrated.

winter. The queen went by the silent highway of the Thames to the earl of Pembroke's house in the Strand. The last time, it was ten at night ere the royal guest departed, and that in so dense a fog, that divers of the boats and barges in the royal *cortêge* lost their way, and landed at wrong places.[1]

When queen Elizabeth heard of the marriage of Henry III. with Louise of Lorraine, a revival of her anger regarding the affair of the two dwarfs took place, and the unfortunate French ambassador was forced to go over all the explanations, excuses, and compliments, with which he had been so sorely troubled in the preceding autumn. At last, she forced an autograph letter on this ridiculous subject from Henry III., and then she condescended to observe, "that, as to the two dwarfs, she allowed the affair had been ill interpreted by lord North—indeed, she had since been told, that they were very pretty ones, and very properly dressed, and she should like of all things to see them; and if the queen-mother would send her one of them as a present,[2] she should receive it as a great kindness." How she would have welcomed and treated the pert pigmy, who was suspected of mimicking her dress and manners, is a point that cannot be ascertained, for Catherine sent her no such present, and it is probable she spoke but in mockery, being secretly in a bitter rage at certain intelligence, which had reached her of the royal nuptials in France.

Henry III. had fully determined that Elizabeth should have no official intimation of his nuptials till they had taken place, perhaps on account of the indefatigable activity with which she marred all matches, within the reach of her influence. La Mothe Fenelon was troubled in spirit how the tidings were to be broken to her, for she was prepared to resent as a high affront the silence of the royal family of France on the subject. "Sire," wrote La Mothe,[3] "in order that the queen of England might not guess that you would not communicate the tidings of your marriage, till after the event, I declared it was not your fault, neither that of the queen your mother, but I laid all on the laziness of the couriers. It was all," he added, "done in haste, and at the instigation of the queen your mother, to whose better judgment you had submitted your will, having previously known the princess of Lorraine, and that both you and the queen-mother had carefully contemplated at leisure her person, and the fine and excellent qualities with which God had endowed her,—all which you preferred to any other kind of advantage in marriage; and that you hoped her majesty of England would, according to the devoir of a good and faithful ally, rejoice with you."

Queen Elizabeth interrupted a panegyric on the houses of Guise and Lorraine, to which the new queen belonged, by suddenly observing, "that for many days, and much sooner than the ambassador, she had heard all about the wedding; likewise, many comments that people made on the match. Some of these were very curious, as to what had moved the queen-mother to procure for herself *such* a daughter-in-law.

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[1] Murdin's State Papers.

[2] Despatches of La Mothe Fenelon, vol. vi., p. 388.

[3] Ibid., p. 390, &c.

Others talked very loudly of the favour this new queen meant to ask of her husband, which was to make an enterprise for the liberation of the queen of Scots, her relative; and notwithstanding all the perfections of the newly married queen, she could not help wishing that the king of France had made his election in some other family than that inimical house of Guise, which had always made war on her, and molested her; and, moreover, she knew well that this wedlock formed one of the secret articles of cardinal de Lorraine's will; and as the king of France had not considered her satisfaction, in the alliances he made, neither should she consider his interest in a like case."

The French ambassador replied, "that he was sure nothing had moved his royal master to the marriage, excepting the instances of his mother, and the contemplation of so beautiful and desirable an object as the queen, now his bride; that a king of France was great enough to marry, without going questing all over the world to make an interested match; and, as for alliances, that of the triple house of Lorraine, Guise, and Vaudemont strengthened him in his state more than any he could make. As for all the intelligence she had heard, it came from those who, being bad Frenchmen, could never become good or true Englishmen."

Elizabeth, who seldom sustained a high tone, if answered with spirit, assured the ambassador she had heard her tidings from Spaniards, and she closed the conversation by apologising, provokingly, "for the thanksgivings the French Protestants had presumed to put up in their church in London for the signal defeat marshal de Damville, the Huguenot leader, had given the new king of France in Languedoc, the royal army having been cut to pieces, and all the artillery in that province taken; but she had given them no leave to rejoice, and, if they did it again, she would drive them all out;" and, with this gracious intimation, the conference closed.

On the 8th of February, parliament met, and another tremendous property tax was imposed on the people, although it was a year of dearth. Elizabeth composed a long classical and metaphorical speech, or rather essay, on the difficulties of her position as a female sovereign, to be delivered from the throne at the opening of the sessions; but she did not open the house in person, and some doubts have been entertained whether this singular composition was used. She sent a copy of it to her godson, Harrington, with this interesting note addressed to himself:—

"Boy Jack,—I have made a clerk write fair my poor words for thine use, as it cannot be such striplings have entrance into parliament as yet. Ponder them in thy hours of leisure, and play with them, till they enter thine understanding; so shalt thou hereafter, perchance, find some good fruits thereof, when thy godmother is out of remembrance; and I do this because thy father was ready to serve and love us in trouble and thrall." [1]

Harrington's delightful letters are full of characteristic records of his royal godmother, whom he dearly loves, although he cannot resist reating many whimsical traits, both of her violence, cunning, and vanity,

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

interspersed with many encomiums on her virtues, with now and then, "like angel visits, few and far between," a fact illustrative of noble feeling. "Her highness," says he, "was wont to sooth her ruffled temper with reading every morning, when she had been stirred to passion at the council, or other matters had overthrown her gracious disposition. She did much admire Seneca's wholesome advisings when the soul's quiet is flown away, and I saw much of her translating thereof.

"Her wisest men and best counsellors were oft sore troubled to know her will in matters of state, so covertly did she pass her judgment, as seemed to leave all to their discreet management; and when the business did turn to better advantage, she did most cunningly commit the good issue to her own honour and understanding; but when aught fell out contrary to her will and intent, the council were in great strait to defend their own acting and not blemish the queen's good judgment. Herein, her wise men did oft lack more wisdom, and the lord treasurer (Burleigh) would oft shed a plenty of tears on any miscarriage, well-knowing the difficult part was not so much to mend the matter itself, as his mistress's humour, and yet did he most share her favour and good-will, and to his opinion she would ofttime submit her own pleasure in great matters. She did keep him till late at night in discoursing alone, and then call out another at his departure, and try the depth of all around her sometime.

"Walsingham had his turn, and each displayed his wit in private. On the morrow, every one did come forth in her presence, and discourse at large; and if any dissembled with her, or stood not well to her advisings before, she did not let it go unheeded, and sometimes not unpunished. Sir Christopher Hatton was wont to say, 'the queen did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her net-work.'

"In truth, I am sure her speech was such as none could refuse to take delight in, when frowardness did not stand in the way. I have seen her smile, in sooth, with great semblance of good liking to all around, and cause every one to open his most inward thought to her, when on a sudden she would ponder in private on what had passed, write down all their opinions, and draw them out as occasion required, and sometime disprove to their faces what had been delivered a month before. Hence, she knew every one's part, and by thus 'fishing,' as Hatton said, 'she caught many poor fish who little know what snare was laid for them.'

"I will now tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did often ask the ladies around her chamber, 'if they loved to think of marriage?' and the wise ones did conceal well their liking thereto, knowing the queen's judgment in this matter.

"Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'she had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.' 'You seem honest, i'faith!' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father;' at which the damsel was well pleased; and when her father,

sir Robert Arundel, came to court, the queen questioned him about his daughter's marriage, and pressed him to give consent, if the match were discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished, said, 'he never had heard his daughter had liking to any man, but he would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.' 'Then I will do the rest,' saith the queen. The lady was called in, and told by the queen, 'that her father had given his free consent.'

"'Then,' replied the simple girl, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.'

"'So thou shalt; but not to be a fool, and marry!' said the queen; 'I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it in thy possession. So, go to thy business; I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'"[1]

Harrington studied the science of courtier-craft very deeply, and has left the following amusing note on the method in which it was most expedient to prefer a petition to queen Elizabeth:

"I must go in an early hour, before her highness hath special matters brought to counsel on. I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her highness cometh forth her chamber; then kneel, and say, 'God save your majesty! I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance?' Thus will I gain her favour to the auditory.

"'Trust not a friend to do or say,
In that yourself can sue or pray.'"

Elizabeth was not always in the humour to receive petitions, even from those who enjoyed her confidence and favour in the highest degree. "The queen (notes Harrington) seemed troubled to-day; Hatton came out of her presence with an ill countenance; he pulled me aside by the girdle, and said, in secret way, 'If you have any suit to-day, I pray you put it aside; the sun doth not shine.'

"'Tis this accursed Spanish business, so I will not adventure her highness's *choler*, lest she should *collar* me also," remarks our witty author, which gives shrewd confirmation to the tale that Elizabeth, in a fit of ungovernable passion, once collared sir Christopher Hatton;[2] we trust it was before his elevation to the wool-sack. A vice-chamberlain to a maiden monarch might receive a personal indignity from his royal mistress with some degree of humility, but a lord-chancellor could not, for the honour of his office, as the highest law officer in England, have submitted tamely to such an outrage from any sovereign whatsoever. Elizabeth was undoubtedly a very excitable person, and allowed her animal spirits to betray her into many undignified deeds, both in the way of wrath and levity.

"The queen," observes Harrington, in another note, "loveth to see me in my last frieze jerkin, and saith, '*'tis well enough cut.*' I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spat on sir Mathew's fringed cloth, and said, 'the fool's wit was gone to rags.' Heaven spare me from such jibing!"

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 359, 360.
[2] Lingard's Hist. of England, fourth edition, vol. viii., p. 406.

"On Sunday (April last)," pursues our courtly gossip, "my lord of London preached to the queen's majesty, and seemed to touch on the vanity of decking the body too finely. Her majesty told the ladies, 'that if the bishop held more discourse on such matters, she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him.'[1] Perchance, the bishop hath never sought (seen) her highness's wardrobe, or he would have chosen another text," shrewdly observes Harrington, by way of comment on this characteristic anecdote of his royal godmother.

The general style of Elizabeth's dress and ornaments may be ascertained by the new year's gifts presented to her, as recorded in her elaborate wardrobe rolls. Every imaginable article of dress and ornament were brought by her courtiers and the persons of her household. All met with acceptance, from the richest jewels to such articles as gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, night-rails (or night-dresses), and night-caps; of the last article of attire, the following description remains. Mrs. Cropson's gift was "a night coif of cambric, cut work and spangles, with forehead-cloth, and a night border of cut work, edged with bone lace." Another present, offered by the wife of Julio, one of the court physicians, was "a cushion-cloth, and a pillow case of cambric, wrought with black silk." In the middle of Elizabeth's reign, the favourite embroidery appears to have been of black silk on white cambric; a strange freak of fashion, since it is difficult to imagine how the whiteness of the cambric could be renewed without ruining the work. Mistress Twist, court-laundress, made a singular present to her royal mistress, being three handkerchiefs, of black Spanish work, edged with a bone lace of Venice gold, and four *tooth cloths* of coarse Holland, wrought with black silk, and edged with bone lace[2] of silver and black silk.

A present from Mrs. Amy Shelton, a kinswoman on the Boleyn side of royalty, consisted of six handkerchiefs of cambric, edged with passament of gold and silver. Mrs. Montague, the silk woman, brought a pair of sleeves, of cambric wrought with roses and buds of black silk. Mrs. Huggins, six handkerchiefs of various sorts, one worked with murry-coloured silk; the others, with silk of various colours. Sir Philip Sidney, that darling of chivalry, presented to his liege lady a smock, of cambric, the sleeves and collar wrought with black silk work, and edged with a small bone lace of gold and silver, and a suite of ruffs of cutwork, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles, containing four ounces of gold. This garment seems to have been, in reality, a species of gown, shaped like the ancient Saxon tunic, worn still by wagoners and Kentish peasants, called a smock-frock. Sir Philip's friend, Fulk Greville, presented the queen with another of these robes, being "a smock made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif, with a forehead-cloth of the same work." Probably this was meant altogether

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., pp. 170, 171.

[2] The bone lace of that day was netting of very elaborate and delicate work, made of variously coloured silks, and gold and silver twist, as well as of white thread or black silk.

as a night-dress, *en suite;* but the gift of sir Philip Sidney, with its spangles and ruffs, and heavy gold and silver work, could scarcely have belonged to the queen's toilet *à coucher.* Mrs. Wingfield presented a "night-rail of cambric, worked all over with black silk;" and Mrs. Carre, "one sheet of fine cambric, worked all over with sundry fowls, beasts, and worms, in silks of divers colours." The queen's physicians brought offerings somewhat assimilating to their vocations. Dr. Huick presented a pot of green preserved ginger and orange-flowers; Julio, the same. Dr. Bayley, a pot of green ginger, with rinds of lemons. The royal cook, John Smithson, brought a gift to the queen of a fair marchpane, with St. George in the midst; and the serjeant of the pastry, one fair pie of quinces, *oranged.* There are in the same rolls several entries, from noblemen and clergymen of rank, of ten pounds in gold coin, and no offence taken by the virgin queen at this pecuniary donation.[1]

The history of royal costume, when interspersed with characteristic traits of the times in which the antique fashions, which now survive only on the pictured canvass, or illuminated vellum, were worn, has been of late so popular a study with the ladies, that, for the sake of that gentle portion of the readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England," a few more extracts from the wardrobe memorandums of queen Elizabeth may, perhaps, be ventured without fear of displeasing antiquarian students, since the source whence they are derived is only accessible through the courtesy of the learned possessor of the MS.

"Lost from her majesty's back, the 14th of May, anno 21, one small acorn, and one oaken leaf of gold, at Westminster. Lost by her majesty, in May, anno 23, two buttons of gold, like tortoises, with pearls in them, and one pearl more, lost, at the same time, from a tortoise. Lost, at Richmond, the 12th of February, from her majesty's back, wearing the gown of purple cloth, of silver, one great diamond, out of a clasp of gold, given by the earl of Leicester, parcel of the same gown 17, anno 25."[2]

The course of chronology is a little antedated by the quotation of the last items, but not, perhaps, in vain, as the reader will be able to form, meanwhile, a more lively idea of the stately Elizabeth agitating the empires of Europe, and defying Spaniard and pope, y-clad in her purple cloth of silver or gold, bestudded with golden aglets, buttons enamelled in the form of tortoises, oak-leaves, and acorns, pearls and diamonds, of which she always returned *minus* a portion, whenever she appeared in public. Verily, her finery appears so entirely part and parcel of herself, that it is mixed up in the gravest details of her state policy.

She was never seen in deshabille by masculine eyes but on two occasions. The first time was on a fair May morning, in 1578, when Gilbert Talbot, the earl of Shrewsbury's son, happening to walk in the tilt-yard, about eight o'clock, under the gallery where her majesty was wont to stand, chanced to look up, and saw her at the window in her night-cap. "My eye," says he, "was full towards her, and she showed to be greatly ashamed thereof, for that she was unready, and in her

[1] See the original rolls in the Lansdowne Collections, and in those of Mr. Craven Ord, quoted in Nichols' Progresses, vol. iv.

[2] Ex. MSS. Phillipps, Middle Hill Collection.

night-stuff. So, when she saw me after dinner, as she went to walk, she gave me,"—pretty playfulness for a virgin queen of forty-five,—"a great filip on the forehead, and told my lord chamberlain, who was the next to see her, 'how I had seen her that morning, and how much she was ashamed thereof.'"[1] Twenty years later, the luckless Essex surprised her in the hands of her tire-woman, and paid as severe a penalty for his blunder, as the profane huntsman who incurred the vengeance of Diana by his trespass.

Whether Elizabeth condescended to sell her influence in the courts of law, where matters of property were at stake, seems almost an injurious question for her biographers to ask, yet the family vice of the Tudors, covetousness, led her to receive gifts from her courtiers, under circumstances which excite suspicions derogatory to her character as a gentlewoman, and degrading to her dignity as a sovereign.

"I will adventure," writes Harrington, in confidence to a friend, "to give her majesty five hundred pounds in money,[2] and some pretty jewel, or garment, as you shall advise, only praying her majesty to further my suit with some of her learned council, which I pray you to find some proper time to move in. This, some hold as a dangerous adventure, but five-and-twenty manors do well warrant my trying it."

Whether the money was rejected we cannot ascertain, but that the jewel was accepted, certainly appears in the record of the gifts presented to queen Elizabeth in the beginning of this year:—

"Item, a heart of gold garnished with sparks of rubies, and three small pearls, and a little round pearl pendant, out of which heart goeth a branch of roses, red and white, wherein are two small diamonds, three small rubies, two little emeralds, and two small pearls, three qtrs. di., and farthing gold weight, given by Mr. John Harrington, Esq."[3]

Full of hopes and fears about the success of his suit, the accomplished courtier notes the following resolution in his diary:—"I will attend to-morrow, and leave this little poesy behind her cushion at my departing from her presence." The little poesy was well calculated to please a female monarch, who was, to the full, as eager to tax the wits of her courtiers for compliments, as their purses for presents. Harrington was certainly the elder brother of Waller, in the art of graceful flattery in verse. Observe how every line tells:—

To the Queen's Majesty.

"For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word, and every letter,
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.
Sith, then, your highness doth by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading;
Let my poor muse, your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse—*so read my fortune.*
"From your highness's saucy godson."

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[1] Lodge's Illustrations. [2] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

[3] In Sloane MS. 814, quoted in Park's edition of Nugæ Antiquæ, by Sir John Harrington, from the notes of which we learn that Harrington presented his royal

Queen Elizabeth affected to be displeased with Harrington's satirical writings, especially the "Metamorphosis of Ajax," in which some of the leading men of the court were severely lashed. "But," writes Robert Markham, to the imprudent wit, "though her highness signified her displeasure in outward manner, yet did she like the marrow of your book. * * * The queen is minded to take you to her favour, but she sweareth, 'that she believes you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again on her, and all her court.'[1] She hath been heard to say, 'that merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies' sports and frolics.' She did conceive much disquiet on being told you had aimed a shaft at Leicester. I wish you knew the author of that ill deed. I would not be in his best jerkin for a thousand marks."

On the 17th of May, died the venerable archbishop Parker, and, on June 22d, less than three weeks after his death, the horrible fact is recorded, by Stowe, that "two Dutchmen, anabaptists, were burnt in Smithfield, who died in great horror, with roaring and crying." Foxe, the martyrologist, to his honour, wrote an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, imploring her not to sully the annals of her reign, and the practice of the reformed church, by burning for heterodoxy. His intercession was unavailing to save the two wretched foreigners from the flames, but Elizabeth's persecutions were afterwards of a bloody and not a fiery character. Unfortunately, the queen was an advocate for the use of torture, though declared, by the high authority of Fortescue, and other enlightened commentators on the constitution of England, to be contrary to the law.[2]

The royal progresses, this summer, were through the midland counties. In June, Leicester writes to Burleigh, from some place, supposed to be Grafton, as follows :—

"I will let your lordship understand such news as we have, which is only and chiefly of her majesty's good health, which, God be thanked, is as good as I have long known it, and for her liking of this house, I think she never came to place in her life she likes better, or commends more. And since her coming hither, as oft as weather serves, she hath not been within doors. This house likes her well, and her own lodgings especially. She thinks her cost well bestowed, she saith, if it hath been five times as much; but I would her majesty would bestow but half as much more, and then I think she should have as pleasant and commodious house as any in England; I am sorry your lordship is not here to see it. Even by and by, her majesty is going to the forest to kill some bucks with her bow, as she hath done in the park this morning. God be thanked, she is very merry and well disposed now."[3]

The cause of the previous testiness, on the part of the queen, here alluded to, is related by the favourite with that quaint pomposity which leads persons of small minds to place ludicrous importance on trifles.

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godmother with gifts, in 1574, 1577, and 1579; but she, in return, gave him plate, weighing 40 ounces.

[1] Harrington's satire was written in epistles, purporting to be written by Misacmos to his friend and cousin Philostilpnos.

[2] Many horrible details will be found in Jardine's Essay on the Use of Torture

[3] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii.

"But, at her (majesty's) first coming," pursues he, "being a marvellous hot day at her coming hither, there was not one drop of good drink for her, so well was she provided for, notwithstanding her oft telling of her coming hither. But we were fain to send forthwith to London, and to Kenilworth, and divers other places, where ale was, her own here was so strong as there was no man able to drink it; you had been as good to have drank Malmsey, and yet was it laid in above three days before her majesty came. It did put me very far out of temper, and almost all the company beside too, for none of us was able to drink ale or beer here; since, by chance, we have found drink for her to her liking, and she is well again; but I feared greatly, two or three days, some sickness to have fallen by reason of this drink. God be thanked, she is now perfect well and merry, and, I think, upon Thursday, come se'nnight, will take her journey to Kenilworth, where, I pray God, she may like all things no worse than she hath done here."[1]

Elizabeth, though not a tea-drinking queen, certainly belonged to the temperance class, for she never took wine, unless mingled, in equal parts, with water, and then very sparingly, as a beverage with her meals; and we find, from the above letter, that she was greatly offended and inconvenienced by the unwonted potency of the ale that had been provided by her jolly purveyors, who, probably, judged the royal taste by their own.

The course of chronology has now led to that magnificent epoch in the life of Elizabeth, which the genius of sir Walter Scott has made familiar. And, of course, the following narrative will, in some measure, be similar to the realities of the splendid romance[2] of Kenilworth, since sir Walter Scott's descriptions were drawn from the same sources.

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[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii.

[2] It is, perhaps, desirable to point out the discrepancies between romance and reality, in relation to the position of Leicester, at the crisis of the visit of queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Amy Robsart, to whom he was publicly married at the court of Edward VI., had long been in her grave. Leicester's path to a royal marriage, we have shown in its place, had been cleared of her within two years of Elizabeth's accession, by the murder, or accident, at Cumnor Hall. Yet Leicester was encumbered with a secret marriage, somewhat in the manner of Sir Walter's splendid fiction, but with a high-born lady of the court, lady Douglas Howard, the daughter of William, lord Howard, the queen's uncle; she was the young widow of lord Sheffield. Leicester is supposed to have married her privately, in 1572, after being dismissed as a public suitor of the queen; he had, by her, a very handsome and promising son, and a daughter. The son was one of the most brilliant geniuses of the succeeding century; and it is inexplicable how Leicester dared to cast a stigma on the mother, whose birth-rank was so much higher than his own, or brand this boy with illegitimacy, when he was madly desirous of offspring, and at the same time doated on him. The scandalous chronicles of that day declare Leicester had attempted the life of his second unfortunate wife, by poison, about the time of the queen's visit to Kenilworth, because he had fallen in love with Lettice Knollys, another cousin of the queen, wife to Walter Devereux, earl of Essex, and mother of the young earl of Essex, afterwards Elizabeth's favourite. This lady he married during the life of his unfortunate second wife, lady Douglas Howard; and the court used to call her and her rival, the countess Lettice, Leicester's Old and New Testaments. It is likewise said, that the words of that exquisite old melody—

La Mothe Fenelon gave, in his despatches to his own court, a hint of the causes that induced Leicester to incur this extravagant cost, which were the extraordinary benefactions Elizabeth had that year showered on him, for some important emoluments had fallen to her gift, which she bestowed on him, to the amount of 50,000*l*. Leicester, in return, prepared this gorgeous entertainment at Kenilworth, "where," says La Mothe, "he lodged the queen and her ladies, forty earls, and seventy other principal *milords*, all under the roof of his own castle, for the space of twelve days. He personally invited me, but my health did not permit me to join the court."

The princely seat of Kenilworth was no inheritance of the suddenly-raised family of Dudley, it had descended to Elizabeth, from some of the most illustrious of her ancestors, and she had granted it to her favourite, from the fifth year of her reign.

The queen was welcomed, on the 9th of July, at Long Ichington, a town belonging to Leicester, about seven miles from Kenilworth. She dined under an immense tent, and, as a diversion at the dessert, was shown two of the rarities of the country—a fat boy, of six years old, nearly five feet high, but very stupid; and, to match this prodigy, a monstrous sheep of the Leicestershire breed. In the afternoon, the queen then followed the chase, and hunted towards Kenilworth; so far a-field did her sport lead her, that it was eight in the evening before she arrived at the park gates. A continual series of pageantry and masking, welcomed her progress through the park, at various stations, to the castle gate; where the porter, representing Hercules, "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapt in a pall of silk, with a club and keys, had a rough speech, 'full of passions in metre,' aptly made to the purpose, and, as her majesty came within his ward, he burst out into a great pang of impatience:" [1]—

"What stir, what coil is here? come back, hold! whither now?" [2]
Not one so stout to stir—what harrying have we here?

"Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;
It grieves me sair to see thee weep"—

were meant as the address of the forsaken lady Leicester to her boy.

Lady Sheffield survived Leicester, and endeavoured to prove her marriage with him, before the council in the Star-chamber, in the reign of James I., in order to legitimate her son: her deposition states, "That she concealed her marriage, owing to the furious threats of the earl of Leicester, and that he gave her poison to get rid of her, by which her hair all fell off;" another account says, "the virulence of the poison likewise deprived her of her nails." She married a third husband, Sir Edward Stafford. Leicester left Kenilworth, and a great landed property, to his son by this lady. Her Christian name was Douglas, which has often given rise to mistakes concerning her. See Howard's Memorials, p. 89.

[1] Laneham's Kenilworth, p. 8. That splendid description of the approach of Elizabeth, in Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth, originates in the rich imagination of the poet, since she arrived in her hunting dress, after a devious chase by the way. Laneham's description must be accurate, since he was usher, or "husher" of the council-door.

[2] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

My friends, a porter I, no puppet here am placed,
By leave, perhaps, else not, while club and limbs do last.
A garboil this, indeed! What yea, fair dames, what yea!
What dainty darlings here? Oh, God! a peerless pearl!
(*He affects to see the queen for the first time.*)
No worldly wight, I doubt—some sovereign goddess, sure!
In face, in hand, in eye, in other features all,
Yea, beauty, grace, and cheer—yea, port and majesty,
Shew all some heavenly peer with virtues all beset.
Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy and bliss;
Have here, have here, both club and keys, myself, my ward, I yield,
E'en gates and all, my lord himself, submit, and seek your shield."

The queen and her train now passed through the gate kept by this poetical porter, and arrived on the bridge, crossing the beautiful pool, which served as a moat to one side of the castle; when a lady with two nymphs came to her all across the pool, seeming as if she walked on the water, or, according to Laneham, floating on a movable illuminated island, bright blazing with torches. This personage commenced a metrical description of the traditions of Kenilworth, written by one of the first literati of that day, George Ferrers:—

"I am the lady of this pleasant lake,
Who since the time of great king Arthur's reign,
That here with royal court abode did make,
Have led a lowering life in restless pain,
Till now that this your *third* arrival here,
Doth cause me come abroad and boldly thus appear.

For after him such storms this castle shook,
By swarming Saxons first who scourged this land,
As forth of this my Pool I ne'er durst look,
Though Kenelm,[1] king of Mercia, took in hand,
As sorrowing to see it in deface,
To rear the ruins up and fortify this place.

The earl sir Montfort's[2] force gave me no heart,
Sir Edmund Crouchback's state, the prince's son
Could not cause me out of *my lake to start*,
Nor Roger Mortimer's *ruffe* who first begun,
(As Arthur's heir,)[3] to keep the table round,
Could not inspire my heart, or cause me come on ground.

Yet still I will attend while you're abiding here,
Most peerless queen, and to your court resort;
And as my love to Arthur did appear,
It shall to you in earnest and in sport.
Pass on, madame, you need no longer stand,
The lake, the lodge, the lord, are yours for to command."

It pleased the queen to thank this lady, and to add withal, "We had thought the lake had been ours, and do you call it yours, now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

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[1] Kenilworth is supposed to derive its name from this Saxon saint and king.

[2] Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who detained Henry III., his brother, and his nephew, prisoners here.

[3] By descent from Gladys, princess of Wales, representative of Roderic the Great. Mortimer's *ruffe* does not mean an accessory to his dress, but the great crowd and bustle of his renowned tournament at Kenilworth.

The grand pageant of the welcome, was a temporary bridge over the base court, reaching to the main building, twenty feet wide, and seventy long; seven pair of pillars were on this bridge, with mythological deities standing by them, offering to the queen symbolical gifts, as she rode between them; thus, on the tops of the first pair were large cages, containing live bitterns, curlews, hernshaws, godwits, "and such dainty birds, offered to her by Sylvanus, god of wood fowl." The next pair of pillars supported two great silver bowls, piled with apples, pears, cherries, filberts, walnuts—all fresh on their branches, the gifts of Pomona. Wheat in ears, oats, and barley, waved in the next bowls. The next pillar, bore a silver bowl, piled with red and white grapes; and opposite were two "great livery pots of white silver, filled with claret and white wine," on which many in the queen's train, fatigued with the recent hunting party, in one of the hottest July evenings that ever occurred in England, were observed to cast longing eyes. The next pair of pillars supported silver trays, filled with fresh grass, on which laid the fish of the sea, and rivers, with a river god standing by; the next pillars supported the trophies of arms and arts, music and physic, while a *poet*, in a cerulean garment, stood forth and explained the whole to her learned majesty, in a string of Latin hexameters, which we have no intention of inflicting on our readers.

So passing to the inner court, her majesty, "that never rides but alone, there alighted from her palfrey," and was conveyed up to her chamber. At this instant all the clocks in the castle were stopped; and, by a delicate attention, the hands continued to point at the moment of her arrival, since no one was to take note of the time, during the royal sojourn at Kenilworth.

When her majesty entered her chamber, peals of great guns were shot off, with a profusion of fireworks, which continued for two hours. "The noise and flame," says Laneham, "were heard and seen for twenty miles round about." This was on the Saturday night; and, it may be surmised, that many an aching head must have longed for the repose of the Sabbath, after such a lullaby to their repose; but small repose did the sacred day bring. It is true, the queen and her court went to church in the morning, but in the afternoon was music and dancing of the lords and ladies, with lively agility; and the Sabbath evening concluded with roaring discharges of fireworks and cannon, and though this time the fireworks did not set a town on fire, "yet," says Laneham, "they made me vengeably afraid."

"Monday was so hot that her majesty kept within till five in the evening; what time it pleased her to ride forth to hunt the hart of *forse*. On her homeward way a masking-pageant met her in the chase. A salvage man, wreathed and girdled with oak leaves, having a young sapling oak plucked up, by way of a walking staff, and who represented the god Sylvanus, intercepted her majesty's steed. He began to give utterance to a speech so long-winded and tedious, that when he had arrived at the first quarto page, her majesty put on her steed; but Sylvanus, who, savage as he might be deemed, seems to have made no slight advance in the modern art of boring, began to run by her side, reciting the

rest of his speech with wonderful volubility. At last, out of pity, the queen checked her horse to favour Sylvanus, who humbly besought 'her majesty to go on; for if his rude speech did not offend her, he could continue to run and speak it for twenty miles, protesting, he had rather run as her majesty's footman on earth than be a god on horseback in heaven.'"[1]

At these words her majesty came by a close arbour, made all of holly; and while Sylvanus pointed to the same, "the principal bush *shaked;* for therein were placed both sweet music, and one appointed to represent Deep Desire, who herewith stepped out of the holly bush," and recited a long speech to the queen, tediously stuffed with flattery. Then a concert of music sounded from the holly bower, while Deep Desire sang a dismal ditty, full of such tropes, as "cramps of care," and "gripes of grief;" therefore its quotation may be very well spared here. Sylvanus concluded the mask by breaking the oak sapling he used for a staff asunder, and casting it up in the air; but, unfortunately, one end almost fell on the head of the queen's horse, which started violently, and Sylvanus, who was no other than the poet Gascoigne, was terribly alarmed at the consequences of his awkwardness.

"No hurt—no hurt!" exclaimed the queen, as she skilfully controlled her horse; "and this benignity of the sovereign," continues Laneham, "we took to be the best part of the play;" and assuredly Elizabeth showed both good nature and magnanimity in her reception of this accident.[2]

Towards night, on Tuesday, the queen chose to walk on foot over the bridge, into the chase; at her return she stood on the bridge, and listened to a delectable concert of music, from a barge on the pool. The queen hunted the hart of *forse* on Wednesday, in the chase; the hart took to the pool, where he was caught alive, and her majesty granted him his life on condition that he "lost his ears" for a ransom.

This useless cruelty, aptly preceded the bear-baiting of the next day, when the virgin queen had the satisfaction of seeing a great sort of bandogs, which had been tied in the outer court, let loose on thirteen bears, which were baited in the inner; "where," says Laneham, "there was plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, and such an expense of blood and leather between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover." This refined diversion took place in the daytime; but the Thursday evening concluded with strange and sundry kind of fireworks, and discharge of great guns for two hours; and during this din, her majesty was entertained by an Italian tumbler of such extraordinary agility in twistings and turnings, that the court considered him to be more of a sprite than a man, and that his backbone must have been like a lamprey, or made of a lute-string.

The drought and heat of the season was on the two succeeding days seasonably refreshed by rain and moisture; the queen, therefore, attended

[1] Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

[2] Laneham's Kenilworth. Gascoigne, who was the unlucky perpetrator of this maladroit feat, takes care not to record it in his narrative of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth.

none of the shows in the open air; until that time the weather had been hot and blazing. The second Sunday of Elizabeth's sojourn at Kenilworth was Saint Kenelm's day, the royal Saxon saint, who was murdered at the foot of the neighbouring Clent hills, and whose patronage and influence was once supposed to extend far and wide over the midland counties, especially round Kenilworth, his former palace. The new ritual had not yet superseded the ancient regard of Warwickshire for Saint Kenelm, and the whole district was astir, to do uproarious honour, at once to him and his successor, queen Elizabeth. The weather again set in gloriously bright, and every one attended her majesty to church, where they heard "a fruitful sermon."

In the afternoon, a comely quintain was set up, and a solemn bridal of a proper couple was marshalled in procession in the tilt-yard. The bride was thirty-five, "very ugly, red-haired, foul, ill-favoured—of complexion, a brown bay." This amiable object was very anxious to be married, because she had heard she should be called on to dance before the queen." She was, however, wholly disappointed; for her majesty, who particularly disliked ugly persons, bestowed all her attention on the Coventry play "of the Slaughter of the Danes, at Hock tide, wont to be played in that city yearly without ill example of papistry, or any superstition." A sport, representing a massacre, was so wonderfully to the taste of the era, that the queen requested its repetition at the earliest opportunity; and to the infinite satisfaction of the men of Coventry, she gave them the royal benefaction of two bucks, and five marks. Captain Cox made his entry, at the Coventry play, on his hobby-horse; but it is a point in doubt, whether he was a character in the play, or a worthy flourishing at that time in Coventry.[1] An "ambrosial banquet," and a gorgeous mask, concluded those Sunday diversions.

The heat of the next day caused the queen to keep within the castle till five in the afternoon, when she hunted the hart in the chase; and, on her return, beheld on the pool, from the bridge, one of those grand water pageants, which the marriage of Henry III. had rendered fashionable in Europe. There was the lady of the lake on her illuminated island, attended by a swimming mermaid, twenty-four feet in length; besides Arion on a dolphin of equal vastness. When it came to Arion's turn to make a speech to the queen, he, who had been rather too powerfully refreshed from the earl of Leicester's cellar in order to qualify his aquatic undertaking, forgot his part, and pulling off his mask, swore, "He was none of Arion, not he; but honest Harry Goldingham." A proceeding which pleased the queen more than all the rest of the performance. Harry Goldingham had a fine voice, and was a poet who had aided in composing some of the interludes; he sang very well from the back of his dolphin, and concluded the pageant, to the universal satisfaction of the beholders.

[1] The list of the songs sung by captain Cox, of which only the first lines are extant, raise a pleasant idea of old English lyrics; they were, "Broom, broom on hill," "Bonny lass upon the green," "By a bank as I lay," "My bonny one gave me a beck."

Such was the general tone of the princely pleasures of Kenilworth, during the queen's visit, which lasted till July 27th. Laneham declares, moreover, "that her majesty, with her accustomed charity and mercy, cured nine persons of the painful disease called the 'king's evil;' which the kings and queens of this realm without other medicine, but only by touching and prayers, do cure."

Among the dull metrical compliments offered in fatiguing profusion to Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, there was one sufficiently absurd to be amusing, especially as it contained an historical allusion to the queen's rejection of Leicester's addresses. It is part of a lengthy dialogue, in which a salvage man, clad in ivy, questions Echo on the cause of the unusual splendours then enlivening the chase and domains of Kenilworth. The English language, between the two, was much tortured by various quaint quips and quirks, as for instance, the salvage man demanded—

"And who gave all these gifts? I pray thee, Echo, say,—
Was it not he who (but of late) this building here *did lay?*
Echo.—Dudley.
Salvage Man.—O, Dudley! So methought; he gave himself, and all,
A worthy gift to be received, and so I trust it shall.
Echo.—It shall.
Salvage Man.—What meant the fiery flames that through the waters flew?
Can no cold answers quench desire—Is that experience true?"

Elizabeth's attention was soon after recalled, from the idle joyaunce of progresses and pageants, by the important appeals that were made to her by the oppressed Protestants in the Low Countries. St. Aldegonde, the friend and confidant of the prince of Orange, with other deputies, came over to England, to implore her to accept the sovereignty of their states, as the descendant and representative of their ancient counts, through her illustrious ancestress, Philippa of Hainault. This ambassade, and its result, is briefly summed up in two lines by Collins, in his Ode to Liberty:—

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruised,
Whose crown a British queen refused."

Elizabeth was not prepared to contest this mighty adjunct to the Spanish empire with Philip, and she replied evasively, offered publicly to mediate between him and the states, and privately encouraged the deputies to continue their resistance. They proposed to throw themselves on the protection of France, but from this step she earnestly dissuaded them, and privately supplied them with pecuniary aid. She, also, by her intrigues with the duke of Alençon, incited him to coalesce with the king of Navarre and the Huguenot party in France, thus furnishing Henry III. with sufficient employment at home to prevent him from interfering in the affairs of the states.[1] The details of these struggles belong to general history. On the 7th of January, queen Elizabeth finally concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the states, engaging to assist them with a loan of 100,000*l.*, with 5000 foot soldiers, and 1000 horse. She soon after employed Casimir, the brother of the Elector Palatine, who proceeded as her lieutenant, with 12,000

[1] Grotius; Camden; Strada

German auxiliaries, to the low countries, at the expense of England.[1] The German mercenaries committed so many excesses, that the poor Dutchmen found their friends even more intolerable than their foes, and requested to be placed under the protection of the queen of England's suitor, Francis of Alençon, who had now assumed the title of duke of Anjou, formerly borne by his brother, Henry III.

Elizabeth at first regarded this requisition with jealous suspicion as a manœuvre of the king of France, but there was no love between the brethren, and Anjou professed himself devoted to her interests. He was, indeed, a convenient tool, ready to be employed in any service, whereby his own personal advancement might be forwarded. This summer he sent an envoy, of the name of Bucherville, to prosecute his suit, who was accompanied by Rambouillet, sent from the king, his brother, to second his solicitations.[2] The French envoys found Elizabeth at Long Melford hall, in Suffolk, the seat of sir William Cordall, her master of the Rolls, being the first in that county who had the honour of feasting the royal traveller, and who, to use the quaint language of old Churchyard, the contemporary historian of the eastern progresses, "did light such a candle to the rest of the shire, that many were glad bountifully and frankly to follow the same example, with such charges as the whole train were in some sort pleased thereat." The next morning she rode from Melford to Lawshall hall, where she dined with sir William Drury. The royal visit is recorded in the parish register, as occurring August 5th, in the twentieth year of her majesty's reign, to the great rejoicing of the parish, and all the country thereabouts.

Elizabeth appears to have been on very affectionate terms with lady Drury, for, on the death of sir William Drury, who was slain ten years later in France, she addressed to her the following friendly letter of condolence, or rather, we may say, of kind expostulation, on the excess of grief to which the widow had abandoned herself:—

"Be well *ware*, my Besse, you strive not with Divine ordinance, nor grudge at irremediable harms, lest you offend the highest Lord, and no whit amend your marred hap. Heap not your harms where help there is none, but since you may not that you would wish, that you can enjoy with comfort a King for his power, and a queen for her love, who leaves not now to protect you when your case requires care, and minds not to omit whatever may be best for you and yours.

"Your most loving, careful sovereign."

Of a similar character to this quaint consolation is the brief and pithy letter of condolence, if such it may be called, addressed by Elizabeth to her friend, lady Paget, on the death of her daughter, lady Crumpton, which, in the brief space of a few lines, exhibits much good and honest feeling. No one could come more tersely to the point than Elizabeth, when she wrote under the strong impulse of anger or affection. What can be more simply sweet and gracious than the following specimen of familiar language from the generally Latinized pen of this learned queen:—

"Call to your mind, good Kate, how hardly we princes can brook the crossing of our commands. How ireful will the highest Power be (may you be sure)

[1] Strada; Camden; Rapin.

[2] Camden.

when murmurs shall be made of his pleasing his will. Let nature, therefore, not hurt herself, but give place to the Giver. Though this lesson be from a *sely* vicar,[1] yet it is sent from a loving soveraine."[2]

But to return to Elizabeth's eastern progress:—Her majesty was astonished at the gallant appearance and brave array of the comely Suffolk squires, who came to meet and welcome her into their county. The bachelors, all gaily clad in white velvet, to the number of two hundred, and those of graver years, in black velvet coats and fair chains, with fifteen hundred serving men, all mounted on horseback—these formed a volunteer guard of honour, under the command of the high sheriff, sir William le Spring, of Lavenham, and attended her majesty in her progress to the very confines of their county,—"a comely troop," says Churchyard, "and a noble sight to behold."

From Lawshall hall, in the evening, the queen came to Hawsted hall, at present the seat of sir Thomas Cullum, where there are several memorials and traditions of her visit, where it is said, that she dropped a silver-handled fan into the moat.[3] The fans used by Elizabeth were made of feathers, set in a rich handle, and in form resembling a modern hand-screen. The following is the description of one of those graceful accessories to the royal toilet, which was presented to her majesty by sir Francis Drake, as a new year's gift:—"A fan of feathers, white and red, enamelled with a half-moon of mother of pearls, within that a half-moon garnished with sparks of diamonds, and a few seed-pearls on the one side; having her majesty's picture within it; and on the reverse a device with a crow over it." Her majesty spent ten days at various seats in Suffolk, and having been received on the borders of Norfolk by the cavaliers of the county, approached Norwich, as near as Brakenash, on the 16th of August.

At the western boundary of the city of Norwich, which is a place called Harford Bridge, the mayor received the queen with a long Latin speech, which he recited in a manner that did great credit to the erudition of mayors in general. The purpose of it was, however, to offer a fair standing cup of silver, with a cover, containing 100*l.* in gold. Lifting the cover, the mayor said to her majesty, "Here is one hundred pounds, pure gold."

One of the queen's footmen advanced to take it, when the queen said to him, significantly, thinking he might not have understood the learned mayor's Latin, "Look to it, there is a hundred pound."

When the royal procession had advanced within a flight-shot of the metropolis of the east of England, and in a spot commanding a good view of the castle of Blancheflower, which stands like a mural crown above the city of Norwich, a pageant arrested the attention of the queen, representing king Gurgunt, to whom tradition imputes the building of the castle and the founding of Cambridge university. King Gurgunt

[1] Meaning vicar of Christ, in allusion to her pontifical office of head of the church of England, which she, and the rest of her establishment, deemed the church universal: *sely* meant, in her day, harmless or innocent.

[2] Sloane MS., vol. i., 4160. The original document is at Hagley.

[3] History of Hawsted, by Sir John Cullum, Bart.

having explained in verse his ancient doings in Norwich, another pageant beset her by the way at St. Stephen's gates, "from whence," says the annals of the city, "an enormous *muck-hill* had been recently removed for the occasion." We will pass over the allegories which severally "bestowed their tediousness" on the queen, to arrive at the only pageant of real interest, some remnants of which are displayed at Norwich elections, and other grand occasions, to this day. This was called "the Stranger's Pageant," being the show of queen Philippa's industrious Flemish colony, even in that era of Elizabeth, a separate and peculiar people in Norwich. There was a stage, with seven looms actively at work with their separate weavers; over the first, was written, the "weaving of worsted;" over the second, the "weaving of russels," a sort of Norwich crape.[1] Among others, the weaving of lace, and of fringe, and several other manufactures, which it would be vain to seek as Norwich produce at present. Upon the stage stood at one end "eight small *women-children*," spinning worsted yarn; at the other end, as many knitting of worsted hose; "and in the midst a pretty boy stood forth," and stayed her majesty's progress with an address in verse, declaring, that in this "small show, the city's wealth was seen."

"From combed wool we draw this slender thread;
(*Shewing the spinners.*)
From thence the looms have dealing with the same;
(*Shewing the weaving in progress.*)
And thence again, in order do proceed
These several works, which skilful art doth frame;
And all to drive dame Need into her cave,
Our heads and hands together laboured have.
We bought before, the things that now we sell,
These slender imps, their work doth pass the waves;
(*Shewing the women-children, spinners, and knitters.*)
God's peace and thine we hold, and prosper well,
Of every mouth, the hands, the charges saves.
Thus, through thy help and aid of power Divine,
Doth Norwich live, whose hearts and goods are thine."

Elizabeth had the good sense to be particularly pleased with this pageant; she desired to examine the knitting and yarn of the "small women-children;" "she perused the looms attentively," and returned great thanks for this show.

"A grand pageant thwarted the entrance of the market-place from St. Stephen's street." Here the queen was addressed by seven female worthies, among which were Debora, Judith, Esther, the city of Norwich, and queen Martia.[2] The last dame described herself thus:—

"I am that Martia bright, who sometime ruled this land,
As queen, for thirty-three years space, gat licence at the hand
Of that Gurguntius king, my husband's father dear,
Who built this town and castle, both, to make our homage here;

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[1] Now, with some modifications, called Orleans cloth; a pleasant winter dress, if obtained of *real* Norwich manufacture.

[2] The tradition, regarding the ancient laws instituted by this British queen, is mentioned in the Introduction to this work.

Which homage, mighty queen, accept,—the realm and right are thine;
The crown, the sceptre, and the sword, to thee we do resign."

Thus Elizabeth was welcomed at various stations in Norwich till she reached the cathedral, where she attended Te Deum; and, finally, arrived at the bishop's palace; where she sojourned during her stay at Norwich.

On the Monday morning, "a very excellent boy," representing Mercury, was driven at full speed through the city in a fantastic car, painted with birds and clouds, the horses being dressed out with wings; and Mercury himself appeared in an azure satin jerkin, and a mantle of gold cloth. He was driven into the "preaching green," on the north side of the bishop's palace, where the queen, looking out of her bed-chamber window, beheld him jump off his car and approach the window in such a sort, that her majesty "was seen to smile at the boldness of the boy." He looked at the queen with courage and audacity, then bowed down his head, "shaked his rod," and commenced an unmercifully long string of verses; but the gist of his message was, "that if her highness pleased to take the air that day, there were shows and devices to be seen abroad." Unfortunately, it rained hard, and the queen did not venture out, but received a deputation from the Dutch church, with a goblet of exquisitely wrought silver, worth fifty pounds, presented with a speech, which pathetically alluded to the cruel persecutions perpetrated by Philip II. and Alva, in the Netherlands. Norwich was then crowded with protestant emigrants, whom this conduct, impolitic as it was wicked, had expatriated, with their ingenious crafts and capital, from the Spanish dominions.

The next day, her majesty was engaged to hunt in sir Henry Jerningham's park at Cottessy; as she passed out of St. Bennet's Gates, master Mercury and all the heathen deities were stationed there with speeches, and presents of small value. Among others, Jupiter gave her a riding rod made of whale's fin. Venus presented her with a white dove. The little creature was so tame, that, when cast off, it made directly to the queen, and sat before her all the time as quietly as if it listened to the speeches.

The queen, and the French ambassadors who were in her train, dined on Wednesday with the young earl of Surrey, heir of her victim the beheaded duke of Norfolk. His residence was not at the famous duke's palace, in Norwich, now utterly destroyed, but at a conventual structure by the water-side, at present in good preservation; not very large, but suitable to the altered fortunes of the young heir of Howard.[1]

The poet Churchyard, an old retainer of that family, was the person who had arranged all the pageants on this occasion; "and when her majesty took her barge at my lord Surrey's back-door, he had prepared a goodly mask of water-nymphs, but the place being small and the passages narrow, he removed all his nymphs to a spot lower down the river, where a deep hole had been dug in the earth by the water-side,

[1] By the death of his grandfather, he soon after took the title of the earl of Arundel.

and covered with green canvas, which suddenly opening, as if the ground gaped, "first one nymph was devised to pop up, and make the queen a speech, and then another; and a very complete concert was to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth." Unfortunately, at the very moment when the queen passed in her coach, a thunder shower came down like a water-spout, and almost drowned the water-nymphs, while awful bursts of thunder silenced the underground concert. "Though some of us got to a boat, and stood up under a bridge (probably Bishop's Bridge), we were all so splashed and washed, that it was found greater pastime to see us all look like drowned rats, than to behold the best of our shows." As the water-nymphs were only great boys, who may be considered in the eastern counties almost as aquatic animals, our discomfited poet affords no commiseration for their sousing. But on the subject of their dresses, and on the impolicy of planning masks in England, exposed to the caprices of the climate, he is positively pathetic. "What shall I say of the loss of the city in velvets, silks, and cloth of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage, 'Man doth purpose, but God dispose.'"

He contrived, however, a successful "mask of faeirie," as the queen left Norwich on the Friday, when she passed to sir Roger Wodehouse's mansion at Kimberley. Elizabeth bade an affectionate farewell to Norwich; she knighted the mayor, and told him "she should never forget his city." "When on her journey, she looked back, and with the water in her eyes, shaked her riding whip, and said, 'Farewell, Norwich!'"[1]

The visits of Elizabeth to private individuals, during her progresses, were often attended with great expense and inconvenience, and occasionally with evil results to her hosts. In her homeward route from her eastern progress this year, an incident occurred little to the credit of the sovereign and her advisers, though it is related with base exultation by Richard Topcliffe, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury.[2]

Her majesty was pleased to pay one of her self-invited visits to Euston Hall, in Suffolk, belonging to a young gentleman of the ancient house of Rookwood, who had just come of age. Here she abode with her suite a whole fortnight; and though much abuse is levelled at the youthful owner of Euston Hall, it seems his religion was his only crime. "This Rookwood," says Topcliffe, "is a papist newly crept out of his wardship. Her majesty was lodged at his house at Euston — fitter for the black-guard.[3] Nevertheless, this gentleman was brought into her majesty's presence by some device, and her excellent majesty gave Rookwood ordinary (usual) thanks for his bad house, and her fair hand to kiss; after which it was *braved* at," whether the thanks or the hand, it is difficult to divine. "But my lord chamberlain, nobly and gravely understanding that Rookwood was excommunicated for papistry, called him before him, and demanded of him how he durst attempt her royal presence — *he*, unfit to accompany any Christian person;" and adding,

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations of Brit. History, vol. ii., pp. 119—121.
[3] The lower functionaries of the palace, who did not wear uniforms or liveries.

"that he was fitter for a pair of stocks,—forthwith commanded him out of the court, and yet to attend her council's pleasure."

This was a strange return for a fortnight's hospitality; for if the queen and her courtiers had not liked their entertainment, why did they stay so long? but, alas, for poor Rookwood! his guests were not contented with this curious specimen of their courtly manners. Their next proceeding was to raise an outcry that some of their property had been stolen; and, to ransack his house and premises. Unfortunate man! he was in much the greatest danger of being robbed, as the sequel will show; but no words, excepting those of master Topcliffe, can do justice to this precious trait of the times: "And to decipher the gentleman to the full, a piece of plate being missed in the house and searched for, in his hay-house was found such an image of our lady, as for greatness, for gayness, and workmanship, I did never see a match; and after a sort of country dance, ended in her majesty's sight, the idol was set in sight of the people, who *avoided*.[1] Her majesty commanded it to the fire, which, in her sight, by the country-folks, was quickly done to her content, and the unspeakable joy of every one, but some one or two who had sucked the idol's poisoned milk." But the guests of the owner of Euston Hall had not yet made Rookwood sufficient returns for his hospitality, for the amiable inditer of the epistle says, "The next good news (but in account the highest) her majesty hath served God with great zeal and comfortable examples, for by her council two notorious papists, young Rookwood (the master of Euston Hall, where her majesty did lie on Sunday, now a fortnight) and one Downs, a gentleman, were both committed—the one to the town prison at Norwich, and the other to the county prison there, for obstinate papistry; and seven more gentlemen of worship, were committed to several houses in Norwich, as prisoners."

Such were our forefathers' ideas of serving God with "great zeal and comfort;" the strangest part of this letter is, that a man could write down a narrative of such conduct, without perceiving the hideousness of the polemic spirit, that inspired his exultation in the incarceration of an unoffending young gentleman among felons in a common jail, for no greater crime than quiet adherence to the faith in which he had been educated. Such were the neglected state of prison regulations, too, at that period, that only in the preceding year, "when the prisoners were brought into court for trial at Oxford, the noxious atmosphere that clave to them slew the lord-chief-justice Bell, the principal law-officers present, and most of the jury, as with a sudden blight." Such are among the records of the golden days of good queen Bess, although the privy council appears more chargeable with this instance of persecution than the sovereign; yet, as the deed was transacted under her very eye, she cannot be acquitted of having sanctioned the cruel return that was made to her unfortunate young host for her entertainment at Euston Hall, so true it is, that, "they who permit oppression share the crime."

Another instance is recorded of the ill consequences that resulted

[1] *i. e.*, turned from it.

from one of Elizabeth's unwelcome visits, by Smith, in his Lives of the Berkeleys, who states "that she came in progress to Berkeley castle, what time Henry lord Berkeley, the then possessor, had a stately game of red deer in the park adjoining, called the Worthy, whereof Henry Ligon was keeper; during which time of her being there, such slaughter was made, as twenty-seven stags were slain in the toils in one day, and many others on that and the next stolen and havocked; whereof, when this lord, being then at Callowden, was advertised, having much set his delight in this game, he suddenly and passionately disparked that ground; but in a few months after, he had secret friendly advertisement from the court, that the queen was informed how the same was disparked by him, on repining at her coming to his house (for, indeed, it was not in her *gestes*[1]), and at the good sports she had had in the park, advising this lord to carry a wary watch over his words and actions, lest that earl (meaning Leicester) that had, contrary to her set justice, drawn her to his castle, and purposely caused this slaughter of his deer, might have a further plot against his head and that castle, whereto he had taken no small liking, and affirmed to have good title to the same." The reader will scarcely wonder that, in many instances considerable alarm was experienced by some of her loyal lieges, at the idea of the expensive compliment of a royal visit. The earl of Bedford writes thus to lord Burleigh, on the subject—"I trust your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day; for so long time do I prepare. I pray God the rooms and lodgings there may be to her majesty's contentation for the time."

It is not generally known that, expensive as these visits were to private individuals, the cost of them to the public treasury was matter of deep concern. Even Leicester, in a letter to his enemy Sussex, on this subject, says, "We all do what we can to persuade her majesty from any progress at all, only to keep at Windsor, or thereabouts; but it misliketh her not to have change of air."[2] It was one of her peculiarities, too, that she gave very brief notice of the direction in which she meant to bend her course. Consequently the nobility and gentry of the provinces must always have been in a state of excitement and expectation as to the royal movements, when her majesty gave indications of an intention of quitting the metropolis. Lord Buckhurst, who had reason to expect a visit from her majesty, at Lewes, in 1577, was so forestalled with respect to provisions, by other nobles in Sussex, that he was obliged to send for a supply from Flanders.[3]

Soon after Elizabeth's return from her eastern progress, the duke of Anjou sent his favourite, monsieur Simiers, to plead his suit to her. This envoy proved so agreeable to her majesty, that she invited him thrice a week to her private parties, and never appeared so happy as in his company.[4] The greatest jealousy was excited among her ministers at the favour manifested by their royal mistress to the insinuating foreigner. They even suspected that she confided to him her most

[1] *i. e.*, plan of progress.
[2] Murdin's State Papers.
[3] Ellis's Letters.
[4] Camden.

secret thoughts. Leicester, infuriated at the attention her majesty bestowed on Simiers, attributed his influence to sorcery and other unhallowed arts. It was quite apparent to every one that if Elizabeth had ever cherished undue regard for Leicester, she had conquered her passion. Her quondam governess, Mrs. Ashley, who had not changed her intriguing habits, though now in the vale of years, ventured to plead the cause of Leicester to her royal mistress, and from the nature of the reply, she must have recommended the queen to marry him. "What!" exclaimed Elizabeth, with tenfold of her father's pride; "shall I so far forget myself, as to prefer a poor servant of my own making, to the first princes in Christendom."[1]

If it be true that Elizabeth actually gave a promise of marriage to Leicester, in the presence of one of her ladies, Mrs. Ashley was probably the witness of the plight. Be this as it may, the declaration of her present feelings on the subject was definitive. Leicester himself had previously ventured to cross-question his royal mistress as to her intentions on the French match, and being deceived by the subtlety of her dealing into the idea that she really meant to wed the duke of Anjou, considered his own ambitious hopes at an end, and privately married the widowed countess of Essex, of whom he was deeply enamoured. Simiers, having penetrated this secret, gave immediate information of it to the queen, as he suspected that her regard for Leicester was the principal obstacle to her marriage with Anjou.[2] Elizabeth was so greatly offended with Leicester, that she ordered him not to stir from Greenwich castle, and would have sent him to the Tower, had she not been dissuaded by the earl of Sussex, from an action liable to constructions so derogatory to her dignity as a female sovereign.[3] Leicester, who could not forgive Simiers for his interference, has been accused of practising against his life, because one day when Simiers was attending her majesty to her barge, not far from Greenwich, a gun was discharged from a neighbouring boat, and one of the queen's bargemen was shot through both his arms within six feet of the queen's person. Every one in the barge were amazed, and the poor man bled profusely. Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, though she believed the shot was aimed at her life; she took off her scarf, and threw it to the bargeman to bind up his wounds withal, telling him "to be of good cheer, for that he should never want, for the bullet was meant for her, though it had hit him." All present admired her intrepidity, but her future conduct was still more admirable, for finding when the man, Thomas Appletree, was put upon his trial, that the piece had gone off by sheer accident, she not only pardoned him, but interceded with his master to retain him in his service.[4]

It was on this occasion that Elizabeth made the following gracious declaration, "that she would not believe anything against her subjects that loving parents would not believe of their children."[5] She however, took the precaution of declaring, by public proclamation, that the French

[1] Murdin's State Papers; Camden. [2] Camden.
[3] Sidney Papers; Camden. [4] Speed, 1159. [5] Camden.

envoys and their servants were under her royal protection, and forbade any person from molesting them on peril of severe punishment.

The frivolous pretence of plots against the queen's life by sorcery had recently been revived. There were found at Islington, concealed in the house of a Catholic priest, three waxen images of the queen, and two of her chief councillors, which it was said were intended to be operated upon in a diabolical manner for her destruction.[1] Much at the same time her majesty was attacked with such grievous toothache, that nothing could mitigate the torture she endured, and she obtained no rest either by night or day. Some persons attributed these sufferings to the malign magic that had been employed against her.[2] Her physicians held a consultation on the royal malady, and instead of devising a remedy for her relief, fell to disputing among themselves on the cause of her indisposition, and the medicines the most advisable to use. The lords of the council then took the matter in hand, and decided on sending for an "outlandish physician, of the name of John Anthony Fenatus," who was celebrated for curing this agonizing pain, but as it was a perilous thing to entrust the sacred person of a sovereign, so suspicious of plots against her life by poison, as Elizabeth, to the discretion of a foreign practitioner, "who might possibly be a Jew, or even a papist," they would not permit him to see her majesty, but required him to write his prescription.

Fenatus composed a long and elaborate Latin letter in reply,[3] declaring, in the first place, his unworthiness to come after such great physicians, and then prescribing divers remedies, but with the intimation "that if the tooth were hollow, when all was said and done, it was best to have it drawn, though at the cost of some short pain. If, however, her Majesty could not bring herself to submit to the use of chirurgical instruments (of which it seems he had heard something of her abhorrence), then he advised that the juice of *chelidonius major*[4] might be put into the tooth, and so stopped with wax, that none of it might touch the sound parts, which would so loosen the tooth, that in a short time it might be pulled out with the fingers, or the root of the said plant might be rubbed upon the tooth, which would produce the same effect, but concluded by declaring, that drawing the tooth was, by all, esteemed the safest and best way." The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion, and she expressed so much repugnance to the loss of her tooth, combined with terror of the pain that might attend the operation, that the eloquence of her whole cabinet could not prevail upon her to undergo it. Aylmer, bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, then stood forth, and after assuring her majesty, that the pain was less than she apprehended, told her "that although he was an old man, and had not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself," and thereupon, bade the surgeon, who was in attendance, extract one of his teeth in her

[1] Camden. [2] Strype.

[3] Strype declares that he had seen this letter.

[4] Likewise called *fenugreek;* it is a strong smelling plant, still used in Suffolk as a remedy for the toothache, by way of fomentation.

majesty's presence, which encouraged the queen to submit to the like operation.[1] After this rich incident, some readers may possibly feel disposed to entertain doubts of the valiant temperament of the maiden queen, of which more has been said than can be demonstrated, but of her pugnacity we have sufficient evidence from contemporary record.

On the 16th of June, Simiers demanded a definitive answer from the queen, on the subject of his master's suit for her hand, and she replied, as she had done many times before "that she could not decide on marrying a man whom she had never seen."

At this declaration, the *mounseer*, as the French prince was styled in England, acted, for once in his life, like a man of spirit, and, to deprive the royal spinster of her last excuse for either deferring his happiness or disappointing his ambition, crossed the seas in disguise, attended by only two servants, and unexpectedly presenting himself at the gates of Greenwich palace, demanded permission to throw himself at her majesty's feet.[2] Elizabeth was charmed with the romantic gallanty of her youthful wooer. His ugly nose and marred complexion were regarded, even by her dainty eye, as trivial defects, so greatly was she captivated with his sprightliness, his attention, and his flattery. She had been accustomed, from hearing his personal disadvantages exaggerated, by the party who were adverse to the marriage, to think of him as a ridiculous, ill-favoured, mis-shapen urchin, and she found him a very bold, insinuating young man, and vastly agreeable, in spite of his ugliness. He was the first, in fact, the *only* one, among Elizabeth's numerous train of royal lovers, who had the spirit to court in person, and the impression made by his advent appears to have been, while it lasted, such as to justify the bold step he had taken. Elizabeth was guilty of a few tender follies on his account. In one of her wardrobe books we find the following quaint entry of a toy, evidently devised at this period:—"Item, one little flower of gold, with a frog thereon, and therein mounseer, his *phisnomye*, and a little pearl pendant."[3] Query, was this whimsical conceit a love-token from the duke of Alençon to his royal *bel' amie*, and the frog designed not as a ridiculous, but a sentimental allusion to his country?

In the course of a few days he succeeded in ingratiating himself so thoroughly with Elizabeth, that he departed with the fullest expectations of winning the august bride, for whose hand the mightiest kings, the most distinguished conquerors, and the handsomest men in Europe had contended in vain.

The queen summoned her council in the beginning of October, to meet and deliberate on the subject of her marriage with the duke of Anjou. Their first debates were with each other, on the unsuitableness of an union between the parties on the score of disparity of age, as the prince was but twenty-three, and her majesty forty-six. The point was discussed with great freedom, it should appear. The minutes remain in Burleigh's hand, in which the opinions of the differing privy councillors are placed in opposition to each other, under the heads of

[1] Strype's Life of Aylmer. [2] Camden. [3] Ellis's Royal Letters, vol. ii.

Perils and Remedies. To say the truth, the non-contents have exceedingly the best of the argument. Amongst these, the opinion of sir Ralph Sadler is remarkable for its uncourtier-like bluntness. The oracular sentences which he delivered, were as follows:—"In years, the queen might be his mother. Doubtfulness of issue, more than before — few old maids escape."[1] Sussex and Hunsdon advocated the marriage as a measure of expediency for the security of the queen's person and government. Burleigh, in compliance with her commands, seconded their reasons, but not honestly. Leicester and Hatton did the same at first, but finally pretended to be converts to the strong arguments of Bromley, Sadler, Mildmay, and Sidney against it. On the seventh, they waited upon her majesty in a body, and requested "to be informed of her pleasure on the subject, and they would endeavour to make themselves conformable to it."

The queen, who expected to have been furnished with a legitimate excuse for following her own inclination, in the shape of a petition for her to marry, was surprised and offended at their caution, and, bursting into tears of anger and vexation, she reproached them for their long disputations, "as if it were doubtful whether there would be more surety for her and her realm, than if she were to marry and have a child of her own to inherit, and so to continue the line of Henry VIII."[2] In conclusion, she condemned her own simplicity in committing so delicate a matter to them, for "she had expected," she said, "that they would have unanimously petitioned her to proceed with the marriage, rather than have made doubt of it; and being much troubled, she requested them to leave her till the afternoon."[3]

The afternoon found her majesty very ungraciously disposed; she used passionate and bitter vituperation against those who had opposed the match; she even endeavoured herself to refute the objections that had been made to it in council, and she issued an edict, forbidding the matter to be touched upon in the pulpit, by any preacher whatsoever. Burleigh finding that the queen was not to be crossed, openly compelled the council to assume a semblance of compliance with her wishes, by discussing of the marriage articles with the duke of Anjou's procurator, Simiers.[4] Nothing could, however, be more unpopular in England than the idea of such a marriage. Was the lawful heiress of the crown to be immured and kept in hourly fear of death because she was a member of the church of Rome, while the sovereign herself, the defender of the protestant faith, wilfully endangered the stability of the newly-established church, by entering into a matrimonial treaty with a Roman Catholic? The inconsistency and want of moral justice involved in such a proceeding, was felt by the professors of every varying creed throughout the realm.

The queen acknowledged, to a certain degree, the force of the objections of her subjects against the marriage, but was troubled with a perverse inclination to act according to her own pleasure in the matter.

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[1] Murdin's State Papers.
[2] Murdin.
[3] Murdin; Lingard; Aikin.
[4] Ibid.

Deeply offended at the demurs of her cabinet, she asked the advice of the accomplished sir Philip Sidney, who at that time filled the office of cup-bearer to her majesty, and from whom she probably expected to receive counsel more agreeable to her apparent wishes on the subject. Sir Philip Sidney, with all the graceful courtesy and elegance of a finished gentleman, possessed a lofty spirit of independence. He never condescended to practise the arts of courtier-craft; and when his sovereign asked him to give her his opinion without disguise, he addressed to her a long and energetic letter, beginning:—"Most feared and beloved, most sweet and gracious sovereign."[1] After which honeyed words, he proceeds to tell her many bold truths on the impolicy of the measure:—

"How the hearts of your people," says he, "will be galled, if not alienated, when they shall see you take a husband, a Frenchman and a papist, in whom the very common people know this, that he is the son of the Jezabel of our age—that his brother made oblation of his own sister's marriage, the easier to make massacre of our brethren in religion. As long as he is monsieur in might, and a papist in profession, he neither can nor will greatly shield you; and if he grow to be king, his defence will be like Ajax' shield, which rather weighed down than defended those that bare it."[2]

The queen having solicited the opinion of Sidney, and, respecting his integrity, had the philosophy to take his remonstrance in good part; but a terrible example of her vengeance had taken place, during the visit of Anjou, on a luckless bencher of Lincoln's Inn, named Stubbs, who presumed to write and publish, at this crisis, a book with the following quaint title:—

"The discovery of a gaping gulf, wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her see the sin and the punishment thereof."

The work contained, as may be supposed, a series of fierce vituperations against the unsuitableness of the alliance, and the choler of the writer was especially excited by the circumstance of monsieur having paid her majesty a personal visit, incognito. This, Stubbs denounced as "an unmanlike, unprince-like, French kind of wooing."

"This man (the duke)," says he, "is a son of Henry II., whose family, ever since he married with Catherine of Italy, is fatal, as it were, to resist the gospel, and have been, every one after the other, as a Domitian after a Nero, &c. Here is, therefore, an imp of the crown of France to marry with the crowned nymph of England."

An expression by no means inelegant or uncomplimentary to the maiden monarch, now well-stricken in years.

The book was prohibited, the whole impression seized and burned, and the author, printer, and publisher, were all proceeded against on a statute of Philip and Mary, although the lawyers stoutly contended such statute was virtually null and void. Stubbs and his publisher had, nevertheless, to endure the barbarous sentence of the loss of their right hands, which were smitten off with a butcher's knife and mallet in the market-place at Westminster. The conduct of Stubbs, at the most bitter

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Serinia Ceciliana.

moment of this disgusting execution, proves that the subjects of Elizabeth, even when suffering from her vindictive spirit for contradicting her will, assumed an extraordinary devotion of loyalty. "I remember," says Camden, "standing by John Stubbs, who, as soon as his right hand was off, took off his hat with his left, and cried aloud, 'God save the queen.'" He fainted the next moment. A long and rigorous imprisonment in the Tower was, nevertheless, added to the miseries of this brave, but unfortunate gentleman.[1]

All this opposition, however, brought the marriage negotiation to a pause. Elizabeth had felt the force of Sidney's remonstrances, and even the fulminations of the hapless Stubbs had probably created misgivings. "If her highness mean to marry," writes Hatton to Walsingham, "I wonder she so delayeth it. If she do but temporize, and will leave it at the last, what may we look for, then, but that the pope, with Spain and France, will yoke themselves, in all ireful revenge, according to their solemn combination so long ago concluded on against us." The fact was, that neither the French court, her ambassador there, nor her most trusted servants at home, could discover what were her real intentions in the matter. Whether she exactly knew them herself appears to be doubtful.

"The marriage is on book again," writes Sir George Bowes to his brother Robert, the treasurer of Berwick, "and her highness seemeth now as forward as ever she hath been, at any time before, and yet Sir William Drury, whom you well know to be a setter forth of that cause, having occasion to ride unto the court on Thursday last, and using some speeches upon that matter to her majesty, did, with great reverence, inquire of her majesty's disposition that way, who, giving him a great clap of the shoulder with her hand, answered, 'I will never marry; but I will ever bear good will and favour to those who have liked and furthered the same.'"[2] She meant those who had advocated the marriage.

Among the great events of this period, may be reckoned the death of Elizabeth's great minister, Sir Nicholas Bacon, generally distinguished by the title of my lord keeper. It is recorded, that when the queen visited him at his modest country residence, she was pleased to observe that his house was too little for him. "No, madame," replied he, "you have made me too big for my house." He afterwards had the honour of entertaining his royal mistress in his stately mansion of Gorhambury, which he built, probably in consequence of her remark on his former abode. Among the elaborate dainties which furnished forth the memorable banquet for the maiden monarch and her court, was a hog roasted whole,

[1] Wright, vol. ii. The death of this victim of Elizabeth's personal cruelty was pitiable. His health was always languishing after the loss of his hand; he retired to France, and died a little while afterwards. His bones rest somewhere in the sand near Boulogne, a pitying friend having buried him at high-water mark in the spot nearest the English shores. Stubbs died a rigid Calvinist; burial in consecrated ground was neither desired by him, nor permitted by the laws of France.

[2] Bowes MSS.

garnished with links of sausages, a queer culinary pun on the name of the learned host.

Elizabeth one day asked Sir Nicholas Bacon, "what he thought of a monopoly license she had granted?" "Madam," he said, "if I must speak the truth, I will reply in the Latin proverb,—'Licentia omnes deteriores sumus'—we are all the worse for license."[1]

The splendid talents of his son, the learned and eloquent Francis Bacon, afterwards the great Lord Bacon of Verulam, early attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, who was wont to call him playfully, "her little lord keeper," and predicted that he would one day become a distinguished man. He proved, it is well known, one of the brightest ornaments of her reign, a diamond of unrivalled lustre, though not without a flaw. His records of Elizabeth are among the most favourable that contemporaries have preserved of her character. Eulogiums from such a source are calculated to make a strong impression on every reader, even when no supporting facts are given; and there can be little doubt that Elizabeth is indebted for much of her posthumous popularity to the powerful pen of Bacon. Like his father, he was a great advocate for the celibacy of his royal mistress.

"Female reigns," says he, "are usually eclipsed by marriage, and all the glory transferred to the husband; while those queens, who live single have none to share it with them. And this was more peculiarly the case of queen Elizabeth, for she had no supporters of her government, but those of her own making—no brother, no uncle, nor any other of the royal family to partake her cares and assist her government. The ministers whom she advanced to places of trust she kept so tight a rein upon, and so dispensed her favours, that they were continually solicitous to please her, whilst she ever remained mistress of herself.[2]

"Like some of the most fortunate monarchs, as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Trajan, she was childless, and left no successors of her own issue, and it is a disputed point whether children augment felicity.

"She had her outward embellishments—a tall stature, a graceful shape, a most majestic aspect mixed with sweetness, and a happy state of health. Besides, she was strong and vigorous to the last, experiencing as little the miseries of old age as the reverses of fortune. To fill up the measure of her felicity, she was happy not only in her own person, but also, in the abilities and virtues of her ministers of state. If it should be here objected, as Cicero did to Cæsar, 'There is matter enough to admire, but I would gladly see somewhat to praise,' I answer that true admiration is a superlative degree of praise. I shall, however, add a few words not on the morals and virtues of this queen, but only on such particulars as have occasioned some malicious tongues to traduce her. As to her religion, she was pious, moderate, constant, and an enemy to novelty. She was seldom absent from divine service and other duties of religion, either in her chapel or closet. She was very conversant in the Scriptures and writings of the fathers, especially St.

[1] Bacon's Apothegms. [2] Ibid.

Augustine. She composed certain prayers on emergent occasions. When she mentioned the name of God, though in ordinary discourse, she generally added the title Creator, and composed her eyes and countenance to an expression of humility and reverence, which I have myself often observed." This observation is evidently urged in contradistinction to Elizabeth's well-known habit of profane swearing, in which she outdid her father, bluff king Hal, from whom she probably acquired that evil propensity. Her favourite expletive was, however, certainly derived from her first lover, the lord admiral, with whom it was in fearfully familiar use, as those who have read the State Papers collected by Haynes, and also by Tytler, must be aware; but expressions which startle us, even from the lips of a bad man, appear to the last degree revolting when used in common parlance by a female, especially a princess whose piety is still a favourite theme with many writers. In illustration of Elizabeth's inconsiderate habit in this respect, we give the evidence of a contemporary, who appears neither shocked nor surprised at the coarse manners of the maiden monarch.

"Curiosity," says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "rather than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel before the great queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees, in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but none knew me, till sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married sir W. Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen looked attentively at me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is pity he married so young,' and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently patting my cheek."

This license has been attributed to the grossness of the age. That age produced the daughters and grandaughters of sir Thomas More, Katharine Parr, lady Jane Grey, "Sidney's sister," and many other spotless examples of female purity and refinement; and for the honour of the ladies of the 16th century, it may be presumed that the use of oaths was a characteristic of Elizabeth, rather than of her times.

"As to what was reported," continues lord Bacon, "that she was altogether so unmindful of mortality, as not to bear the mention of death or old age, it is absolutely false; for several years before her death, she would often facetiously call herself 'the old woman,' and discourse about what epitaph she would like, adding 'that she was no lover of pompous titles, but only desired that her name might be recorded in a line or two, which should briefly express her name, her virginity, the years of her reign, the reformation of religion under it, and her preservation of peace.' It is true, that in the flower of her age, being importuned to declare her successor, she answered, 'that she could by no means endure a shroud to be held before her eyes while she was living.' And yet some time before her death, when she was pensive, and probably meditating on her mortality, a person familiar with her, observing that several great offices were vacant, and had been kept so too long,

she rose up hastily, and said, with unusual warmth—'That she was sure *her* place would not long be vacant.' She hated vice, and studied to preserve an honourable fame. Thus, for example, having once ordered a despatch to be written to her ambassador, which he was to communicate privately to the queen-mother of France, Catherine de Medicis, her secretary had inserted a compliment for the ambassador to use, importing, 'That they were two queens, from whose experience in the arts of government, no less was expected than of the greatest kings;' queen Elizabeth could not bear the comparison, but forbade it to be sent, observing, 'She used very different arts of government from the queen-mother of France.' The commendation that best pleased her was, if any one declared that she would have been distinguished by her virtues and abilities if her station had been in private life, so unwilling was she to owe her distin tion merely to her royal station. To speak the truth," pursues this eloquent eulogist, "the only proper encomiast of this princess is time, which, during the ages it has run, never produced her like for the government of a kingdom."[1]

Elizabeth's regnal talents were shown in the acuteness of her perceptive powers, and the unerring discrimination with which she selected her ministers and great law officers, and in some instances converted those into loyal servants who might have turned their abilities to her annoyance. It is a tradition in the Egerton family, that she was once in court when Thomas Egerton, a distinguished barrister, was pleading against the crown side, in some action in the court of Queen's Bench. She was so much struck with his eloquence and professional skill, that she exclaimed, "By my troth, he shall never plead against me again." She immediately appointed him queen's counsel—in modern parlance, gave him a silk gown; he attained the dignities of solicitor-general and lord-keeper in her reign.[2]

In the spring of 1580, the queen thought proper to check the presumptuous disposition of her subjects to emulate the height and amplitude of the royal ruff, which forms so characteristic a feature in her costume, and an act was passed in parliament, empowering certain officials to stand at corners of the streets, armed with shears, for the purpose of clipping all ruffs that exceeded the size prescribed by this droll sumptuary law, and also to shorten the rapiers of all gentlemen, who persisted in wearing them of an unsuitable length.

During the progress of this forcible reformation in the dimensions of ruffs and rapiers, the French ambassador, Mauvissière, chancing to recreate himself with a morning ride in Smithfield, was stopped at the Bars by the officers who sat there to cut swords, who insisted on shortening his rapier, which exceeded the limits prescribed by the recent statute.[3] To impugn the taste of a Frenchman in any matter connected with his dress, is attacking him on a point of peculiar importance; but for the clownish officials of Smithfield Bars to presume to make a forcible alteration in the costume of the man, who represented the whole majesty

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.
[2] Life of Egerton, by the Earl of Bridgewater.
[3] Lodge's Illustrations.

of France, was an outrage not to be endured, even by the veteran statesman, Mauvissière de Castelnau. He drew his threatened rapier, instead of surrendering it to the dishonouring shears of the officers, and sternly stood on the defensive, and but for the seasonable interposition of lord Henry Seymour, who luckily was likewise taking the air in Smithfield, and hastened to rescue the insulted ambassador from the hands of the executive powers, evil consequences might have followed. Mauvissière complained to the queen, and her majesty greatly censured the officers for their want of discrimination, in attempting to clip so highly privileged a person.

At the same time that Elizabeth was so actively employed in retrenching any extraordinary deviations from good taste in her subjects, she had a most singular purchase made for her at Mechlin, of six Hungarian horses, to draw her coach. These creatures were of a light grey colour, with their manes and tails dyed orange.[1] Perhaps the aggrieved parties, whose sword points and ruffs had just been clipped, might have thought that the flaming orange manes and tails of the queen's coach horses, were quite as outrageous in regard to taste, as long rapiers and high frills.

This year the queen took the alarm at the rapid increase of her metropolis, and prohibited any new dwelling-house to be built within three thousand paces of the gates of London, upon pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of the materials brought for the erection of such edifice, and forbade any one to have more than one family in a house. The latter clause in this arbitrary and inconvenient regulation might have been called, an act for the suppression of lodgings.

In November, the celebrated navigator, Francis Drake, returned from his great voyage of discovery round the globe; and, in the following spring, the queen did him the honour of going on board his ship at Deptford, where she partook of a collation, knighted him, and consented to share the golden fruits of his succeeding adventures. As some of Drake's enterprises were of a decidedly piratical character, and attended with circumstances of plunder and cruelty to the infant colonies of Spain, the policy of Elizabeth, in sanctioning his deeds, is doubtful; in a moral point of view, it appears unjustifiable. The English nobles, to whom Drake offered costly presents of gold and silver plate, refused to accept them; "which," says Camden, "angered him exceedingly, as it implied an intimation that they had not been honourably acquired." The Spanish court demanded restitution of the spoils, but in vain. Drake commenced his career in life as the apprentice to a pilot at Upnor, who finally bequeathed to him his little barque, which proved the foundation of his fortunes.

After he had received the honour of knighthood from his sovereign, he assumed the heraldic device of three wiverns, the family coat of sir Bernard Drake, the representative of an ancient house of that name. Sir Bernard Drake, who disclaimed all affinity with the crestless stock from which his valiant namesake sprang, considered this a great piece

[1] Wright.

of impertinence, and, the first time he met him, gave him a box on the ears, and demanded, "by what right he had presumed to assume his family arms?" Sir Francis took the blow patiently, and explained that he had assumed the wiverns as the general device of the name of Drake. Sir Bernard fiercely rejoined, "that he was the only Drake who had a right to bear the wiverns," adding a contemptuous allusion to the origin of the new knight, and his folly in pretending to any arms.

Sir Francis appealed to the queen, who told him, "that he had earned better arms for himself, which he should bear by her especial favour." She accordingly gave him an elaborate shield, charged, among other devices, with a ship, in the shrouds of which a wivern was hanging up by the heels, intended as a retaliation of the indignity which had been offered to him by his proud namesake. The next time they encountered, sir Francis Drake asked his adversary, "what he thought of the arms the queen had given him?" "The queen," rejoined the sturdy old knight, "may have given you finer arms than mine, but she neither has given you, nor could give you, a right to bear the three wiverns, the cognizance of my ancient house."

Elizabeth sometimes punned and played on words. When the archduke raised his siege from a place called the Grave, in the Low Countries, the queen received early private intelligence of the fact, and, when her secretary came to transact business, she addressed him with these words:—"Wot you what? The archduke is risen from the grave." He answered, "An' please your majesty, without the trumpet of the archangel." The queen replied, "Yea, without sound of trumpet."[1]

But for the delusive matrimonial treaty between Elizabeth and the worthless heir-presumptive of France, the Netherlands would have been at this crisis the theatre of a three-fold contention between Spain, England, and France. The object of the States was to obtain the united protection of the two last named powers against their legitimate oppressor, Philip. They deemed they should secure this by conferring the sovereignty on the duke of Anjou, whom they and half the world regarded as the husband elect of the maiden monarch of England; and, by this measure, they trusted to secure the friendship of both Elizabeth and Henry III. Their calculation was, in the end, a sagacious one, but the suspicious temper of Elizabeth led her to take the alarm, in the first instance, at not having been consulted by Anjou ere he presumed to accept the preferment that was thus flatteringly offered to him. Under an evident excitement of feeling, she addressed the following eloquent letter to sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador at Paris:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR EDWARD STAFFORD.

Supposed date, August, 1581.

"STAFFORD,—As I greatly regard your poor man's diligence,[2] so I will not leave him unrewarded.

"For the charge I have written to *Monsieur* (her lover Anjou), what I have given in to you, this it is. First, for the commissioner's authorities I have good

[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

[2] The messenger who brought the letter to which this is an answer.

reason to require that they may be as I desired, both for present mislikes, as well as for after mishaps. It happened in queen Mary's day, that when a solemn ambassade of five or six at the least, were sent from the emperor and king of Spain, even after the articles were signed, sealed, and the matter divulged, the danger was so near the queen's chamber door, that it was high time for those messengers to depart without leave taking, and bequeathing themselves to the speed of the river-stream, by water passed with all possible haste to Gravesend, and so away. I speak not this, that I fear the like; but when I make collection of sundry kinds of discontentments, all tied in a bundle, I suppose the fagot will be harder altogether to be broken.

"There is even now another accident fallen out, of no small consequence to this realm. I am sure the States have accorded to the demands of Monsieur (Anjou), and do present him the sovereignty of all the Low Countries. Suppose, now, how this may make our people think well of him, and of me to bring them to the possession of such neighbours? Oh, Stafford, I think not myself well used, and so tell monsieur, that I am made a stranger to myself, who must he be, if this matter take place? In my name, show him how impertinent it is for this season, (*probably meaning their matrimonial treaty*) to bring to the ears of our people so untimely news. God forbid that the *banes*[1] of our nuptial feast should be savoured with the sauce of our subjects' wealth! Oh, what may they think of me that for any glory of mine own would procure the ruin of my land? Hitherto they have though me no fool; let me not live the longer the worse. The end crowneth the work!

"I am sorry that common posts of London can afford me surer news than the inhabitants of towns will yield me. Let it please Monsieur to suspend his answer unto *them*[2] till he send *some* unto me of quality and trust, (i. e. some of the leading men of the Low Countries,) to communicate and concur with that I may think good for *both* our honours; for, I assure him, it *shall* (will) too much blot his fame if he deal otherwise, not only in my sight, to whom it hath pleased him to promise more than that, but especially to all the world, that be overseers of his actions. Let him never procure her harm, whose love he seeks to win. My mortal foe can no ways wish me a greater harm than England's hate; neither should death be less welcome unto me than such a mishap betide me.

"You see how nearly this matter wringeth me; use it accordingly. If it * * * him, the *deputies* (i. e. from the Low Countries) may have the charge of this matter joined with the other two, that were afore-mentioned. I dare not assure monsieur how this great matter (i. e. *their wedlock*) will end, until I be assured what way he will take with the Low Countries; for rather will I never meddle with marriage, than have such a bad covenant added to my part. Shall it be ever found true that queen Elizabeth hath solemnized the perpetual harm of England under the glorious title of marriage with Francis, heir of France? No, no, it shall never be.

"Monsieur, may fortune ask you,[3] Why should not the Low Countries be governed by the in-dwellers of that country as they were wont, and yet under my superiority, as that of the king of Spain? I answer, The case is too far different; since the one is far off by seas' distance, and the other near upon the continent.

"We willingly will not repose our whole trust so far on the French nation, as we will give them in pawn all our fortune, and afterwards stand to their discretion. I hope I shall not live to see that hour.

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[1] The meaning of this expression is not very apparent, whether her majesty means it for a pun on *banes* (harms, or ills), and marriage banns, or the bones of the meats and viands, it is altogether a very queer metaphor.

[2] Probably to the Dutch and Flemings, who had offered him their sovereignty, which had raised so much displeasure in Elizabeth's mind.

[3] i. e. *may happen to ask you.*

"Farewell, with my assurance that you will serve with faith and diligence. In haste, "Your sovereign,

"ELIZABETH."

The gist of this letter seems to be, that Elizabeth was provoked at the unexpected occurrence of her lover, Francis, duke of Anjou, being elected sovereign of the Low Countries. She says that she considers the step as "untimely," or premature; deeming that the intrigues of France had outwitted her therein. Her reasons may be deduced from the document, because as the heir of France was elected sovereign of the Low Countries *before* his union with her, these valuable provinces would in consequence go with his inheritance, in case she should have no offspring by him; and thus would the Flemish trade and alliance, which had been the main object of English policy for five centuries, be for ever lost to England, and gained by France. While, on the contrary, if Anjou, as her husband, had been elected sovereign of the Low Countries, she would have contrived to have had the best share of the power and dignity; and England might have contended successfully the right of keeping them as appendages to the crown. Thus viewed, the letter is one of the best specimens of Elizabeth's love and care of her country, and of a grand and far-sighted policy in anticipating the evils that might arise to England, after death had removed her from the scene.

Elizabeth's displeasure was, however, quickly mollified. She not only acquiesced in the election of duke Francis of Anjou to the sovereignty of the Low Countries, but assisted him with the subsidy of one hundred thousand crowns; and added a hint of her favourable disposition towards their marriage.[1] An embassy extraordinary was immediately sent from the court of France; of which the prince dauphin of Auvergne was the principal. They were received in the Thames with the greatest honours by Elizabeth's command, and landed at the Tower under a salvo of artillery. They were conducted by the young Philip, earl of Arundel, the representative of the unfortunate duke of Norfolk, sir Philip Sidney, Fulk Greville, and lord Windsor, who were esteemed four of the most honourable gentlemen of the court, to a new banqueting-house, which had been erected for their reception at Westminster, where they were entertained in the most sumptuous manner.[2] Among the pageants, sports, and princely recreations that had been prepared in honour of these distinguished foreigners, a tournament had been in contemplation; but such was the distaste manifested by the great body of her people against the French marriage, that the queen, apprehending serious tumults from any public collision with the noble foreigners, issued a proclamation, that none of her subjects should either strike, or draw weapon within four miles of London, or the court.[3]

Although the matrimonial negotiations had been renewed, in compliance with Elizabeth's insinuated wish, she was no sooner pressed to conclude the treaty, than she started fresh objections, and proposed, in lieu, one of perpetual alliance between the crowns of England and France. The king of France replied, "that he was ready to sign such

[1] Lingard. [2] Camden; Stowe. [3] Sidney Papers.

a league, as soon as the queen of England should have fulfilled her promise to his brother." At length, it was mutually agreed, that "the duke, his associates, and servants, being no English subjects, should have liberty to use their own religion, in their own houses, without molestation. The duke of Anjou and the queen of England, within six weeks after the ratification of the articles specified, shall personally contract marriage in England."[1]

It was stipulated that, as soon as the marriage was completed, the duke should assume the title of king, but the question of his being crowned should be referred to the consideration of parliament. In the event of his succeeding to the crown of France, his eldest son, by queen Elizabeth, was to inherit that realm, and the second that of England.

When it is remembered that her majesty was in her forty-ninth year, the contingency of two sovereigns proceeding from her marriage with the youthful heir of France, appears somewhat visionary. It was, however, further provided, that, in the event of the queen dying before the duke, he was to have the tuition of all their children, till the sons should attain the age of eighteen, and the daughters fifteen. He was to settle upon the queen, in dowry, 40,000 crowns per annum, out of his lands at Berri, and the queen was, by act of parliament, to secure to him, for his life, such a pension as she might please to appoint.[2] In other matters, the treaty was framed according to the marriage articles between the late queen Mary and Philip of Spain.

Before the six weeks, stipulated for the fulfilment of this treaty, had expired, Elizabeth faltered in her resolution, and attempted to evade her engagement. Yet she professed to bear a most sovereign love to her betrothed, and that her demurs only proceeded from her doubts how her subjects stood affected towards her marriage with him.[3]

The duke, who, whatever were his faults as a politician and a man, was an accomplished wooer, resolved to take no refusal from any one but the queen herself. He had had the good fortune to achieve a successful military enterprise in compelling the prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray, and, crossing the seas, hastened to plead his own cause to his august lady-love. He arrived early in November, 1582.

Elizabeth gave him, not only an honourable, but a most loving reception, and, for a time, appeared to abandon herself to the intoxication of an ardent passion. She declared, "that he was the most deserving and constant of all her lovers," and even made political engagements with him, without consulting her ministers.[4] On the anniversary of her coronation, which was, as usual, celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, and her whole court, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded, by all present, as a pledge of her intention to become his wife; and, from that time, the prince was looked upon as her betrothed husband.[5] Her conduct, at this time, was either

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Memoires de Nevers, i. 545. [5] Camden.

that of the most enamoured of women, or the most unblushing of coquettes. Her gift of the ring was duly reported by the French and Dutch envoys; bonfires, and salvos of artillery, manifested the satisfaction of these countries at the prospect of so glorious an alliance.

Her own people took the matter differently. Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham, were determined to prevent the marriage, and laid their plans accordingly. They were among the commissioners, whom the queen had commanded to prepare the articles, and also a paper, prescribing the rites for the celebration of the nuptials.[1] This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed, but, the same evening, as soon as she returned to her chamber, all her ladies, who had received their lesson from the anti-matrimonial cabal, got up a concert of weeping and wailing, they surrounded their royal mistress, and, throwing themselves at her feet, implored her to pause ere she took so fatal a step as contracting marriage, at her time of life, with a youthful husband, by whom she would, probably, be despised and forsaken. They represented all her sister had suffered from her joyless union with Philip of Spain, and entreated her, "not to share her power and glory with a foreign spouse, or to sully her fair fame as a protestant queen, by vowing obedience to a catholic husband."[2]

Elizabeth passed the night without sleep. In the morning, she sent for the duke. He found her pale and in tears. "Two more nights such as the last," she told him, "would bring her to the grave." She described the conflict of feeling between love and duty, in which it had been passed by her, and told him, "that although her affection for him was undiminished, she had, after an agonizing struggle, determined to sacrifice her own happiness to the welfare of her people." Anjou would have remonstrated, but Hatton, who was present, acted as spokesman for the agitated queen, and, with statesmanlike coldness, stated the objections to the marriage, in terms which proved that they were regarded by the council as insuperable.[3]

The duke retired, in great disorder, to his own apartment, and, plucking the ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "that the women of England were as changeable and capricious as their own climate, or the waves that encircled their island."[4]

He then demanded leave to depart, but Elizabeth implored him to remain, for "that it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious moment, but. at present, she was compelled to do violence to her own feelings." The credulous prince believed, and tarried three months, waiting the auspicious moment, which was destined never to arrive. Elizabeth, meantime, lavished the most flattering attentions upon him, and, like Calypso, omitted no device that was likely to retain this ill-favoured Telemachus spell-bound in her enchanted isle. She danced frequently, and had many tragedies and comedies acted, with masks, and all sorts of entertainments for his delight. On the new year's day, he

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[1] Memoires de Nevers.
[2] Camden.
[3] Daniel; Memoires de Nevers.
[4] Ibid; Camden; Lingard.

tilted before her, at a tournament given in honour of his visit. He had chosen the following verse for his device :—

"*Serviet æternum, dulcis torquet Eliza.*"

The moment the course was over, the queen hastened to him, and if we may believe the report of the duke de Nevers, who was present in the royal lover's suite, she saluted him repeatedly, and perceiving that he was fatigued, took him by the hand, and led him to his own chamber, that he might repose himself. The next morning she paid him a visit before he rose.[1] Many reports, even more derogatory to the dignity and delicacy of the queen, were in circulation, but these, we trust, were the profane inventions of her foes, since they are chiefly founded on the malign gossip of the countess of Shrewsbury, or the persons who forged the coarse letter pretended to have been written by Mary, queen of Scots, to queen Elizabeth. But, to return to facts. The states of Belgium grew impatient of the protracted absence of their sovereign, and demanded his return.

The prince himself was weary of the absurd thraldom in which he was held, and finding it impossible to bring his wary inamorata to the desired point, determined to be kept no longer as the puppet of her wayward will. He announced to her the day of his departure—she remonstrated; he explained the necessity of his return to his new subjects. She called them "villains,"[2] and would only consent to his departure, on condition of his promising to return in a month, and insisted, in spite of his avowed reluctance, on accompanying him part of his journey to the coast. He certainly had no wish for this tender attention, and did all he could to dissuade her majesty from leaving London, telling her, "that the journey would be painful to her, and that, as the weather was fair, and wind favourable, he was loth to loose the opportunity of performing his voyage with all speed." Elizabeth was, however, resolute, and on the 1st of February, she and all her court, accompanied the prince on his journey as far as Rochester, where they passed the night.

The next day her majesty showed him her mighty ships-of-war, lying at Chatham, and after they had been on board several of them, the prince and all the great lords of France who were in attendance, expressed their admiration of all they saw, and declared, "that it was not without good reason that the queen of England was reported to be LADYE OF THE SEAS."[3]

The queen told the prince that "all these ships and their furniture were ready to do him service when it should be requisite," for which he most humbly thanked her majesty, and after a great discharge of the ordnance, they returned again to Rochester. The third day they went to Sittingbourne, where, dining in company, the queen was served, after the English manner, by the greatest ladies of her court, and the monsieur (as he is styled by our authority), after the French fashion, by the gentlemen of his train, which ladies and gentlemen — a pleasant party,

[1] Nevers, 555—557. [2] Nevers; Lingard.
[3] Contemporary document in Nichols, vol. iii., p. 146.

no doubt — dined afterwards together. Anjou's impatience to be gone exceeded the bounds of civility. His highness besought her majesty again to go no further, declaring unto her "that the fair weather passed away." But, notwithstanding his entreaties, the queen went on still to Canterbury. There, after the queen had feasted the French nobles, she parted from the prince, mournfully, and in tears.[1] In the Ashmolean collection, the royal autograph verses "On Mount Zeur's departure," signed "Eliza Regina," are still preserved. This little poem, though a decided imitation, if not a plagiarism from Petrarca, is certainly the most elegant of all Elizabeth's poetical compositions:—

I.

"I grieve, yet dare not shew my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;
I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn;
Since from myself, my other self I turn.

II.

"My care is like my shadow in the sun,—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it
Stands and lives by me—does what I have done;
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

III.

"Some gentler passion steal into my mind,
(For I am soft, and made of melting snow;)
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant."

After the quotation of this amatory effusion, it would perhaps be difficult to make out a case of perfect indifference in behalf of the royal spinster, or to impute all the marks of fondness she manifested for her last French suitor to political coquetry alone. If we may judge from outward signs and tokens, the struggle was really severe between duty and passion in the bosom of the queen. During Anjou's journey to Sandwich, she sent repeated messages of inquiry after his health, and even when he was on ship-board, Sussex brought him an urgent invitation to return to the queen, but he was obdurate. Her ministers would not permit her to sully her glory by becoming his wife. He would not permit himself to be played with any longer. Attended by the earl of Leicester, lord Hunsdon, lord C. Howard, one hundred gentlemen, and an escort of three hundred men, he sailed on the 8th of February for Holland, promising to return to Elizabeth in March, but she never saw him again.[2]

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[1] Contemporary document in Nichols, vol. iii., p. 146.

[2] He landed at Flushing, February 10th, where he was received with great honour by the patriot prince of Orange. He was conducted to Antwerp, and inaugurated with great pomp, as duke of Brabant, with very limited powers of sovereignty. His career as the head of a protestant people, was a troubled and

If we may credit the report of the gossiping heir of Shrewsbury, Elizabeth was scarcely less afflicted for the loss of Anjou than Dido for that of Æneas. She refused to return to Whitehall, because it was likely to bring too lively a remembrance to her mind of him with whom she so unwillingly parted. She might, nevertheless, have retained this precious charmer at the price of marriage; but her fame, her power, and her popularity, were dearer to Elizabeth than idle dreams of love, and she was blessed with a happy degree of fickleness, which, in due time, enabled her to find a fresh and more agreeable source of amusement than cherishing the image of a lost lover.

It would not only be a painful task, but incompatible with the plan of this work, to enter into the details of the persecutions on the score of non-conformity, which stain the annals of this period of Elizabeth's life and reign. Suffice it to say, that the unsparing use of the rack, the gibbet, and the quartering knife, failed either to silence the zeal of the puritans, or to deter the seminary priests from performing their perilous missions as teachers of their proscribed doctrines. The natural result of these severities was, to provoke a spirit of enmity against the queen —a spirit that animated the professors of these opposing creeds to dare the sternest inflictions of the secular power unshrinkingly, for conscience' sake, even as the protestant martyrs had done in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary.

Elizabeth had been personally interested by the learning, eloquence, and ardent loyalty of the celebrated Edmund Campian, before the possibility was imagined of that star of the university of Oxford[1] forsaking

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brief one. His contempt for his own religion did not make him a good protestant, as was vainly hoped. His sister, Marguerite, queen of Navarre, said of him, "If all infidelity were banished from the face of the earth, he alone could supply the void." Even his own attendants could not help expressing their scorn of his character to himself.

"If I were the duke of Alençon," said Bussy d'Amboise, his favourite, "and you were Bussy, I would not have you even for a lacquey."

"That is too much, Bussy," replied the duke.

"He has so little courage," said Henry the Great, his brother-in-law, and sometime political ally, "and is as double-minded and malicious as he is ill-formed in body."

It would, indeed, be difficult to quote a saying in favour of this hopeful suitor of Elizabeth. He was soon involved in a labyrinth of difficulties in the Low Countries, owing to his intrigues to obtain more power than he had agreed for; and after many plots of intrigue and assassination for and against him, he decamped from his Brabant dukedom, and fled to France, where he died at his castle of Chateau Thierry, June 10, 1584, some say by poison.

[1] Edmund Campian was the first great scholar produced by Christ's Church Hospital as a protestant foundation. At thirteen, he pronounced a Latin oration to queen Mary on her accession. He became Master of Arts at Oxford, in 1566, where his beautiful Latin address to queen Elizabeth, when she visited that city, was never forgotten. He went to Ireland, to convert the Irish to the doctrines of the church of England, and wrote an excellent history of that country. Revolted and disgusted with the horrors exercised in Ireland by the government of his royal mistress, he became an ardent proselyte to the church of Rome. He was admitted into the Order of the Jesuits in 1573, returned to England as a zealous missionary, and was executed, August, 1581.

the reformed religion, by law established in England, for the proscribed doctrines of the church of Rome. After he had been tortured repeatedly, for the purpose of extorting from him the particulars of some secret plot against the queen, in which he was suspected of being an agent, Elizabeth determined to see and confer with Campian herself, and by her order he was secretly brought one evening from the Tower, and introduced to her, at the house of the earl of Leicester, in the presence of that nobleman, the earl of Bedford, and the two secretaries of state. "She asked him if he acknowledged her for queen." He replied, "Not only for queen, but for my *lawful* queen." She demanded, "If he considered that the pope could excommunicate her lawfully." He replied, evasively, "that it was not for him to decide in a controversy between her majesty and the pope. By the pope's ordinary power, he could not excommunicate princes. Whether he could by that power, which he sometimes exercised in extraordinary emergencies, was a difficult and doubtful question."[1]

Such an answer was not likely to prove satisfactory to so subtle a princess as Elizabeth, and she left him to the decision of her judges. He and twelve other catholic priests were arraigned for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to the usual horrible death awarded to traitors. This occurred while the duke of Anjou was at the court of Elizabeth, and it was observed by some of the members of the council, that the execution of so many catholic priests would disgust the future consort of their sovereign. Burleigh represented the necessity of the execution, as a measure of expediency, to allay the apprehensions of the protestants at that peculiar crisis.[2] Campian, with two others, asserted their innocence of any offence against the government, and praying, with their last breath, for queen Elizabeth.[3] Anjou took the matter as calmly as Gallio, "caring for none of those things." His creed was evidently similar to that of the cynical citizen of London in 1788, who sought to preserve his house from the attacks of the No-popery rabble, in the riots, led by lord George Gordon, by chalking on his door, "No RELIGION AT ALL."

All ranks of her people hailed her rejection of Anjou with enthusiastic feelings of applause. Shakspeare has celebrated her triumph over the snares of love in the following elegant lines:—

> "That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid, all armed! A certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
> And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

So much, however, had Anjou contrived to endear himself to the fair vestal, that the news of his danger in his last illness gave her such pain,

[1] Bartoli; Lingard; Howel's State Trials. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. Camden.

that she refused to believe it, accused her ambassador, sir Edward Stafford, of wishing for his death, and reprimanded him in such severe terms, that when that event actually occurred, he was afraid of informing her, for fear, as he said, "of ministering cause to her grief."[1]

Henry III., in a letter to Mauvissiere, his ambassador, directs him to communicate this event "to the queen of England, his good sister, who, I am sure," says he, "will share in my great regret, for he greatly honoured her."[2]

So ended the last matrimonial negotiation in which Elizabeth condescended to engage. From that time, she appears to have regarded herself entirely as the spouse of the nation.

"The queen," says sir John Harrington, "did once ask my wife, in merry sort, 'how she kept my good-will and love.' My Moll, in wise and discreet manner, told her highness 'she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well-founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey; hereby did she persuade her husband of her own affection, and in so doing did command his.'"

"Go to—go to! mistress," saith the queen. "You are wisely bent, I find; after such sort do I keep the good-will of all my husbands—my good people—for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."[3]

In the same year (1583), the czar, Ivan Basilovitch, applied to Elizabeth to negotiate a peace between him and John, king of Sweden, and was so well pleased with her good offices, that, imagining she might stand his friend in a matter more interesting to his personal happiness, he made humble suit to her majesty, to send him a wife out of England. Elizabeth made choice of a young lady of royal Plantagenet descent, Anne, sister to the earl of Huntingdon; but when she discovered that the barbarous laws of Muscovy allowed the sovereign to put away his czarina as soon as he was tired of her, and wished for something new in the conjugal department, she excused her fair subject from accepting the proffered honour, by causing his imperial majesty to be informed "that the young lady's health was too delicate for such a change of climate, and her mother was too tenderly attached to endure the absence of her daughter; and above all, the laws of England would not permit her to give away the daughters of her subjects in marriage without the consent of her parents." The czar was dissatisfied, and did not long survive his disappointment.[4]

Some years after, one of his successors, the czar Boris Godonouf, made a request to her to send an English consort for one of his sons, and by the following passages in a letter from his imperial majesty to her, it should seem that Elizabeth had either outlived her former scruples, or found some noble family willing to obtain the perilous pre-

[1] Murdin's State Papers, 397. Castelnau also bears testimony to her extreme grief and trouble at his death.

[2] Bethune MS., No. 8808. Bibliothèque du Roi.

[3] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., pp. 177, 178.

[4] Camden's Annals. MS. Cotton. Nero, b. xi., p. 392.

ferment for one of the daughters, and that the royal Muscovite entertained a suspicion that some trickery was intended in the matter, for he manifests prudential caution in his inquiries as to the young lady's descent, person, and qualifications.

"Concerning the argument of your princely letters," he says, "it cannot but give us an extraordinary contentment, we finding therein your majesty's love and affection towards us and our children, carefully endeavouring the matching and bestowing of them in your own line and race. By which your letters your highness made known unto us, that, amongst others, you have made choice of a young lady being a pure maiden, nobly descended by father and mother, adorned with graces and extraordinary gifts of nature, about eleven years of age, of whom you made an offer to us. * * * But your majesty hath not particularly written unto us of that worthy lady, what she is; whether she be of your highness's blood, descended of your royal race, by your father or mother, or from some other archduke or duke, whereof we are desirous of being resolved."

This year died Elizabeth's faithful kinsman and servant, the earl of Sussex. He retained his contempt of his old adversary, Leicester, to the last. "I am now passing into another world," said he, to the friends, who surrounded his death-bed, "and I must leave you to your fortunes and the queen's grace and goodness, but beware of the gipsy, or he will be too hard for you all; you know not the nature of the beast as well as I do."[1] Leicester, however, never regained his influence with his royal mistress after his marriage with her cousin, Lettice Knollys, the widow of the earl of Essex, though he retained his place in the cabinet, and was, with Burleigh and Hatton, mainly instrumental in traversing her marriage with the duke of Anjou.

Elizabeth's temper became more irritable than usual, after she was deprived of the amusement of coquetting with the princes and envoys of France over her last matrimonial treaty, and Burleigh often shed bitter tears in private, in consequence of the life she led him. At length, worn out with these vexations, and disgusted with the treatment he received from a growing party that was beginning to divide the council against him, he requested permission to withdraw from the turmoils of the court, and end his days in retirement at Theobalds; on which the queen, who knew his value too well to be content to part with him, wrote the following lively letter to the discontented minister:—

"Sir Spirit,

"I doubt I do nick-name you. For those of your kind (they say) have no *sense* (feeling). But I have lately seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being *spirit*, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the king, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrong, by making known their error, than you to be so silly a soul as to fore slow what you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much as not to regard her trust who putteth it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last.

"Omnino, E. R."

The queen likewise wrote a facetious address to him, by the title of Sir Eremite, of *Tyball* (Theobalds), a rhapsody, which, in affectation

[1] Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

surpasses all the euphuism of that era. Queen Elizabeth loved now and then quietly to circumvent Burleigh. On one of her visits to Theobalds, she had promised to make seven knights; he chose and arranged the candidates for that honour, so that some gentlemen of ancient lineage stood at the lower part of his hall, meaning that the parvenus should be knighted first as the queen passed — and thus as the elder knights take precedence ever after of their better-born neighbours. The queen was informed of this scheme, but said nothing. As she went through the hall where the candidates for knighthood were placed, according to Burleigh's policy, she passed all by, till she came to the screen, when she turned about, and said, "I had almost forgot what I had promised," and beginning with the lowest-placed gentlemen, knighted all in rotation as they stood. Stanhope, a gentleman of her privy chamber, observed to her, "Your majesty was too fine for my lord Burleigh."

"Nay," replied Elizabeth, "I have but fulfilled the Scripture, 'the first shall be last, and the last first.'"[1]

Elizabeth's ladies and courtiers were universally malcontent at the idea of a visit to Theobalds, where strict economy and precision of manners always prevailed, and no amusements were provided for their recreation.

Elizabeth's maids of honour were regarded with a jealous eye by her cabinet, as the purveyors of the abundant stores of gossip with which her majesty was constantly supplied. Yet they had little influence in obtaining her favour for any applicant, which made sir Walter Raleigh declare, "that they were like witches, capable of doing great harm, but no good." Sir Fulk Greville, who had often access to the queen, held long private conversations with her, and though he had both the power and inclination to do good, which he often used for the benefit of those who had fallen into disgrace, the queen's maids declared, "he brought her all the tales she heard," which made him say merrily of himself, "That he was like Robin Goodfellow, for when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping and racket, they laid it all on Robin; so whatever gossip tales the queen's ladies told her, or whatever bad turns they did to the courtiers, they laid all upon him."

Indeed, there seems to have been an incipient warfare for ever going on between Elizabeth's maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household. Her kinsman, sir Francis Knollys, a learned old *militaire*, whose office brought his apartment in close contiguity to the dormitory of the maids of honour, declared "that they used, when retired for the night, to frisk and hey about, so that it was in vain for him to attempt sleep or study." One night, when the fair bevy were more than usually obstreperous, he marched into their apartment in dishabille, and with his book in his hand, and an enormous pair of spectacles on his nose, walked up and down, declaiming in Latin: some of the young ladies fled, half-dressed, others entreated his absence, but he said "he would not leave them in quiet possession of their dormitory, without they permitted him to rest in his apartment."

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[1] Bacon's Apothegms.

But these lively ladies, like the rest of Elizabeth's household, sometimes felt, in their turn, the effects of her caprice. "I could relate," says Harrington, "many pleasant tales of her majesty's outwitting the wittiest ones, for few knew how to aim their shafts against her cunning. I will tell a story that fell out when I was a boy. She did love rich clothing, but often chid those that bought more finery than became their state. It happened that lady Mary Howard was possessed of a rich border, powdered with gold and pearls, and a velvet suit belonging thereto, which moved many to envy, nor did it please the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day, the queen did send privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forth the chamber among her ladies, the kirtle and border being far too short for her majesty's height; she asked every one "how they liked her new fancied suit?" At length, she asked the owner herself, "if it were not made too short and ill-becoming?" to which the poor lady agreed.

"Why then," rejoined the queen, "if it become not me, as being too short, it shall never become thee, as being too fine."

This sharp rebuke abashed the lady, and the vestment was laid up till after the queen's death.[1]

As a proof that Elizabeth possessed the rare faculty of dividing her attention among a variety of subjects at the same time, Harrington records the fact, that she wrote one letter while she dictated another to her amanuensis, and listened to a tale, to which she made suitable replies, all at the same time. He has preserved the letters, which were found in a MS., entitled, "A precious Token of her highness's great wit and marvellous understanding."

In one of these letters, queen Elizabeth defines friendship "to be the uniform consent of two minds, such as virtue links, and nought but death can part. Therefore," says the royal metaphysician, "I conclude the house which shrinketh from its foundation shall down for me." With consummate knowledge of the human heart, she goes on to observe, "that where minds differ, and opinions swerve, there is scant a friend in that company."

Queen Elizabeth gave her half-brother, sir John Perrot, the command of a fleet to intercept a meditated invasion of Ireland by Philip II. And sir John prepared for the voyage, taking with him for his personal band fifty gentlemen of good family, dressed in orange-coloured cloaks. As this party lay to, in his barge off Greenwich palace, where the queen kept her court, sir John sent one of these orange-men on shore with a diamond, as a token to his mistress, Blanche Parry,[2] willing him to tell her "that a diamond coming unlooked-for did always bring good luck with it;" which the queen overhearing, sent sir John a fair jewel hanged

[1] Lady Mary Howard appears to have incurred the queen's ill-will by he undisguised flirtations with the young earl of Essex, who was beginning, at this period, to attract the favour of her majesty.—Nugæ Antiquæ.

[2] Blanche Parry, the queen's old maid of honour, was one of the learned women of the day. She was born in 1508, died blind in 1589. She was an alchymist, astrologer, antiquary, and herald. She was a great crony of Dr. Dee, the conjuror, and, it is probable, kept up his connexion with the queen.—Ballard.

by a white cypress (a white love-ribbon), signifying withal, "that as long as he wore that for her sake, she did believe, with God's help, he should have no harm."

This message and jewel, sir John received right joyfully, and returned answer to the queen—

"That he would wear it for his sovereign's sake, and he doubted not, with God's favour, to restore her ships in safety, and either to bring back the Spaniards prisoners, if they came in his way, or to sink them in the deep sea.'

"So, as sir John passed in his barge, the queen, looking out of a window at Greenwich palace, shaked her fan at him, and put out her hand towards him. Whereupon he, making a low obeisance, put the scarf and jewel round his neck." Sir John encountered no enemy but a dreadful storm.

Perrot was soon after appointed by the queen to the highest military command in Ireland, where, while he exercised the most despotic cruelty on the insurgents, he manifested the strongest inclination to act independently of her majesty, whose birth he considered not a whit better than his own. The speeches he made on various occasions to this effect, were carefully registered against him. It was his pleasure to suppress the cathedral of St. Patrick; the queen forbade this proceeding, when he thus undutifully addressed the council:—"Stick not so much on the queen's letters of commandment, for she may command what she will, but we will do what we like." The queen appointed Mr. Errington clerk of the exchequer, on which sir John exclaimed, "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure. God's, dear lady, he shall not have the office! I will give it to sir Thomas Williams." This was proved by the oath of his secretary, Philip Williams, who, when he was brought to trial for disobedience and contempt of the queen, was the principal witness against him. Sir John earnestly requested his secretary might be confronted with him; but, with the infamous injustice with which such trials were carried on in the sixteenth century, Popham, the queen's attorney-general, forbade this reasonable request. One of the depositions of this man touched Elizabeth on tender ground; at the time of the Spanish invasion, sir John, by his report, said, "Ah, silly woman, now she shall not curb me! now she shall not rule me! Now, God's dear lady, I shall be her white boy again;" adding, that when sir John Garland brought him letter from the queen, he said, with violent execrations, "This it is, to serve a base-born woman! Had I served any prince in Christendom, I had not been thus dealt withal."[1] He was accused of treasonable communication with Spain, but nothing was proved excepting foolish speeches.

He attributed his disgrace chiefly to the malice of his old enemy, sir Christopher Hatton, whom he despised as a carpet knight, who had danced his way into Elizabeth's good graces. When sir John Perrot was told he must die, he exclaimed, "God's death! will my sister sacrifice her brother to his frisking adversaries?"[2]

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[1] State Trials, vol. vii., p. 30.

[2] Fragmenta Regalia.

When Elizabeth heard this truly Tudor-like remonstrance, she paused from signing his death-warrant, saying, "They were all knaves that condemned him."

His furious antipathy to sir Christopher Hatton, and his sneers at his dancing, will remind the reader of Gray's celebrated lines—

> "My lord high-keeper led the brawls,
> The seals and maces danced before him."

Sir John Perrot was not executed, but pined himself to death, like a prisoned eagle, in confinement in the Tower.

The greatest contradiction ever offered to queen Elizabeth proceeded from men of her own blood. One afternoon, when she was at cards, she turned to her young kinsman, Robert Carey, who stood at her elbow, and asked him when his father, lord Hunsdon, meant to depart to his government at Berwick? he replied, "after Whitsuntide." This information put her majesty into a great rage; "God's wounds!" she exclaimed, "I will set him by the feet, and send another in his place, if he dallies thus." Robert Carey replied, that the delay was but to make provision. She declared that Hunsdon had been going from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to Whitsuntide; and if he was not off directly, she would put another in his place, and so she commanded Carey to tell him. But Hunsdon came of her own lineage, and shared her own indomitable spirit. By way of reply, he told his mind very freely to Burleigh. The threat of laying him by the feet, he could not digest, and alluded to it in these high spirited words:—"Any imprisonment she may put me to shall redound to her dishonour; because I neither have nor will I deserve it."[1]

The queen's conduct to this faithful kinsman is characteristic of her niggardliness. He had a double claim on the earldom of Wiltshire. Elizabeth withheld it through his life, but when he was on his death-bed, she sent the robes and patent to his bed-side. Whereupon he, who could dissemble neither in life nor death, sent them back with these words, "Tell the queen, that if I was unworthy these honours living, I am unworthy of them dying."

It will be allowed that a narrative, wholly devoted to the personal biography of Elizabeth, can afford but a few words as a retrospect of her regal sway over the sister island. "Ireland," says Naunton, "cost her more vexation than anything else. The expense of it pinched her; the ill success of her offices wearied her; and in that service she grew hard to please." The barbarity with which she caused that country to be devastated, is unprecedented, excepting in the extermination of the Caribs by the Spaniards.

Henry VIII. had given himself little concern with the state of religion in Ireland; it remained virtually a catholic country; the monasteries and their inhabitants were not uprooted, as in England; and the whole country incipiently acknowledged the supremacy of the pope, through all the Tudor reigns, till Elizabeth ascended the throne. The false step taken by the pope at Elizabeth's accession, by mooting the point of her

[1] Life of Sir Robert Carey, p. 231—233.

reign *de juro*, instead of considering it *de facto*, forced her into the measure of insisting that all Ireland should renounce the catholic religion, and become protestant; and this she enforced under the severest penal laws. Ireland, which had acknowledged the English monarchs as suzerains, or lords paramount over their petty kings and chiefs, for several centuries, had scarcely allowed them as kings of Ireland for a score of years, now flamed out into rebellion against the English lord-deputy; and this functionary, by the queen's orders, governed despotically, by mere orders of council; and endeavoured to dispense with the Irish parliament. The taxes were forthwith cessed at the will of the lord-deputy. The earl of Desmond, the head of the Fitzgeralds, and possessed at that time of an estate of six hundred thousand acres, aided by lord Baltinglas, head of the Eustaces, whose family had for four generations filled the office of lords-treasurer, or lords-deputy, and were ever closely allied with the Geraldines, resisted the payment of this illegal tax, and required that a parliament might be called, as usual, to fix the demands on the subject; for which measure, these gallant precursors of Hampden were forthwith immured in a tower of Dublin castle. They sent messengers to Elizabeth, to complain of the conduct of her lord-deputy; for which presumption, as she called it, she transferred them to the more alarming prison of the Tower of London. The English parliament, however, finding their sole crime was the vindication of the existence of a parliament in Ireland, were inclined to view the case as bearing on their own. Elizabeth, therefore, postponed her vengeance on Desmond and Baltinglas, and ordered their liberation.

Philip of Spain, then, in revenge for the assistance given by Elizabeth to his protestant subjects in the Low Countries, proffered aid to the Irish; the Geraldines and Eustaces flew to arms, and for many years sustained a contest with the English lord-deputy. At length, the venerable earl of Desmond, crushed by overwhelming numbers, became a fugitive, and after wandering about in glens and forests for three years, was surprised in a lonely hut by a party of his enemies. Kelly of Moriarty struck off his head, and conveyed it, as an acceptable present, to queen Elizabeth, by whose order it was fixed on London Bridge.[1]

The lord-deputy Montjoy (the Irish say by the advice of Spenser, the poet), the commander of the English forces, commenced that horrid war of extermination which natives call "the hag's wars." The houses and standing corn of the wretched natives were burnt, and the cattle killed, wherever the English came, which starved the people into temporary submission. When some of the horrors of the case were represented to the queen, and she found the state to which the sister island was reduced, she was heard to exclaim, "that she found she had sent wolves, not shepherds, to govern Ireland, for they had left nothing but ashes and carcasses for her to reign over!"

This deprecatory speech did not, however, save the lives of the patriots who had resisted the extinction of the Irish parliaments. Lord Baltinglas was beheaded, and a peculiar act passed, called the Statute of

[1] Camden; Lingard.

Baltinglas, which confiscated the estates granted to the Eustaces in Ireland, although the young brother of lord Baltinglas had taken no part in the rebellion.[1]

The latter days of Elizabeth were certainly impoverished and embittered by the long strife in Ireland; and if her sister declared, "that, when dead, Calais would be found written on her heart," Elizabeth had as much reason to affirm, that the burning cares connected with the state of Ireland had wasted her lamp of life.

[1] See the important document in Egerton Papers, published by the Camden Society, headed, "Royal Prerogative." The Rev. Charles Eustace, of Kildare, is the representative of this family, and the claimant of the Baltinglas peerage. The illegal attainder, by which the last lord Baltinglas suffered, could not, in point of law or justice, affect the descendants of his brother, who never forfeited his allegiance. The restoration, by George IV., of the forfeited peerages to the descendants of some of the noblemen who suffered for their devotion to the cause of Stuart, was not only a generous but a politic measure, as it healed all ancient wounds, and for ever quenched the spirit of hereditary disaffection to the reigning family in many a noble heart, which, from that hour, glowed with loyal affection to the sovereign, in grateful acknowledgment of the royal act of grace. Surely the services which the father and brothers of the venerable claimant of the Baltinglas peerage have performed for England, have been sufficient to obliterate the offence of their collateral ancestor, the unfortunate but patriotic victim of the unconstitutional government of Elizabeth in Ireland.

END OF VOL. VI.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

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In old historic rolls, I opened.
BEAUMONT.

VOL. VII.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1850.

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ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IX.

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The unjust detention of Mary, Queen of Scots, in an English prison, had for fifteen years proved a source of personal misery to Elizabeth, and a perpetual incentive to crime. The worst passions of the human heart—jealousy, hatred, and revenge—were kept in a constant state of excitement by the confederacies that were formed in her dominions, in behalf of the captive heiress of the crown. Her ministers pursued a systematic course of espionage and treachery, in order to discover the friends of the unfortunate Mary; and when discovered, omitted no means, however base, by which they might be brought under the penalty of treason.[1] The sacrifice of human life was appalling; the violation of all

[1] See Camden; Bishop Goodman; Howel's State Trials.

moral and divine restrictions of conscience more melancholy still.[1] Scaffolds streamed with blood; the pestilential gaols were crowded with victims, the greater portion of whom died of fever or famine, unpitied and unrecorded, save in the annals of private families.

Among the features of this agitating period, was the circumstance of persons of disordered intellects accusing themselves of designs against the life of their sovereign, and denouncing others as their accomplices. Such was the case with regard to Somerville, an insane catholic gentleman, who attacked two persons with a drawn sword, and declared that he would murder every protestant in England, and the queen, as their head. Somerville had, unfortunately, married the daughter of Edward Arden, a high-spirited gentleman of ancient descent, in Warwickshire, and a kinsman of Shakspeare's mother. Arden had incurred the deadly malice of Leicester, not only for refusing to wear his livery, like the neighbouring squires, to swell his pomp during queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, "but chiefly," says Dugdale, "for galling him by certain strong expressions, touching his private addresses to the countess of Essex before she was his wife." These offences had been duly noted down for vengeance; and the unfortunate turn which the madness of the lunatic son-in-law had taken, formed a ready pretext for the arrest of Arden, his wife, daughters, sister, and a missionary priest named Hall.

Arden and Hall were subjected to the torture, and Hall admitted that Arden had once been heard to wish "that the queen were in heaven." This was sufficient to procure the condemnation and execution of Arden. Somerville was found strangled in his cell at Newgate. Hall and the ladies were pardoned. As the insanity of Somerville was notorious, it was generally considered that Arden fell a victim to the malice of Leicester, who parcelled out his lands among his dependants.[2] But while plots, real and pretended, threatening the life of the queen, agitated the public mind from day to day, it had become customary for groups of the populace to throw themselves on their knees in the dirt by the wayside, whenever she rode out, and pray for her preservation, invoking blessings on her head, and confusion to the papists, with the utmost power of their voices. A scene of this kind once interrupted an important political dialogue, the maiden queen held with the ambassador Mauvissière, as he rode by her side, from Hampton Court to London, in November, 1583. She was in the act of discussing the plots of the Jesuits, "when," says Mauvissière,[3] "just at this moment many people, in large companies, met her by the way, and kneeling on the ground, with divers

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[1] On the 17th of November, 1577, the attorney-general was directed to examine Thomas Sherwood on the rack, and orders were given to place him in the dungeon among the *rats*. This horrible place was a den in the Tower, below high-water mark, entirely dark, and the resort of innumerable rats, which had been known to wound and maim the limbs of the wretched denizens of this dungeon; but Sherwood's constancy and courage were not subdued by the horrors of this cell.

[2] Camden.

[3] Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. ii., p. 29, published by Mr. Colburn, 1842.

sorts of prayers, wished her a thousand blessings, and that the evil-disposed who meant to harm her might be discovered, and punished as they deserved. She frequently stopped to thank them, for the affection they manifested for her. She and I being alone, amidst her retinue, mounted on goodly horses, she observed to me, 'that she saw clearly that she was not disliked by all.'"

It is not very difficult to perceive, by the dry manner of Mauvissière, that he deemed this scene was got up for the purpose. Indeed, such public displays of fervency are by no means in unison with the English national character.

The parsimony of Elizabeth in all affairs of state policy, where a certain expenditure was required, often embarrassed her ministers, and traversed the arrangements they had made, or were desirous of making, in her name, with foreign princes. Walsingham was, on one occasion, so greatly annoyed by her majesty's teasing minuteness and provoking interference in regard to money matters, that he took the liberty of penning a long letter of remonstrance to her, amounting to an absolute lecture on the subject.

"Sometimes," says he, "when your majesty doth behold in what doubtful terms you stand with foreign princes, then do you wish, with great affection, that opportunities offered had not been slipped. But when they are offered to you (if they be accompanied with charges), they are altogether neglected. Common experience teacheth, that it is as hard in a politic body to prevent any mischief without charges, as in a natural body, diseased, to cure the same without pain. Remember, I humbly beseech your majesty, the respect of charges hath lost Scotland, and I would to God I had no cause to think that it might put your highness in peril of the loss of England. I see it, and they stick not to say it, that the only cause that maketh them here (in France) not to weigh your majesty's friendship, is, that they see your majesty doth fly charges, otherwise than by doing them underhand. It is strange, considering in what state your majesty standeth, that in all directions that we have here received, we have special charge not to yield to anything that may be accompanied with charges.

"The general league must be without any certain charges; the particular league, with a voluntary and no certain charge; as also that which is to be attempted in favour of don Antonio. The best is, that if they were (as they are not) inclined to deal in any of these points, then they were like to receive but small comfort for anything that we have direction to assent unto. Heretofore your majesty's predecessors, in matters of peril, did never look into charges, though their treasure was neither so great as your majesty's is, nor their subjects so wealthy, nor so willing to contribute. A person that is diseased, if he look only upon the medicine, without regard of the pain he sustaineth, cannot in reason and nature but abhor the same; if, therefore, no peril, why then 't is vain to be at charges, but if there be peril, it is hard that charges should be preferred before peril. I pray God that the abatement of the charges towards that nobleman, that hath the custody of the *bosom serpent* (*meaning Mary, Queen of Scots*), hath not lessened his care in keeping of her. To think that in a man of his birth and quality, after twelve years' travail, in charge of such weight, to have an abatement of allowance, and no recompence otherwise made, should not breed discontentment, no man that hath reason can so judge; and, therefore, to have so special a charge committed to a person discontented, everybody seeth it standeth no way with policy. What dangerous effects this loose keeping hath bred! The taking away of Morton, the alienation of the king (*James of Scotland*), and a general revolt in religion, intended (*caused*) only by her charges, doth show.

"And, therefore, nothing being done to help the same, is a manifest argument that the peril that is like to grow thereby is so fatal, as it can by no means be prevented, if this sparing and improvident course be still held, the mischiefs approaching being so apparent as they are. I conclude, therefore, having spoken in the heat of duty, without offence to your majesty, that no one that serveth in the place of a counsellor, that either weigheth his own credit, or carrieth that sound affection to your majesty as he ought to do, that would not wish himself in the furthest part of Ethiopia, rather than enjoy the fairest palace in England. The Lord, therefore, direct your majesty's heart to take that way of counsel that may be most for your safety and honour.

"F. WALSINGHAM.[1]

"September 2d."

There is no date of place or year to this very curious letter; but the allusions render it apparent that it was written in France, just after the attempt made by Elizabeth and her council at home, to curtail the allowance of fifty-two pounds per week, which had been, in the first instance, granted to the earl of Shrewsbury, for the board and maintenance of the captive queen of Scots and her household, to thirty. Even this stinted sum was sorely grudged by Elizabeth. The earl complained of being a great loser, and pinched the table of his luckless charge in so niggardly a fashion, that a serious complaint was made to queen Elizabeth, by the French ambassador, of the badness and meanness of the diet provided for Mary. Elizabeth wrote a severe reprimand to Shrewsbury; and he, who was rendered by the jealousy of his wife the most miserable of men, petitioned to be released from the odious office that had been thrust upon him, of jailer to the fair, ill-fated Scottish queen. After a long delay, his resignation was accepted; but he had to give up his gloomy castle of Tutbury, for a prison for Mary, no other house in England, it was presumed, being so thoroughly distasteful to the royal captive, as an abiding place.[2]

Walsingham's term of "bosom serpent" appears peculiarly infelicitous as applied to Mary Stuart, who was never admitted to Elizabeth's presence, or vouchsafed the courtesies due to a royal lady and a guest, but, when crippled with chronic maladies, was denied the trifling indulgence of a coach, or an additional servant to carry her in a chair.

The arrest and execution of Morton, in Scotland, was peculiarly displeasing to Elizabeth, and embarrassing to her council. Walsingham boldly reproaches his royal mistress, in the above letter, with having lost this valuable political tool, by not having offered a sufficient bribe for the preservation of his life. Mauvissière, in a letter to his own court, gives an amusing detail of an altercation which was carried on between Elizabeth and the archbishop of St. Andrew's, on account of the execution of Morton, in which she vituperated the queen of Scots and the young king James, and in the midst of her choler, exclaimed—

"I am more afraid of making a fault in my Latin, than of the kings of Spain, France, and Scotland, the whole house of Guise, and their confederates."[3]

Elizabeth stood on no ceremony with the envoys of Scotland, who

[1] Complete Ambassador, p. 427.
[2] Lodge's Illustrations.
[3] MS. Harl., folio 398.

scrupled to sell their fealty for English gold. In the previous year, when James had dispatched his favourite minister, the duke of Lenox, with a letter and message to her, explanatory of the late events in Scotland, she at first refused to see him, and when she was, at last, induced to grant him an interview, she, according to the phrase of Calderwood, the historian of the Kirk, "rattled him up" on the subject of his political conduct, but he replied with so much mildness and politeness, that her wrath was subdued, and she parted from him courteously.

The revolution by which Lenox and his colleague Stuart, earl of Arran, had emancipated their youthful sovereign from the degrading tutelage in which he had been kept, by his father's murderers and his mother's foes, had also broken Elizabeth's ascendancy in the Scottish court. A counter influence, even that of the captive Mary Stuart, was just then predominant there. Davison, Elizabeth's ambassador to Scotland, assured Walsingham that the Scottish queen, from the guarded recesses of her prison, guided both king and nobles as she pleased.[1]

The young king was now marriageable, and his mother's intense desire for him to marry with a princess of Spain was well known. If such an alliance were once accomplished, it might be suspected that the English catholics, assured of aid, both from Scotland and Spain, would no longer endure the severity of penal laws, and the injustice to which they were subjected by a queen, whose doubtful legitimacy might afford a convenient pretext to the malcontent party for her deposition. The Jesuits, undismayed by tortures and death, arrayed their talents, their courage, and subtlety, against Elizabeth, with quiet determination, and plots, and rumours of plots, against her life and government, thickened round her. The details of these would require a folio volume. The most important in its effects was that in which the two Throckmortons, Francis and George, were implicated, with Charles Paget, in a correspondence with Morgan, an exiled catholic, employed in the queen of Scots' service abroad. Francis Throckmorton endured the rack thrice with unflinching constancy; but when, with bruised and distorted limbs, he was led for a fourth examination to that terrible machine, he was observed to tremble. The nervous system had been wholly disarranged, and, in the weakness of exhausted nature, he made admissions which appeared to implicate Mendoça, the Spanish ambassador, as the author of a plot for dethroning queen Elizabeth. Mendoça indignantly denied the charge, when called upon to answer it, before the privy council, and retorted upon Burleigh the injury that had been done to his sovereign, by the detention of the treasure in the Genoese vessels.[2] He was, however, ordered to quit England without delay. Lord Paget and Charles Arundel fled to France, where they set forth a statement that they had retired beyond seas, not from a consciousness of guilt, but to avoid the effects of Leicester's malice. Lord Paget was brother to one of the persons accused.

Throckmorton retracted on the scaffold all that had been wrung from his reluctant lips by the terrors of the rack.

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[1] MS. letter in State Paper Office, quoted by Tytler. [2] Camden.

The capture of Creighton, the Scotch Jesuit, and the seizure of his papers, which he had vainly endeavoured to destroy, by throwing them into the sea, when he found the vessel in which he had taken his passage pursued by the queen's ships, brought to light an important mass of evidence connected with the projected invasion of England, and Elizabeth perceived that a third of her subjects were ready to raise the standard of revolt in the name of Mary Stuart. At this momentous crisis, the treachery of the king of Scotland's mercenary envoy, Arthur Gray, by putting Elizabeth in possession of the secrets of his own court, and the plans of the captive queen, enabled her to countermine the operations of her foes. She out-manœuvred king James, and, as usual, bribed his cabinet; she first duped, and then crushed Mary, and laid the rod of her vengeance with such unsparing severity on her catholic subjects, that the more timorous fled, as the reformers had done in the reign of her sister, to seek liberty of conscience, as impoverished exiles, in foreign lands.

It was not, however, every one who was so fortunate as to escape. Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland, brother to the unfortunate earl Thomas, who had been beheaded, for his share in the northern rebellion, was sent to the Tower, on pretext of having implicated himself in the Throckmorton plot, Shelly, an acquaintance of his, having admitted something to this effect, in a confession extorted by the rack. After having been detained more than a year in close confinement, without being brought to trial, the earl was found one morning dead in his bed, with three slugs lodged in his heart. His keeper had been superseded, the night before, by a servant of sir Christopher Hatton; therefore, suspicions were entertained that he had been murdered, but the jury brought in a verdict of *felo-de-se*, it having been deposed that he had been heard to swear, with an awful oath, "that the queen," whom he irreverently designated by a name only proper to a female of the canine race, "should not have his estates;" and, therefore, to avert the consequences which would result from an act of attainder being passed upon him, he had obtained a pistol through the intervention of a friend, and shot himself in his bed.[1]

A more lingering tragedy was the doom of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, the eldest son of the beheaded duke of Norfolk. This young nobleman had been educated in the protestant faith, and was married, in his fifteenth year, to one of the co-heiresses of the ancient family of Dacre. Her, he at first neglected, intoxicated, as it appears, by the seductive pleasures of the court, and the flattering attentions which the queen lavished upon him. It had even been whispered among the courtiers, "that if he had not been a married man, he might have aspired to the hand of his sovereign."[2] Meantime, his deserted wife, in the seclusion of the country, became a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, probably through the persuasions of her husband's grandfather, Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, as her change of creed took place during his

[1] Horace Walpole; Bayleys' History of the Tower.

[2] MS. Life of Philip, Earl of Arundel, in possession of the Duke of Norfolk. Howard Memorials.

life. On the death of that nobleman, Philip Howard claimed to succeed him in his honours and estates. His claims were admitted, and he took his place in the House of Lords, as earl of Arundel, and premier peer of England: for there were then no dukes, his father having been the last man who bore that dignity in Elizabeth's reign.

The malignant influences that had destroyed Norfolk, pursued his son. They were, in fact, similar characters, possessing many amiable qualities, but devoid of moral courage and manly decision. The prophetic malediction which was denounced against Reuben—"unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—appears peculiarly applicable to both these unfortunate Howards. They were of a temperament too soft and timid for the times; and the very excess of caution which they exercised, to avoid committing themselves, either personally or politically, was the cause of exciting a greater degree of suspicion in the mind of their wary and observant sovereign, than would probably have been the result of a more manly line of conduct.

Norfolk had been the dupe and the victim of men, who had taken advantage of his vacillating disposition to beguile him into overt acts of treason, and then hunted him to the scaffold. Arundel, with naturally virtuous and refined inclinations, had been led, by the contagious influence of evil companions, into a career of sinful folly, which impaired his fortune, deprived him of the respect of his friends, and excited the contempt of his enemies. The repeated slights that were put upon him, rendered him at length aware of the light in which he was regarded in that false flattering court; and in the mingled bitterness of self-reproach and resentment, he retired to Arundel castle. There he became, for the first time, sensible of the virtues and endearing qualities of his neglected wife, and endeavoured, by every mark of tender attention, to atone for his past faults.

The queen took umbrage at Arundel's withdrawing from court. Notwithstanding the caresses she had lavished upon him, she regarded him with distrust as the son of the beheaded Norfolk. The nature of her feelings towards the family of that unfortunate nobleman, had been betrayed as early as two years after his execution, on the occasion of his sister, the lady Berkeley, kneeling to solicit some favour at her hand. "No, no, my lady Berkeley," exclaimed her majesty, turning hastily away. "We know you will never love us for your brother's death."[1] Yet Elizabeth amused herself with coquetting with the disinherited heir of Norfolk, till his reconciliation with his deserted countess provoked her into unequivocal manifestations of hostility, and confirmed the general remark, that "no married man could hope to retain her favour if he lived on terms of affection with his wife."

The first indications of her displeasure fell on the weaker vessel. Lady Arundel was presented for recusancy, and confined under the royal warrant to the house of sir Thomas Shirley for twelve months.[2]

Arundel was deeply offended at the persecution of his lady, and the deprivation of her society, of which he had learned the value too late.

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[1] Smythe's Lives of the Berkeleys.

[2] Howard Memorials.

He was himself, at heart, a convert to the same faith which she openly professed; and being much importuned by the friends of the queen of Scots to enter into the various confederacies formed in her favour, he determined to avoid further danger, by quitting England. His secretary, Mumford, had already engaged a passage for him, in a vessel that was to sail from Hull, when he was informed that it was her majesty's intention to honour him with a visit at Arundel house. Elizabeth came, was magnificently entertained, behaved graciously, and carried her dissimulation so far, as to speak in terms of commendation of her host to the French ambassador, Mauvissière de Castelnau, who was present.

"She praised the earl of Arundel much for his good-nature," says that statesman; but when she took her leave of him, she thanked him for his hospitality, and in return, bade him "consider himself a prisoner in his own house." His brother, lord William Howard, and Mumford, his secretary, were arrested at the same time.[1] They were subjected to very rigorous examinations, and Mumford was threatened with the rack. Nothing was, however, elicited, that could furnish grounds for proceeding against any of the parties; and after a short imprisonment they were set at liberty. Arundel, after this, attempted once more to leave England, and had actually embarked and set sail from the coast of Sussex. The vessel was chased at sea by two of the queen's ships; he was taken, brought back, and lodged in the Tower.[2] Previous to his departure, he had written a pathetic letter to Elizabeth, complaining of the adverse fortune which had now for several generations pursued his house; his father and grandfather having perished on a scaffold without just cause; his great-grandfather having also suffered attainder and condemnation to the block, from which he only escaped, as it were, by miracle; and the same evil fortunes appearing to pursue him, he saw no other means of escaping the snares of his powerful enemies, and enjoying liberty of conscience, than leaving the realm.

"His life," he said, "had been narrowly sought during his late imprisonment; and as her majesty had shown on how slight grounds she had been led into a suspicious hard opinion of his ancestors, and that the late attack upon himself having proved how little his innocence availed for his protection, he had decided on withdrawing himself, trusting that she would not visit him with her displeasure, for doing so without her licence, for that he should consider the bitterest of all his misfortunes."

This letter was to have been presented to the queen by Arundel's sister, lady Margaret Sackville; but she and lord William Howard were placed under arrest almost simultaneously with himself. The confinement of Arundel was rigorous in the extreme, and embittered with every circumstance of aggravation that persons of narrow minds, but great malignity, could devise. At the time of his arrest, lady Arundel was on the eve of becoming a mother. She brought forth a fair son, and sent to gladden her captive lord with the tidings of her safety, and the ac-

[1] MS. Life of Philip Howard, in possession of the duke of Norfolk.
[2] Memorials of the Howard family. MS. Life of Philip Howard.

complishment of his earnest desire for the birth of an heir; but lest he should take comfort at the news, he was allowed to remain in suspense many months, and was then falsely informed that his lady had borne another daughter.[1] Lady Arundel was treated with great cruelty. All her goods were seized in the queen's name, and they left her nothing but the beds on which she and the two servants, that now constituted her sole retinue, lay, and these were only lent as a great favour.

After Elizabeth had despoiled and desolated Arundel house, she came there one day, in the absence of its sorrowing mistress, and espying a sentence written by her with a diamond on a pane of glass in one of the windows, expressing a hope of better fortunes, she cruelly answered it, by inscribing under it another sentence, indicative of anger and disdain.[2]

Arundel remained unnoticed in prison for upwards of a twelvemonth, and was then fined ten thousand pounds by a star-chamber sentence, for having attempted to quit the realm without leave. He was also condemned to suffer imprisonment during her majesty's pleasure. Nothing less than a life-long term of misery satisfied the vengeances of Elizabeth.

While these severities were exercised on the devoted representative of the once powerful house of Norfolk, the famous association for the protection of queen Elizabeth against "popish conspirators" was devised by Leicester. All who subscribed it, bound themselves to prosecute to the death, or as far as they were able, all who should attempt anything against the queen. Elizabeth, who was naturally much gratified at the enthusiasm with which the majority of her subjects hastened to enrol themselves as her voluntary protectors, imagined that the queen of Scots would be proportionately mortified and depressed at an institution which proved how little she had to hope from the disaffection of Englishmen to their reigning sovereign. "Her majesty," writes Walsingham to Sadler, "could well like that this association were shown to the queen, your charge, upon some apt occasion; and that there were good regard had both unto her, her countenance and speech, after the perusing thereof."[3]

Mary Stuart disappointed the prying malignity of the parties by whom she was exposed to this inquisitorial test, by her frank and generons approval of the association, and astonished them by offering to subscribe it herself. The new parliament, which had been summoned of necessity, the last having been dissolved after the unprecedented duration of eleven years, converted the bond of this association into a statute, which provided,

"That any person, by or for whom rebellion should be excited, or the queen's life attacked, might be tried by commission under the great seal, and adjudged to capital punishment. And if the queen's life should be taken away, then any

[1] Howard Memorials. MS. Life of Philip Howard.

[2] MS. Life of Anne, countess of Arundel, at Norfolk House, quoted, in the Howard Memorials, by the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby. Probably the sentence written by the unfortunate countess, was a distich in rhyme, as she was an elegant poet; and it is possible that Elizabeth's response was one of the sharp epigrammatic couplets for which she was celebrated.

[3] Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 430

person, by or for whom such act was committed, should be capitally punished, and the issue of such person cut off from the succession to the crown."

"It is unnecessary," observes that great civilian, sir James Mackintosh, with reference to this act, "to point out the monstrous hardship of making the queen of Scots, a prisoner in the hands of Elizabeth, responsible for acts done for her, or in her name."[1] Such, however, was the object of the statute, which was intended to prepare the way for the judicial murder of the heiress presumptive to the throne, and also for the exclusion of her son from the succession. This clause, sir James Mackintosh affirms, was ascribed to Leicester, who had views for himself, or his brother-in-law, Huntington, the representative of the house of Clarence.

Elizabeth was, at this juncture, on terms of conventional civility with Henry III. of France. Sir Edward Stafford, her ambassador, in a letter from Paris, detailing the dangerous illness of that prince, informs her good grace, in his postscript, of a present that was in preparation for her. "There is," says he, "the fairest *caroche*, almost ready to be sent your majesty, that ever I saw. It must needs be well in the end, the king hath changed the workmanship of it so often, and never is contented, not thinking it good enough."[2] Henry, however, continued to advocate the cause of his unfortunate sister-in-law, Mary Stuart; and his ambassadors made perpetual intercessions in her favour to Elizabeth, who generally received these representations with a stormy burst of anger and disdain. Henry was too much paralyzed by internal commotions and foreign foes to resent the contempt with which his remonstrances were treated by his haughty neighbour, far less was he able to contend with her for the dominion of the Low Countries. Elizabeth possessed the power, but prudently declined the name of sovereign of those states, though the deputies on their knees again offered her that title after the death of the duke of Anjou. She sent, however, a considerable military force to their aid, under the command of her quondam favourite, the earl of Leicester. If we may credit the private letters of the French ambassador, Mauvissière, to Mary queen of Scots, this appointment was intended by Elizabeth, and the predominant party in her cabinet, as a sort of honourable banishment for Leicester, whom they were all desirous of getting out of the way. According to the same authority, Christopher Blount, though a catholic, was sent out by the queen as a spy on Leicester. Leicester was received with signal honours by the states, but instead of conducting himself with the moderation which his difficult position required, he assumed the airs of regality, and sent for his countess, with intent to hold a court that should rival that of England in splendour.[3]

"It was told her majesty," writes one of Leicester's kinsmen to his absent patron, "that my lady was prepared to come over presently to your excellency, with such a train of ladies and gentlemen, and such rich coaches, litters, and side-saddles, that her majesty had none such;

[1] History of England, in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. ii., p. 300.
[2] Sloane MS., i., p. 4160.
[3] Inedited State Paper MSS. Mary Stuart, vol. xv., p. 141.

and that there should be such a court of ladies and gentlemen as should far surpass her majesty's court here." This information did not a little stir her majesty to extreme choler, at all the vain doings there, saying, with great oaths, "she would have no more courts under her obeisance but her own, and would revoke you from thence with all speed."[1] This letter confirms the report of Mauvissière, who, in one of his intercepted confidential communications to the captive queen of Scots, observes,—"The earl of Leicester takes great authority in Flanders, not without exciting the jealousy of the queen. She will neither allow him supplies of money, nor permit his wife to come out to him."[2]

"I will let the upstart know," exclaimed the last and proudest of the Tudor sovereigns, in the first fierce explosion of her jealousy and disdain, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." Under the impetus of these feelings, she penned the following scornful letter, which she despatched to him by her vice-chamberlain, who was also charged with a verbal rating on the subject of his offences, —doubtless well worth the hearing, if we may judge from the sample of the letter,—

"How contemptuously you have carried yourself towards us you shall understand by this messenger, whom we send to you for that purpose. We little thought that one, whom we had raised out of the dust, and prosecuted with such singular favour, above all others, would, with so great contempt, have slighted and broken our commands in a matter of so great consequence, and so highly concerning us and our honour. Whereof, though you have but small regard, contrary to what you ought, by your allegiance, yet, think not that we are so careless of repairing it, that we can bury so great an injury in silence and oblivion. We, therefore, command you, that, all excuse set apart, you do, forthwith, upon your allegiance, which you owe to us, whatsoever Heneage, our vice-chamberlain, shall make known to you in our name, upon pain of further peril."[3]

She also wrote to the states, "that, as to their disgrace, and without her knowledge, they had conferred the absolute government of the confederate states upon Leicester, her subject, though she had refused it herself, she now required them to eject Leicester from the office they had unadvisedly conferred upon him."[4] The states returned a submissive answer, and Leicester expressed the deepest contrition for having been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure.

At first, she preserved great show of resentment, threatened to recal and punish him, and rated Burleigh for endeavouring to excuse him. Burleigh, on this, tendered his resignation; Elizabeth called him "a presumptuous fellow;" but, the next morning, her choler abated. She had vented her displeasure in empty words, and her council induced her to sanction the measure of sending supplies of men and money to Leicester.

Soon after this reconciliation was effected, Elizabeth began to speak of Leicester in her wonted terms of partial regard; so much so, that even his hated rival, sir Walter Raleigh, in a postscript to a courteous letter, addressed by him to the absent favourite, says, "The queen is in

[1] Hardwick State Papers, vol. i., p. 229.
[2] Inedited State Paper Office MS. Mary Stuart, vol. xv.
[3] Sydney Papers, vol. i., pp. 51–2. [4] Ibid.

very good terms with you, and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again her sweet Robin."

Bitterly jealous, however, was "sweet Robin" of the graceful and adroit young courtier, whom he suspected of having superseded him in the favour of his royal mistress, by whom, indeed, Raleigh appears, at that time, to have been very partially regarded. Wit, genius, and valour, in him, were united with a fine person, and a certain degree of audacity, which qualified him admirably to make his way with a princess of Elizabeth's temper. He was the younger son of a country gentleman, of small fortune, but good descent; but the great cause of his favourable reception at court, in the first instance, may be traced to his family connection with Elizabeth's old governess, Kate Ashley.

That woman, who, from her earliest years, exercised the most remarkable influence over the mind of her royal pupil, was aunt to Raleigh's half-brother, sir Humphrey Gilbert, the celebrated navigator. The young, adventurous Raleigh, was not likely to lose the advantage of her powerful patronage, which had been openly bestowed on Humphrey, who, through her influence, obtained considerable preferment, and an important command in Ireland. It was in that devoted isle that Raleigh first distinguished himself by his military talents, and unhappily sullied his laurels with many acts of cold-blooded cruelty, the details of which belong to the history of Elizabeth's reign.

On his return to England, he commenced the business of a courtier, and affected great bravery in his attire; and being gifted, by nature, with a fine presence and handsome person, he contrived, at the expense, probably, of some privation, and much ingenuity, to vie with the gayest of the be-ruffed and embroidered gallants, who fluttered like a swarm of glittering insects round the maiden queen. One day, a heavy shower having fallen before her majesty went out to take her daily walk, attended by her ladies and officers of state, the royal progress, which cannot always be confined to paths of pleasantness, was impeded by a miry slough. Elizabeth, dainty and luxurious in all her habits, paused, as if debating within herself how she might best avoid the "filing" of her feet. Raleigh, who had, on that eventful day, donned a handsome new plush cloak, in the purchase of which he had probably invested his last testoon, perceiving the queen's hesitation, stripped it hastily from his shoulders, and, with gallantry worthy of the age of chivalry, spread it reverentially on the ground, before her majesty, "whereon," says our author, "the queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth."[1] Soon after this auspicious introduction to the royal favour, Raleigh was standing in a window-recess, and observing that the queen's eye was upon him, he wrote the following sentence, with the point of a diamond, on one of the panes:

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

In a very different spirit from that in which she had answered the pathetic aspiration, inscribed by the sorrowful countess of Arundel in

[1] Old Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.

the window of her desolated house, did Elizabeth condescend to encourage her handsome poet-courtier, by writing, with her own hand, an oracular line of advice, under his sentence, furnishing thereby a halting rhyme to a couplet, which he would probably have finished with greater regard to melody:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."[1]

Raleigh took the hint, and certainly no climber was ever bolder or more successful in his ascent to fame and fortune. If anything were to be given away, he lost no time in soliciting it of the queen, to the infinite displeasure of his jealous compeers.

"When will you cease to be a beggar, Raleigh?" said the queen to him one day, apparently a little wearied of his greedy importunity.

"When, madam, you cease to be a benefactress," was the graceful reply of the accomplished courtier.

Elizabeth did not always reward services, but compliments were rarely offered to her in vain. So considerable was the influence of Raleigh with his partial sovereign at one time, that Tarleton, the comedian, who had probably received his cue from Burleigh or his son-in-law, Oxford, ventured, during the performance of his part in a play, which he was acting before her majesty, to point at the reigning favourite while pronouncing these words, "See, the knave commands the queen!" for which he was corrected by a frown from her majesty.[2] If Raleigh could have been contented to remain a bachelor, he would, probably, have superseded all the rival candidates for the smiles of his royal mistress.

The first possession acquired by England in the new world, was discovered by sir Walter Raleigh, and in compliment to queen Elizabeth, named Virginia. It was from this coast that he first introduced tobacco into England. It is a well-known tradition, that Raleigh's servant, entering his study with a foaming tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, saw him, for the first time, with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and enveloped in the clouds of smoke he was puffing forth; the simple fellow, imagining his master was the victim of an internal conflagration, flung the contents of the tankard in his face for the purpose of extinguishing the

[1] Old Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.

[2] Bohun. Notwithstanding all his wit and worldcraft, Raleigh wanted discretion; and he possessed the dangerous faculty of enemy-making in no slight degree. No man was more generally hated. We are indebted to the grave pen of Bacon for the following amusing anecdote, in illustration of his gratuitous impertinence:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh was staying at the house of a great lady in the West country, who was a remarkable, notable housewife, and before she made a grand appearance at dinner, in the hall, arranged all matters in her household. Sir Walter's apartment was next to hers, and he became privy to much of her interior management. Early in the morning, he heard her demand of one of her maids, 'Are the pigs served?' Just before dinner she entered, with infinite state and dignity, the great chamber, where her guests were assembled; when Sir Walter directly asked, 'Madam, are the pigs served?' The lady answered, without abating a particle of her dignity, 'You know best whether you have had your breakfast.' "—*Bacon's Apophthegms.*

combustion, and then ran down stairs and alarmed the family with dismal outcries, "that his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes before they could come to his aid."[1]

Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of England's first smoker, to the eyes of the uninitiated, the practice soon became so general, that it was introduced at court, and even tolerated by queen Elizabeth in her own presence, of which the following anecdote affords amusing evidence. One day she was inquiring very minutely as to the various virtues which Raleigh attributed to his favourite herb, and he assured her "that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her majesty the specific weight of the smoke of every pipe-full he consumed." The queen, though she was accustomed to take Raleigh for her oracle, thought he was going a little too far, in putting the licence of a traveller on her, and laid a considerable wager with him, that he could not prove his words, not believing it possible to subject so immaterial a substance as smoke to the laws of the balance. Raleigh, however, demonstrated the fact by weighing, in her presence, the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her majesty that the deficiency proceeded from the evaporation. Elizabeth admitted that this conclusion was sound logic; and when she paid the bet, merrily told him, "That she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold."[2]

So varied and so brilliant were the talents of Raleigh, as soldier, seaman, statesman, poet, philosopher, and wit, that it would have been wonderful, if a woman so peculiarly susceptible as Elizabeth, had not felt the power of his fascinations. It was to Raleigh's patronage that Spenser was indebted for an introduction to queen Elizabeth, who was so much captivated with his poetic genius, that she, in a moment of generous enthusiasm, promised him a hundred pounds; but when she spoke to my lord-treasurer Burleigh of disbursing that sum, he took the liberty of uttering a cynical exclamation on the prodigality of awarding so large a guerdon for a song! "Give him, then, what is reason," rejoined her majesty. Burleigh, acting in conformity with the hardness of his own nature, gave him nothing. After a pause of fruitless expectation, the disappointed poet addressed the following epigram to the queen:

"I was promised, on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
Since that time, until this season,
I have had nor rhyme nor reason."

It is said, that by these lines, the bard outwitted the penurious minister, for Elizabeth considering that her queenly honour was touched in

[1] The anonymous author of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, printed in London, 1740, affirms that he saw Sir Walter's veritable tobacco-box, in the museum of Ralph Thoresby, the historical antiquary, at Leeds.

[2] Oldys. Tobacco had been long cultivated in Portugal, whence it was introduced into France by Jean Nicot, who sent some seeds to Catherine de Medicis, by whom it was so greatly patronized, that it was at first called "the queen's herb." Smoking soon became so fashionable at the court of France, that not only the gentlemen, but the ladies occasionally indulged themselves with a pipe.

he matter, insisted that he should be paid the hundred pounds which he had at first promised. She understood her business, as a sovereign, too well to disgust a man, who possessed the pen of a ready writer; and Spenser, in return, never omitted an opportunity of offering the poetic incense of his gracefully-turned compliments to his royal mistress. She is personified in the "Faerie Queen," under the several characters of Glorianna, Belphœbe, and Mercillæ, and made the subject of the highest eulogiums in each of these allegorical creations. She is also greatly extolled in the pastoral poem of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," as the "Shepherdess Cynthia, the lady of the sea." In this quaint, but elegant poem, the distress of sir Walter Raleigh, on account of his temporary disgrace with the queen, is pathetically set forth. The poem was probably written at the desire of that accomplished courtier, to whom it is dedicated, and who is there called the "shepherd of the ocean;" and, in his dialogue with the other illustrious swains, is made by Spenser to speak thus of his royal patroness:

"Whose glory, greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame;
Such greatness I cannot compare to aught;
But if I her like aught on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lilies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roses dight, and goolds, and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girland, shining, new,
In which all pure perfection one may see:
But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine!
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define!
Why, then, do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

After this hyperbolical strain of adulation, Spenser goes on to explain, that it was "the shepherd of the ocean" who first made him known to the queen, and this is very prettily done, with the exception of the epithet goddess, which, applied to any lady, whether sovereign or beauty, is always in bad taste—

"The shepherd of the ocean, quoth he,
Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she theneeforth therein 'gan take delight,
And it desired at timely hours to hear.
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her own great mind
And wondrous worth, she met my simple song,
But joy'd that country shepherd aught could find,
Worth hearkening to amongst that learned throng."

It must have been the influence of party spirit alone which could have blinded Mulla's bard to the want of moral justice, displayed by him in

endeavouring to distort the character and situation of the persecuted captive, Mary Stuart, into the hideous portrait of Duessa. In this, however, Spenser was probably only performing the task enjoined to him by the leaders of the cabinet, by whom nothing was omitted, that was calculated to poison the minds both of the sovereign and the people of England against the ill-fated heiress of the realm.

The young, graceful, and accomplished Robert Devereux, earl of Essex,[1] is supposed to have been first introduced to the notice of queen Elizabeth, by his step-father, Leicester, in the hope of diverting her majesty's regard from her new favourite Raleigh, whose influence was regarded with a jealous eye by her ministers. As Essex was the great-grandson of Anne Boleyn's sister Mary and William Carey, he was nearly related to queen Elizabeth, who distinguished him in the first instance, rather as a youthful pet and kinsman, than as a lover. The young earl, however, quickly assumed the haughty and jealous airs of a person, who considered that he had a right to distance all other pretenders to the royal favour. Elizabeth's fickle fancy was just then engaged, more peculiarly, by a gentleman, of whom the busy plotting conspirator Morgan, in one of his secret letters to the captive queen of

[1] He was the son of Walter, earl of Essex, and Lettice Knollys, who was considered the favourite of Elizabeth. She was the daughter of the queen's first-cousin, Lettice, lady Knollys, daughter of Mary Boleyn, and sister to Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon. Lettice Knollys was one of the most beautiful girls at the court of Elizabeth, and seems to have inherited not only the charms of person, but the fascination of manners of the queen's mother and aunt, Anne and Mary Boleyn. She married the earl of Essex, and became the mother of a family, beautiful as herself. Unfortunately, she made a conquest of the heart of the earl of Leicester, while yet a wife. The death of her husband, the earl of Essex, in Ireland, 1576, was attributed to poison, administered by the agents of Leicester. Two days before earl Walter died, he wrote to the queen, recommending his infants to her care and patronage. The eldest of these children was Robert, afterwards the noted favourite of Elizabeth: he was then scarcely ten years old. Leicester soon after put away his wife, Douglas, lady Sheffield, and married the widow, lady Essex, at first privately, and afterwards in the presence of her stern father, Sir Francis Knollys. The young earl of Essex was placed at Trinity College, Cambridge, under the guardianship of lord Burleigh, to whose daughter his father wished to contract him in marriage. Though in possession of considerable landed property, the young earl was either so poor in ready money, or his statesman-guardian so thrifty, that his tutor, Mr. Wroth, had to write for a supply of clothes for him, in 1577, saying, that his pupil was not only "*thread*-bare, but ragged." Letters from the young earl to Burleigh, in very elegant Latin, occur, from Cambridge, till the year 1579; and as early as the year 1582, Burleigh found it needful to write to his ward a letter on his prodigality. Essex's answer, acknowledging his fault, is dated at York. [See Ellis's Letters.] Soon after, he emerged into Elizabeth's court, where he was as much distinguished by her favour, as by his boundless extravagance. His beautiful sister, Penelope, the wife of lord Rich, became, at the same time, one of the leading intriguantes of that day. Essex involved himself, by reason of his extensive patronage to a vast number of needy military followers, who devoured his substance, and constantly urged him to obtain gifts from the queen. When he was but twenty-four, he was in debt to the enormous amount of 23,000*l.*; and in his letter, dated 1590, to Elizabeth's vice-chamberlain, (evidently meant for the queen's eye,) he owns the queen "had given him so much, he dared not ask her for more."

Scots, speaks as follows, commencing, as the reader will observe, with an allusion to a supposed coolness between her and the late object of her regard, sir Walter Raleigh: "Whether," writes he, "Raleigh, the mignon of her of England, be weary of her or she of him, I hear she hath now entertained one Blount, brother of the lord Mountjoye, being a young gentleman, whose grandmother she may be, for her age and his."[1]

This letter, which was written in the year 1585, places to a certainty the introduction of Charles Blount to the court of Elizabeth, at an earlier date than has generally been supposed. The circumstances connected with that introduction are pleasantly related by Sir Robert Naunton.

When queen Elizabeth first saw Charles Blount, at Whitehall, she was struck with his tall graceful stature and agreeable countenance. She was then at dinner, and asked her lady-carver who he was; who, not being able to satisfy her majesty's curiosity, further inquiry was made, and she was informed that he was the younger brother of the lord William Mountjoye, a learned student from Oxford, and had just been admitted to the inner temple. This inquiry, with the eye of her majesty fixed upon him, according to her custom of daunting those she did not know, made the young gentleman blush, which she perceiving, gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks, saying to her lords and ladies in attendance, "that she no sooner observed him than she saw that there was noble blood in his veins," adding some expressions of pity for the misfortunes of his house—his father having wasted much in the vain pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and his brother, by extravagant profusion. Her majesty, having made him repeat his name to herself, said to him, "Fail you not to come to court, and I will bethink me how to do you good." His fortune was then very small. The earl of Essex was seized with jealous displeasure at the favourable reception given by the queen to this modest young courtier, who, bashful as he was, was well accomplished in the manly exercises of that chivalrous age. One day, the noble student ran so well at the tilt, that the queen, being highly pleased with him, sent him, in token of her favour, a golden chess-queen, richly enamelled, which his servants next day fastened to his arm with a crimson ribbon. Proud of this token, and the better to display it, Charles Blount passed through the privy chamber, with his cloak under his arm, instead of over his shoulder, on which, the earl of Essex observing the decoration, demanded what it was, and wherefore so placed? Mr. Fulke Greville replied, "that it was the queen's favour, which the day before she had, after the tilting, sent to Charles Blount," on which the earl contemptuously observed, "Now I perceive that every fool must have a favour."[2]

Blount replied to this unprovoked impertinence by a challenge. He and Essex met near Marybone park, and the haughty favourite was wounded in the thigh, and disarmed. When the queen was informed of this hostile encounter, and its result, she swore, "by God's death,

[1] Inedited State Paper MS. Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. xv., p. 414.
[2] Birch's Memorials; Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia.

that it was fit that some one or other should take the earl down, and teach him manners, otherwise there would be no ruling him."[1]

Essex had distinguished himself very honourably at the battle of Zutphen, where he encouraged his men with this chivalric address:—"For the honour of England, my fellows, follow me!" and with that he "threw his lance into the rest, and overthrew the first man; and with his curtelax so behaved himself, that it was wonderful to see."[2]

In that same battle, the flower of English chivalry, the illustrious sir Philip Sidney, received his death-wound; after performing prodigies of valour, his thigh-bone was shattered, in the third charge. When Leicester saw him, he exclaimed with great feeling, "Oh, Philip! I am sorry for thy hurt."

"Oh, my lord!" replied the dying hero, "this have I done to do you honour and her majesty service."

Sir William Russell kissed his hand, and said, with tears, "Oh, noble sir Philip! never man attained hurt more honourably than ye have done, nor any served like unto you." But Sidney's most glorious deed was yet to do; when, a few minutes after this, he resigned the cup of cold water which he had craved, in his agony, to quench the death-thirst of a private soldier, who had turned a longing look on the precious draught. "Give it to him," exclaimed sir Philip, "his necessity is greater than mine;" an incident which must have inclined every one to say, that the death of Sidney was worthy of his life. Public honours were decreed to the remains of her hero by his weeping country, and the learned young king of Scotland composed his epitaph in elegiac Latin verse. Elizabeth is said to have prevented sir Philip Sidney's election to the sovereignty of Poland, observing, "That she could not afford to part with the choicest jewel of her court." Sidney, in a tone of chivalric loyalty, replied, "And I would rather remain the subject of queen Elizabeth, than accept of the highest preferment in a foreign land."[3]

Elizabeth subsequently alluded to the death of this accomplished hero, in terms approaching to levity, on the occasion of her youthful favourite, Charles Blount, escaping from the silken bonds in which her majesty essayed to detain him, and joining the English army in Flanders. Elizabeth sent a special messenger to his commander, sir John Norreys, charging him to send her truant back to her. She received Blount with a sound rating, asking him how he durst go without her consent. "Serve me so once more," added she, "and I will lay you fast enough, for running!—you will never leave off, till you are knocked over the head, as that inconsiderate fellow Sidney was."[4] Such was the respect cherished by the sovereign, for the memory of the brightest ornament of her court—he who had worshipped her as a goddess, during his life, and rejoiced to die in her service!

She concluded her lecture to her dainty pet, in these words:—"You shall go when I send you. In the mean time, see that you lodge in the court, where you may follow your books, read, and discourse of the wars."[5]

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[1] Naunton. [2] Stowe. [3] Naunton. [4] Ibid.

[5] Blount afterwards became fatally enamoured of the fair and frail sister of his

Christopher Blount,[1] undoubtedly a near relation of the highly honoured courtier, Charles, was the person employed by Elizabeth as a spy upon Leicester's proceedings in the Low Countries. Both the French ambassador and Morgan, in their private letters to the captive queen of Scots, suggest the expediency of endeavouring to win him over to her interest, as a person likely to afford very important information to her friends as to the affairs of England. Yet any one possessed of the slightest reflection would be apt to imagine, that the very attempt to tamper with a person so connected, would be dangerous in the extreme, and only likely to end in betraying their political secrets to Elizabeth.

The course of chronology now brings us to the darkest and most painful epoch of the maiden reign, the death of Elizabeth's hapless kinswoman, Mary queen of Scots.

The implacable junta by whom Elizabeth's resolves were at times influenced, and her better feelings smothered, had sinned too deeply against Mary Stuart, to risk the possibility of her surviving their royal mistress. Elizabeth shrank from either incurring the odium, or establishing the dangerous precedent, of bringing a sovereign princess to the block. The queens, whose blood had been shed on the scaffold by her ruthless father, were subjects of his own, puppets whom he had raised, and then degraded from the fatal dignity which his own caprice had bestowed upon them; but even he, tyrant as he was, had not ventured to slay either of his royally-born consorts, Katharine of Arragon, or Anne of Cleves, though claiming the two-fold authority of husband and sovereign over both.

Mary Stuart was not only a king's daughter, but a crowned and anointed sovereign; and under no pretence could she legally be rendered amenable to Elizabeth's authority. Every species of quiet cruelty that might tend to sap the life of a delicately-organized and sensitive female, had been systematically practised on the royal captive by the leaders of Elizabeth's cabinet. Mary had been confined in damp, dilapidated apartments, exposed to malaria, deprived of exercise and recreation, and compelled, occasionally, by way of variety, to rise from a sick bed, and travel through an inclement country, from one prison to another, in the depth of winter.[2] These atrocities had entailed upon her a complication of chronic maladies of the most agonizing description; but she continued to exist, and it was evident that the vital principle in her constitution was sufficiently tenacious to enable her to endure many

old adversary, Essex, the beautiful Penelope, whom he had engaged in a mutual affection before she was linked in a joyless wedlock with Robert, lord Rich. They finally engaged in an illicit passion; and, after much guilt and sorrow, were united in marriage, when lady Rich was repudiated by her injured husband; but Blount, who had succeeded to his brother's title, died the following year, 1606, of the sorrow his self-indulgence had sown for him; a mournful sequel to the bright beginning of his fortunes.

[1] This appears to have been the Sir Christopher Blount, who became the husband of the countess of Leicester, after the decease of her lord, whose death they have been accused of hastening by poison. He was put to death for his share in Essex's rebellion.

[2] See Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.

years of suffering. The contingencies of a day, an hour, meantime, might lay Elizabeth in the dust, and call Mary Stuart to the seat of empire. Could Burleigh, Walsingham, and Leicester expect, in that event, to escape the vengeance which their injurious treatment had provoked from that princess?

It is just possible, that Burleigh, rooted as he was to the helm of state, and skilled in every department of government, might, like Talleyrand, have made his defence good, and retained his office at court, if not his personal influence with the sovereign, under any change. He had observed an outward show of civility to Mary, and was suspected, by Walsingham, of having entered into some secret pact with James of Scotland; but Walsingham and Leicester had committed themselves irrevocably, and, for them, there could be no other prospect than the block, if the Scottish queen, who was nine years younger than Elizabeth, outlived her.

From the moment that Elizabeth had declared that "honour and conscience both forbade her to put Mary to death," it had been the great business of these determined foes of Mary, to convince her that it was incompatible with her own safety to permit her to live. Assertions to this effect were lightly regarded by Elizabeth, but the evidence of a series of conspiracies, real as well as feigned, began to take effect upon her mind, and slowly, but surely, brought her to the same conclusion.

For many years it had been the practice of Walsingham to employ spies, not only for the purpose of watching the movements of those who were suspected of attachment to the Scottish queen, but to inveigle them into plots against the government and person of queen Elizabeth. One of these base agents, William Parry, after years of secret treachery in this abhorrent service, became himself a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome, and conceived a design of assassinating queen Elizabeth. This he communicated to Neville, one of the English exiles, the claimant of the forfeit honours and estates of the last earl of Westmoreland. Neville, in the hope of propitiating the queen, gave prompt information of Parry's intentions against her majesty; but as Parry had formerly denounced Neville, Elizabeth, naturally imagining that he had been making a very bold attempt to draw Neville into an overt act of treason, directed Walsingham to inquire of the spy, whether he had recently, by way of experiment, suggested the idea of taking away her life to any one? If Parry had replied in the affirmative, he would have been safe; but the earnest manner of his denial excited suspicion. He and Neville were confronted; and he then avowed "that he had felt so strong an impulse to murder the queen, that he had, of late, always left his dagger at home when summoned to her presence, lest he should fall upon her and slay her."[1] This strange conflict of feeling appears like the reasoning madness of a monomaniac, and suggests the idea that Parry's mind had become affected with the delirious excitement of the times.

He was condemned to death, and on the scaffold cited his royal mis-

[1] Hamilton's Annals; State Trials.

tress to the tribunal of the all-seeing Judge, in whose presence he was about to appear.[1]

The unhappy man expressly acquitted the queen of Scots of any knowledge of his designs. Mary herself, in her private letters, denies having the slightest connexion with him. The plot, however, furnished an excuse for treating her with greater cruelty than before. Her comparatively humane keeper, sir Ralph Sadler, was superseded by sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, two rigid puritans, who were selected by Leicester for the ungracious office of embittering the brief and evil remnant of her days. The last report, made by Sadler, of the state of bodily suffering, to which the royal captive was reduced by her long and rigorous imprisonment, is very pitiable.

"I find her," says he, "much altered from what she was when I was first acquainted with her. She is not yet able to strain her left foot to the ground; and to her very great grief, not without tears, findeth it wasted and shrunk of its natural measure."[2] In this deplorable state the hapless invalid was removed to the damp and dilapidated apartments of her former hated gaol, Tutbury Castle.[3] A fresh access of illness was brought on by the inclemency of the situation, and the noxious quality of the air. She wrote a piteous appeal to Elizabeth, who did not vouchsafe a reply. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate captive caught, with feverish eagerness, at every visionary scheme that whispered to her in her doleful prison-house the flattering hope of escape. The zeal and self-devotion of her misjudging friends were the very means used by her foes to effect her destruction. Morgan, her agent in France, to whom allusion has already been made, was a fierce, wrong-headed Welchman, who had persuaded himself, and some others, that it was not only expedient, but justifiable, to destroy Elizabeth, as the sole means of rescuing his long-suffering mistress from the living death in which she was slowly pining away.

So greatly had Elizabeth's animosity against Morgan been excited, by the disclosures of Parry, that she declared "that she would give ten thousand pounds for his head." When she sent the order of the Garter to Henry III., she demanded that Morgan should be given up to her vengeance. Henry, who was doubtless aware that many disclosures might be forced from Morgan on the rack, that would have the effect of committing himself with his good sister of England, endeavoured to satisfy her by sending Morgan to the Bastile, and forwarding his papers, or rather, it may be surmised, a discreet selection from them, to Elizabeth. But though the person of this restless intriguer was detained in prison, his friends were permitted to have access to him; and his plotting brain was employed in the organization of a more daring design against the life of queen Elizabeth than any that had yet been devised. Mary's faithful ambassador at Paris, Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, and her kinsmen of the house of Guise, decidedly objected to the project.[4]

Morgan, intent on schemes of vengeance, paid no heed to the remon-

[1] Camden.
[2] Sadler Papers, 460.
[3] See Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.
[4] Murdin's State Papers; Egerton Papers; Lingard.

strances of Mary's tried and faithful counsellors, but took into his confidence two of Walsingham's most artful spies, in the disguise of Catholic priests—Gifford and Greatly by name—whom he recommended to the deluded Mary, as well as Poley and Maude, two other of the agents of that statesman. Easy enough would it have been for Walsingham, who had perfect information of the proceedings of the conspirators from the first, to have crushed the plot in its infancy; but it was his occult policy to nurse it till it became organized into a shape sufficiently formidable to Elizabeth, to bring her to the conclusion, that her life would never be safe while the Scottish queen was in existence, and, above all, to furnish a plausible pretext for the execution of Mary.

The principal leaders of the conspiracy were Ballard, a Catholic priest, and Savage, a soldier of fortune, who undertook to assassinate queen Elizabeth with his own hand. These unprincipled desperadoes, aided by their treacherous colleagues, succeeded in beguiling Anthony Babington of Dethick, a young gentleman of wealth and ancient lineage in Derbyshire, into the confederacy. Babington, who was a person of enthusiastic temperament, was warmly attached to the cause of Mary, for whom he had formerly performed the perilous service of transmitting letters during her imprisonment at Sheffield. At first, he objected to any attempt against his own sovereign; but the sophistry of Ballard, and the persuasions of the treacherous agents of Walsingham, not only prevailed over his scruples, but induced him to go the whole length of the plot, even to the proposed murder. This deed, he protested, ought not to be entrusted to the single arm of Savage, and proposed that six gentlemen should be associated for that purpose.[1] How a man of a naturally generous and chivalric disposition could devise so cowardly a combination against the person of a female, appears almost incredible; but such was the blind excitement of party-feeling, and religious zeal, that he recklessly pressed onward to the accomplishment of his object, without even pausing to consider the turpitude of its design, much less its absurdity. It is scarcely possible to imagine that Babington was a person of sound mind, when we find that he had his picture drawn with the six assassins grouped round him with the following Latin motto:—

"*Hi mihi sunt comites quos ipsa pericula jungunt.*"

"My comrades these, whom very peril draws."[2]

This picture, being shown to Elizabeth, was probably instrumental in saving her life; for, soon after, while walking in Richmond Park, she observed a person loitering in her path, in whom she recognised the features of Barnwall, one of the leagued assassins, who had pledged themselves to take her life. Far from betraying the slightest feminine alarm, on this occasion, she fixed her eyes upon the lurking criminal, with a look that fairly daunted him, and turning to sir Christopher Hatton, and the other gentlemen in attendance, exclaimed, significantly, "Am I not well guarded to-day, not having one man, wearing a sword by his side, near me?" Barnwall afterwards deposed, that he distinctly heard the

[1] Camden; Murdin; Lingard. [2] Camden.

queen utter those words; on which, sir Christopher Hatton told him, "that if others had observed him as closely as her majesty did, he had not escaped so easily."[1]

Elizabeth, notwithstanding her intrepid deportment, on this occasion, liked not the predicament in which she stood, with an associated band of desperadoes at large, who had pledged themselves to take her life, and she was urgent for the apprehension of Ballard and Babington. Her wily ministers had, however, higher game to bring down than a few fanatic catholics. Walsingham had not wasted money and time, and woven his web with such determined subtlety, for the destruction of private individuals; his object was to entangle the queen of Scots into actual participation in a plot against Elizabeth's life and government. This had not yet been done, and he, with difficulty, prevailed on his royal mistress to allow matters to proceed for a few days longer. Elizabeth was, indeed, rather overborne, than persuaded, by her cabinet, on this occasion. Her feminine fears had been excited, and she said, "it was her duty to put an end to the evil designs of her enemies, while it was in her power to do so, lest, by not doing it, she should seem to tempt God's mercy, rather than manifest her trust in his protection."[2] There was sound sense in this remark, and if her council had believed in the reality of her danger, they would have been without excuse, had they ventured to trifle with the safety of their sovereign for a single day.

At length, Mary was induced to write to the French and Spanish ambassadors, urging them to obtain from their respective courts, the assistance of men and money, to be employed in her deliverance.

Her letters were intercepted, opened, and copied, by Elizabeth's celebrated decipherer, Phillips, who was located under the same roof with the unsuspecting captive, at Chartley, together with Gregory, a noted seal-forger and opener of sealed letters. The labours of this worthy pair were not, it should appear, confined to opening and copying, verbatim, all the letters that were exchanged between Mary and her confederates.

Camden, the great contemporary historian, to whom Burleigh himself submitted all the *then* unbroken state-papers of Elizabeth's reign, assures us, that a postscript was added to one of Mary queen of Scots' letters to Babington, in the same characters used by her, containing an approval of the leading objects of the conspiracy.

The same day, letters to the Spanish ambassador, lord Paget, his brother Charles, the archbishop of Glasgow, and Sir Francis Inglefield were intercepted.

The game was now considered, by Walsingham, sufficiently advanced for him to make a decided move, and he gave orders for the arrest of Ballard. Babington, almost immediately after this had been effected, encountered Savage, in one of the cloisters of old St. Paul's, and said to him, "Ballard is taken, and all will be betrayed. What remedy now?"

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[1] State Trials. [2] Camden.

"None but to kill her presently," replied he.

"Then, go you to court, to-morrow," said Babington, "and execute the pact."

"Nay," replied Savage, "I cannot go to-morrow, my apparel is not ready, and in this apparel I shall never be allowed to come near the queen."

Babington gave him all the money he had about him, and his ring, and bade him provide himself with what was needful,[1] but Savage, like other bravoes, had boasted of that which he dared not attempt. He faltered—and neither he, nor either of the associate ruffians, would venture it.

Babington was at that time an invited guest, residing under Walsingham's own roof, and such was his infatuation, that he actually fancied he was the deceiver, instead of the dupe, of that most astute of all diplomatists, till one day, after the arrest of Ballard, a letter from the council, directing that he should be more closely watched, was brought to the under-secretary, Scudamore, who read it, incautiously, in his presence. A glance at the contents, which he contrived to read over Scudamore's shoulder, convinced him of his delusion, but dissembling his consternation, he effected his escape, the next night, from a tavern, where he was invited to sup, amidst the spies and servants of Walsingham. He gave the alarm to the other conspirators, and, having changed his beautiful complexion, by staining his face with walnut-skins, and cut off his hair, betook himself, with them, to the covert of St. John's Wood, near Marylebonne,[2] which was at that time the formidable haunt of robbers and outlaws.

As soon as it was known that he had fled, warrants were issued for his apprehension, and very exaggerated accounts of the plot were published by Walsingham, stating "that a conspiracy to burn the city of London, and murder the queen, had been providentially discovered. That the combined forces of France and Spain had put to sea to invade England—that it was supposed they would effect a landing on the southern coast, and that all the papists were preparing to take up arms to join them." Such was the popular excitement at these frightful rumours, that all foreigners and catholics were in the greatest peril, and the ambassadors themselves were insulted and menaced in their own houses.[3] When Babington and several of the conspirators were captured, and brought, under a strong guard, to the Tower, the most vehement satisfaction was expressed by the people, who followed them with shouts, singing psalms, and every demonstration of joy at the escape of the queen from their treasonable designs. The bells rang, bonfires were kindled, and every one appeared inspired with the most ardent loyalty towards their sovereign.

On the 13th of September, 1586, seven out of the fourteen conspirators were arraigned. They confessed their crime, and the depositions of Savage afford startling evidence, that the greatest danger to the per-

[1] State Trials. [2] Camden; State Trials; Mackintosh; Lingard.
[3] Despatches of Chateauneuf.

son of the queen proceeded from the constant persuasions of Walsingham's spy, Gifford, for the deed to be attempted, at any time or place, where opportunity might serve. "As her majesty should go into her chapel to hear divine service," Gifford said, "he (Savage) might lurk in her gallery, and stab her with his dagger; or, if she should walk in her garden, he might shoot her with his dagg; or, if she should walk abroad to take the air, as she often did, accompanied rather with women than men, and those men slenderly weaponed, then might he assault her with his arming sword, and make sure work; and though he might hazard his own life, he would be sure to gain heaven thereby."[1]

The greatest marvel in the whole business is, that such advice as this, addressed by Gifford in his feigned character of a Catholic priest, to men of weak judgments, excitable tempers, and fanatic principles, did not cost the queen her life. But Walsingham, in his insatiable thirst for the blood of Mary Stuart, appears to have forgotten that contingency, and even the possibility, that by employing agents to urge others to attempt the assassination of his sovereign, the accusation of devising her death might have been retorted upon himself. Gifford was suffered to depart to France, unquestioned and unmolested; but the fourteen deluded culprits were sentenced to expiate their guilt, by undergoing the dreadful penalty decreed by the law to traitors. Elizabeth was so greatly exasperated against them, that she intimated to her council the expediency of adopting "some new device," whereby their sufferings might be rendered more acute, and more calculated to strike terror into the spectators. Burleigh, with business-like coolness, explained to her majesty, "that the punishment prescribed by the letter of the law was to the full as terrible as anything new that could be devised, if the executioner took care to protract the extremity of their pains in the sight of the multitude."[2]

That functionary appears to have acted on this hint, by barbarously cutting the victims down before they were dead, and then proceeding to the completion of his horrible task on each in turn, according to the dread minutiæ of the sentence, of which the thrilling lines of Campbell have given a faint picture:

> "Life flutters convulsed in each quivering limb,
> And his blood-streaming eyeballs in agony swim;
> Accursed be the embers that blaze at his feet,
> Where his heart shall be cast ere it ceases to beat,
> With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale."

The revolting circumstances with which the executions of the seven principal conspirators were attended, excited the indignation of the bystanders to such a pitch, that her majesty found it expedient to issue an especial order, that the other seven should be more mercifully dealt

[1] State Trials. After his condemnation, Babington wrote a piteous letter of supplication to Elizabeth, imploring her mercy, for the sake of his wife and children. Rawlinson MS., Oxford, vol. 1340, No. 55, f. 19.

[2] Letters of Burleigh to Hatton, in Lingard.

with. They were therefore strangled, before the concluding horrors of the barbarous sentence were inflicted.

These sanguinary scenes were but the prelude to the consummation of the long premeditated tragedy of the execution of the queen of Scots, for which the plot against Elizabeth's life had prepared the public mind.

Immediately after the apprehension of Babington and his associates, Mary had been removed unexpectedly from Chartley to Tixal, and her papers and money seized during her absence. Her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, were arrested, and threatened with the rack, to induce them to bear witness against their unfortunate mistress. They were, at first, careful not to commit her by their admissions, which they well knew they could not do, without implicating themselves in the penalty. Burleigh, penetrating the motives of their reserve, wrote to Hatton his opinion, coupled with his facetious remark, "that they would yield somewhat to confirm their mistress' crimes, if they were persuaded that themselves might escape, and the blow fall upon their mistress between her head and her shoulders."[1] This suggestion was acted upon, and combined with the terror occasioned by the execution of Babington and his associates, drew from them sufficient admissions to serve for evidence against their mistress.

The angry and excited state of feeling to which Elizabeth's mind had been worked up, against her unfortunate kinswoman, may be plainly seen in the following letter, written by her to sir Amias Paulet, soon after the removal of the queen of Scots to the gloomy fortress of Fotheringaye.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO SIR AMIAS PAULET.

"Amias, my most faithful and careful servant, God reward thee trebleFold for thy most troublesome charge so well discharged. If you knew, my Amias, how kindly, besides most dutifully, my grateful heart accepts and prizes your spotless endeavours and faultless actions, your wise orders and safe regard, performed in so dangerous and crafty a charge, it would ease your travails and rejoice your heart, in which I charge you place this most just thought, that I cannot balance in any weight of my judgment the value that I prize you at, and suppose no treasures to countervail such a faith. If I reward not such deserts, let me lack when I have most need of you; if I acknowledge not such merit, *non omnibus dictum.*

"Let your wicked murderess (*his prisoner, Mary, queen of Scots*) know how, with hearty sorrow, her vile deserts compel these orders; and bid her, from me, ask God forgiveness for her treacherous dealings towards the saviour of her life many a year, to the intolerable peril of my own, and yet, not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fault again so horribly, far passing woman's thought, much less a princess; instead of excusing whereof, not one can sorrow, it being so plainly confessed by the authors of my guiltless death.

"Let repentance take place, and let not the fiend possess her, so as her better part may not be lost, for which I pray, with hands lifted up to Him that may both save and spill.

"With my most loving adieu and prayer for thy long life, your most assured and loving sovereign, as thereby by good deserts induced."[2]

[1] Letters from the Leigh Collection, quoted by Lingard.

[2] State Paper. MS. Collection relative to Mary, Queen of Scots, written in a beautiful and very legible hand.

The great point for which Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, and their colleagues had been labouring for the last eighteen years, was, at length, accomplished. They had succeeded in persuading Elizabeth that Mary Stuart, in her sternly-guarded prison, crippled with chronic and neuralgic maladies, surrounded by spies, and out of the reach of human aid, was so formidable to her person and government, that it was an imperative duty to herself and her Protestant subjects to put her to death. Having once brought their long irresolute mistress to this conclusion, all other difficulties became matters of minor importance to the master spirits who ruled Elizabeth's council, since they had only to arrange a ceremonial process for taking away the life of their defenceless captive, in as plausible and formal a manner as might be compatible with the circumstances of the case.

After much deliberation, it was determined that Mary should be tried by a commission of peers and privy councillors, under the great seal The fatal innovations[1] which Henry VIII.'s despotic tyranny had made in the ancient laws of England on life and death, having rendered the crown arbitrary on these points.

The commissioners for the trial of Mary, queen of Scots, left London for Fotheringaye Castle before the 8th of October, 1586; for, on that day, Davison dates a letter written to Burleigh, by her majesty's command, containing various instructions. In this letter, Davison informs the absent premier that a Dutchman, newly arrived from Paris, who was familiar with the queen-mother's jeweller, had requested him to advise her majesty to beware of one who will present a petition to her on her way to chapel, or walking abroad. Davison goes on to request Burleigh to write to the queen, to pray her to be more circumspect of her person, and to avoid showing herself in public, till the brunt of the business then in hand be overblown.[2]

This mysterious hint of a new plot against the queen's life was in conformity with the policy of the cabinet, which referred all attempts of the kind to the evil influence of the captive, Mary Stuart. From the same letter we learn that Elizabeth had directed her lord-chamberlain to give a verbal answer to the remonstrance of the French ambassador against bringing the queen of Scots to a trial, and that the answer expressed her resentment at his presumption in attempting to school her. In conclusion, Davison informs Burleigh and Walsingham, that he is especially commanded by her majesty to signify to them both "how

[1] Namely, the practice of trying noble or royal victims, by a commission selected from the House of Lords, and such commoners as held great crown places, and were lords of the council. The members of such committees were called *lords-triers*, and the whole plan bore a respectable resemblance to the vital spring of English liberty—trial by jury; but most deceptively so, since the House of Peers was, at the Tudor era, a very small body, whose interests and prejudices were intimately known to the government; therefore, only those prepared to go all lengths with it, were put into commission; neither was the victim allowed to protest against any enemy in the junta. This mode of extirpating persons of rank, obnoxious to the crown, first became notorious by the infamous trial of Anne Boleyn.

[2] Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison

greatly she doth long to hear how her *Spirit* and her *Moon* do find themselves, after so foul and wearisome a journey."[1] By the above pet names was the mighty Elizabeth accustomed, in moments of playfulness, to designate those grave and unbending statesmen, Burleigh and Walsingham; but playfulness at such a season was certainly not only in bad taste, but revolting to every feeling of humanity, when the object of that foul and weary journey, on which Elizabeth's Spirit and her Moon had departed, is considered.

The most repulsive feature, in the final proceedings against the hapless Mary, is the odious levity with which the leading actors in the tragedy demeaned themselves while preparing to shed her blood, and, at the same time, appealing to the Scriptures in justification of the deed. L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf, the French ambassador, demanded, in the name of his sovereign, that Mary might be allowed the assistance of counsel. Elizabeth returned an angry verbal answer by Hatton, "that she required not the advice or schooling of foreign powers to instruct her how she ought to act;" and added, "that she considered the Scottish queen unworthy of counsel."

What, it may be asked, was this but condemnation before trial? and what result was to be expected from the trial of any person of whom a despotic sovereign had made such an assertion? Can any one read Elizabeth's letter to the commissioners, dated October 7th, in which she charges them "to forbear passing sentence on the Scottish queen till they have returned into her presence, and made their report to herself,"[2] and doubt that the death of the royal captive was predetermined? It was not till the 11th, four days after the date of this letter, that they assembled at Fotheringaye for the business on which they had been deputed. On the 12th, they opened their court. Mary refused to acknowledge their authority, on which they delivered to her the following letter from their royal mistress:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"You have, in various ways and manners, attempted to take my life, and to bring my kingdom to destruction by bloodshed. I have never proceeded so harshly against you, but have, on the contrary, protected and maintained you like myself. These treasons will be proved to you, and all made manifest.

"Yet it is my will that you answer the nobles and peers of the kingdom as if I were myself present. I therefore require, charge, and command, that you make answer, for I have been well informed of your arrogance.

"Act plainly, without reserve, and you will sooner be able to obtain favour of me. ELIZABETH."

This letter was addressed to Mary, (without the superscription of cousin or sister,) and as it may be supposed, from the well-known high spirit of that queen, had not the slightest effect in inducing her to reply to the commissioners. She told them, however, "that she had endeavoured to gain her liberty, and would continue to do so as long as she lived; but that she had never plotted against the life of their queen, nor had any connexion with Babington or the others, but to obtain her freedom; on which particulars, if Elizabeth chose to question her in person,

[1] Nicolas' Life of Davison.

[2] Harleian MSS., 290, f 180.

she would declare the truth, but would reply to no inferior. There was no little sagacity shown in this appeal of Mary to the inquisitiveness that formed a leading trait of Elizabeth's character.

The details of this celebrated process, for trial it cannot be called, belong to the personal history of Mary Stuart,[1] rather than to the biography of Elizabeth. Suffice it therefore to say, that, after two days' fruitless struggle to defend herself against the subtlety and oppression of men, who demeaned themselves like adverse lawyers pleading on the side of the crown rather than as conscientious judges, Mary demanded to be heard before the assembled parliament of England, or the queen and her council. The commissioners then adjourned the court, to meet, October 25th, at the Star Chamber, Westminster. On that day they reassembled, and pronounced sentence of death on the Scottish queen, pursuant to the statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, which had been framed for that very purpose.

The parliament met on the 29th, and, having considered the reports of the commissioners, united in petitioning queen Elizabeth that the sentence against the Scottish queen might be carried into execution. Elizabeth received the deputation from Parliament, November 12th, in her presence-chamber at Richmond Palace. Mr. Sergeant Puckering, the speaker, after enlarging on the offences of Mary against queen Elizabeth, recalled to her majesty the example of God's displeasure on Saul for sparing Agag, and on Ahab for preserving Benhadad; and, after preaching a political sermon too tedious for recapitulation, from these irrelevant cases, he assured her, "that her compliance with the petition would be most acceptable to God, and that her people expected nothing less of her." Elizabeth made an elaborate and mystified harangue, in reply, of great length and verbosity. The following passages may serve as a sample of the style and substance of this celebrated speech:—

"The bottomless graces and benefits, bestowed upon me by the Almighty, are and have been such, that I must not only acknowledge them, but admire them, accounting them miracles (as well) as benefits.

"And now, albeit I find my life hath been full dangerously sought, and death contrived by such as no desert procured, yet I am therein so clear from malice (which hath the property to make men glad at the falls and faults of their foes, and make them seem to do for other causes, when rancour is the ground), as I protest it is and hath been my grievous thought, that one, not different in sex, of like estate, and my near kin, should fall in so great a crime. Yea, I had so little purpose to pursue her with any colour of malice, that it is not unknown to some of my lords here (for now I will play the blab), I secretly wrote her a letter on the discovery of sundry treasons, that if she would confess them, and privately acknowledge them by her letters to myself, she never need be called for them in so public question. Neither did I it of mind to circumvent her; for I knew as much as she could confess. And if even yet, now that the matter is made but too apparent, I thought she truly would repent (as, perhaps, she would easily appear in outward show to do), and that, on her account, no one would take the matter upon them; or, if we were but as two milkmaids, with our pails on our arms, or if there were no more dependences upon us, but mine own life only in danger, and not the whole estate of your religion, I protest (whereon you may

[1] The personal memoir of Mary, queen of Scots, by Agnes Strickland, will appear immediately after the completion of the Lives of the Queens of England.

believe me,—for though I have many vices, I hope I have not accustomed my tongue to be an instrument of untruth), I would most willingly pardon and remit this offence."[1]

Lest, however, any one should be deceived, by all this parade of mercy and Christian charity, into the notion that it was her sincere wish to save her unfortunate kinswoman, she concluded her speech by informing them, "that she had just received information of another plot, in which the conspirators had bound themselves, under the penalty of death, to take away her life within the month," thus exciting a more deadly flame of loyal indignation in their bosoms against the powerless object of their fury, who was pointed at as the inciter of all attempts against the person of Elizabeth.

The parliament responded, in the tone that was desired, with a more ardent requisition for the blood of Mary. Elizabeth faltered—not from womanly feelings of tenderness and compassion towards the defenceless object of their fury, but from certain doubts and misgivings within her own mind, which produced one of her characteristic fits of irresolution. Her mind was tempest-tossed between her desire of Mary's death, and her reluctance to stand forth to the world as her acknowledged executioner. She would have the deed performed "some other way." But how?

> "The dial spake not, but it gave shrewd signs,
> And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

One, at least, of her ministers entered into the feelings of his royal mistress on this delicate subject, and to his eternal infamy, endeavoured to relieve her from her embarrassment, as to the means of removing the victim, without the undesirable *éclat* of a public execution. Leicester wrote from Holland to suggest "the sure but silent operation of poison."[2] He even sent a divine over to convince the more scrupulous Walsingham of the lawfulness of the means proposed; but that stern politician was resolutely bent on maintaining a show of justice, and at the same time, exalting the power of his royal mistress, by bringing the queen of Scotland to the block. Burleigh coincided in this determination, and in his letters to Leicester complained, "that the queen's slackness did not stand with her surety or their own."[3] The personal influence of Leicester with the sovereign appears to have been required for the consummation of the tragedy. He was remanded home in November, and seems to have taken an active part in preventing Elizabeth from swerving from the point to which her ministers had brought her.

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[1] Holingshed, 1582, vol. ii.

[2] Camden's Elizabeth, in White Kennet, p. 519.

[3] Camden. "I have, according to your lordship's late letter," wrote the premier, "moved her majesty for your lordship's license to return, whereto her majesty is very willing, as well for the desire she hath to see your lordship, as for the doubt she also hath, that this winter season you might fall into some sickness." Burleigh tells more of his mind in the postscript, in which he says:—"Yesterday all our commissioners professed our sentence against the Scottish queen with one full assent; but I fear more slackness in her majesty than will stand either with her surety or with ours. God direct her heart to follow faithful counsel!"

On the 22d of November, lord Buckhurst and sir Robert Beale proceeded, in pursuance of the orders in council, and her majesty's commands, to Fotheringaye Castle, to announce to the queen of Scots, that sentence of death had been pronounced against her by the commissioners, and ratified by the parliament of England. They executed their ungracious errand without the slightest delicacy or consideration for the feelings of the royal victim, telling her, "that she must not hope for mercy," adding taunts on the score of her religious opinions, very much at variance with the divine spirit of Christianity, and concluded by ordering her chamber and her bed to be hung with black.[1] The conduct of sir Amias Paulet was even more gratuitously brutal and unmanly, and reflects great disgrace on the character of any sovereign to whom such petty instances of malice could be supposed acceptable proofs of his zeal against her fallen enemy.

Meantime, the French ambassador, L'Aubespine Chateauneuf, having written in great alarm to Henry III., that the queen of England was proceeding, he feared, to extremities with the queen of Scots, and urged him to interfere for her preservation, that monarch despatched M. de Pomponne de Bellievre, as an ambassador-extraordinary, for the purpose of remonstrating with Elizabeth against the outrage she was preparing to commit, and using every species of intercession for the preservation of Mary's life.

Bellievre landed at Dover, after a stormy passage, November 29th, having suffered so severely from sea-sickness, together with one of the gentlemen of the suite, that they were unable to proceed till they had reposed themselves for a day and night. Elizabeth, or her council, more probably, took advantage of this circumstance to delay the new envoy's audience, under pretence that he and his company had brought the infection of the plague from France, and that it would be attended with great peril to her royal person if she admitted them into her presence.[2]

It was also asserted, that Bellievre had brought over some unknown men, who had come expressly to assassinate her. These reports appear to have been very offensive to the embassy, and are ascribed by the indignant secretary of legation, by whom the transactions of that eventful period were recorded for the information of his own court, "to the infinite malice of the queen."[3]

Elizabeth had withdrawn to her winter quarters at Richmond, and it was not till the 7th of December that the urgency of Bellievre induced her to grant him his first audience. He came to her after dinner on that day, accompanied by L'Aubespine, the resident French minister, and all the gentlemen who had attended him from France. Elizabeth received them in her presence-chamber, seated on her throne, and surrounded by her nobles and the lords of her council. Leicester had placed himself in close contiguity to the royal person; but when the French envoy

[1] Reports of M. de Bellievre and L'Aubespine in Egerton; and Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. ii., p. 199.

[2] Statement for M. de Villeroy of the transactions of M. de Bellievre in England.

[3] Reports of M. de Bellievre.

proceeded to open the business on which he came, she bade her presumptuous master of the horse "fall back." His colleagues hearing this command addressed to him, took the hint, and withdrew also to a little distance. Bellievre then delivered the remonstrances on the part of his sovereign, in behalf of the Scottish queen, his sister-in-law. Elizabeth interrupted him many times, answering him point by point, speaking in good French, but so loud, that she could be heard all over the saloon. When she mentioned the queen of Scots, she appeared under the influence of passion, which was expressed by her countenance.[1] She burst into invectives against her, accused her of ingratitude for the many favours which she said "she had conferred upon her;" although it was impossible for hatred and revenge to have worked more deadly mischief against another, than such love as hers had wrought to the hapless victim of her treachery. She went on to comment on the address Bellievre had just delivered, observing, "that monseigneur had quoted several examples drawn from history; but she had read much, and seen many books in her lifetime,—more, indeed, than thousands of her sex and rank had done; but never had she met with, or heard of, such an attempt as that which had been planned against her by her own kinswoman, whom the king, her brother-in-law, ought not to support in her malice, but rather to aid her in bringing speedily to justice."

Elizabeth went on to say, "that she had had great experience in the world, having known what it was to be both subject and sovereign, and the difference also between good neighbours and those who were evilly disposed towards her."[2] She told Bellievre, who was a nobleman of high rank and singular eloquence, "that she was very sorry he had not been sent on a better occasion; that she had been compelled to come to the resolution she had taken, because it was impossible to save her own life if she preserved the queen of Scots; but if the ambassadors could point out any means whereby she might do it, consistently with her own security, she should be greatly obliged to them, never having shed so many tears at the death of her father, of her brother, king Edward, or her sister Mary, as she had done for this unfortunate affair."[3] She then inquired after the health of the king of France and the queen-mother, and, after promising the ambassador that he should have an answer in four days, she retired to her apartment.

Bellievre returned to London, where he vainly waited for the promised answer, and at last repaired, with L'Aubespine, to Richmond, once more to solicit another audience. Bellievre, considering that she was trifling with him, demanded his passport, observing, at the same time, that it was useless for him to remain longer in England. Elizabeth, on this, sent Hunsdon and Walsingham to him, to appoint an audience for the following Monday. The following lively account of this reception, and the altercations which took place between the two French ambassadors and her majesty on that occasion, is related in a joint letter from Bellievre and L'Aubespine to their own sovereign, Henry III.[4]

[1] Report for M. de Villeroy. See Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, vol. ii., p. 209.
[2] Report for Villeroy. [3] Bellievre's letter to the king of France.
[4] Lettres Originale d'Etat des Mesmes Collection; No. 9513, tome iii., f. 399, Bibliothèque du Roi.

"The said lady (queen Elizabeth) gave us audience on the appointed day, Monday, in her chamber of presence. We re-commenced the same prayer, with all the urgency that was possible, and spoke in such a manner that we could not be heard, save by her principal councillors. But she rejoined in so loud a tone, that we were put in pain, because we were using prayer, (as the necessity of the affair required,) and by her answers they could not but understand that our plaint was refused. After she had continued long, and repeated many times the same language, she adverted to Morgan, and said, 'Wherefore is it, that having signed a league, which I observe, does not he (the king of France) observe it also in a case which is so important to all princes?' assuring us, 'that if any of her subjects—ay, those that were nearest of kin (naming at the same time and showing us my lord, the chamberlain,[1] who is her cousin-german)—had enterprised things to the prejudice of your majesty's life, she would have sent him to you for purgation.' To which we answered, 'that he had not . . . That if Morgan, having been on her sole account for a long time detained in a strong prison in France, had plotted a little against her majesty, he could not do her any harm, as he was in ward; that the queen of Scotland has fallen into such a miserable state, and has found so many enemies in this kingdom, that there was no need to go and search for them in France to accelerate her ruin; and that it would be deemed a thing too monstrous and inhuman, for the king to send the knife to cut the throat of his sister-in-law, to whom, both in the sight of God and man, he owed his protection.' We could not believe but that we had satisfied her with this answer, but she abandoned the subject of Morgan, and flew to that of Charles Paget, saying, 'Wherefore is he not sent?'

"We replied, 'that we did not consider that Paget was in your majesty's power, as Paris was a great forest; that your majesty would not refuse to perform any office of friendship that could be expected, but that she must please to reflect, that you could not always do as you would wish in the present state of your realm; for your majesty had been censured at Rome and elsewhere for the detention of Morgan, which was done solely out of respect to her.' On which she said to us, 'that the said Paget had promised to Monsieur de Guise to kill her, but that she had means enough in Paris to have him killed, if she wished.'

"She said this, on purpose, so loud, that the archers of her guard could hear. 'As to Morgan,' she said, 'that he had within three months sent to her, that if she would please to accord him her grace, he would discover all the conspiracy of the queen of Scotland;' adding, 'that he was very ill-guarded in the Bastile, for the bishop of Glasgow had spoken more than twenty times to him; and that he was also free to converse with whomsoever he thought proper.' Then the said lady, lowering her voice, told us, 'that she would wish us to be well advised, desiring the good of your majesty; and that you could not do better than to give shortly a good peace to your subjects, otherwise she could foresee great injury to your realm, which a great number of foreigners would enter, in such a sort that it would not be very easy to find a remedy to the evil.'

"On this we took upon ourselves to tell her, 'that your majesty desired nothing more than to see your country in a happy repose, and would feel obliged to all princes, your neighbours, who had the same wish, if they would counsel your subjects to that effect when they addressed themselves to them; that the queen, your mother, at her age, had taken the trouble to seek the king of Navarre for this good purpose; and that it was our opinion that they would now enter into a treaty; that the king, your majesty, and all good people, desired much the preservation of the king of Navarre; but that it was impossible for you to assist him if the aid was not reciprocal on his side; that knowing the respect that the said king of Navarre bore to her, we thought the good counsel she might give him would greatly tend to accelerate the blessing of peace.' While holding this discourse to her, it seemed to us, considering her countenance, that we talked of a thing that was distasteful to her, for she turned away

[1] Lord Hunsdon, the son of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

her head, as not wishing to proceed with the topic, and said to us in Latin, 'He is of age.'

"We observed to her, 'that she talked much of leagues and of armies; but she ought to wish that your majesty, who has never willingly consented to anything which was prejudicial to his realm, were delivered from these unhappy civil wars, and to consider that she could not take the same assurances of all other princes;' on this she said, 'that we might perhaps mean the king of Spain, but that her enmity, and his having commenced with love, we ought not to think, that they could not be well together whenever *she* wished.' And in truth, sire, we believe that she might very easily enter into such relations as she chose with that king. As far as we can judge, she has not the means needful for sustaining a war against so powerful a prince, being infinitely sparing of her money, and her people very desirous of a peace with Spain, as they have lost all their commerce on account of the war. It seems that this queen has determined rather to accord with Spain than continue the war; and we understand she has sent several missions to the duke of Parma. As to the disposition of this princess, touching the peace of your realm, we have written to you what she has said to us upon it; her councillors hold no other language to us; but from what we can gather from the gentlemen of this country, and the French refugees here, all the council of England consider, that the tranquillization of France would be their ruin, and they fear nothing so much as to see an end of the civil wars in your kingdom.

"Her majesty returned to the subject of the queen of Scots, saying, 'that she had given us several days to consider of some means, whereby she could preserve that princess's life, without being in danger of losing her own; and not being yet satisfied on that point, nor having yet found any other expedient, she could not be cruel against herself, and that your majesty ought not to consider it just, that she, who is innocent, should die, and that the queen of Scotland, who is guilty, should be saved.' After many propositions on one part and the other, on this subject, she rose up. We continued the same entreaties, on which she said to us, 'that in a few days she would give us an answer.'

"The next day we were apprised that they had made proclamation through this city, that sentence of death had been given against the queen of Scotland. She has been proclaimed a traitress, incapable of succeeding to the crown, and worthy of death.

"The earl of Pembroke, the mayor and aldermen of the city of London, assisted at this proclamation, and the same instant all the bells in this city began to ring; this was followed universally throughout the realm of England, and they continued these ringings for the space of twenty-four hours, and have also made many bonfires of rejoicing for the determination taken by their queen against the queen of Scotland. This gave us occasion to write to the said lady (queen Elizabeth) the letter of which we send a copy to your majesty. Not being able to devise any other remedy, we have made supplication that she would defer the execution of the judgment, till we could learn, what it would please your majesty to do and say in remonstrance.

"The said lady sent word to us, 'that on the morrow morning, she would let us know her answer, by one of her counsellors of state.' The day passed, and we had not any news. This morning the Sieur Oullé,[1] a member of her council, came to us, on the part of the said lady queen, with her excuse, that we had not heard from her yesterday, on account of the indisposition of her majesty; and, after a long discourse on the reasons which had moved them to proceed to this judgment, he said, 'that out of the respect she (the queen) had for your majesty, she was content to grant a delay of the term of twelve days before proceeding to the execution of the judgment, without pledging herself, however, to observe such delay, if in the interim anything should be attempted against her, which might move her to alter her mind, and the said lady has accorded a like

[1] Sir Thomas Woolley.

delay to the ambassadors of Scotland, who have made to her a similar request.' They have declared to this queen, 'that if she will put to death the queen of Scotland, the king, her son, is determined to renounce all the friendship and alliance that he has with England, and to advise with his friends how he shall proceed in her cause; at which she has put herself into a great fury."

The report of the French ambassadors is dated December 18, 1586; on the 19th, queen Mary addressed the following noble letter to Elizabeth:—

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.[1]

"Fotheringaye, December 19th, 1586.

"Madame,—Having, with difficulty, obtained leave from those to whom you have committed me, to open to you all I have on my heart, as much for exonerating myself from any ill-will, or desire of committing cruelty, or any act of enmity against those, with whom I am connected in blood, as also, kindly to communicate to you what I thought would serve you, as much for your weal and preservation, as for the maintenance of the peace and repose of this isle, which can only be injured if you reject my advice. You will credit, or disbelieve my discourse, as it seems best to you.

"I am resolved to strengthen myself in Christ Jesus alone, who, to those invoking him with a true heart, never fails in his justice and consolation, especially to those who are bereft of all human aid; such are under his holy protection; to him be the glory! He has equalled my expectation, having given me heart and strength, *in spe contra spem* (in hope against hope), to endure the unjust calumnies, accusations, and condemnations (of those who have no such jurisdiction over me) with a constant resolution to suffer death, for upholding the obedience and authority of the apostolical Roman-catholic church.

"Now, since I have been, on your part, informed of the sentence of your last meeting of parliament, lord Buckhurst and Beale having admonished me to prepare for the end of my long and weary pilgrimage, I beg to return you thanks, on my part, for these happy tidings, and to entreat you to vouchsafe to me certain points for the discharge of my conscience. But since sir A. Paulet has informed me (though falsely), that you had indulged me by having restored to me my almoner[2] and the money that they had taken from me, and that the remainder would follow: for all this, I would willingly return you thanks, and supplicate still further as a last request, which, I have thought, for many reasons, I ought to ask of you alone, that you will accord this ultimate grace, for which I should not like to be indebted to any other, since I have no hope of finding aught but cruelty from the puritans, who are, at this time, God knows wherefore! the first in authority,[3] and the most bitter against me.

"I will accuse no one; may I pardon, with a sincere heart, every one, even as I desire every one may grant forgiveness to me, God the first. But I know that you, more than any one, ought to feel at heart the honour or dishonour of your own blood, and that, moreover, of a queen, and the daughter of a king.

"Then, madame, for the sake of that Jesus to whose name all powers bow, I require you to ordain, that when my enemies have slaked their black thirst for my innocent blood, you will permit my poor desolated servants altogether to carry away my corpse, to bury it in holy ground, with the other queens of France, my predecessors, especially near the late queen, my mother; having this in recollection, that in Scotland the bodies of the kings, my predecessors, have been outraged, and the churches profaned and abolished; and that as I shall suffer in

[1] Des Mesmes MS., No. 9513, Collection of Original State Letters, Bibliothèque du Roi.

[2] De Préau; he remained in Fotheringaye, but was forbidden to see his royal mistress.

[3] With no little grandeur of soul, Mary treats Elizabeth, not as her murderess, but as a person controlled by a dominant faction.

this country, I shall not be given place near the kings, your predecessors,[1] who are mine as well as yours: for, according to our religion, we think much of being interred in holy earth. As they tell me that you will in nothing force my conscience nor my religion, and have even conceded me a priest,[2] refuse me not this my last request, that you will permit me free sepulchre to this body when the soul is separated, which, when united, could never obtain liberty to live in repose, such as you would procure for yourself,— against which repose, before God I speak, I never aimed a blow; but God will let you see the truth of all after my death.

"And because I dread the tyranny of those to whose power you have abandoned me, I entreat you not to permit that execution be done on me without your own knowledge, not for fear of the torment, which I am most ready to suffer, but on account of the reports[3] which will be raised concerning my death, without other witnesses than those who would inflict it, who, I am persuaded, would be of very different qualities from those parties whom I require (being my servants) to be spectators and withal witnesses of my end, in the faith of our sacrament, of my Saviour, and in obedience to His church. And after all is over, that they together may carry away my poor corpse (as secretly as you please), and speedily withdraw, without taking with them any of my goods, except those which, in dying, I may leave to them . . . . which are little enough for their long and good services.

"One jewel[4] that I received of you, I shall return to you with my last words, or sooner if you please.

"Once more I supplicate you to permit me to send a jewel and a last adieu to my son, with my dying benediction, for of my blessing he has been deprived, since you sent me his refusal to enter into the treaty whence I was excluded by his wicked council; this last point I refer to your favourable consideration and conscience, as the others; but I ask them, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in respect of our consanguinity, and for the sake of king Henry VII., your grandfather and mine, and by the honour of the dignity we both held, and of our sex in common, do I implore you to grant these requests.

"As to the rest, I think you know that in your name they have taken down my *dais*, (canopy and raised seat,) but afterwards they owned to me that it was not by your commandment, but by the intimation of some of your privy council; I thank God that this wickedness came not from you, and that it serves rather to vent their malice than to afflict me, having made up my mind to die. It is on account of this, and some other things, that they debarred me from writing to you, and after they had done all in their power to degrade me from my rank, they told me, 'that I was but a mere dead woman, incapable of dignity.' God be praised for all!

"I would wish that all my papers were brought to you without reserve, that, at last, it may be manifest to you, that the sole care of your safety was not confined to those who are so prompt to persecute me; if you will accord this my

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[1] This implied wish of burial in Westminster Abbey, her son James afterwards observed.

[2] In this she was deceived; her chaplain was not suffered to see her, though in the castle.

[3] She here dreads the imputation of suicide, a crime which is considered with peculiar horror by Catholics, as rendering impossible the rites their creed deems it essential that the dying should receive.

[4] This was probably the diamond ring which Elizabeth sent her, as a token of amity. "It was," says Melville, "an English custom to give a diamond, to be returned at a time of distress, to recal friendship." The description of this celebrated ring is curious. Two diamonds were set in two rings, and, when laid together, formed the shape of a heart. Elizabeth sent one to Mary, and kept the other. Thoms' Traditions.

last request, I would wish that you would write for them, otherwise they do with them as they choose. And, moreover, I wish that, to this my last request, you will let me know your last reply.

"To conclude, I pray God, the just judge, of his mercy, that he will enlighten you with his Holy Spirit, and that he will give me his grace to die in the perfect charity I am disposed to do, and to pardon all those who have caused, or who have co-operated in my death. Such will be my last prayer to my end, which, I esteem myself happy, will precede the persecution which, I foresee, menaces this isle, where God is no longer seriously feared and revered, but vanity and worldly policy rule and govern all—yet will I accuse no one, nor give way to presumption—yet, while abandoning this world and preparing myself for a better, I must remind you, that one day you will have to answer for your charge, and for all those whom you doom, and that I desire that my blood and my country may be remembered in that time. For why? From the first days of our capaeity to comprehend our duties, we ought to bend our minds to make the things of this world yield to those of eternity!

"From Forteringhay (Fotheringay), this 19th December, 1586.

"Your sister and cousin,

"Prisoner wrongfully,

"Marie (Royne.[1])"

The effect produced by this touching, but dignified appeal to the conscience of Elizabeth, is rather hinted at than described by the pitiless satrap, Leicester, in one of his pithy letters to Walsingham. "There is a letter from the Scottish queen," writes he, "*that hath wrought tears*, but, I trust, shall do no further herein; albeit, *the delay is too dangerous*."[2]

Who can read this remark without perceiving the fact that, in this instance, as well as in the tragedy of her maternal kinsman, the duke of Norfolk, Elizabeth's relentings were overruled, and her female heart steeled against the natural impulses of mercy by the ruthless men whose counsels influenced her resolves? Had Elizabeth exercised her own unbiassed judgment, and yielded to the angel-whisperings of woman's gentler nature, which disposed her to draw back from affixing her signature to the fatal warrant, her annals would have remained unsullied by a crime, which can neither be justified on moral nor political grounds.

Rapin, with sophistry unworthy of an historian, says—"The queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall." This was decidedly untrue. The royal authority of Elizabeth was never more firmly established than at this very period. She could have nothing to apprehend from the sick, helpless, and impoverished captive of Fotheringaye. It was to the ministers of Elizabeth and their party that Mary was an object of alarm; consequently, it was their interest to keep the mind of their royal mistress in a constant state of

[1] The original of this letter is in very obsolete French, of which a copy may be seen in the Bridgewater edition of the Egerton papers. A fragment of the same, copied in a very beautiful hand, is also preserved in the State Paper Office, in the voluminous collection connected with the personal history of Mary, queen of Scots; an abridged translation has been published by Mr. Tytler, in the eighth volume of his valuable history of Scotland.

[2] Harleian MS., 285; British Museum.

excitement, by plots and rumours of plots, till they had wrought her irritable temper up to the proper pitch. Among the many means resorted to for that purpose by Burleigh, may, in all probability, be reckoned the celebrated letter, which has been published in Murdin's State Papers as the production of Mary, queen of Scots, in whose name it was written, but which bears every mark of the grossest forgery. It is written in French,[1] and details, with provoking minuteness, a variety of scandals, which appear to have been in circulation against queen Elizabeth in her own court. These are affirmed to have been repeated to the captive queen by the countess of Shrewsbury, who, during the life of her first husband, Mr. Saintlow, was one of Elizabeth's bed-chamber women. Lady Shrewsbury was a malignant gossip and intriguante, and on very ill terms with her husband's royal charge. These circumstances give some plausibility to the idea that Mary wrote this letter, in order to destroy her great enemy's credit with the queen.

Mary had made, at various times, very serious complaints of the insolence of this vulgar-minded woman, and of the aspersions which she had cast on her own character; and she had also requested the French ambassador to inform queen Elizabeth of her treasonable intrigues in favour of her little grand-daughter, lady Arabella Stuart; but that Mary ever departed so far from the character of a gentlewoman, as to commit to paper the things contained in this document, no one who is familiar with the pure and delicate style which forms the prevailing charm of her authentic letters can believe. Neither was Mary so deplorably ignorant of the human heart, as not to be aware that the person who has so little courtesy as to repeat to another painful and degrading reports, becomes invariably an object of greater dislike to that person than the originator of the scandal.

Every sentence of the letter has been artfully devised, for the express purpose of irritating Elizabeth, not only against lady Shrewsbury, but against Mary herself, who would never have had the folly to inform her jealous rival "that lady Shrewsbury had, by a book of divination in her possession, predicted that Elizabeth would very soon be cut off by a violent death, and Mary would succeed to her throne."[2] What was this but furnishing Elizabeth with a cogent reason for putting her to death without further delay? The letter, as a whole, will not bear insertion; it contains very offensive observations on Elizabeth's person, constitution, and conduct, which are there affirmed to have been made by lady Shrewsbury, together with a repetition of much indelicate gossip, touching her majesty's intimacy with Simier, the plenipotentiary of Francis duke of Anjou, with Anjou himself, and with Hatton; but strange to say, not a word about Leicester, which is the more worthy of remark, inasmuch as the scandals respecting Elizabeth and Leicester had been very notorious, however devoid of foundation they might have been in point of fact.

Leicester was justly regarded by Mary, queen of Scots, as one of her

[1] But not in Mary's well-known hand: no copy of the letter exists in her writing. The story relating to the discovery of this letter is extremely absurd.

[2] Murdin's State Papers, p. 558.

greatest enemies. He is always mentioned with peculiar bitterness in her letters to her friends, and if the celebrated scandal letter, in Murdin, had really been written by her, she would scarcely have omitted having a fling at him. Instead of this, the great stress is laid against Leicester's personal rival, Hatton, who is provokingly stated "to have been, at times, so thoroughly ashamed of the public demonstrations of her majesty's fondness, that he was constrained to retire." Some allusion is also made to a love-quarrel between Elizabeth and Hatton, about certain gold buttons on his dress, on which occasion he departed out of her presence, in a fit of choler; that she sent Killigrew after him, in great haste, and bestowed a buffet on her messenger when he came back without him, and that she pensioned another gentleman, with three hundred a year, for bringing her news of Hatton's return; that when the said Hatton might have contracted an illustrious marriage, he dared not, for fear of offending her; and, for the same cause, the earl of Oxford was afraid of appearing on good terms with his wife; that lady Shrewsbury had advised her (the queen of Scots), laughing excessively at the same time, to place her son in the list of her majesty's lovers, for she was so vain, and had so high an opinion of her own beauty, that she fancied herself into some heavenly goddess, and, if she took it into her head, might easily be persuaded to entertain the youthful king of Scots as one of her suitors; that no flattery was too absurd for her to receive, for those about her were accustomed to tell her, "that they could not look full upon her, because her face was as resplendent as the sun;" and that the countess of Shrewsbury declared, "that she and lady Lenox never dared look at each other, for fear of bursting out a laughing, when in Elizabeth's presence, because of her affectation," adding, "that nothing in the world would induce her daughter, Talbot, to hold any office near her majesty's person, for fear she should, in one of her furies, treat her as she had done her cousin Scudamore, whose finger she had broken, and then tried to make her courtiers believe that it was done by the fall of a chandelier; that she had cut another of her attendants across the hand with a knife, and that her ladies were accustomed to mimic and take the queen off, for the amusement of their waiting-women; and, above all, that lady Shrewsbury had asserted, "that the queen's last illness proceeded from an attempt to heal the disease in her leg,"[1] with many other remarks equally vexatious.

If Elizabeth really believed this letter to have been written by Mary, it is impossible to wonder at the animosity she evinced against her, since the details it contained were such as few women could forgive another for repeating.

The young king of Scotland addressed a letter, of earnest and indignant remonstrance, to Elizabeth, on the subject of his unfortunate mother, and directed sir William Keith, his ambassador, to unite with the French ambassador in all the efforts he made for averting the doom that was now impending over her. Elizabeth long delayed an audience to Keith, and when she did admit him to her presence, she behaved with

[1] Murdin's State Papers, p. 558.

her wonted duplicity. "I swear, by the living God," said she, "that I would give one of my own arms to be cut off so that any means could be found for us both to live in assurance."[1] In another interview she declared, "that no human power should ever persuade her to sign the warrant for Mary's execution." When, however, James was informed that the sentence against his mother had been published, he wrote a letter expressed in menacing and passionate terms. Elizabeth broke into a storm of fury when Keith delivered his remonstrances, and was with difficulty prevented from driving him from her presence. Leicester, it appears, interposed, and at last succeeded in pacifying her, and inducing her, on the following day, to dictate a more moderate reply. Unfortunately, James also abated his lofty tone, and wrote an apology to his royal godmother. From that moment, Elizabeth knew that the game was in her own hands, and bore herself with surpassing insolence to the Scotch envoys, who were sent to expostulate with her by James.

The particulars of her reception of the proposals communicated to her, in the name of king James, by the master of Gray, are preserved in a memorial drawn up by himself. "No one," he says, "was sent to welcome and conduct him into the presence of the queen, and it was ten days before he and his coadjutor, sir Robert Melvil, were admitted to an audience." Now, although this uncourteous delay proceeded from herself, Elizabeth's first address was in these blunt terms:—"A thing long looked for should be welcome when it comes; I would now see your master's orders."

Gray desired, first, to be assured that the cause for which they were to be made, was "still *extant*." Meaning that it was reported that the Scottish queen had been already put to death. "I think," said Elizabeth, coolly, "it be extant yet, but I will not promise for an hour."[2]

She rejected the conditions they offered, in the name of the king, their master, with contempt, and calling in Leicester, the lord-admiral, and Hatton, very despitefully repeated them in the hearing of them all. Gray then proposed that Mary should demit her right of succession to the crown of England, in favour of her son, by which means the hopes of the catholics would be cut off. Elizabeth pretended not to understand the import of this proposition; on which Leicester explained, that it simply meant, that the king of Scots should be put in his mother's place, as successor to the crown of England.

"Is it so?" exclaimed Elizabeth, with a loud voice, and terrible oath; "get rid of one and have a worse in her place? Nay, then, I put myself in a worse place than before. By God's passion! that were to cut my own throat! and for a duchy or earldom to yourself, you, or such as you, would cause some of your desperate knaves to kill me."[3] This gracious observation appears to have been aimed at Leicester, to mark her displeasure at his interference in attempting to explain that which it was not her wish to understand, in allusion to the delicate point of the succession; and it is more than probable that she suspected

[1] Sir George Warrender's MSS., cited by Tytler, History of Scotland, vol. viii.
[2] Memorial of the Master of Gray, January 12, 1586–7.
[3] Gray's Memorial; Robertson; Tytler; Aikin.

that the proposition was merely a lure, concerted between Gray and Leicester, to betray her into acknowledging the king of Scots as her successor.

"No, by God!" concluded she; "he shall never be in that place," and prepared to depart. Gray solicited that Mary's life might be spared for fifteen days, to give them time to communicate with the king, their master, but she peremptorily refused. Melvil implored for only eight days; "No," exclaimed Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "not for an hour!" and so left them.[1]

The expostulations of Melvil in behalf of his royal mistress, were as sincere as they were manly and courageous, but the perfidious Gray secretly persuaded Elizabeth to slay, and not to spare, by whispering in her ear, the murderous proverb, "*Mortua non mordet*,"—"a dead woman bites not."[2]

Meantime, the eloquent Bellievre addressed a long and beautiful letter of expostulation to Elizabeth, in reply to her declaration, that she was willing to save the life of the queen of Scots, if he and the king of France could point out any way by which it might be done without endangering her own safety. It is written in a noble spirit, and as it has never been translated before, an abstract, comprising some of the most forcible passages, may not prove unacceptable to the reader. It proves that the injustice and cruelty of carrying the sentence against her royal kinswoman into execution, were very plainly set before her by the chivalric envoy who had undertaken to plead for that unfortunate lady:—

"God," says he, "has given your majesty so many means of defence, that even were the said lady free in your dominions, or elsewhere, you would be well guarded; but she is imprisoned so strictly, that she could not hurt the least of your servants. Scarcely had she completed her twenty-fifth year, when she was first detained as your prisoner, and deprived of communication with her own council, which has perhaps rendered it easier for persons to deceive her into malicious snares, intended for her ruin. But if, when she was obeyed in Scotland as a queen, she had entered your realm in warlike array, for the purpose of depriving you of your state and life, and had been overcome and fallen into your power, she could not, according to the laws of war, be subjected to harsher treatment than the imposition of a heavy ransom; but as it is, I have neither heard, nor can comprehend, any reason whereby she is, or can be, rendered accountable to you. The said lady entered your realm a persecuted supplicant in very great affliction; she is a princess, and your nearest relative; she has been long in hope of being restored to her kingdom by your goodness and favour; and of all these great hopes, she has had no other fruit than a perpetual prison. Now, madame, it has pleased your majesty to say, that 'you only desire to see the means by which you could save the life of the queen of Scots, without putting your own in danger.' This we have reported to the king, our master, and have received his majesty's commands on this: to say, 'that desiring, above all things in the world, to be able to point out some good way for your satisfaction in this, it seems to him that the matter is entirely in your own hands, as you detain the queen of Scots prisoner, and hold her in your power.' This noble princess is now so humiliated and abased, that her greatest enemies must view her with compassion, which makes me hope more from your majesty's clemency and compassion. Nothing remains to the queen of Scots but a mise-

[1] Aikin. [2] Camden.

rable life of a few sad days; and surely no one can believe that your majesty can resolve to cut those short by a rigorous execution.

"That the treatment of the queen of Scots should be more hard than that of a prisoner of war, I think, madame, you can scarcely maintain. Perhaps you may be told that Conradin, who was the last prince of Swabia, was condemned and executed by the sentence of Charles, (king of Sicily,) for having usurped the lands of the church, usurped the name of king, and practised against the life of the said king Charles. I will reply that, of all acts, this of judgment given, and execution done, against the said Conradin, has been the most blamed by persons who lived in that time, and by all historians who have written on the subject. The French, who had accompanied Charles to Italy, held this sentence in execration, and principally his relative, the count of Flanders, who with his own hand slew the judge who pronounced so iniquitous a judgment. King Charles was, withal, reproached that he out-Neroed Nero himself, and was worse than the Saracens, to whom he had been himself prisoner, having been taken with his brother, St. Louis, king of France, and they had behaved to him more like Christians than he had done to Conradin. For the said Saracens had treated them honourably whilst in prison, and liberated them in a civilized manner on ransom, according to the laws of nations.

"Now, then, madame, allege not the example of so fatal a judgment without contravening your own nature. Whoever is the author of such a deed, will be accursed in memory to all posterity. And, truly, those who compare the case of the queen of Scots with the death of young Conradin, will, I tell you, madame, consider that the said Conradin was condemned with more show of justice, for Conradin was accused of having invaded a country, usurped the name of king, and borne arms against the life of king Charles. Admit that all your charges against the queen of Scots are true, still it remains that she was, at the worst, but striving to gain her freedom and save her life, the sole charge you bring against this noble princess, detained so long in prison. Now, Conradin invaded Naples to take the life and kingdom of king Charles. But the queen of Scots came not to offend you, but in the hope that, in her great affection, the presence of your majesty would be her harbour of safety, and that, on the strength of a promise, that she should be with you in security for a few days, till she could take counsel from her friends in Scotland, or save herself by putting herself under the protection of her brother-in-law, the king of France.

"The enemies of the queen of Scots have raised among your people a frightful rejoicing, and it is a common saying, 'that the life of the queen of Scots is your ruin, and that your two lives cannot exist in the same realm.' It seems that the authors of this language attribute all power to the councils of man, and nought to the will of God. But those, madame, who give you advice, so bloody and inhuman as the destruction of the queen of Scots, will be, by the posterity who look back on these unhappy times, as much detested and blamed as those who gave counsel to the aforesaid king Charles, saying, '*Vita Conradini, mors Caroli, mors Caroli; mors Conradini, vita Caroli.*' "[1]

Bellievre goes on to quote many examples of the beauty of clemency and forgiveness of enemies, both from Holy Writ and ancient history. The remonstrance extends to very great length, and is interspersed with quotations from the classic poets and essayists. He enlarges on the sacred character of sovereigns, and their inviolability as a class, and lays peculiar stress on the saying of Plato, "That the material of which the common race of mortals is formed, is lead or iron; but that of kings, is of gold." A sentiment well calculated to flatter the pride of her to

[1] Remonstrance of Bellievre, ambassador extraordinary to queen Elizabeth, against the execution of the queen of Scots. Bethune MSS., No. 8955, printed in the Egerton Papers.

whom it is artfully addressed. "If the queen of Scots were innocent," pursues he, "she ought not to suffer; if guilty, then she ought to be pardoned as a signal instance of the magnanimity of the English sovereign," adducing the instance of king Porsena's generosity to Mutius Sceavola. After stating that the queen-mother and the queen-consort of France, added their earnest intercession to that of the king, and the whole realm of France, for the life of their unfortunate relative, the queen of Scots, he concludes with the following observations:—

"We are now at the feast of Christmas, when it pleased God, instead of wreaking his vengeance on the iniquity and ingratitude of man, to send into this world his only son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to serve as a propitiation for our sins. Surely, at the feast of his nativity, mankind ought to put far from their eyes and thoughts all things sanguinary, odious, and fatal.

"If your majesty resolves to proceed to extremity with the queen of Scots, those who are connected with her in blood and friendship are resolved to take the same course. On the contrary, if it pleases you to show your goodness to that lady, all Christian princes will hold themselves bound to watch over your preservation. In the first place, our king offers you, on his own account, and promises that he will hinder, to the utmost of his power, all attempts that may be made against your majesty; besides which, he will command all the relatives of the queen of Scots, that may be in his kingdom, (here the family of Guise is alluded to,) to sign an obligation, on their faith and homage due to him, that neither she, nor any one for her, shall undertake aught against your majesty. And his said very Christian majesty will, in his kingdom, and in all others, perform for you the offices of a sincere friend and good brother.

"For these causes, we supplicate your majesty to consider that we have shown you, by the express will of our master, the king of France, that there is a better way, if your goodness will follow it, of securing yourself, than by taking the life of the queen of Scots.

"Your fortune is high and happy, so is that of your realm; your fame is bright among the kingdoms of the earth, and this will continue, if you are not persuaded to act so contrary to your foregoing life.

"Your majesty will, moreover, live in greater security during the existence of the queen of Scots, than if you kill her. I will not stay to dwell on my reasons, but your majesty can comprehend them better than any other person. His very Christian majesty, the king of France, hopes that your goodness will repent of counsel, as fatal as it is hard, against the queen of Scots; but if it is not the good pleasure of your majesty to give heed to these great considerations, which we have preferred in this very urgent and very affectionate prayer, on the part of the said lord king, our master, and that you do indeed proceed to so rigorous and extraordinary an execution, he has given us charge, madame, to say, that he cannot but resent it deeply as an act against the common interest of all sovereigns, and to him in particular highly offensive."

It was even offered, on the part of France, that the duke of Guise, Mary's kinsman, should give his sons as hostages for the security of queen Elizabeth against any further plots from the Catholic party, but Elizabeth replied, "Such hostages would be of little avail to her after her life was taken away, which, she felt assured, would be the case if the queen of Scots were suffered to exist." As for the examples cited, her council said, "They were irrelevant, and with respect to the observations touching Conradin and Charles of Anjou, on which Bellievre had dwelt at some length, that which was said in that case, might, with great truth, they added, be repeated in the present: "The death of

Mary is the life of Elizabeth, and the death of Elizabeth is the life of Mary."[1]

Those who have asserted that Henry III. of France gave secret instructions to Bellievre, to urge privately the execution of Mary, instead of protesting against it, have certainly never read the letters of that monarch to his ambassadors on the subject, nor the letters of those gentlemen, informing him of their earnest intercessions with Elizabeth, for the preservation of that unfortunate princess. So earnest was Bellievre in his efforts to avert the doom of the devoted victim, that he followed queen Elizabeth to Greenwich, when she went to keep her Christmas holidays there, and implored her to grant him a final audience, that he might try the effect of his personal eloquence on her once more, in behalf of the queen of Scots, after the rejection of his letter of remonstrance.[2]

Elizabeth allowed him to supplicate in vain for four or five successive days, before she would grant the audience he entreated. At last, she sent for him, on the 6th of January, and received him in the presence-chamber of her palace at Greenwich. He came, accompanied by L'Aubespine, the resident French ambassador, and having gone through the usual ceremonial, he delivered his remonstrance to the queen. She listened patiently till nearly the concluding words, which were of a menacing character, when she indignantly interrupted him, by exclaiming, "Monsieur de Bellievre, have you had orders from the king, your master, to hold such language to me?" "Yes, madame," replied he, "I have the express commands of his majesty." "Have you the authority signed by his own hands?" she demanded. Bellievre assured her that he had; and she said, she must have the order signed by himself, and sent to her the same day. She then made all who were in the presence-chamber withdraw, and remained alone in conference with the two French ambassadors, and only one of her own council, for a full hour, but neither Bellievre nor L'Aubespine, could induce her to promise that the life of the queen of Scots should be spared.[3]

Her displeasure at the bold language in which Bellievre had couched his official remonstrances in behalf of Mary Stuart, is sternly manifested in the following haughty letter, which she addressed to Henry III. on the subject:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

"Sir, my good Brother,—

"The old ground, on which I have often based my letters, appears to me so changed at present, that I am compelled to alter the style, and, instead of returning thanks, to use complaints. My God!—How could you be so unreasonable as to reproach the injured party, and to compass the death of an innocent one, by allowing her to become the prey of a murderess? But, without reference to my rank, which is nowise inferior to your own, or of my friendship to you, most sincere—for I have well-nigh forfeited all reputation among the princes of my own religion, by neglecting them, in order to prevent disturbances in your dominions; exposed to dangers, such as scarcely any prince ever was before, expecting, at least, some ostensible reasons and offers for security against the

[1] Camden. [2] Reports of Bellievre and his secretary.
[3] Lettres Originales d'Etat, 111, fol. 421, Bibl. du Roi.

daily danger, for the epilogue of this whole negotiation—you are, in spite of all this, so blinded by the words of those, who, I pray, may not ruin you, that, instead of a thousand thanks, which I had merited for such singular services, Monsieur de Bellievre has addressed language to my ears, which, in truth, I know not well how to interpret. For, that you should be angry at my saving my own life,[1] seems to me the threat of an enemy, which, I assure you, will never put me in fear, but is the shortest way to make me despatch the cause of so much mischief. Let me, I pray you, understand in what sense I am to take these words? for I will not live an hour to endure that any prince whatsoever should boast that he had humbled me into drinking such a cup as that. Monsieur de Bellievre has, indeed, somewhat softened his language, by adding, that you in nowise wish any danger to accrue to me, and still less to cause me any. I, therefore, write you these few words, and if it please you to act accordingly, you shall never find a truer friend; but, if otherwise, I neither am in so low a place, nor govern realms so inconsiderable, that I should, in right and honour, yield to any living prince that would injure me, and I doubt not, by the grace of God, to make my cause good, for my own security.

"I beseech you to think rather of the means of maintaining, than of diminishing, my friendship. Your realm, my good brother, cannot abide many enemies. Give not the rein, in God's name, to wild horses, lest they should shake you from your saddle. I say this to you, out of a true and upright heart, and implore the Creator to grant you long and happy life. ELIZABETH."

It is probable, that some reminiscences of the youthful impertinences of Henry, duke of Anjou, when reluctantly compelled, by his ambitious mother, to allow his name to be used in the celebrated matrimonial negotiation with Elizabeth, might have occurred to the mind of the august spinster, while penning this scornful and humiliating letter to the feeble and degraded Henry III. of France.

Bellievre now reiterated his demand for his passport, and took his leave of Elizabeth and her nobles, but when he and all his suite were preparing to commence their journey, her majesty sent two of her gentlemen to entreat him to remain two days longer. This request seems merely to have proceeded from some secret misgiving, on her part, which must have been quickly overruled by her cabinet, for at the end of two days, passports were sent, and Bellievre was permitted to depart without the slightest reason having been given for the delay that had been asked.[2] The very day on which Bellievre sailed for France, it was affirmed by the council, that a fresh plot of a very perilous nature, against the queen's life, had been discovered, in which the resident French ambassador, L'Aubespine, was deeply involved. It was asserted, "that when Stafford, the brother of the English ambassador at Paris, paid a familiar visit to L'Aubespine, that statesman asked him, 'if he knew any one who, for some crowns, would do an exploit?' and when asked, by Stafford, 'What that should be?' replied, 'To kill the queen.' On which Stafford named one Mody, a necessitous and disaffected person, who would do anything for money; whereupon the ambassador sent his secretary, Destrappes, to arrange the terms with Mody, who told him, "He was so well acquainted with every part of the royal

[1] In Raumer's version of this letter, Elizabeth says, "For to tell me 'that if I did not save the life of that woman, I should feel the consequences!' seems like the threat of an enemy."

[2] MS. de Brienne, 34, p. 412. Bibl. du Roi, Paris.

lodgings, that he knew of a place underneath the queen's chamber, where he could easily place a barrel of gun-powder, make a train, and overthrow everything."[1]

Stafford went and made deposition to this effect before the council, on which Mody and Destrappes were taken into custody; the ambassador indignantly denied the charge, or rather rebutted it, by stating, "that Stafford came to him and made a proposition to kill the queen," saying, "he knew of a person who would undertake to do it for a good sum." This was evidently the truth; for, who can believe that any statesman would be guilty of the absurdity of boldly requesting a gentleman of high rank, in Elizabeth's service, and the brother of her representative in his own court, to furnish an assassin to take away her life? Stafford was, doubtless, employed by Burleigh or Walsingham, to draw the French ambassador, or some of his suite, into a secret confederacy or correspondence with him, ostensibly for that object, in which he so far succeeded, that L'Aubespine heard what he had to say, without giving information to Elizabeth or her council, but forbade him his house.

Elizabeth herself, after the death of Mary, acknowledged to the French ambassador, "that she had received full conviction that the accusation was unfounded," and said some very civil things of Destrappes. She had been deluded by the misrepresentations of others, who were determined to put a stop to her receiving further remonstrances from the court of France.

"By means of this attempt," observes Camden, "such as bore mortal hatred against the queen of Scots, took occasion to hasten her death. And to strike the greater terror into the queen, knowing that when any one's life is at stake, fear excludes pity, they caused false rumours and terrifying reports daily to be heard of, and spread throughout England—viz., that the Spanish fleet was already arrived at Milford Haven; that the Scots were broken into England; that the duke of Guise was landed in Sussex with a strong army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion; that there was a new conspiracy on foot to kill the queen, and set the city of London on fire; and that the queen was dead." Some of these startling rumours were intended to prepare the public mind for the news of Mary's execution, and to receive it as a public good, so artfully had she, oppressed, and helpless as she was, been rendered a bugbear to the majority of the people of England. But Camden expressly states, "that with such scare-crows and affrighting arguments as these, they drew the queen's wavering and perplexed mind to that pass, that she signed a warrant for putting the sentence of death into execution."[2]

With all Elizabeth's strength of mind, and masculine powers of intellect, be it remembered that she must have been as dependent for information on the reports of her ministers and personal attendants as any other princess; and if it suited the policy of those around her to withhold, or mystify the truth, what channel was there through which it could reach her? The press was in its infancy, public journals detailing the events of the day were not in existence, and the struggles of certain

[1] Murdin, 580, 581.

[2] Annals of Elizabeth, in White Kennet, f. 533.

independent members of the House of Commons, for liberty of speech, had ceased. The spies of Walsingham, Burleigh, and Leicester, were, it is true, perpetually at work; and there was no class of society into which they did not insinuate themselves. They were goers to and fro throughout the realm, and made reports to their employers of all they heard and saw; but were their reports faithfully conveyed to the queen by her ministers, ungarbled and uninterpolated? Assuredly not, unless it suited their own policy to do so; for have we not seen how long she was kept in ignorance of so public an event, as the fall of Rouen, by Leicester?—and does not the under-current of the transactions, respecting Mary queen of Scots, abound with evidence, that the mighty Elizabeth was frequently the dupe, and at last the absolute tool of her ministers, in ridding them of a successor to the throne, whom they had cause to dread?

The state of Elizabeth's mind, just before she was induced to sign the death-warrant, is thus described by the graphic pen of the contemporary historian, Camden: "In the midst of those doubtful and perplexing thoughts, which so troubled and staggered the queen's mind, that she gave herself over to solitariness, she sate many times melancholy and mute, and frequently sighing, muttered this to herself, '*aut fer, aut feri*,' that is, either bear with her or smite her; and '*ne feriare feri*,'—'strike, lest thou be stricken.'[1] At this period she was also heard to lament, 'that among the thousands who professed to be attached to her as a sovereign, not one would spare her the painful task of dipping her hands in the blood of a sister queen."[2]

The idea of ridding herself of her royal prisoner by a private murder, the usual fate of captive princes, appears to have taken a powerful hold of Elizabeth's mind, during the last eight days of Mary's life. In fact, the official statements of Mr. Secretary Davison, afford positive proof that she had provided herself with agents, one of whom, Wingfield, she named, "who were ready," she said, "to undertake the deed." The "niceness" of those "precise fellows," Paulet and Drury, who had the custody of Mary's person, frustrated Elizabeth's project; they were too scrupulous or too cautious to become accomplices in the murder of their helpless charge, in any other way than by assisting at her execution, authorized by the queen's own warrant, under the royal seal. They were aware of the guerdon, generally assigned to those, who lend themselves to perform the unprofitable works of darkness for their betters. History had not told the tale of Gournay and Maltravers, and other tools of royal villany in vain to the shrewd castellans of Fotheringaye castle; and the subsequent treatment of Davison, demonstrated their wisdom in refusing to implicate themselves in an iniquity, so full of peril to inferior agents.

The particulars of this foul passage, in the personal annals of the maiden queen, shall be related by Davison himself.[3]

[1] Annals in White Kennet, folio 534. [2] Lingard.

[3] Copied, by Sir Harris Nicolas, from the Cotton. MS., Titus C. vii., f. 48, and collated by him with the copies in the Harl. MSS., and that in Caligula, and pronounced by him to be in Davison's own hand. His "Summary Report of

"After that the sentence against the Scottish queen was passed, and subscribed by the lords and others, the commissioners appointed to her trial, and that her majesty had notified the same to the world by her proclamation, according to the statute, there remained nothing but her warrant, under the great seal of England, for the performing and accomplishing her execution, which, after some instance, as well of the lords and commons, of the whole parliament then assembled, as of others of her council, and best affected subjects, it pleased her majesty at length to yield thereunto; and thereupon gave order to my lord-treasurer to project the same, which he accordingly performed, and with her majesty's privity, left in my hands, to procure her signature; but by reason of the presence of the French and Scotch ambassadors, then suitors for her (Mary's) life, she (queen Elizabeth) forbore the signing thereof, till the first of February, which was some few days after their departure home. At what time her majesty, after some conference with the lord-admiral, of the great danger she constantly lived in, and moved by his lordship to have more regard to the surety of herself and state, than she seemed to take, resolved to defer the said execution no longer, and gave orders to his lordship to send for me, to bring the warrant unto her to be signed, which he forthwith did, by a messenger of the chamber, who found me in the park, whither I had newly gone to take the air; whereupon returning back immediately with him, I went directly to the privy-chamber, where his lordship, attending my coming, discoursed unto me what speech had passed that morning betwixt her majesty and him, touching the justice against the said Scottish queen, and finally told me, "how she was now fully resolved to proceed to the accomplishment thereof, and had commanded him to send expressly for me, to bring the warrant unto her to be signed, that it might be forthwith despatched, and deferred no longer." According to which direction, I went immediately to my chamber, to fetch the said warrant, and other things touching her service, and returning up again, I sent in Mrs. Brooke, to signify my being there to her majesty, who presently called for me.

"At my coming in, her highness first demanded of me,—'Whether I had been abroad that fair morning?' advising me 'to use it oftener,' and reprehending me 'for the neglect thereof,' with other like gracious speeches, arguing care of my health, and finally asked me, 'What I had in my hands?' I answered, 'Divers things to be signed that concerned her service.' She inquired, 'Whether my lord-admiral had not given me order to bring up the warrant for the Scottish queen's execution?' I answered, 'Yes;' and thereupon asking me for it, I delivered it into her hands. After the reading whereof, she, calling for pen and ink, signed it, and laying it from her on the mats, demanded of me, 'Whether I were not heartily sorry to see it done?' My answer was, 'that I was so far

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that which passed between her majesty and him, in the cause of the Scottish queen, from the signing of the warrant to the time of his restraint," may surely be relied on as a plain statement of facts, which he would neither venture to falsify nor to exaggerate. It comprises the simplest and most circumstantial account of the proceedings of queen Elizabeth, from the time the warrant was drawn up, till the execution of the royal victim.

from taking pleasure in the calamity or fall of any, or, otherwise, from thirsting in any sort after the blood of this unhappy lady in particular, as I could not but be heartily grieved to think that one of her place and quality, and otherwise so near unto her majesty, should give so great cause as she had done to take this resolution; but seeing the life of that queen threatened her majesty's death, and therefore this act of hers, in all men's opinions, was of that justice and necessity, that she could not defer it without the manifest wrong and danger of herself and the whole realm, I could not be sorry to see her take an honourable and just course of securing the one and the other, as he that preferred the death of the guilty before the innocent;' which answer her highness approving with a smiling countenance, passed from the matter to ask me, 'What else I had to sign?' and thereupon offering unto her some other warrants and instructions touching her service, it pleased her, with the best disposition and willingness that might be, to sign and despatch them all."

"After this, she commanded me to carry it to the seal, and to give my lord-chancellor special order to use it as secretly as might be, lest the divulging thereof before the execution might, as she pretended, increase her danger; and in my way to my lord-chancellor, her pleasure also was, that I should visit Mr. Secretary Walsingham, being then sick at his house in London, and communicate the matter to him, 'because the grief hereof would go near,' as she merrily said, 'to kill him outright;' then taking occasion to repeat unto me some reasons why she had deferred the matter so long, as, namely, for her honour's sake that the world might see that she had not been violently or maliciously drawn thereto.'"

How these professions agreed with her majesty's merry message to Walsingham, apprising him that she had just signed the fatal instrument for shedding the blood of her nearest relative, by the axe of the executioner, the unprejudiced reader may judge. Little, indeed, did Elizabeth, in the full confidence of her despotic power, imagine that the dark import of her secret communings with her secretary in that private closet, would one day be proclaimed to the whole world, by the publication of the documentary evidences of her proceedings. When the Ithuriel spear of truth withdraws the curtain from scenes like these, the reverse of the picture, suddenly unveiled to those who have been taught, even in the nursery, to revere in "good queen Bess" the impersonification of all that is great and glorious in woman, is startling.

"The queen concluded," continues Davison, "that she never was so ill-advised as not to apprehend her own danger, and the necessity she had to proceed to this execution; and thereupon, after some intermingled speech to and fro, told me that she would have it done as secretly as might be, appointing the hall where she (queen Mary) was, for the place of execution, and misliking the court, or green of the castle, for divers respects, she alleged, with other speech to like effect. Howbeit, as I was ready to depart, she fell into some complaint of sir Amias Paulet and others, 'that might have eased her of this burden,' wishing that Mr. Secretary (Walsingham) and I would yet write unto both him and sir Drue Drury, to sound their disposition in this behalf.

"And," continues Davison, "albeit, I had before excused myself from meddling therein, upon sundry her majesty's former motions, as a matter I utterly prejudged, assuring her, 'that it would be so much labour lost, knowing the wisdom and integrity of the gentlemen, whom I thought would not do so unlawful an act for any respect in the world;' yet, finding her desirous to have the matter attempted, I promised, for her satisfying, to signify this her pleasure to Mr. Secretary, and so, for that time leaving her, went down directly to my lord-treasurer, (Burleigh,) to whom I did communicate the said warrant signed, together with such other particulars as had passed at that time between her highness and me. The same afternoon I waited on my lord-chancellor for the sealing of the said warrant, according to her majesty's direction, which was done between the hours of four and five, from whence I returned back unto Mr. Secretary Walsingham, whom I had visited by the way, and acquainted with her pleasure, touching the letters that were to be written to the said sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, which, at my return, I found ready to be sent away."[1]

The reader is here presented with the copy of the private official letter, in which the two secretaries propose the murder, in plain and direct terms, to Paulet and Drury, by the express commands of their royal mistress:—

WALSINGHAM AND DAVISON TO SIR AMIAS PAULET AND SIR DRUE DRURY.

"February 1, 1586–7.

"After our hearty commendations, we find, by a speech lately made by her majesty (queen Elizabeth), that she doth note in you both, a lack of that care and zeal for her service, that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not, in all this time (of yourselves, without other provocation), found out some way of *shortening the life of the Scots' queen*, considering the great peril she (queen Elizabeth) is hourly subject to, *so long as the said queen shall live;* wherein, besides a kind of lack of love towards her, she wonders greatly that you have not that care of your own particular safeties, or rather the preservation of religion, and the public good, and prosperity of your country, that reason and policy commandeth, especially having so good a warrant and ground for the *satisfaction of your consciences towards God*, and the discharge of your credit and reputation towards the world, as the oath of association, which you have both so solemnly taken and vowed, especially the matter wherewith *she* (Mary) standeth charged, being so clearly and manifestly proved against her.

"And, therefore, *she* (Elizabeth) taketh it most unkindly, that men, professing that love towards her that you do, should, in a kind of sort, for lack of discharging your duties, cast the burden upon her, knowing, as you do, her indisposition to shed blood,[2] especially of one of that sex and quality, and so near her in blood, as that queen is.

"'These respects, we find, do greatly trouble her majesty, who, we assure you, hath sundry times protested, 'that if the regard of the danger of her good subjects and faithful servants, did not more move her than her own peril, she would never be drawn to the shedding of blood.'

"We thought it meet to acquaint you with these speeches, lately passed from

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[1] Davison's Summary Report of that which passed between him and the queen, copied by Sir H. Nicolas from the Cotton. MS., Titus, vii., f. 48, and collated by him from the copies of the same document, in Harl. MSS., and Cotton. MSS., in Caligula. See also Davison's Apology, in Nicolas' Life of Davison.

[2] Meaning publicly: private murder she preferred.

her majesty, referring the same to your good judgments. And so we commit you to the protection of the Almighty.

Your most assured friends,
"Fra. Walsingham.
"Will. Davison."

An anonymous writer, whose work was published before the learned research of Hearne had drawn this disgraceful document, and the reply of the uncompromising castellans of Fotheringaye, from the dust and darkness in which the correspondence had slumbered for upwards of two centuries, possessed traditional evidence of the fact, that a letter was sent, by the queen's command, to instigate sir Amias Paulet to the assassination of his hapless charge. It was scarcely possible that he should be aware that the veritable letter was absolutely extant; and, as he adds, a remarkable incident, illustrative of the excited state of Elizabeth's mind, the night after it had been despatched, the passage is well worthy of quotation.

"Some say," observes our author, "she sent orders to Paulet to make away with the queen of Scots; but in the midst of that very night she was awakened by a violent shriek from the lady who always slept in her bed-chamber. The queen asked her 'what ailed her?' She answered, 'I dreamed that I saw the hangman strike off the head of the queen of Scots; and forthwith he laid hands on your majesty, and was about to behead you as well, when I screamed with terror.'

"The queen exclaimed, 'I was, at the instant you awoke me, dreaming the very same dream.'"[1]

It is curious enough, that this wild story of Elizabeth's midnight vision is confirmed by her own words, quoted in Davison's autograph narrative, to which we will now return.

After stating that the morning after the precious scroll to Paulet and Drury had been despatched, Killigrew came to him, with a message from the queen, importing 'that if he had not been to the lord-chancellor, he should forbear going to him till he had spoken again with her;' which message coming too late, he proceeded to her majesty, to give an account of what he had done. He thus continues—"At my coming to her, she demanded, 'Whether the warrant had passed the seal?' I told her, 'Yes.' She asked, 'What needeth that haste?' I answered, 'That I had therein made no more haste than herself commanded, and my duty, in a case of that moment, required, which, as I took it, was not to be dallied with.' 'But methinketh,' saith she, 'that it might have been otherwise handled, for the form,' naming unto me some that were of that opinion, whose judgments she commended. I answered, 'that I took the honourable and just way, to be the safest and best way, if they meant to have it done at all;' whereto her majesty replying nothing, for that time, left me, and went to dinner. From her, I went to Mr. Vice-chamberlain Hatton, with whom I did communicate the warrant and other particulars that had passed between her highness and me,

[1] History of the Life and Death of that excellent Princess, Queen Elizabeth; to which is added, the Trial, Sufferings, and Death of Mary, Queen of Scots, p. 388. Davison's Narrative authenticates this story.

touching the despatch thereof, when, falling into a rehearsal of some doubtful speeches of hers, betraying a disposition to throw the burden from herself, if by any means she might, and remembering unto him the example of her dealing in the case of the duke of Norfolk's execution, which she had laid heavily upon my lord-treasurer, (Burleigh,) for a long time after, and how much more her disavowing this justice was to be feared, considering the timorousness of her sex and nature, the quality of the person whom it concerned, and respect of her friends, with many other circumstances that might further incline her thereunto, I finally told him, 'that I was, for mine own part, fully resolved, notwithstanding the directions I had received, to do nothing that might give her any advantage to cast a burden of so great weight upon my single and weak shoulders, and, therefore, having done as much as belonged to my part, would leave to him and others as deeply interested in the surety of her majesty and the state, as myself, to advise what course should now be taken for accomplishing the rest."[1]

Hatton's rejoinder to these observations was, "that he was heartily glad the matter was brought thus far, and, for his part, 'he would wish him hanged who would not co-operate in a cause, which so much concerned the safety of the queen and her realm.'" On further consultation, they both decided on going to Burleigh, with whom they agreed that the matter should be communicated to the rest of the lords of the council, and Burleigh took upon himself to prepare the letters to the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, and the others to whom the warrant was directed. The next morning, Burleigh sent for Davison and Hatton, and showed the draft he had drawn up of those letters. Hatton considered them too particular in the wording, on which Burleigh offered to draw up others, in more general terms, against the afternoon. The council, being apprised of the business in hand, met in Burleigh's chamber, where he, entering into the particulars of the Scottish queen's offence, the danger of her majesty and state, and the necessity of this execution, and, having shown them the warrant, he apprised them of the suspected intention of the sovereign to shift the burden of it from herself, if she could. It is probable, too, that Elizabeth's earnest desire of having the deed performed by a private murder, which she would afterwards charge on whomsoever she could induce to undertake it, was also discussed; but, at all events, the council came to the unanimous resolution, that the warrant should be forthwith despatched, without troubling her majesty any more about it. The subtle conclave, who thus presumed to secure themselves, by outwitting their sovereign, and acting independently of her commands, did Beale (the clerk of the council) the honour of considering him the fittest person to whom they could commit the charge of putting the warrant for the death of the rightful heiress of the throne into execution. He accepted the office, and approved the copies of the letters devised by Burleigh; and having appointed them to be written out fair, against the afternoon, they went to dinner, and, between one and two o'clock, returned to have the letters signed, that were addressed

[1] Davison's Summary Report.

to the lords and commissioners, appointed to that duty. These were then delivered to Beale, with earnest request for him to use the utmost diligence in expediting the same.

Elizabeth, meantime, unconscious of the proceedings of her ministers, was still brooding vainly over the idea of a private murder. "The next morning," pursues Davison, "her majesty being in some speech with Burleigh, in the private chamber, seeing me come in, called me to her, and, as if she had understood nothing of these proceedings, smiling, told me 'she had been troubled that night upon a dream she had, that the Scottish queen was executed,' pretending to have been so greatly moved with the news against me, as in that passion she would have done I wot not what. But this being in a pleasant and smiling manner, I answered her majesty, 'that it was good for me I was not near her, so long as that humour lasted.' But withal, taking hold of her speech, asked her, in great earnest, 'what it meant? and whether, having proceeded thus far, she had not a full and resolute meaning to go through with the said execution, according to the warrant?' Her answer was, 'Yes,' confirmed with a solemn oath, 'only that she thought that it might have received a better form, because this threw all the responsibility upon her herself.' I replied, 'that the form prescribed by the warrant was such as the law required, and could not well be altered, with any honesty, justice, or surety to those who were commissioners therein; neither did I know who could sustain this burthen, if she took it not upon her, being sovereign magistrate, to whom the sword was committed, of God, for the punishment of the wicked, and defence of the good, and without whose authority, the life or member of the poorest wretch in her kingdom could not be touched.'

"She answered, 'that there were wiser men than myself in the kingdom, of other opinion.' I told her, 'I could not answer for other men, yet, this I was sure of, that I had never yet heard any man give a sound reason to prove it either honourable or safe for her majesty to take any other course than that which standeth with law and justice;' and so, without further replication or speech, we parted.

"The same afternoon, (as I take it,) she asked me, 'Whether I had heard from sir Amias Paulet?' I told her, 'No;' but within an hour after, going to London, I met with letters from him, in answer to those that were written unto him, some days before, upon her commandment."

This portion of the narrative would be incomplete without the insertion of these memorable letters:—

SIR AMIAS PAULET TO SECRETARY WALSINGHAM.

"Sir,—Your letters of yesterday coming to my hands this present day, at five post meridian, I would not fail, according to your direction, to return my answer, with all possible speed, which I shall deliver to you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see this unhappy day, in which I am required, by direction from my most gracious sovereign, to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth.

"My goods and my life are at her majesty's *disposition* (disposal), and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her, acknowledging that I do hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire to

enjoy them, but with her highness's good liking. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, as to shed blood without law or warrant.

"Trusting that her majesty, of her accustomed clemency, and the rather by your good mediation, will take this my answer in good part, as proceeding from one who never will be inferior to any Christian subject living, in honour, love, and obedience towards his sovereign, and thus I commit you to the mercy of the Almighty. Your most assured poor friend,

"A. Powlet (Paulet.)

"From Fotheringaye, the 2d of February, 1586–7.

"P. S.—Your letters coming in the plural number, seem to be meant to sir Drue Drury as to myself, and yet because he is not named in them, neither the letter directed unto him, he forbeareth to make any particular answer, but subscribeth in heart to my opinion. D. Drury."

The next morning, Davison communicated these letters to his royal mistress, which having read, "her majesty," pursues Davison, "falling into terms of offence, complaining of 'the daintiness, and (as she called it) perjury of him and others, who, contrary to their oath of association, did cast the burden upon herself,' she rose up, and, after a turn or two, went into the gallery, whither I followed her; and there renewing her former speech, blaming 'the niceness of those precise fellows, (as she termed them,) who, in words, would do great things for her surety, but, indeed, perform nothing,' concluded by saying, 'that she could have it well enough done without them.' And here, entering into *particularities*, named unto me, as I remember, 'one Wingfield, who,' she assured me, 'would, with some others, undertake it,' which gave me occasion to show unto her majesty how dishonourable, in my poor opinion, any such course would be, and how far she would be from shunning the blame and stain thereof, she so much sought to avoid; and so falling into the particular case of sir Amias Paulet and sir Drue Drury, discoursed unto her the great extremity she would have exposed those poor gentlemen to; for if, in a tender care of her surety, they should have done what she desired, she must either allow their act or disallow it. If she allowed it, she took the matter upon herself, with her infinite peril and dishonour; if she disallowed it, she should not only overthrow the gentlemen themselves, who had always truly and faithfully served and honoured her, but also their estates and posterities; besides the dishonour and injustice of such a course, which I humbly besought her majesty 'to consider of,' and so, after some little digression and speech about Mr. Secretary and others, touching some things passed heretofore, her majesty, calling to understand whether it were time to go to her closet, brake off our discourse.

"At my next access to her majesty, which, I take, was Tuesday, the day before my coming from court, I having certain things to be signed, her majesty entered of herself into some earnest discourse of the danger she daily lived in, and how it was more than time this matter were despatched, swearing a great oath, 'that it was a shame for them all that it was not done;' and thereupon spake unto me, 'to have a letter written to Mr. Paulet, for the despatch thereof, because the longer it was deferred, the more her danger increased;' whereunto, knowing what order had

been taken by my lords in sending the commission to the earls, I answered, 'that I thought there was no necessity for such a letter, the warrant being so general and sufficient as it was.' Her majesty replied little else, 'but that she thought Mr. Paulet would look for it.'"[1]

The entrance of one of her ladies, to hear her majesty's pleasure about dinner, broke off this conference, which took place on the very day of Mary's execution at Fotheringaye. It is a remarkable fact, withal, in the strangely linked history of these rival queens, that at the very time Elizabeth thundered out her unfeminine execration against those who were (as she erroneously imagined) delaying the death of her hapless kinswoman, Mary was meekly imploring her Heavenly Father "to forgive all those who thirsted for her blood;" and lest this petition should be considered too general, she included the name of queen Elizabeth in her dying prayer for her own son; not in the scornful spirit of the pharisee, but according to the divine precept of Him who has said, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for those that persecute you, and despitefully use you." What can be said, in illustration of the disposition of these two queens, more striking than the simple record of this circumstance; which, remarkable as it is, appears to have escaped the attention of their biographers.

It may appear singular, that Davison did not endeavour to calm the ireful impatience of his sovereign, by apprising her that the deed was done; but Davison, being accustomed to her majesty's stormy temper, and characteristic dissimulation, suspected that she was as perfectly aware as himself of the bloody work that had been performed in the hall of Fotheringaye castle that morning. He knew not how to believe that the queen could be ignorant that the warrant had been sent down for that purpose, "considering," as he says, "who the counsellors were by whom it was despatched." One circumstance affords presumptive evidence of Elizabeth's unconsciousness of this fact, which is, that when the news of Mary's execution was brought down to Greenwich early on the morning of the 9th of February by Henry Talbot, not one of her council would venture to declare it to her; and it was actually concealed from her the whole of that day,[2] which she passed as if nothing remarkable had happened.

In the morning, she went out on horseback with her train, and after her return, she had a long interview with Don Antonio, the claimant of the crown of Portugal, whose title she supported for the annoyance of her great political foe, Philip II. of Spain. The whole day was, in fact, suffered to pass away without one syllable of this important event being communicated to her majesty by her ministers. "In the evening," says Davison, "she learned the news by other means." This was the general ringing of the bells, and the blaze of bonfires that were universally kindled in London and its vicinity, as the tidings spread, and the majority of the people appeared intoxicated with joy at what had taken place. Those who inwardly mourned were compelled, by a prudential regard

[1] See Davison's Apology, addressed to Walsingham, in Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison, in which work the fullest particulars of that transaction are given

[2] Davison's Report. See Appendix to Sir H. Nicolas' Life of Davison.

for their own safety, to illuminate their houses, and kindle bonfires like the rest.

The queen is said to have inquired the reason "why the bells rang out so merrily?" and was answered, "Because of the execution of the Scottish queen." Elizabeth received the news in silence.[1] "Her majesty would not, at the first, seem to take any notice of it," says Davison, "but in the morning, falling into some heat and passion, she sent for Mr. Vice-chamberlain, (Hatton), to whom she disavowed the said execution, as a thing she never commanded nor intended, casting the burden generally on them all, but chiefly on my shoulders."

Camden tells us, "that as soon as the report of the death of the queen of Scots was brought to queen Elizabeth, she heard it with great indignation: her countenance altered; her speech faltered and failed her; and, through excessive sorrow, she stood in a manner astonished, insomuch that she gave herself over to passionate grief, putting herself into a mourning habit, and shedding abundance of tears. Her council she sharply rebuked, and commanded them out of her sight." Historians have, generally speaking, attributed Elizabeth's tears and lamentations, and the reproaches with which she overwhelmed her ministers on this occasion, to that profound hypocrisy which formed so prominent a feature in her character; but they may, with more truth, perhaps be attributed to the agonies of awakened conscience:

> "The juggling fiend, who never spake before,
> But cried, 'I warned thee!' when the deed was o'er."

No sooner, indeed, was she assured that the crime which she had so long premeditated was actually perpetrated, than the horror of the act appears to have become apparent to herself, and she shrank from the idea of the personal odium she was likely to incur from the commission of so barbarous, so needless an outrage. If it had been a deed which could have been justified on the strong grounds of state necessity, "why," as sir Harris Nicolas has well observed, "should the queen have been so desirous of disavowing it?" Her conduct on this occasion resembles the mental cowardice of a guilty child, who, self-convicted and terrified at the prospect of disgrace and punishment, strives to shift the burden of his own fault on all who have been privy to the mischief, because they have not prevented him from the perpetration of the sin; yet Elizabeth's angry reproaches to her ministers were not undeserved on their parts, for deeply and subtilely had they played the tempters with their royal mistress, with regard to the unfortunate heiress of the crown. How systematically they alarmed her with the details of conspiracies against her life, and irritated her jealous temperament, by the repetition of every bitter sarcasm which had been elicited from her ill-treated rival, has been fully shown.

Looking at the case in all its bearings, there is good reason to suppose that the anger which Elizabeth manifested, not only against her cautious dupe Davison, but Burleigh and his colleagues, was genuine. Davison clearly shows that they agreed to act upon their own respon-

[1] Bishop Goodman's Court of James I.

sibility, in despatching the warrant for Mary's execution, under the plausible pretext, that they thought it would be most agreeable to their royal mistress for them to take that course; they were also actuated by two very opposite fears—one was, that Elizabeth would disgrace both herself and them, by having Mary privily despatched in her prison; or, on the other hand, postpone the execution of the warrant from day to day, and possibly die herself in the interim—a contingency above all others to be prevented.

Elizabeth, therefore, if really ignorant of the resolution they had taken, was of course infuriated at their presuming to exercise the power of the crown, independently of her commands. The act would be of secondary importance in the eye of a sovereign of her jealous temperament; but the principle they had established was alarming and offensive to the last degree. Ten men, calling themselves her servants, had constituted themselves a legislative body, *imperio in imperio*, to act by mutual consent, in one instance, independently of the authority of the sovereign; and had taken upon themselves to cause the head of an anointed queen to be stricken off by the common executioner. A dangerous precedent against royalty, which in process of time, encouraged a more numerous band of confederates to take away the life of their own sovereign, Charles I., in a manner equally illegal, and opposed to the spirit of the English constitution.

Personal hatred to Mary Stuart had not blinded Elizabeth to the possibility of the same principle being exercised against herself, on some future occasion; and, as far as she could, she testified her resentment against the whole junta, for the *lese majestæ* of which they had been guilty, and, at the same time, endeavoured to escape the odium which the murder of her royal kinswoman was likely to bring on her, by flinging the whole burden of the crime on them.

Mr. Secretary Woolley writes the following brief particulars, to Leicester, of her majesty's deportment to such of her ministers as ventured to meet the first explosion of her wrath: "It pleased her majesty yesterday to call the lords and others of her council before her, into her withdrawing chamber, where she rebuked us all exceedingly, for our concealing from her our proceeding in the queen of Scots' case; but her indignation lighteth most on my lord-treasurer (Burleigh), and Mr. Davison, who called us together, and delivered the commission. For she protesteth, 'she gave express commandment to the contrary,' and therefore hath took order for the committing Mr. Secretary Davison to the Tower, if she continue this morning, in the mind she was yesternight, albeit, we all kneeled upon our knees to pray to the contrary. I think your lordship happy to be absent from these broils, and thought it my duty to let you understand them."[1]

Woolley's letter is dated, "this present Sunday," by which we understand that the memorable interview between Elizabeth and her council did not take place, as generally asserted, immediately after she learned the tidings of Mary's execution on the Thursday evening, but on the

[1] Wright's Elizabeth and her Times, vol. ii., p. 332.

Saturday. Burleigh she forbade her presence with every demonstration of serious displeasure. Walsingham came in for a share of her anger, on which he makes the following cynical comments to Leicester, which afford sufficient evidence of the irritation of both queen and cabinet at this crisis. "My very good lord, these sharp humours continue still, which doth greatly disquiet her majesty, and her poor servants that attend here. The lord-treasurer remaineth still in disgrace, and behind my back, her majesty giveth out very hard speeches of myself, which I the easier credit, for that I find in dealing with her, I am nothing gracious; and if her majesty could be otherwise served, I should not be used." Walsingham goes on, after recounting matters of public business, to say, "The present discord between her majesty and her council, hindereth the necessary consultation that were to be desired for the preventing of the manifest perils that hang over this realm." He proceeds to state the queen's perversity in not allowing the necessary supplies for the Low Countries, and says, "her majesty doth wholly bend herself to devise some further means to disgrace her poor council that subscribed, and in respect thereof she neglecteth all other causes."[1]

Elizabeth would probably have endeavoured to emancipate herself from Burleigh's political thraldom, if she had not found it impossible to weather out the storm that was gathering against her on the Spanish coast, without him. The veteran statesman was, besides, too firmly seated at the helm, to suffer himself to be driven from his office by a burst of female temper. He, the Talleyrand of the 16th century, understood the art of trimming his bark to suit the gales from all points of the compass. While the tempest of Elizabeth's anger lasted, he lowered his sails, and affected the deepest penitence for having been so unfortunate as to displease her by his zeal for her service, and humiliated himself by writing the most abject letters that could be devised,[2] and after a time succeeded in re-establishing his wonted ascendancy in the cabinet.

The luckless Davison was, meantime, selected as the scape-goat on whom the whole blame of the death of the Scottish queen was to be laid. He was stripped of his offices, sent to the Tower, and subjected to a Star-Chamber process, for the double contempt of revealing the secret communications which had passed between her majesty and him, to others of her ministers; this was doubtless the head and front of his offending, and the real cause for which he was punished; the other misdemeanour was giving up to them the warrant which had been committed to his special trust. His principal defence consisted in repeated appeals to the conscience of the queen, "with whom," he said, "it did not become him to contend."[3] He was sentenced to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and to suffer imprisonment during her majesty's pleasure.

"Davison," observes Bishop Goodman, "was wont to say, that 'if queen Elizabeth and himself were to stand together at a bar, as one day they must, he would make her ashamed of herself.'"[4]

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[1] Wright's Elizabeth.

[2] See his letters in Strype.

[3] See Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Davison; State Trials; Camden; Lingard; Rapin.

[4] Goodman's Life of James I., vol. i., p. 32.

Shakspeare evidently had the conduct of his own sovereign, queen Elizabeth, towards Davison, in his mind when he put these sentiments in the mouth of king John:—

"It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty; when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
King John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! for hadst thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Noted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind.

* * * * *

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers.
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death."

A copy of Davison's sentence was sent by Elizabeth to the king of Scotland,[1] to whom she had previously written the following deprecatory letter, which, with many sighs and tears, she consigned to her young kinsman, Robert Carey, one of lord Hunsdon's sons, whom she made her especial messenger to the Scottish court. So well did she act her part, that Carey was persuaded of the reality of her sorrow, and, throughout his life, never forgot the tears she shed, and the deep sighs she heaved, on that occasion:

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[1] The following items in a book of warrants, in 1587, rescued by Frederick Devon, Esq., keeper of the Chapter-house, Westminster, from the vault in which so many valuable documents were destroyed by damp, appears very mysterious, in combination with these circumstances. "There are payments to Davison, of 500*l.*; and in the book of warrants (12 a), William Davison has 1000*l.*, in October, 28 Eliz.: (*so that it would appear he was not in very great disgrace for the part he took.*) 500*l.* is immediately after entered as being paid to the said William Davison, one of the queen's principal secretaries; also, immediately afterwards, is 1000*l.*; and I know, having seen it regularly entered on the rolls, his pension was granted, of 100*l.* a-year."—Evidence of Frederick Devon, Esq., in the inquiry before the House of Lords, on the sale of the exchequer records, May 10th, 1839.

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO KING JAMES VI.

"My dear Brother, "February 14, 1586–7.

"I would you knew (though not felt) the extreme dolour that overwhelms my mind for that *miserable accident*,[1] which, far contrary to my meaning, hath befallen. I have now sent this kinsman of mine,[2] whom, ere now, it hath pleased you to favour, to instruct you truly of that, which is irksome for my pen to tell you.

"I beseech you—that as God and many *moe* know how innocent I am in this case—so you will believe me, that if I had bid aught, I would have abided by it. I am not so base-minded, that the fear of any living creature, or prince should make me afraid to do that were just, or, when done, to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a mind. But, as not to disguise fits not the mind of a king,[3] so will I never dissemble my actions, but cause them to show even as I meant them. Thus assuring yourself of me, that as I know this was deserved, yet, if I had meant it, I would never lay it on others' shoulders; no more will I *not*[4] damnify myself, that thought it not.

"The circumstances[5] it may please you to *have* (learn) of this bearer (Robert Carey). And for your part, think not you have in the world a more loving kinswoman, nor a more dear friend than myself, nor any that will watch more carefully to preserve you and your state. And who shall otherwise persuade you, judge them more partial to others than to you. And thus, in haste, I leave to trouble you, beseeching God to send you a long reign.

"Your most assured, loving sister and cousin,

"ELIZABETH R."

How far the sincerity of the professions of innocence of the murder of her unfortunate kinswoman, which are insisted upon by Elizabeth in this letter, are to be credited, is not for us to decide. But whatever might have been her share in the last act of this dark and mysterious tragedy, it is evident that she deemed it an indefensible thing. She had not the hardihood to justify the crime, even under the plea of its political expediency. She did not, like Napoleon, calmly discuss the cutting off a royal victim, in violation to the laws of God and man, as a "necessary crime," but speaks of it as a thing too monstrous to have been perpetrated with her consent.

The news of the execution of their queen, was received in Scotland with a burst of national indignation, so uncontrollable, that Elizabeth's young kinsman, Robert Carey, the bearer of her letter to the king, would have fallen a victim to popular fury, if James had not sent a guard for his protection.

The secretary of the English embassy complained of the insulting libels against queen Elizabeth, that were placarded on the walls of Edinburgh. It is also recorded by him, that a packet was addressed to Elizabeth, containing a halter, with four ribald lines, describing this present to be "a Scottish chain, for the English Jezabel, as a reward for the

[1] Cutting off the head of his mother—by accident!

[2] Sir Robert Carey, son of lord Hunsdon.

[3] In this sentence, the use of the double negative, contrary to the rules of our language, has caused Elizabeth to contradict her evident meaning: she intends to say, "that disguise fits not the mind of a king"—a precept certainly contrary to her own practice.

[4] Again her double negative contradicts her own meaning.

[5] That is, how Davison despatched the warrant, and how it was executed, without Elizabeth's knowledge.

murder of their queen."[1] When the sessions of the Scotch parliament closed, the assembled members besought the king, on their knees, to avenge his mother's death. James manifested feelings of passionate grief and anger at first, but though he used menacing language, and commenced warlike preparations, the bribes and intrigues of his powerful neighbour, in his cabinet, soon had the effect of paralyzing his efforts to assume a hostile attitude.

Elizabeth's next attempt was to conciliate the court of France, towards which a decidedly hostile tone had been assumed by her and her ministers, ever since Stafford had accused the resident ambassador, L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf of concocting a plot against her life. The ports had been closed, and all the despatches addressed to L'Aubespine, from his own court, had been detained, opened, and read by Elizabeth's council. A strict embargo had been laid on all the shipping, to prevent any person from leaving the kingdom. L'Aubespine applied daily, but in vain, for a passport for the messenger, whom he wished to send with letters apprising his sovereign of the execution of his royal sister-in-law, but was told "that the queen of England did not choose his majesty to be informed of what had been done, by any one but the person she would send to him."

"In fact," writes L'Aubespine to Henry III., "the ports have been so strictly guarded, for the last fortnight, that no one has left the kingdom, except a person, whom the queen has despatched to Mr. Stafford, to inform your majesty of what has taken place." On the day after Davison had been committed to the Tower, the queen sent for Monsieur Roger, a gentleman of the privy-chamber of the king of France, attached to the embassy, and told him "that she was deeply afflicted for the death of the queen of Scotland; that it never was her intention to have put her to death, although she had refused the request of M. de Bellievre." She said "that Davison had taken her by surprise, but he was now in a place where he would have to answer for it, and charged monsieur Roger to tell his majesty of France so." This she said with every demonstration of grief, and almost with tears in her eyes.[2]

At no period of her life does Elizabeth appear in so undignified a light as at this period. On Saturday, the 6th of March, she sent for L'Aubespine, to dine with her at the palace of the archbishop of Canterbury, at Croydon. She received him in the most courteous and winning manner, and offered the use of men, money, and ammunition to his sovereign, if required by him, in his war against the League. The ambassador replied, "that his master had no need of the forces of his neighbours to defend himself." She then discoursed on the affairs of France in general, and related to his excellency much news from Paris, of which he had not heard a word. Then she complained of the detention of the English vessels, by the king of France, and the ambassador replied, "that it had been done in consequence of her ordering the embargo to be laid on the French vessels in her ports." She expressed

[1] Ellis's Letters, 2d series, vol. iii.
[2] Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf.

her desire "to render everything agreeable, and referred all matters of complaint, in the commercial relations of the two countries, to four commissioners of her cabinet, with whom she requested him to confer."

All this time the ambassador was endeavouring to escape, without entering into two subjects, on which he was reluctant to commit himself, by discoursing with so subtle a *diplomatiste* as Elizabeth; one was the death of the queen of Scots, the other the affair of the pretended plot, in which not only the name of his secretary, Destrappes, but his own had been involved. Elizabeth, however, was not to be circumvented. The more she found him bent on getting away, the more pertinacious was she in her purpose of detaining him, till she had compelled him to speak on those delicate points. He essayed to take his leave, but she prevented him by calling Walsingham, to conduct him to the council-chamber. She then detained his excellency, playfully, by the arm, and said, laughing, "Here is the man who wanted to get me murdered!" Seeing the ambassador smile, she added, "that she had never believed *he* had any share in the plot, and all she complained of was, that he had said, 'he was not bound to reveal anything to her, even though her life was in danger,' in which, however," she said, "he had only spoken as an ambassador, but she considered him to be a man of honour, who loved her, and to whom she might have entrusted her life."[1]

Elizabeth then acknowledged, "that she was now aware that the plot was only the trick of two knaves—one of whom, Mody, was wicked enough to commit any bad action for money; the other, for the sake of those to whom he belonged, she would not name," (alluding to Stafford, the person *who* had denounced the plot.) She observed, at the same time, "that allowance ought to be made for the times, and the irritation of sovereigns," and assured L'Aubespine, "that she now loved and esteemed him more than ever, and as she had before written to his sovereign against him, she would now write again a letter in his favour, with an assurance that she was convinced that he was incapable of such an act. After which *amende*, she trusted, the king would grant an audience to her ambassador, and give orders for the release of the vessels of her subjects."

"Madame," replied L'Aubespine, "I have come hither to treat of the affairs of the king my master, and for no other purpose. I have never considered that the duties of a man of honour differ from those of an ambassador. I never said that I would not reveal any conspiracy against your person, were I to see it in danger, but that an ambassador was not compelled to reveal anything, unless he chose to do so; and neither for that nor any other thing could he be amenable to the laws of the country. That you consider me innocent is a great satisfaction to me, and even that you are pleased to bear testimony, in my behalf, to my king. I entreat you, however, to allow me to send Destrappes to him, that the matter may be properly cleared up, for the satisfaction of his majesty and my acquittal."[2] As Elizabeth did not particularly relish

[1] Private letter of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf to Henry III. [2] Ibid.

the idea of such an investigation, she adroitly turned it off, with an assurance, "that there was no need of further acquittal; that she was convinced of the wrong that had been done him, for which she was much grieved," dismissing the subject with the following compliment to Destrappes' professional abilities as an advocate: "Tell him I hope never to have a cause to plead in Paris, where he might have an opportunity of revenging the offence I have given him."

"I thought," continues the ambassador, "to have taken my leave of the said lady without making any answer respecting Destrappes, or entering into the subject of the queen of Scotland; but she took my hand, and led me into a corner of the apartment, and said, 'that since she had seen me she had experienced one of the greatest misfortunes and vexations that had ever befallen her, which was, the death of her cousin-german;' of which she vowed to God, with many oaths, 'that she was innocent; that she had indeed signed the warrant; but it was only to satisfy her subjects, as she had never intended to put her to death, except in case of a foreign invasion, or a formidable insurrection of her own subjects. That the members of her council, *four of whom were in presence*, had played her a trick which she could never forgive,' and she swore, by her Maker's name, 'that, but for their long services, and for the supposition that they had acted out of consideration for the welfare and safety of her person and state, they should all have lost their heads.'"[1]

L'Aubespine does not specify the persons thus alluded to by Elizabeth, but three of them were undoubtedly Burleigh, Leicester, and Walsingham; the other was either Hatton or the lord-admiral, both of whom were, indeed, deeply implicated in the intrigues which led to the execution of the unfortunate Mary. "The queen begged me," pursues L'Aubespine, "to believe that she would not be so wicked as to throw the blame on an humble secretary, unless it were true." She declares, "that this death will wring her heart as long as she lives, on many accounts, but principally, sire, for the respect she has for the queen, your mother, and monseigneur, your brother, whom she so dearly loved." After this tender allusion to her late fascinating suitor, Alençon, whose memory few historians have given the illustrious spinster credit for cherishing with such constancy of regard, Elizabeth made many professions of amity for Henry III. "She protested," says L'Aubespine, "that she would not meddle, in any way, with the affairs of your subjects, but that then she should consider her own security; that the Catholic king was daily making offers of peace and friendship, but she would not listen to them, knowing his ambition; on the contrary, she had sent Drake to ravage his coasts, and was considering about sending the earl of Leicester to Holland, to show that she was not afraid of war; with so many other observations against those of the League, that your majesty may easily conceive, from the length of this despatch, that she had well prepared herself for this audience, in which she detained me for three good hours, as I let her say all she pleased." This was

[1] Letter of L'Aubespine to Henry III.

certainly very civil of his excellency, but he did not carry his politeness so far as to leave her majesty's sayings unanswered. "I told her," pursues he, "that I was very glad that she desired the friendship of your majesty, knowing how serviceable it had been to her formerly; that I believed you entertained similar sentiments on your part; but it was necessary that I should tell her frankly that, if she desired your friendship, she must deserve it by deeds, and not by words, since to assist with money and ammunition those who are in arms against you, to instigate the German troops to enter France, to refuse to do justice to any of your plundered subjects, to treat your ambassador as she had treated me for the last four months, was not courting your friendship in the way that it should be sought. Madame," said I, "there are three sovereigns in Christendom: the king, my master, the catholic king, and your majesty; under these three, Christianity is divided. You cannot strive against the other two without great evil to yourself; with one you are at open war, and the other has great reason to believe, that the war which distracts his kingdom is fomented by your means, and this opinion can only be changed by deeds, not words."

Elizabeth protested, "that she was not assisting the king of Navarre against the king of France, but against the house of Guise, who were his foes, and were leagued with the king of Spain and the prince of Parma, who, after they had effected his ruin, meant to attack her; but she would be ready to repel them, and would not relinquish her hold on the Low Countries, swearing an oath," continues the ambassador, "that she would not suffer either the king of Spain nor those of Guise to mock the poor old woman, who, in her female form, carried the heart of a man."

Then she proposed that a council should be held for the adjustment of religious differences, which she offered to attend in person.

"These differences," she said, "were not so great as were supposed, and might be adjusted; and that it was her opinion, that two Christian sovereigns, acting in unison, might settle everything on a better principle, without heeding either priests or ministers, insinuating that Henry and herself might be considered as the heads of the two religions which then divided Christendom."[1]

L'Aubespine again reproached her with her interference in the domestic dissension in France, and after a few more amicable professions on her part, the conference ended, little to the satisfaction of either party, for the ambassador evidently considered it an insult to his understanding, that she should expect him, even to pretend, to give her credit for her good intentions, and she perceived not only that she had failed to deceive him, but that he did not think it worth his while to dissemble with her.

Elizabeth was too well aware of Henry III.'s weakness, both as a monarch and a man, to entertain the slightest uneasiness on the score of his resentment. Her great and sole cause of apprehension was, lest a coalition should be formed against her between Spain, Scotland, and

[1] Despatches of L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf.

France for the invasion of England, under the pretext of avenging the murder of the Scottish queen. From this danger, she extricated herself with her usual diplomatic address, by amusing the court of Spain with a deceptive treaty, in which she affected to be so well disposed to give up her interest in the Netherlands, for the sake of establishing herself on amicable terms with her royal brother-in-law, that her Dutch allies began to suspect it was her intention to sacrifice them altogether.

The threatening demeanour of the king of Scotland she quelled, by artfully bringing forward an embryo rival to his claims on the succession of the English throne, in the person of his little cousin, lady Arabella Stuart. This young lady, whom Elizabeth had scarcely ever seen, and never, certainly, taken the slightest notice of before, she now sent for to her court, and though she was scarcely twelve years of age, she made her dine in public with her, and gave her precedence of all the countesses, and every other lady present. This was no more than the place which Arabella Stuart was, in right of her birth, entitled to claim in the English court, being the nearest in blood to the queen, of the elder female line, from Henry VII., and next to the king of Scotland, in the regular order of succession to the throne of England.

L'Aubespine, in his despatch of the 25th of August, 1587, relates the manner in which queen Elizabeth called the attention of his lady (who had dined with her majesty, on the preceding Monday, at the same table) to her youthful relative. "After dinner, the queen being in a lofty, grand hall with Madame L'Aubespine de Chasteauneuf, and all the countesses and maids of honour near her, and surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, her majesty asked the ambassadress, 'if she had noticed a little girl, her relation, who was there,' and called the said Arabella to her. Madame de Chasteauneuf said much in her commendation, and remarked how well she spoke French, and that she 'appeared very sweet and gracious."

"'Regard her well,' replied the queen, 'for she is not so simple as you may think. One day, she will be even as I am, and will be lady-mistress; but I shall have been before her.'"

These observations were doubtless intended, as L'Aubespine shrewdly remarks, to excite the apprehensions of the king of Scots, and to act as a check upon him.

Some years later, the innocent puppet of whom Elizabeth had made this artful use, became an object of jealous alarm to herself, and would, probably, have shared the fate of all the other royal ladies who stood in juxtaposition to the throne, if her own life had been prolonged a few months.

This dark chapter of the annals of the maiden monarch closed with the farce of her assuming the office of chief mourner, at the funeral of her royal victim, when the mangled remains of Mary Stuart, after being permitted to lie unburied and neglected for six months, were at last interred, with regal pomp, in Peterborough Cathedral, attended by a train of nobles, and ladies of the highest rank, in the English court. The countess of Bedford acted as queen Elizabeth's proxy on that occasion,

and made the offering in her name.[1] "What a glorious princess!" exclaimed the sarcastic pontiff, Sixtus V., when the news reached the Vatican,—"it is a pity," he added, "that Elizabeth and I cannot marry, our children would have mastered the whole world."

It is a curious coincidence, that the Turkish sultan, Amurath III., without being in the slightest degree aware of this unpriestly, or, as Burnet terms it, this profane jest on the part of Sixtus, was wont to say, "that he had found out a means of reconciling the dissensions in the Christian churches in Europe, which was, that queen Elizabeth, who was an old maid, should marry the pope, who was an old bachelor."[2]

Sixtus entertained so high an opinion of Elizabeth's regnal talents, that he was accustomed to say, "there were but three sovereigns in Europe who understood the art of governing—namely, himself, the king of Navarre, and the queen of England; of all the princes in Christendom, but two, Henry and Elizabeth, to whom he wished to communicate the mighty things that were revolving in his soul, and as they were heretics, he could not do it."[3] He was even then preparing to reiterate the anathemas of his predecessors, Pius V. and Gregory XIII., and to proclaim a general crusade against Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Renewed influence of the earl of Leicester with Elizabeth—An impostor pretends to be their son—Hostile proceedings of Spain—Philip II. sends an insulting Latin tetrastic to Elizabeth—Her witty reply—The Armada—Female knight made by queen Elizabeth—The queen's prayer—Her heroic deportment—Leicester's letter to her—Her visit to the camp at Tilbury—Enthusiasm of her subjects—Defeat and dispersion of the Spanish fleet—Medals struck on the occasion—Death of Leicester—His legacy to the queen—She distrains his goods—Elizabeth goes in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada—Her popularity—Way of life—Her love of history—Characteristic traits and anecdotes of Elizabeth—Margaret Lambrun's attempt on her life—Her magnanimity—Religious persecutions—Her imperious manner to the House of Commons—Arbitrary treatment of the earl of Arundel—Her love for Essex, and jealousy of lady Mary Howard—The escapade of Essex—Joins the expedition to Lisbon—His return—Increasing fondness of the queen—Her

[1] Archæologia, vol. i., p. 355. See also, as more generally accessible, Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland, vol. ii., p. 323, second edition.

[2] Bishop Goodman's Court of King James, vol. i., p. 367.

[3] Perefixe Hist. Henry le Grand.

anger at his marriage—His temporary disgrace, and expedition to France—Elizabeth's letter to Henry IV., describing Essex's character—Her political conduct with regard to France—Takes offence with Henry—Her fierce letter to him—She favours the Cecil party—Sir Robert Cecil's flattery to the queen—Her progress—Splendid entertainment at Elvetham—Her unkind treatment of Hatton—Endeavours to atone for it in his last illness—His death—Angry expressions against Essex to the French ambassador—Recals him home—His expostulation—She insists on his return—He sends Carey to her—Essex returns—Their reconciliation—Elizabeth visits Oxford and Ricote—Her friendship for lady Norris.

It is worthy of observation, that while Burleigh, Walsingham, Davison, and even Hatton, experienced the effects of the queen's displeasure, which was long and obstinately manifested towards the members of her cabinet, even to the interruption of public business, Leicester escaped all blame, although as deeply implicated in the unauthorized despatch of the warrant, for the execution of the Scottish queen, as any of his colleagues. It seemed as if he had regained all his former influence over the mind of his royal mistress since his return from the Netherlands; yet he had evinced incapacity, disobedience, and even cowardice, during the inauspicious period of his command there. English treasure and English blood had been lavished in vain, the allies murmured, and the high-spirited and chivalric portion of the gentlemen of England complained, that the honour of the country was compromised in the hands of a man, who was unworthy of the high charge that had been confided to his keeping. Instead of punishing him, his partial sovereign had bestowed preferments and places of great emolument upon him. As if to console him for the popular ill-will, she made him lord steward of her household, and chief justice in eyre south of the Trent, and finally sent him back with a reinforcement of 5000 men, and a large supply of money.[1]

Matters had gone from bad to worse in his absence, even to the desertion of a large body of English troops to the king of Spain. Leicester endeavoured to make up for his incapacity, both as a general and a governor, by ostentatious fasting, and daily attending sermons. The evil tenour of his life, from his youth upward, and his treacherous underhand practices against those illustrious patriots, Barneveldt and Maurice, prince of Orange, rendered these exhibitions disgusting to persons of integrity and true piety. He lost the confidence of all parties. One disaster followed another, and the fall of Sluys completed the measure of public indignation. Articles of impeachment were prepared against him at home, and the queen was compelled to recall him, that he might meet the inquiry.

That the royal lioness of Tudor was roused by the disgrace the military character of England had suffered under his auspices, to the utterance of some stern threats of punishment, may be easily surmised, for Leicester hastened to throw himself at her feet on his return, and, with tears in his eyes, passionately implored her "not to bury him alive, whom she had raised from the dust;"[2] with other expressions meet only to be

[1] Camden; Lingard. [2] Camden.

addressed by the most abject of slaves to an oriental despot. Elizabeth was, however, so completely mollified by his humiliation, that she forgave and reassured him with promises of her powerful protection. The next morning, when summoned to appear before the council to answer the charges that were preferred against him, he appeared boldly, and instead of kneeling at the foot of the table, took his usual seat at the board; and when the secretary began to read the list of charges against him, he rose and interrupted him, by inveighing against the perfidy of his accusers; and, appealing to the queen, came off triumphantly.[1] Lord Buckhurst, by whom his misconduct had been denounced, received a severe reprimand, and was ordered to consider himself a prisoner in his own house, during the royal pleasure. The haughty peer, though nearly related to the queen, submitted to this arbitrary and unjust sentence with the humility of a beaten hound; and even debarred himself from the solace of his wife and children's company during the period of his disgrace, which lasted during the residue of Leicester's life.[2]

The many instances of partial favour manifested by the queen towards Leicester, through good report and evil report, during a period of upwards of thirty years, gave colour to the invidious tales that were constantly circulated in foreign courts, and occasionally in her own, of the nature of the tie which was supposed to unite them. It has frequently been asserted by the scandalous chroniclers of that day, and even insinuated by the grave documentarian Camden, that Elizabeth had borne children to the earl of Leicester; and the report of an English spy, at Madrid, to lord Burleigh, certifies that, about this period, a young man, calling himself Arthur Dudley, was then resident at the court of Spain, who had given it out, "that he was the offspring of queen Elizabeth, by the earl of Leicester; pretending that he was born at Hampton Court, and was delivered by the elder Ashley into the hands of one Sotheron, a servant of Elizabeth's old governess, Mrs. Ashley, with charge to Sotheron, that he should not reveal the matter upon pain of death, but bring the babe up as his own, which he had done; but finally confided the secret to the youth, who, in consequence, took upon himself the character of her majesty's son." The writer of this letter notices, "that the youth," as he calls him, "is about seven-and-twenty years of age, and is very solemnly warded and kept at the cost to the king of six crowns a day;" adding, "If I had mine alphabet," meaning his cipher, "I would say more touching his lewd speeches."[3]

Dr. Lingard has, with great care, gleaned a few more particulars touching this mysterious person, from the Spanish records of Simanças,[4] by which it appears that he had been, in the first instance, arrested as a suspicious person at Pasage, by the Spanish authorities there, and being sent as a prisoner to Madrid, he was required to give an account of himself in writing. This he did in English, and sir Francis Englefield translated his narrative into Spanish for the king. This document is dated 17th of June, 1587, and proves that Burleigh's spy had obtained very

[1] Camden; Sidney Papers. [2] Camden; Sidney Papers; Lingard.
[3] Ellis's Letters, 2d series, vol. iii., p. 135, 136.
[4] Lingard's Hist. of England, vol. viii., 4th edition. Appendix, x., p. 458.

accurate information as to the statement of the adventurer, which is, "that he, Robert Dudley, is the reputed son of Robert Sotheron, once a servant of Mrs. Ashley, residing at Evesham, in Worcestershire. By order of Mrs. Ashley, Sotheron went to Hampton Court, where he was met by N. Harrington, and told by her, 'that a lady at court had been delivered of a child; that the queen was desirous to conceal her dishonour, and that Mrs. Ashley wished him to provide a nurse for it, and to take it under his care.' Being led into the gallery near the royal closet, he received the infant from her, with directions to call it Arthur, and intrusted it to the care of a miller's wife, at Mousely, on the opposite bank of the Thames, and afterwards conveyed it to his own house. Some years later, Sotheron conducted the boy to a school in London: whence he was sent to travel on the Continent; and, in 1583, he returned to his reputed father at Evesham."

He now concluded that there was some mystery respecting his birth, from the different manner in which he and his supposed brothers and sisters had been educated, but could not draw the secret from Sotheron till a few days before the old man's death, when he learned from him that he was the son of queen Elizabeth and the earl of Leicester. He then consulted sir John Ashley and sir Drue Drury, who advised him to keep his secret, and return to the Continent. This he had done, yet not before he had obtained an interview with Leicester;[1] but what passed between them is not stated, nor indeed any particulars of what became of this young man. Dr. Lingard observes, "that Philip did not consider him an impostor, appears from this,—that we find him, even as late as a year after his apprehension, treated as a person of distinction, very solemnly warded, and served with an expense to the king of six crowns (almost two pounds) a day."

If Philip really believed this person to be the illegitimate son of his royal sister-in-law, he was certainly treating him with a greater degree of civility than could reasonably have been expected of any nominal uncle, under such circumstances. What, however, could be the motive of the haughty Spanish monarch in thus countenancing the said Arthur Dudley? Was it his brotherly affection for Elizabeth, or a tender respect for the memory of his deceased consort, Mary of England, that induced Philip to lavish money and marks of distinction on so disreputable a family connexion of the female Tudor sovereigns? The more probable supposition is, that Philip availed himself of the cunningly-devised tale of an audacious impostor, to injure the reputation of his fair foe, by pretending to believe his statement, which seems, indeed, as if contrived to give a colour to the horrible libels that were soon after printed and circulated against queen Elizabeth, during the preparations for the invasion of her realm by the Armada. Rapin, who wrote upwards of a century later, notices, "that it was pretended, that there were then in England descendants from a daughter of queen Elizabeth by the earl of Leicester," but makes no allusion to a son.

[1] Translated by Lingard from the Records of Simança. See Hist. England in Elizabeth, vol. viii., p. 460.

The breach between Philip and Elizabeth was every day becoming wider, and, though they endeavoured to beguile each other with deceitful negotiations for a peace, the Spaniard was daily increasing his naval appointments for the mighty expedition, with which he fondly imagined he should overwhelm his female antagonist; and Elizabeth, meantime, was like an active chess-queen, checking his game, in every unguarded point, by means of her adventurous maritime commanders, who, from their bold and unexpected exploits, might be compared in their movements to the knights in that game. Drake, at this threatening crisis, sailed fearlessly into Cadiz harbour, and burned, sunk, or destroyed upwards of eighty of Philip's vessels, which he facetiously termed "singing the don's whiskers;" he then bore on triumphantly to the coast of Portugal, and, in the mouth of the Tagus, defied the admiral of Spain to come out with all his fleet, and do battle with him on the sea; and, finally, returned home laden with the spoils of the St. Philip, (the largest of all the Spanish treasure-ships,) returning with her precious lading from the New World.

Although Drake had been commissioned by the queen for these daring enterprises, she would not openly avow it, because it was inconsistent with the pacific treaty that was still in the course of negotiation between her and Spain, but tacitly allowed the stigma of piracy to sully the well-earned laurels of her brave seamen.

When Philip's gigantic preparations were sufficiently advanced to intimidate, as he imagined, the most courageous female sovereign that ever swayed a sceptre, he offered Elizabeth, by his ambassador, the following insulting conditions of peace, in a Latin tetrastic, which was to be considered his ultimatum:

"Te veto ne pergas Bello defendere Belgas,
Quæ Dracus ereperit, nunc restituantur oportet:
Quas pater overtit, jubea te cendere cellas:
Religio papæ fac restituatur ad unquam."

Which may be thus rendered in English:—

"Belgic rebels aid no more,
Treasures seized by Drake restore;
And whate'er thy sire o'erthrew
In the papal church, renew."

"*Ad Græcas, bone rex fient mandata kalendas*," was the contemptuous rejoinder of Elizabeth, of which the popular version is as follows:

"Mighty king! lo, this thy will
At latter Lammas we 'll fulfil."

The literal sense is, "Your order, good king, shall be obeyed in the days when the Greeks reckoned by kalends," meaning never; for kalends were not known among the Greeks, and she shrewdly appoints a time past for the performance of that which is yet to be done. Horace Walpole extols this classic jest, as one of the most brilliant of the maiden monarch's impromptu repartees; but it certainly requires a little explanation, to render it intelligible to persons less accustomed to the sharp encounter of keen wits than Philip of Spain and queen Elizabeth

An encounter of a sterner nature was now about to take place, be-

tween the "royal vestal throned by the West," and the haughty suitor whom she had thirty years before rejected as a consort. Though Philip had wooed and wedded two younger and fairer princesses, since his unsuccessful courtship of herself, Elizabeth never ceased to speak of him as a disappointed lover of her own, and coquettishly attributed his political hostility to no other cause. It was not, however, in the spirit of Theseus, that the Spanish monarch prepared to do battle with the royal amazon, but with the vengeful intention of stripping her of her dominions, establishing himself on the throne of England, and sending her, like another Zenobia, in chains to Rome, to grace a public triumph there. Such was, at any rate, the report of one of Burleigh's spies, who states, that J. Dutche, formerly of the queen's guard, but now mace-bearer to cardinal Allen, told him, "that he heard the cardinal say, that the king of Spain gave great charge to duke Medina, and to all his captains, that they should in nowise harm the person of the queen; and that the duke should, as speedily as he might, take order for the conveyance of her person to Rome, to the purpose that his holiness, the pope, should dispose thereof in such sort as it should please him."[1]

This was, indeed, a premature arrangement on the part of the confederate powers of Spain and Rome, a modern and practical illustration of the fable of disposing of the bearskin before the bear was taken. Elizabeth met the threatening crisis, like a true daughter of the conquering line of Plantagenet, and graced a triumph of her own, when those, who had purposed her humiliation, were themselves scattered and abashed. The events of this spirit-stirring epoch must, however, be briefly recounted.

In the hope of depriving Elizabeth of the services of at least a third of her subjects, pope Sixtus V. had reiterated the anathema of his predecessors, Pius and Gregory, and proclaimed withal, a crusade to Papal Europe, against the heretical queen of England. Elizabeth was advised to avert the possibility of a Catholic revolt, by a general massacre of the leading men of that persuasion throughout her realm. She rejected the iniquitous counsel with abhorrence, and proved her wisdom, even in a political sense, by her decision, for the Catholic aristocracy and gentry performed their duty, as loyal liegemen, on that occasion, and were liberal in their voluntary contribution of men and money, for the defence of queen and country, from a foreign invader.[2]

Cardinal Allen, by birth an Englishman, gave general disgust to all good men of his own faith, at this time, by the publication of a furious libel against Elizabeth, couched in the coarsest language, reviling her by the names of "usurper, the firebrand of all mischief, the scourge of God, and rebuke of woman-kind." It was falsely reported, that Elizabeth had sent a private agent to Rome, to negotiate the preliminaries of a reconciliation with the pontiff; but so far was the royal lioness of Tudor, from stooping from the lofty attitude she had assumed, that she retorted the papal excommunication, by causing the bishop of London, to anathematize the pope in St. Paul's cathedral.

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[1] Burleigh MS. in Strype. [2] Camden, 566.

Philip II. now openly asserted his rival claim to the throne of England, as the legitimate heir of the line of Lancaster, through his descent from Philippa Plantagenet, queen of Portugal, and Catharine Plantagenet, queen of Castille, the daughters of John of Gaunt. This antiquated pretension, however laughable it might have been under other circumstances, was sufficient to create uneasiness in a reigning sovereign, who was threatened with the descent of so formidable an invading force, from the pretender. It proved, in the end, a favourable circumstance to Elizabeth, as it not only deterred the king of Scots from allying himself with Philip, but bound him to her cause by the strong ties of self-interest, as he was the undoubted heir of the line, whence her title was derived.

While every day brought fresh rumours of the increase of the overwhelming armament, with which the Spanish monarch fondly thought to hurl the last of the Tudors from her seat of empire, and degrade England into a province of Spain, Elizabeth rallied all the energies of her fearless spirit, to maintain the unequal contest valiantly. The tone of her mind at this period, was to be perceived, even from the following trifling incident. Going one day to visit Burleigh, at his house in the Strand, and being told he was confined to his bed with the gout, she desired to be conducted to his apartment. When the tapestry was raised, that covered the little door that led to his chamber, it was feared that her majesty's lofty head-tire would be disarranged in passing under, and she was therefore humbly requested by Burleigh's man to stoop.

"For your master's sake," she replied, "I will stoop, but not for the king of Spain."

The mightiest fleet that had ever swept the ocean, was at that time preparing to sail from the coast of Spain, consisting of 130 men of war, having on board 19,290 soldiers, 8350 mariners, 2080 galley-slaves, besides a numerous company of priests to maintain discipline and stir up religious fervour in the host. There was not a noble family in Spain that did not send forth, in that expedition, son, brother, or nephew, as a volunteer, in quest of fame and fortune.[1] A loftier spirit animated the queen and people of the threatened land. All party feelings—all sectarian divisions and jealousies were laid aside, for every bosom appeared overflowing with that generous and ennobling principle of exalted patriotism which Burke has truly called "the cheap defence of nations."

The city of London, when required, by her majesty's ministers, to furnish a suitable contingent of ships and men to meet the exigence of the times, demanded—"How many ships and men they were expected to provide?" "Five thousand men and fifteen ships," was the reply. The lord-mayor requested two days for deliberation, and then, in the name of his fellow-citizens, placed 10,000 men at arms, and thirty well-appointed vessels, at the command of the sovereign:[2] conduct which appears more deserving of the admiration of posterity than the proceedings of the churlish patriots, who, half a century later, deluged three realms in blood, by refusing to assist their needy sovereign to maintain the honour of England, by contributing a comparatively trivial contin-

[1] Camden.

[2] Stowe's Annals.

gent, towards keeping up his navy, during a war, into which he had been forced by a parliament that refused to grant the supplies for carrying it on.

The illustrious lord-mayor and his brethren, thought not of saving their purses, under the plea that the demand of the crown had not been sanctioned by the vote of parliament; they gave like princes; and preserved their country from a foreign yoke. The example of the generous Londoners was followed by all the wealthy towns in England, and private individuals also contributed to the utmost of their means.

Elizabeth took upon herself the command of her forces in person. She was the nominal generalissimo of two armies. The first, commanded by the earl of Leicester, by the title of lieutenant-general, consisting of 23,000 men, was stationed at Tilbury; the other, meant for the defence of the metropolis, and termed the Army Royal, or Queen's Body Guard, was placed under lord Hunsdon. She chose, for her lord high admiral, baron Effingham, whose father, lord William Howard, and whose grandfather, Thomas duke of Norfolk, had filled the same station with great distinction. Sir Francis Drake was her vice-admiral.

Stowe describes, in lively terms, the gallant bearing of the newly-raised bands of militia, as they marched towards the rendezvous at Tilbury. "At every rumour of the approach of the foe, and the prospect of doing battle with them, they rejoiced," he says, "like lusty giants about to run a race." Every one was in a state of warlike excitement, and Elizabeth herself was transported, by the enthusiasm of the moment, into the extraordinary act of bestowing the accolade of knighthood on a lady, who had expressed herself in very valiant and loyal terms on the occasion. This female knight was Mary, the wife of sir Hugh Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, and was distinguished by the name of "the bold lady of Cheshire."[1]

While female hearts were thus kindling with a glow of patriotism, which disposed the more energetic of the daughters of England to emulate the deeds of Joan of Arc, if the men had waxed faint in the cause of their threatened country, the Spanish fleet sailed from the mouth of the Tagus, in the full confidence of victory, having received from the haughty monarch, who sent it forth for conquest, the name of the Invincible Armada.

One battle on sea and one on land the Spaniards deemed they should have to fight, and no more, to achieve the conquest of England. Little did they know of the unconquerable spirit of the sovereign and people of the land which they imagined was to be thus lightly won; and when presumptuously relying on the fourfold superiority of their physical force, they forgot that the battle is not always to the strong. The elements, from the first, fought against the Invincible Armada, and guarded England.

The 29th of May, 1588, beheld the mighty array of tall vessels leave the bay of Lisbon. Off Cape Finisterre, a storm, from the west, scattered the fleet along the coast of Gallicia, and, after much damage had

[1] See Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. iii., p. 406.

been done, compelled the duke of Medina Sidonia, the inexperienced grandee by whom this stupendous naval force was commanded, to run into the harbour of Corunna for the repair of his shattered vessels. This disaster was reported in England as the entire destruction of the Armada, and Elizabeth, yielding to the natural parsimony of her disposition, sent orders to her lord admiral, lord Howard of Effingham, to dismantle, immediately, four of her largest vessels of war. That able and sagacious naval chief promised to defray the expense out of his private fortune, and detained the ships.[1] His foresight, firmness, and generous patriotism saved his country. On the 19th of July, after many days of anxious watching, through fog, and adverse winds, Howard was informed by the bold pirate, Fleming, that the Armada was hovering off the Lizard Point, and lost no time in getting out of harbour into the main sea. "The next day," says Camden, "the English descried the Spanish ships, with lofty turrets, like castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being, as it were, tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning with the weight of them."

On the 21st, the lord admiral of England, sending a pinnace before, called the "Defiance," denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently, his own ship, called the "Ark Royal," thundered thick and furiously upon the admiral (as he thought) of the Spaniards, but it was Alphonso de Leva's ship. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly, with their ordnance, upon the hindmost squadron. But while the first day's battle of this fierce contest was thus gallantly commenced, by England's brave defenders, on the main, within sight of the shore, England's stout-hearted queen performed her part no less courageously on land. The glorious achievements of the naval heroes who for eighteen days grappled with the Invincible upon the waves, and finally quelled the overweening pride of Spain, have been recorded by Camden, and all the general historians of the age; the personal proceedings of queen Elizabeth, at this time, must occupy the attention of her biographer.

During the awful interval, the breathless pause of suspense which intervened between the sailing of the Spanish fleet, after its first dispersion, and its appearance in the Channel, Elizabeth, who had evidently not forgotten the pious example of her royal step-mother, queen Katharine Parr, composed the following prayer for the use of the threatened church and realm of England:—

"We do instantly beseech thee, of thy gracious goodness, to be merciful to the Church militant here upon earth, and at this time compassed about with most strong and subtle adversaries. O let Thine enemies know that Thou hast received England, which they most of all for Thy gospel's sake do malign, into Thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, and a defence to Thy church and people, persecuted abroad. And forasmuch as this cause is new in hand, direct and go before our armies, both by sea and land. Bless them, and prosper them; and grant unto them Thy honourable success and victory. Thou

[1] Lingard.

art our help and shield: O give good and prosperous success to all those that fight this battle against the enemies of Thy gospel."[1]

This prayer was read in all churches, on every Friday and Wednesday, for deliverance and good success. Fasting and alms-giving were also recommended, by the royal command, from all the pulpits.

The following glorious national lyric, from the pen of an accomplished literary statesman, conveys a masterly description of the tumultuous excitement which thrilled every pulse in England, at this epoch:—

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY THOMAS MACAULAY, ESQ., M.P.

"It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
But the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And, with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

* * * * * *

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes,
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look, how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down;
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield!
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turn'd at bay,
And, crush'd and torn, beneath his paws the princely hunters lay.
'Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight!—ho! scatter flowers, fair maids!
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute!—ho! gallants, draw your blades!
Thou sun, shine on her joyously!—ye breezes, waft her wide!—
Our glorious *semper eadem*—the banner of our pride!'
The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be;
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourn's oaks, the fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu;
Right sharp and quick the bells, all night, rang out from Bristol town,
And, ere the day, three thousand horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate look'd forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light;

[1] Public form of prayer in Strype.

The bugles' note and cannons' roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires—
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes flash'd down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast, from every village round, the horse came spurring in
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And raised in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright coursers forth,
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,—
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

The beacon telegraph here described, was not the only medium, whereby the people of England received intelligence of the conflict in the Channel.

One of the signs of the time of the Armada, was the publication of the first genuine newspaper, entitled, "The English Mercurie," imprinted by Christopher Barker, the queen's printer, by authority, for the prevention of false reports;[1] it is dated July 23, 1588, from Whitehall. It contained despatches from sir Francis Walsingham, stating, "that the Spanish Armada was seen, on the 20th ult., in the chops of the Channel, making for its entrance, with a favourable gale; that the English fleet, consisting of eighty sail, was divided into four squadrons, commanded by the high admiral Howard, in the 'Ark Royal,' and the other divisions by admirals sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher. The Armada amounted to at least 150 sail of tall ships, but so undaunted was the spirit of the English sailors, that when the numbers of the enemy were descried from the top-mast of the 'Ark Royal,' the crew shouted for joy." A narrative of the attack and defeat of the unwieldy Spanish force, July 21st, follows, and the official assurance is added, "that if the Armada should rally again, and attempt a landing, such preparations were made, not only at Blackheath and Tilbury, but all along the English coast, that nothing was to be apprehended." The whole is wound up with the detail of a loyal address presented to the queen, at Westminster, by the lord-mayor and corporation of the city of London—a com-

[1] This celebrated Mercury, which—on what grounds I know not—has incurred the suspicion of being a forgery of modern times, is preserved in a collection in the British Museum. It is printed in Roman characters, not in the black letter.

position worded in generalities so very successfully, that with the simple variation of the word "Spaniards," it has served as a model for all such addresses ever since. The queen's answer is likewise couched in terms that have, by imitation, become conventional, although, at the time spoken, they were the original breathings of her own intrepid spirit. "I do not doubt," she said to the citizens, "of your zealous endeavours to serve your sovereign on the present very important occasion: for my part, I trust to the goodness of my cause, and am resolved to run all risks with my faithful friends." A series of these official journals were published while the Spanish fleet was in the Channel. These were, however, only extraordinary gazettes, not regularly published, but they were directed by the queen and Burleigh, with great policy—for instance, a letter from Madrid is given, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. Under the date of July 26, 1588, there is this intelligence:—"Yesterday, the Scots' ambassador being introduced to sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the king, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests and those of the protestant religion."

Some allusion to a prior attempt, on the part of Elizabeth and her ministers, to render the press an official oracle of the crown, by sending forth printed circulars, announcing such occurrences as it might be deemed expedient to make known to the great body of the people, is contained in a letter from Cecil to Nicholas Whyte, dated Sept. 8, 1569, in which the premier says—

"I send you a printed letter of truth."[1] This, as Mr. Wright, whose acute observation first drew attention to the circumstance, observes, is full twenty years before the publication of the "Armada Mercury."

Little did queen Elizabeth and Burleigh imagine, when they devised and published the first crude attempt at a government newspaper, how soon the agency of the periodical press would be employed in the cause of civil and religious liberty, and rendered, through the medium of independent journals, a more powerful instrument for checking the oppression of rulers, than the swords of an opposing army.

The ardent desire of the queen to proceed to the coast, for the purpose of being the foremost to repel the invaders, in the event of the hosts of Spain effecting a landing, was, in the first instance, overruled by her council, and she took up her abode at her palace of Havering Bower, a central station between the van and rear of her army, and at a convenient distance from the metropolis. The eligibility of this situation was pointed out to her, at this crisis, by her favourite, Leicester, in an epistle, which unites, in a remarkable manner, the character of a love-letter with a privy-council minute of instructions, and completely directs the royal movements, under the veil of flattering anxiety for her safety. There is, however, sound sense and graceful writing in this interesting specimen of ministerial composition:

[1] Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times.

"My most dear and gracious lady,[1]

"It is most true, that these enemies that approach your kingdom and person are your undeserved foes; and being so, hating you for a righteous cause, there is the less fear to be had of their malice or their forces; for there is a most just God, that beholdeth the innocency of your heart, and the cause you are assailed for is His, and that of His church, and He never failed any that do faithfully put their trust in His goodness. He hath, to comfort you withal, given you great and mighty means to defend yourself, which means, I doubt not, your majesty will timely and princely use them; and your good God, which ruleth over all, will assist you and bless you with victory.

"It doth much rejoice me to find by your letters your noble disposition, as well in present gathering your forces as in employing your own person in this dangerous action. And because it pleaseth your majesty to ask my advice touching your army, and to acquaint me with your secret determination touching your person, I will plainly, and according to my poor knowledge, deliver my opinion to you. For your army, it is more than time it were gathered about you, or so near you, that you may have the use of it upon a few hours' warning; the reason is, that your mighty enemies are at hand, and if God suffer them to pass by your fleet, you are sure they will attempt their purpose in landing with all expedition. And, albeit your navy be very strong, yet as we have always heard the other is far greater, and their forces of men much beyond yours, else it were in vain for them to bring only a navy provided to keep the sea, but furnished so as they both keep the seas with strength sufficient, and to land such a power as may give battle to any prince; and no doubt if the prince of Parma come forth, their forces by sea shall not only be greatly augmented, but his power to land shall the easier take effect, wheresoever he will attempt; therefore, it is most requisite for your majesty to be provided for all events with as great a force as you can devise; for there is no dallying at such a time, nor with such an enemy, since you shall hazard your own honour, beside your person and country, and must offend your gracious God, that gave you these forces and power, an you use them not when ye should.

"Now, for the placing of your army, no doubt I think about London the meetest, for mine own part, and suppose others will be of the same mind; and your majesty do forthwith give the charge thereof to some special nobleman about you, and likewise to place all your chief officers, that every man shall know what he shall do, and gather as many good horses,[2] above all things, as you can, and the oldest, best, and readiest captains to lead, for therein will consist the greatest hope of success under God; and as soon as your army is assembled, that they be, by and by, exercised, every man to know his weapon."

Let us here pause, to consider how multifarious were Elizabeth's duties at this crisis, and how heavy was her responsibility in the task of officering this undisciplined *landwehr*, for *militia* they could scarcely be called; and if the feudal system had not in some degree still prevailed, how unmanageable would these untrained masses of men and horses have proved, which had to be got into efficient training *after* the dark crescent of the Armada had been espied bearing down the Channel, with a favouring wind! England was fortunately defended by a navy.

Leicester's career in the Netherlands afforded an indifferent specimen

[1] Hardwicke State Papers, Miscellaneous, vol. i. p. 575. In the original orthography, Leicester prefixes an *h* to some words commencing with a vowel, as *hit* for it: no doubt he pronounced them thus, according to the intonation of the mid-counties, from whence his fathers came.

[2] The unorganized state of the English army, especially the cavalry, may be ascertained from this curious passage. It was the queen's part to appoint the officers as well as the generals.

of his military prowess; how the fortunes of England might have sped under the auspices of such a chief, if the Spanish armament had effected a landing, it is difficult to say. As a leader of tournaments, reviews, and martial pageants, he was certainly unrivalled, and the queen, at this crisis, reposed unbounded confidence in him, and acted in perfect conformity to his advice, which was, as the event proved, most judicious:

"All things," continues he, "must be prepared for your army, as if they should have to march upon a day's warning, specially carriages, and a commissary of victuals, and your master of ordnance. Of these things, but for your majesty's commandment, others can say more than I; and, partly, there is orders set down.

"Now, for your person, being the most dainty and sacred thing we have in this world to care for, much more for advice to be given in the direction of it, a man must tremble when he thinks of it, specially, finding your majesty to have that princely courage to transport yourself to your utmost confines of your realm to meet your enemies, and to defend your subjects. I cannot, most dear queen, consent to that, for upon your well doing consists all and some, for your whole kingdom; and, therefore, preserve that above all. Yet will I not that (in some sort) so princely and so rare a magnanimity should not appear to your people and the world as it is. And thus far, if it may please your majesty, you may do: withdraw yourself to your house at Havering, and your army, being about London, as at Stratford, East Ham, Hackney, and the villages thereabout, shall be, not only a defence, but a ready supply to these counties, Essex and Kent, if need be. In the meantime, your majesty, to comfort this army and people, of both these counties, may, if it please you, spend two or three days, to see both the camp and forts. It (Tilbury) is not above fourteen miles, at most, from Havering Bower, and a very convenient place for your majesty to lie in by the way, (between Tilbury and London.) To rest you at the camp, I trust you will be pleased with your *pore* lieutenant's cabin;[1] and within a mile (of it) there is a gentleman's house, where your majesty also may lie. Thus shall you comfort, not only these thousands, but many more that shall hear of it; and so far, but no farther, can I consent to adventure your person. By the grace of God, there can be no danger in this, though the enemy should pass by your fleet; and your majesty may (in that case) without dishonour, return to your own forces, their being at hand, and you may have two thousand horse well lodged at Romford, and other villages near Havering Bower, while your foot men (infantry) may lodge near London.

"Lastly, for myself, most gracious lady, you know what will most comfort a faithful servant; for there is nothing in this world I take that joy in, that I do in your good favour; and it is no small favour to send to your *pore* servant, thus to visit him. I can yield no recompence, but the like sacrifice I owe to God, which is, a thankful heart: and humbly, next my soul to Him, to offer body, life, and all, to do you acceptable service. And so will I pray to God, not only for present victory over all your enemies, but longest life, to see the end of all those who wish you evil, and make me so happy as to do you some service.

"From Gravesend, ready to go to your *pore*, but most willing soldiers, this Saturday, the 27th day of July.

"Your majesty's most faithful and ever obedient servant,

"R. Leicester.

"P. S. I have taken the best order possible with the (sub) lieutenants of Kent to be present at Dover themselves, and to keep there 3 or 4000 men to supply my lord admiral, if he come thither, and with anything else that he needs, that is to be had. I wish there may be some quantity of powder, to lie in Dover for all needs."

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[1] Meaning himself, and his residence at Tilbury. He was lieutenant-general under the queen, who was generalissimo.

Gravesend was then fortified, and a bridge of barges drawn across the Thames, both to oppose the passage of the invading fleet, should any portion of the expedition have succeeded in entering the Nore, and to afford a means of communication for supplies of men and munition from Kent and Essex. Everything wore a martial and inspiring aspect, and all hearts were beating high with loyal and chivalric enthusiasm.

A picturesque description is given, by the contemporary poet, James Aske, of the deportment of the noble young volunteers, who had betaken themselves to the camp at Tilbury, in the earnest hope of performing good and loyal service for their country and queen:

"Now might you see the field, late pasture-green,
Wherein the beasts did take their food and rest,
Become a place for brave and worthy men;
Here noblemen, who stately houses have,
Do leave them void, to live within their tents;
Here worthy squires, who lay on beds of down,
Do cabin now upon a couch of straw;
Instead of houses strong, with timber built,
They cabins make of poles, and thin green boughs;
And where, of late, their tables costly were,
They now do dine but on an earthie bank;
Ne do they grieve at this, so hard a change,
But think themselves thereby thrice happy made."

The day on which Elizabeth went, in royal and martial pomp, to visit her loyal camp at Tilbury, has generally been considered the most interesting of her whole life. Never, certainly, did she perform her part, as the female leader of an heroic nation, with more imposing effect than on that occasion. A few lines from the contemporary poem, "Elizabetha Triumphans," which affords a few additional particulars connected with the royal heroine's proceedings at that memorable epoch of her life, may be acceptable to the admirers of that great sovereign:

"On this same day—a fair and glorious day—
Came this, our queen—a queen most like herself,
Unto her camp (now made a royal camp)
With all her troop, (her court-like, stately troop;)
Not like to those who couch on stately down,
But like to Mars, the god of fearful war;
And, heaving oft to skies her warlike hands,
Did make herself, Bellona-like, renowned.
The lord-lieutenant notice had thereof,
Who did, forthwith, prepare to entertain
The sacred goddess of the English soil."

From the same metrical chronicle we find, that Elizabeth and her train came by water to Tilbury, and that Leicester with the other officers, whom she had appointed as the commanders of her forces, were waiting to receive her when the royal barge neared the fort:

"The earl of Leicester, with those officers
Which chosen were to govern in the field,
At water-side, within the Block House stay'd,
In readiness there to receive our queen,
Who, landed, now doth pass along her way;

[1] "Elizabetha Triumphans," by James Aske.

She thence some way, still marching kinglike on;
The cannons at the Block House were discharged;
The drums do sound, the fifes do yield their notes;
And ensigns are displayed throughout the camp.
Our peerless queen doth by her soldiers pass,
And shows herself unto her subjects there.
She thanks them oft for their (of duty) pains,
And they, again, on knees, do pray for her;
They couch their pikes, and bow their ensigns down,
When as their sacred royal queen passed by."

Midway, between the fort and the camp, her majesty was met by sir Roger Williams, the second in command, at the head of two thousand horse, which he divided into two brigades, one to go before her, and the other behind to guard her person, and, together with two thousand foot soldiers, escorted her to master Rich's house, about three miles from the camp, where she was to sleep that night. Aske continues:

"The soldiers which placed were far off
From that same way through which she passed along,
Did hallo oft, 'The Lord preserve our queen!'
He happy was that could but see her coach,
The sides whereof, beset with emeralds
And diamonds, with sparkling rubies red,
In checkerwise, by strange invention,
With curious knots embroider'd with gold;
Thrice happy they who saw her stately self,
Who, Juno-like, drawne with her proudest birds,
Passed along through quarters of the camp."

The grand display was reserved for the following morning, when the female majesty of England came upon the ground, mounted on a stately charger, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and forbidding any of her retinue to follow her, presented herself to her assembled troops, who were drawn up to receive their stout-hearted liege lady on the hill, near Tilbury church. She was attended only by the earl of Leicester, and the earl of Ormond, who bore the sword of state before her, a page followed, carrying her white plumed regal helmet. She wore a polished steel corslet on her breast, and below this warlike boddice descended a fardingale of such monstrous amplitude, that it is wonderful how her mettled war-horse submitted to carry a lady encumbered with a gaberdine of so strange a fashion,[1] but in this veritable array the royal heroine rode, bare-headed, between the lines, with a courageous but smiling countenance; and when the thunders of applause, with which she was greeted by her army, had a little subsided, she harangued them in the following popular speech:

"My loving people,—We have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes for fear of treachery; but, I do assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that under God I have placed my chiefest strength, and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects;

[1] It is thus Elizabeth appears in an engraving of the times, in the Grainger portraits, only wearing her helmet.

and, therefore, I am come amongst you as you see at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king[1]—and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns, and, we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. For the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

The soldiers, many of whom, be it remembered, were volunteers of gentle blood and breeding, unanimously responded to this address, by exclaiming, "Is it possible that any Englishman can abandon such a glorious cause, or refuse to lay down his life in defence of this heroic princess?"[2]

Elizabeth was then fifty-five years old—she had borne the sceptre and the sword of empire with glory for thirty years. Time, which had faded her youthful charms, robbed the once plump cheek of its roundness, and elongated the oval contour of her face, had, nevertheless, endeared her to her people, by rendering her every day more perfect in the queenly art of captivating their regard, by a gracious and popular demeanour. She had a smile and a pleasant speech for every one who approached her with demonstrations of affection and respect. Her high pale forehead was, indeed, furrowed with the lines of care, and her lofty features sharpened, but her piercing eye retained its wonted fires, and her majestic form was unbent by the pressure of years. The protestants hailed her as a mother in Israel—another Deborah; for the land had had rest in her time. The persecuted catholics felt like patriots, and forgot their personal wrongs, when they saw her, like a true daughter of the Plantagenets, vindicating the honour of England, undismayed by the stupendous armament that threatened her coast, and united with every class and denomination of her subjects in applauding and supporting her, in her dauntless determination. Perhaps there was not a single man among the multitudes, who that day beheld their maiden monarch's breast sheathed in the warrior's iron panoply, and heard her declaration, "that she would be herself their general," that did not feel disposed to exclaim—

> "Where 's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a queen?"

[1] Meaning the pride and courage of a king.
[2] Madame Keralio's Life of Queen Elizabeth.

The wisdom and magnanimity of the union of rival creeds and adverse parties in one national bond of association, for the defence of their threatened land, doubtless inspired the immortal lines with which Shakspeare concluded his historical play of King John, which, from the many allusions it contains to the state of the times, was evidently written at the epoch of the Armada:

> "This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now those her princes are come home again—
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them! nought shall make us rue,
> If England to herself do rest but true."

Although the news from her majesty's fleet was of the most cheering nature, the Armada was still formidable in numbers and strength, and serious apprehensions were entertained of the landing of the prince of Parma, with the Flemish armament and flotilla, while the English navy was engaged in battling with Medina Sidonia in the Channel. We find from a paragraph, in a letter from sir Edward Ratcliffe, that while the queen was dining with Leicester in his tent, a post entered with the report, that the duke was embarked for England with all his forces, and would be there with all speed. This news was presently published through the camp.[1]

"Her majesty," says Ratcliffe,[2] in another part of his letter, "hath honoured our camp with her presence, and comforted many of us with her gracious usage. It pleased her to send for me to my lord general's tent, and to make me kiss her hand, giving me many thanks for my forwardness in this service, telling me, 'I showed from what house I was descended,' and assuring me, 'that before it was long, she would make me better able to serve her;' which speech being spoken before many, did well please me, however the performance may be."[3]

While Elizabeth was at Tilbury, Don Pedro Valdez, the second in command in the Spanish fleet, whose ship was taken by sir Francis Drake, in the action of July 22d, was by his bold captor sent to sir Francis Walsingham, to be presented to her majesty, as the first pledge of victory. Whether Drake's earnestly expressed desire was complied with to the letter is doubtful;[4] but, it is certain, that the unlucky Spaniard's name was very freely used by Elizabeth's ministers, for the delusion of the credulous souls who had been persuaded, that the sole

[1] Cabala, 3d ed.

[2] Letter of Sir E. Ratcliffe to the earl of Sussex, in Essex.

[3] Sir Edward Ratcliffe was probably the gentleman of whom lord Bacon relates the following incident:—"Queen Elizabeth, seeing one of her courtiers (whom Bacon calls 'Sir Edward') in her garden, put her head out of her window, and asked him, in Italian, 'What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?'

"Sir Edward, who was a suitor for some grants which had been promised, but delayed, paused a little, as if to consider, and then answered, 'Madame, he thinks of a woman's promises.'

"The queen drew in her head, saying, 'Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you.' He never obtained the preferment he sued for."

[4] See Drake's despatch, in Wright, vol. ii., p. 382.

object of the Spanish invasion was the pleasure of inflicting tortures and death upon the whole population of England.

"The queen lying in the camp one night, guarded by her army," writes Dr. Lionel Sharp, one of the military chaplains, "the old treasurer (Burleigh) came thither, and delivered to the earl (Leicester) the examination of Don Pedro, which examination, the earl of Leicester delivered to me, to publish to the army in my next sermon."[1] A piece of divinity, which doubtless would have been well worth the hearing. The paragraph, concocted by Burleigh for this popular use, purported to be the ferocious replies of Don Pedro, in his examination before the privy-council. Being asked what was their intent in coming out, he stoutly answered, "What but to subdue your nation, and root you all out!" "Good," said the lords, "and what meant you to do with the catholics?" "We meant," he replied, "to send them, good men, directly to heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell," &c. The news of the final defeat and dispersion of the Armada, was brought to her majesty while she was yet at Tilbury, on the 8th of August, by those gallant volunteers, the young earl of Cumberland, and her maternal kinsman, Robert Carey, who had joined the fleet as volunteers at Plymouth, and distinguished themselves in the repeated fierce engagements in the Channel, between the ships of England and Spain.[2]

A mighty storm—a storm, which, to use the emphatic expression of Strada, "shook heaven and earth"—finally decided the contest, and delivered England from the slightest apprehension of a rally, and fresh attack, from the scattered ships of the Armada. The gallant Howard chased them northward as long as he could, consistently with the safety of his own vessels and the want of ammunition, of which the parsimonious interference of the queen, in matters really out of a woman's province, had caused an insufficient supply to be doled out to her brave seamen. But winds and waves fought mightily for England, and while not so much as a single boat of ours was lost, many of the stateliest ships of Spain were dashed upon the shores of Ireland and Scotland, where their crews perished miserably.[3]

But to return to Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury: "Our royal mistress hath been here with me," writes Leicester to the earl of Shrewsbury,

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[1] Cabala.

[2] A brief, but very spirited narrative of these successive naval triumphs of English valour and nautical skill over the superior force of Spain, is given by Robert Carey, in his autobiography, which fills up one or two omissions in Camden's eloquent account of the operations of the rival fleets.

[3] One of the Armada ships, called the "Florida," was wrecked on the coast of Morven, in that memorable storm on the 7th of August, 1588, and her shattered hulk has lain there ever since. During my late visit to Scotland, a very amiable lady, Miss Morris, whose family reside on the spot, presented me with a pretty little broach, in the form of a cross, made of a fragment of the timber of that vessel, Spanish oak, black and polished as ebony, and set in gold, which will ever be worn by me as a memorial, not only of the signal deliverance of England and her Elizabeth, but of the gratifying manner in which I was welcomed on this, my first historical pilgrimage to the hospitable land of the mountain and the stream.

"to see her camp and people, which so inflamed the hearts of her good subjects, as I think the weakest person among them is able to match the proudest Spaniard that dares land in England. But God hath also fought mightily for her majesty, and I trust they be too much daunted to follow their pretended enterprise." [1]

The queen had given the post of captain-general of the cavalry to Essex, an inexperienced youth, not yet two-and-twenty, and, on the day of her visit to the camp, treated him with peculiar marks of her regard. Elizabeth's farewell to her army is thus gracefully described by Aske :—

"When Phœbus' lights were in the middle part
'Twixt east and west, fast hasting to his home,
Our soveraigne, her sacred, blissful queen,
Was ready to depart from out her camp;
Against whose coming every captain was
There prest to show themselves in readiness
To do the will of their high general.
There might you see most brave and gallant men,
Who lately were beclad in Mars his clothes,
In ranked then in courtlike, costly suits,
Through whom did pass our queen, most Dido-like,
(Whose stately heart doth so abound in love,
A thousand thanks it yields unto them all,)
To waterside to take her royal barge.
Amidst the way, which was the outward ward
Of that, her camp, her sergeant-major stood,
Among those squadrons which there then did ward.
Her eyes were set so earnestly to view,
As him unseen she would not pass along;
But calls him to her rich-built coach's side,
And, thanking him, as oft before she had,
Did will him do this message from her mouth."

The message is merely a brief repetition of her former address to the troops.

The long continuance of dry weather, which had rendered the encampment of the army on the banks of the Thames so agreeable to the gallant recruits and volunteers who were there assembled, is noticed in the "Elizabetha Triumphans," and also the storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, which befell the same evening the queen departed from Tilbury. This was, doubtless, the skirts of one of the tempests which proved so fatal to the scattered ships of the Armada. James Aske, after recording the embarkation of the queen on the Thames, thus quaintly describes the thunder following the royal salute at her departure :—

"Where, once im-barged, the roaring cannons were
Discharged, both those which were on Tilbury Hill,
And also those which at the Block House were,
And there, even then, the fore white mantled air,
From whence the sun shed forth his brightest beams,
Did clothe itself with dark and dusky hue,
And with thick clouds barr'd Phœbus' gladsome streams
From lightning, then, the earth with glorious show,

[1] Wright.

It pours forth showers in great and often drops.
Signs of the grief for her departure thence;
And Terra now, her highness' footstool late,
Refuseth quite those drops desired before,
To moisten her dried up and parched parts,
And of herself, e'en then, she yielded forth
Great store of waters from her late dried heart,
Now deeply drown'd for this the parted loss
Of this her sacred and renowned queen."[1]

Great crowds of noblemen and gentlemen met, and welcomed the queen, at her landing, at Westminster, and attended her to St. James's Palace, and, day after day, entertained her with warlike exercises, tilts, and tourneys. Everything then assumed a martial character.

Appropriate medals were struck in commemoration of the victory, with the device of a fleet flying under full sail, with this inscription, "*Venit, vidit, fugit*"—"It came, it saw, and fled." Others, in compliment to the female sovereign, bore the device of the fire-ships, scattering the Spanish fleet, with this legend, "*Dux fœmina facti*"—"It was done by a woman."

This was an allusion to the generally-asserted fact, that the idea of sending the fire-ships into the Spanish fleet originated with queen Elizabeth herself.

It has been finely observed, by mademoiselle Keralio, in reply to the detracting spirit in which the Baron de Sainte-Croix speaks of Elizabeth's exultation in the victory, as not owing to her, but the elements: "It was not to the elements, but to her that the victory was due. Her intrepidity of demeanour, the confidence she showed in the love of her subjects, her activity, her foresight, inspired the whole nation with an ardour which triumphed over all obstacles. She inflamed their imaginations, by representing objects according to their wishes. The generosity of the English nation contributed its part to the success. Effingham profited by the faults of Medina, and the apathy of Parma, and the difficulty experienced by the Spanish seamen, in manœuvring their floating castles.

"The experiment he employed produced an effect he had scarcely dared to promise himself. He pursued the remaining Spanish ships, which his valour had scattered in disorder. The elements did the rest, it is true, but then the fleet of Medina was already vanquished, and flying before that of Howard."

Very fully did the people of England appreciate the merits of their

[1] In culling these extracts from the poem which celebrates the glories of England's Elizabeth, twelve hundred lines of bathos have been waded through, for the sake of adding the interesting little facts that are there chronicled, aided by the letters of Leicester and Ratcliffe, to the brief narrative general history has given of Elizabeth's visit to her camp. As a contemporary document, the "Elizabetha Triumphans" is valuable for costume and minor incidents; but its staple commodity consists in vituperation against the popes by whom Elizabeth had been anathematized; and he fairly out-curses them all, besides transforming their bulls into horned beasts. It affords, however, a sample of the popular style of poetry of that epoch.

sovereign on this occasion, and by them she was all but deified in the delirium of their national pride and loyalty.

Mention is made by Stowe, of a foolish little tailor of the city of London, who, about that time, suffered his imagination to be so much inflamed, by dwelling on the perfections of his liege lady, "that he whined himself to death for love of her." Lord Charles Cavendish, one of the wits of the court, alluded to this ridiculous circumstance, in the following impromptu, which is merely quoted as a confirmation of the tale:

"I would not, willingly,
Be pointed at in every company,
As was the little tailor that to death
Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth."

The king of Scotland not only remained true to the interests of his future realm at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion, but he celebrated the defeat of the Armada in a sonnet, which possesses some poetic merit, and as the production of a royal muse is highly curious; but he carefully abstains from complimenting queen Elizabeth:

"The nations banded 'gainst the Lord of Might,
Prepared a force and set them in the way;
Mars dressed himself in such an awful plight,
The like thereof was never seen, they say:
They forward came in such a strange array—
Both sea and land beset us everywhere,
Their brags did threat our ruin and decay;
What came thereof, the issue did declare:
The winds began to toss them here and there;
The seas began in foaming waves to swell;
The number that escaped, it fell them fair;
The rest were swallow'd up in gulph of Hell.
But how were all these things so strangely done?
God looked at them from out his heavenly throne."[1]

Elizabeth bestowed a pension on her brave kinsman, the lord-admiral Howard, and provided for all the wounded seamen. She told Howard "that she considered him and his officers as persons born for the preservation of their country." The other commanders and captains she always recognised whenever she saw them, graciously saluting them by their names. Her young kinsman, Essex, she made knight of the garter. Her great reward was, however, reserved for Leicester, and for him she created the office of lord-lieutenant of England and Ireland—an office that would have invested him with greater power than any sovereign of this country had ever ventured to bestow on a subject—so strangely had he regained his influence over her mind since his return from the Netherlands. The patent for this unprecedented dignity was made out, and only awaited the royal signature, when the earnest remonstrances of Burleigh and Hatton deterred her majesty from committing so great an error. Leicester was bitterly disappointed, and probably did not forego the promised preferment without an angry altercation with his sovereign; for it is stated that she became so incensed with him that she declined all reconciliation, and brought him into a

[1] Milles' Catalogue of Honour, 239.

despondency which ended in his death.[1] He quitted the court in disgust, and being seized with a burning fever, probably one of the autumnal endemics, caught in the Essex salt-marshes, while disbanding the army at Tilbury, he died on the fourth of September, at Cornbury park, in Oxfordshire, on his way to Kenilworth.[2]

Others have asserted that his death was caused by a cup of poison which he had prepared for his countess, of whom he had become frantically jealous; but my lady Lettice, having by some means acquainted herself with his intention, took the opportunity of exchanging his medicine, during a violent fit of indigestion, for the deadly draught he had drugged for her. She next married his equerry, sir Christopher Blount, the object of his jealousy.[3]

Leicester had been remarkable for his fine person, but he had grown corpulent and red-faced during the latter years of his life. He was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death. His will is a very curious document, especially that portion of it which regards queen Elizabeth:

"And first of all, before and above all persons, it is my duty to remember my most dear and most gracious sovereign, whose creature, under God, I have been, and who hath been a most bountiful and princely mistress unto me, as well as advancing me to many honours, as in maintaining me many ways, by her goodness and liberality; and as my best recompence to her most excellent majesty can be, from so mean a man, chiefly in prayer to God, so, whilst there was any breath in my body, I never failed it, even as for mine own soul. And as it was my greatest joy in my lifetime to serve her to her contentation, so it is not unwelcome to me, being the will of God, to die, and end this life in her service. And yet, albeit I am not able to make any piece of recompence for her great goodness, yet will I presume to present unto her a token of an humble and faithful heart, as the least that ever I can send her, and with this prayer withal, that it may please the Almighty God, not only to make her the oldest prince that ever reigned over England, but to make her the godliest, the *virtouest*, and the worthiest in his sight, that he ever gave over any nation, that she may indeed be a blessed mother and nurse to this people and church of England, which the Almighty God grant, for Christ's sake. The token I do bequeath unto her majesty, is the jewel with three fair emeralds, with a fair large table diamond in the midst, without a foil, and set about with many diamonds, without foil, and a rope of fair, white pearl, to the number of six hundred, to hang the said jewel at, which pearl and jewel was once purposed for her majesty, against her coming to Wansted, but it must now thus be disposed, which I do pray you, my dear wife, to see performed and delivered to some of those whom I shall hereafter nominate and appoint to be my overseers for her majesty."[4]

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[1] Bohun. [2] Camden.

[3] Anthony A. Wood's Athenæ, by Bliss, ii., p. 94. Leicester had been publicly accused of poisoning this lady's first husband, Walter, earl of Essex, and many others. Pennant, after relating Leicester's persecution of Sir Richard Bulkeley, says, "the earl made up his quarrel by inviting Sir Richard to dinner with him." But he did eat or drink of nothing but what he saw the earl of Leicester taste, remembering *Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who was said to be poisoned by a fig, eaten at his table.*

[4] The probate of this will bears date 6th Sept., 1588. It is printed at length in the Sydney Papers. He there styles his son by his forsaken wife, the lady Douglas Sheffield, "my base son, Robert Dudley." This, his only surviving son, assumed a loftier title than Leicester, calling himself "the duke of Warwick."

The dying favourite might have spared himself the trouble of bequeathing this costly legacy to his royal mistress, together with the elaborate preamble of honeyed words that introduced this bequest; for though she received the unexpected tidings of his death with a passionate burst of tears, her avarice got the better of her love, and she ordered, in the same hour, her distringas to be placed on his personal effects, and had them sold by public auction, to liquidate certain sums in which he was indebted to her exchequer—a proceeding which says little for her sensibility or delicacy.

A brief description of a few of the gifts which Leicester was accustomed to present to his royal mistress at new-year's tide, may possibly be interesting to the fair readers of the "Lives of the Queens of England." His name is generally placed at the head of the list of the courtiers, male and female, who thus sought to propitiate her favour. In the fourteenth year of her reign, he gave—

"An armlet, or shackle of gold, all over fairly garnished with rubies and diamonds, having within, in the clasp, a watch, and outside, a fair lozenge diamond, without a foil, from which depended a round jewel, fully garnished with diamonds and a pendent pearl, weighing upwards of sixteen ounces. This was inclosed in a case of purple velvet, embroidered with Venice gold, and lined with green velvet."[1]

The next year, he gave her a rich carcanet or collar of gold, enriched with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. His new-year's gift in the year 1574 savours more of a love-token, being—

"A fan of white feathers, set in a handle of gold, garnished, on one side, with two very fair emeralds, and fully garnished with diamonds and rubies; the other side garnished with rubies and diamonds, and on each side a white bear, (his cognizance,) and two pearls hanging, a lion ramping, with a white muzzled bear at his foot."

The ragged staves, his badge, are audaciously introduced with true-love knots of pearls and diamonds, in a very rich and fantastic head-dress, which he presented to his royal mistress in the twenty-second year of her reign, together with thirty-six small buttons of gold, with ragged staves and true-love knots. It is to be hoped, for the honour of female royalty, that Elizabeth never degraded herself by using these jewels, since the ragged staves were worn by his vassals, retainers, and serving-men as the livery-badge of the aspiring, but *parvenue* house of Dudley, in imitation of the princely line of Beauchamp.

In the list of Elizabeth's jewels, published by sir H. Ellis, we also observe, "a little bottle of amber, with a gold foot, and on the top thereof a bear with a ragged staff."

In the twenty-third year of Elizabeth's reign, Leicester gives—

"A chain of gold, made like a pair of beads, containing eight long pieces, garnished with small diamonds, and fourscore and one smaller pieces, fully garnished with like diamonds, and hanging thereat a round clock, fully garnished with diamonds, and an appendage of diamonds hanging thereat."

A more splendid device for a lady's watch and chain could scarcely have been imagined; but the watch or round clock, as it is there styled,

[1] Sloane MS., No. 814, British Museum.

must have been of considerable size. This was the third or fourth jewel, with a watch, presented by Leicester to the queen. One of these was in a green enamel case, to imitate an apple.

A series of public thanksgivings took place in the city of London, to celebrate the late national deliverance; but it was not till the twenty-fourth of November that her majesty went in state to St. Paul's for that purpose. She was attended on that occasion, by her privy-council, bishops, judges, and nobles; the French ambassador, and many other honourable persons, all on horseback. She was herself seated solus in a triumphal car, like a throne, with a canopy over it, supported by four pillars. The canopy being in the form of an imperial crown. In front of the throne were two low pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, supporters of the arms of England.[1] This chariot throne was drawn by two milk-white steeds, attended by the pensioners and state footmen. Next to the royal person, leading her majesty's horse of estate, richly caparisoned, rode her gay and gallant new master of the horse, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who appeared to have succeeded his deceased stepfather, the earl of Leicester, not only in that office but in the post of chief favourite. After him, came a goodly train of ladies of honour, and on each side of them the guard on foot, in their rich coats, with halberds in their hands.

When the queen reached Temple Bar, Edward Schets Corvinus, an officer of her privy-chamber, presented her majesty a jewel, containing a crapon, or loadstone, set in gold, which she graciously accepting, said, "It was the first gift she had received that day,"—an observation, which, considering Elizabeth's constitutional thirst for presents, had in it, probably, a covert tone of reproach. She got nothing more that day, however, except a book intituled "The Light of Britain," a complimentary effusion to her honour and glory, presented to her by Henry Lite, of Litescarie, gentleman, the author thereof.

Over the gate of Temple Bar, were placed the city waits, to salute her majesty with music. At the said bar, the lord-mayor and his brethren, the aldermen in scarlet, received and welcomed their sovereign to her city and chamber; and after going through the usual ceremonials with the city keys and sword, delivered the sceptre into her hand, which, after certain speeches she re-delivered to him, and he, taking horse, bare the same before her to St. Paul's. The streets, through which her majesty passed, were hung with blue cloth; and on one side of the way, from the Temple to St. Paul's, were marshalled the city companies with their banners; on the other, stood the lawyers and gentlemen of the inns of court.

"Mark the courtiers!" said Francis Bacon, who was present with his brethren of the black robe, "those who bow first to the citizens are in debt; those who bow first to us are at law." But how those unlucky wights bowed who were both at law and in debt, the English sage did not describe.[2] It was, however, a day on which private troubles were,

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. iii., from a contemporary tract.
[2] Lord Bacon's Works.

for the most part, forgotten, in the general gush of national joy and national pride, which glowed in every English heart.

The queen dismounted from her chariot-throne at the great west door of St. Paul's cathedral, between the hours of twelve and one, where she was received by the bishop of London, the dean of St. Paul's, and other of the clergy, to the number of upwards of fifty, all in rich copes,[1] the gorgeous vestments of the church of Rome being still used on great festival occasions.

On entering the church, Elizabeth knelt down and made her hearty prayers to God, which prayers being finished, she was, under a rich canopy, brought through the long west aisle, to her traverse in the choir, the clergy singing the litany, which being ended, she was brought to a closet made for the purpose out of the north wall of the church, towards the pulpit cross, where she heard a sermon made by Dr. Pierce, bishop of Salisbury. The text of this sermon is said to have been from the appropriate words, "Thou didst blow with thy winds, and they were scattered." The banners and other trophies from the conquered Armada were hung up in the church. After the service was concluded, her majesty returned through the church to the bishop of London's palace, where she dined, and returned in the same order as before, but with great light of torches.

The last of the Mercuries, relating to the Spanish Armada, bears the date of this memorable day, and under the head of London, it details the royal visit to the city, and the public thanksgiving for the glorious success of the English fleet. One of Burleigh's new year's gifts to queen Elizabeth, on the first of the next January, bore reference to the victory, being a plate of gold, graven on one side with astronomical designs, and on the other with a ship called the Triumph. This gift was in a case of murrey velvet, embroidered with a ship, and had strings and tassels of Venice gold, silver, and silk.

Cups and porringers, of white porcelain, ornamented with gold, are among the gifts to Elizabeth this year, but the greater portion of the nobility and all the bishops made their offerings in money, out of consideration, doubtless, of the impoverished state of the exchequer. Bishop Goodman gives the following description of Elizabeth's deportment, a few weeks after the dispersion of the Armada:—

"I did then live in the Strand, near St. Clement's church,[2] when suddenly there was a report, (it was then December, about five, and very dark,) that the queen was gone to council, and I was told, 'If you will see the queen, you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the court gates were set open, and no man hindered us from coming in; there we staid an hour and a half, and the yard was full, there being a great number of torches, when the queen came out in great state. Then we cried—

"'God save your majesty!'

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[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] This scene probably took place at Somerset House. Bishop Goodman's Court of James, vol. i., p. 163.

"And the queen turned to us, and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!'

"Then we cried again, 'God save your majesty!' And the queen said again to us, 'Ye may well have a greater prince, but ye shall never have a more loving prince.' And so the queen and the crowd there, looking upon one another awhile, her majesty departed. This wrought such an impression upon us, for shows and pageants are best seen by torch-light, that all the way long we did nothing but talk of what an admirable queen she was, and how we would all adventure our lives in her service. Now this was in a year when she had most enemies, and how easily they might have gotten into the crowd and multitude to do her mischief." Bishop Goodman goes on to argue, from facts, that the numerous persons sacrificed for intended conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, were victims to the state-tricks of the ministers, and that neither the queen nor the government really deemed that she was ever in any danger.

About this era, she established the custom of remaining at Richmond palace till her coronation day. On that anniversary she removed to the metropolis, going, by water, to Chelsea, and dining by the way with Charles Howard, lord admiral; she then set out in her coach, at dark night, from Chelsea to Whitehall, the road being lined with people to behold her entry, and the lord-mayor and aldermen coming, in their state dresses, to meet her by torch-light.

Elizabeth occasionally made Chelsea palace her resting-place, on the way from Richmond to London.[1]

She frequently spent the winter in London, and, according to the witness of a contemporary, who has written much in her praise, led no idle life. Before day, every morning, she transacted business with her secretaries of state and masters of requests. She caused the orders in council, proclamations, and all other papers relating to public affairs, to be read, and gave such orders as she thought fit on each, which were set down in short notes, either by herself or her secretaries. If she met with anything perplexing, she sent for her most sagacious councillors, and debated the matter with them, carefully weighing the arguments on each side, till she was able to come to a correct decision. When wearied with her morning work, she would take a walk in her garden, if the sun shone, but if the weather were wet or windy, she paced her long galleries, in company with some of the most learned gentlemen of her court, with whom she was wont to discuss intellectual topics. There was scarcely a day in which she did not devote some portion of her

[1] At the end of the Duke's Walk, Chelsea, was an aged elm, called the queen's tree, so named from the accident of a violent shower of rain coming on while queen Elizabeth was walking with lord Burleigh, when she took shelter under this large elm. After the rain was over, she said. "Let this be called the queen's tree." It was mentioned by this name in the parish books of Chelsea, in 1586, and had an arbour built round it by a person named Bostock, at the charge of the parish. A gigantic mulberry tree is still shown in Mr. Druce's garden, at Chelsea, as queen Elizabeth's tree, from the tradition, that it was planted by her hand. Lord Cheyne's extract from Chelsea parish books, quoted in Faulkner's Chelsea.

time to reading history, or some other important study. She would commonly have some learned man with her, or at hand, to assist her, whose labour and talents she would well reward.[1]

Thus she spent her winter. In summer-time, when she was hungry, she would eat something that was light of digestion, with the windows open, to admit the gentle breezes from the gardens, or pleasant hills. Sometimes she would do this alone, but oftener with the favoured few, whose company she preferred. She ate very little, and in her declining life, became still more abstemious. She seldom drank anything but common beer, fearing the use of wine, lest it should cloud her faculties. She strictly observed all the fast days, and then allowed no meat to be served up. When she dined in public, she ordered her table to be served with the greatest magnificence, and the side tables to be adorned with costly plate, taking great pride in displaying her treasures, especially when she entertained the foreign ambassadors. Her nobles then waited upon her very reverentially. The cupbearer never presented the cup without much ceremony, always kneeling when he gave or took it; but this was by no means remarkable, as she was always served on the knee. Songs and music were heard during the banquet.[2]

If she dined in private, she generally in summer reposed herself for a short time on an Indian couch, curiously and richly covered; but, in the winter, she omitted her noon sleep. At supper, she would relax herself with her friends and attendants, and endeavour to draw them into merry and pleasant discourse. After supper, she would sometimes listen to a song, or a lesson or two played on the lute. She would then admit Tarleton, a famous comedian, and other persons of the kind, to divert her with stories of the town, and any droll occurrences that befel; but would express her displeasure, if any uncourteous personality were used towards any one present, or the bounds of modesty transgressed. Tarleton, however, either from the natural presumption of his character, or suborned by Burleigh, took the liberty of aiming his sarcastic shafts at two of the men most distinguished by the favour of royalty. First, he, as before related, glanced at Raleigh's influence with the queen, and then unawed by her majesty's frown, he went on to reflect on the over-great power and riches of the earl of Leicester, which was received with such unbounded applause by all present, that Elizabeth affected to hear it with unconcern, but was inwardly so deeply offended, that she forbade Tarleton and the rest of her jesters from coming near her table any more.[3]

Elizabeth had had a previous warning of the folly of sovereigns, in allowing persons of more wit than manners, the opportunity of exercising their sharp weapons against royalty. One of her jesters, named Pace, having transgressed once or twice in that way, she had forbidden him her presence. One of his patrons, however, undertook to make his peace with her majesty, and promised in his name, that he would conduct himself with more discretion if he were permitted to resume his office for the amusement of the court, on which the queen allowed him

[1] Bohun's Character of Queen Elizabeth. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

to be brought in. As soon as she saw him, she exclaimed, "Come on, Pace, now we shall hear of our faults!"

"What is the use of speaking of what all the town is talking?" growled the incorrigible cynic.[1]

Elizabeth not unfrequently indulged in jests herself. Every one is familiar with the impromptu couplet she made on the names of four knights of the county of Nottinghamshire:

"Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion; and Sutton the lout."

She detested, as ominous, all dwarfs and monsters, and seldom could be induced to bestow an appointment, either civil or ecclesiastical, on a mean-looking, ugly man. "She always," says lord Bacon, "made sedulous inquiries regarding the moral qualifications of any candidate for preferment; and, then considered his mien and appearance. Upon one of these occasions, she observed to me, 'Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority, if the man be despised?'"

"My lord Bacon's soul lodgeth well!" she observed, one day, after contemplating the ample brow of her lord-keeper. She always forbade her gouty premier to rise or stand in her presence, when she saw he was suffering from his malady, with this facetious remark; "My lord, we make use of you, not for your bad legs, but your good head."[2]

At the sales of crown property, the queen used to say, "her commissioners behaved to her as strawberry venders to their customers, who laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of the pottle, and all the rest were little ones, so they gave her two or three good prices at the first, and the rest fetched nothing."[3]

This great queen was very fond of singing-birds, apes, and little dogs; but her better taste and feeling manifested itself in her love for children. It has been seen, that when a prisoner in the Tower, she was wont to divert her cares and anxious forebodings, by talking with the warder's little ones, whose affections she certainly wholly captivated, at that time, by her endearing behaviour; and when age brought with it the painful conviction of the deceitfulness of court flatterers, her sick heart was soothed by the artless prattle of guileless infancy, and she exhibited almost maternal tenderness, when she was brought into personal contact with the children of her nobles. "You would scarcely believe me," writes one of the Shrewsbury retainers to his lord, when describing the demeanour of her majesty at a recent fête, "if I were to write how much her majesty did make of the little lady, your daughter, with often kissing (which her majesty seldom useth to any), and then amending her dressing with pins, and still carrying her in her own barge, and so homeward from the running. Her majesty said (and true it is) she was very like the lady, her grandmother."[4]

In moments, when her mind required relaxation of a graver character, Elizabeth displayed her sound judgment in the pleasure she took in the conversation of learned travellers, with whom she would talk pub-

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[1] Bacon.
[2] Lloyd, State Worthies.
[3] Bacon's Apophthegms.
[4] Lodge, vol. ii.

licly, and ask them many questions concerning the government, customs, and discipline used abroad. Sometimes she recreated herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing. Occasionally she played at cards and tables, and if she won, she would be sure to demand the money. When she retired to her bed-chamber, she was attended by the married ladies of her household, among whom are particularly mentioned the marchioness of Winchester, the countess of Warwick, and lady Scroop. The entrée of this apartment was chiefly, we are told, confined to Leicester, Hatton, Essex, the lord-admiral, and sir Walter Raleigh. When she found herself sleepy, she would dismiss those, who were there, with much kindness and gravity, and so betake herself to rest. Some lady of good quality, who enjoyed her confidence, always lying in the same chamber, and besides her guards, who were constantly on duty, there was always a gentleman of good quality, and some others up in the next chamber, who were to wake her in case anything extraordinary happened.[1]

"She was subject," says her warm panegyrist, Bohun, "to be vehemently transported with anger; and when she was so, she would show it by her voice, her countenance, and her hand. She would chide her familiar servants so loud, that they who stood afar off might sometimes hear her voice. And it was reported, that for small offences, she would strike her maids of honour with her hand." This report is confirmed by the witness of her godson, Harrington, and many other contemporaries, who enjoyed the opportunity of being behind the scenes in the virgin court.

It is to be observed, however, that the stormy explosions of temper, to which queen Elizabeth occasionally gave way, were confined to the recesses of her palace. They were indulged without restraint in the bed-chamber, they shook the council-room, and they were sometimes witnessed in the presence-chamber, but they never were seen or heard beyond those walls. Her ladies complained that they had felt the weight of the royal arm; foreign ambassadors, as well as her own courtiers, have reported her fierce rejoinders, her startling oaths; but to her people, she was all sunshine and good humour. Her strength, her wealth, her greatness, were centred in their affection; and she was too wise to incur, by any impatient gesture, or haughty expression, the risk of alienating the love with which they regarded her.

In her progresses, she was always most easy of approach; private persons, and magistrates, men, women, and children, came joyfully, and without any fear, to wait upon her, and to see her. Her ears were then open to the complaints of the afflicted, and of those who had been in any way injured. She would not suffer the meanest of her people to be shut out from the places where she resided, but the greatest and the least appeared equal in her sight. She took with her own hand, and read with the greatest goodness, the petitions of the meanest rustics, and disdained not to speak kindly to them, and to assure them that she would take a particular care of their affairs.[2]

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[1] Bohun. [2] Ibid.

She never appeared tired, nor out of temper, nor annoyed at the most unseasonable or uncourtly approach, nor was she offended with the most impudent and importunate petitioner. There was no disturbance to be seen in her countenance, no reproaches nor reproofs escaped her, nor was there anything in the whole course of her reign, not even the glorious success of her navy against the boasted armament of Spain, that more won the hearts of her people than her condescension and facility of access, and the gracious manner in which she demeaned herself towards all who came to offer the unbought homage of their love and loyalty.

It is a pleasure to be able to call attention, with deserved praise, to one instance of true magnanimity on the part of queen Elizabeth, although it appears to rest on the authority of a popular historical tradition. Among the attendants of Mary queen of Scots was a Scotchwoman, named Margaret Lambrun, whose husband had also been in the service of that unfortunate queen, to whom he was so greatly attached, that his death was attributed to his excessive grief for the tragic fate of his royal mistress. Margaret, on this bereavement, took the desperate resolution of revenging the death of both on queen Elizabeth. For this purpose she put on male apparel, and, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke, proceeded to the English court, carrying a brace of loaded pistols concealed about her, at all times, intending to shoot queen Elizabeth with one, and to evade punishment by destroying herself with the other. One day, when her majesty was walking in the garden, Margaret endeavoured to force her way through the crowd, to approach close enough to the royal person to perpetrate her design, but, in her agitation, she dropped one of the pistols. This being observed by the yeomen of the guards, she was instantly seized, but when they were about to hurry her away to prison, Elizabeth, not suspecting the sex of the intended assassin, said "she would examine the prisoner herself."

When Margaret was brought before her, she asked her name and country, and what had incited her to such a crime. Margaret, undauntedly, acknowledged who she was, and what she had intended. The queen heard her with unruffled calmness, and granted her a full and unconditional pardon. The president of the council protested that so daring an offender ought to be punished, whereupon, Margaret, with the characteristic caution of her country, implored her majesty to extend her goodness one degree further, by granting her a safe-conduct, with permission to retire to France, and this request was graciously complied with by the queen,[1] who, in this instance, chose to obey the impulse of her own feelings rather than the stern promptings of her minister.

It is ever to be lamented that Elizabeth stained the glorious year of the Armada with a series of cruel persecutions on the score of religion. January 14th, 1588, a wretched deist, named Francis Wright, alias Kit of Wymondham, was burned alive, in the castle ditch, at Norwich. He was the fourth who had suffered, in the same place, within the last five years, for promulgating erroneous opinions.[2] The same year, six catho-

[1] Adams' Biographical Dictionary.

[2] Bloomfield's Norwich.

lic priests were hanged, drawn, and quartered; four laymen, who had embraced protestantism, for returning to their old belief; four others, and a gentlewoman of the name of Ward, for concealing catholic priests, besides fifteen of their companions, who were arraigned for no other offence than their theological opinions.[1] Very heavy and repeated fines were levied on those whom it was not considered expedient to put to death. The fines of recusants formed a considerable item in the crown revenues at that period, and they were, of course, hunted out with keen rapacity by an odious swarm of informers, who earned a base living by augmenting the miseries of their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Another intolerable grievance of Elizabeth's government was the custom of borrowing privy-seal loans, as they were called; but a more oppressive mode of taxation can scarcely be imagined. Whenever her majesty's ministers heard of any person who had amassed a sum of ready money, they sent, to the next magistrate of the district, papers sealed with her privy-seal, signifying her gracious intention of becoming his debtor to a certain amount.[2] The privy-seal loan papers sometimes offered ten and twelve per cent. interest, but no other security than the personal one of the sovereign for the payment of either principal or interest, and, in case of death, left the liquidation of the debt to the honour of the successor to the crown. We have seen how heavily the unpaid privy-seal debts laid on the conscience of queen Mary I. in the hour of death. This expedient was first resorted to by cardinal Wolsey, to supply the exigencies of his profligate sovereign, Henry VIII. Such was the inauspicious dawn of a system of facile involvement.

There was the less necessity for partial and unconstitutional extortions from private individuals in the golden days of good queen Bess, since her parliaments were exceedingly liberal in according supplies. That which met February 1589, granted her two subsidies of two shillings and eight-pence in the pound, besides four-tenths, and a fifteenth. The convocation of the clergy granted her six shillings in the pound on all church property. It is true that this parliament objected to grant the supplies till some abuses in the exchequer, and also in the conduct of the royal purveyors, should be reformed, observing, "that otherwise they were aware that they should be dissolved as soon as they had

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[1] Stowe; Lingard.

[2] Lodge, vol. ii., 356, presents a most curious instance of the transfer of a privy-seal, which was sent to an unfortunate man at Leek, in Staffordshire, who was impoverished by law-suits. From this unpromising subject, Master Richard Bagot proposes, out of justice or revenge, to transfer the royal imposition to an old usurer, who bore the appropriate cognomen of Reynard Devil, (which name, civilly spelled, is Reginald Deville.) "Truly, my lord," writes Bagot, "a man that wanteth ability to buy a nag to follow his own causes in law to London, pity it were to load him with the loan of any money to her majesty; but as for Reynard Devil, a usurer by occupation, without *wiff* or charge, and worth 1000*l.*, he will never do good in his country; it were a charitable deed in your lordship to impose the privy seal on him. He dwelleth with his brother, John Devil, at Leek, aforesaid." Now, this country gentleman, like Cyrus with the great coat and little coat, certainly dealt more in equity than law, and the whole affair proves the absolute despotism of Elizabeth and her privy council.

passed the bill for the subsidies." The queen took umbrage at the measures under consideration. Burleigh told the house "that her majesty misliked the bills." On which a committee of the commons, with the speaker, waited upon her with palliative apologies, and professions of loyal affection, under which Elizabeth plainly detected an intention of carrying the matter through, and, with unconstitutional haughtiness, told them, "that the regulations of her household and revenues belonged only to herself; that she had as much skill and power to rule and govern them, as her subjects had to rule and govern theirs, without the aid of their neighbours, but, that out of her loving-kindness to her people, who were dearer to her than herself, she had taken steps for the correction of these abuses."

If Mary Stuart had not been removed, it is plain that Elizabeth would not have ventured either to interfere with the business before the house, or to speak of the free realm of England as if it had been her personal estate, and her jurisdiction over it subject to no restraining influence from the representatives of the people. Elizabeth was, at this period, so secure of the strength of her position, that she felt she could not only *do* as she pleased, but say *what* she pleased; the more dangerous indulgence of the royal will of the two.

On the 29th of March this parliament was dissolved, preparatory to the arraignment of the earl of Arundel in Westminster hall, before a select number of peers and privy-councillors, appointed by Elizabeth for his trial, if such it may be termed, after five years imprisonment in the Tower. The heads of his impeachment were, "that he had maintained a correspondence with cardinal Allen; that he had attempted to withdraw privily from the realm; that he was privy to pope Sixtus's bull against the queen; and that he had caused a mass to be said in his prison for the success of the Spanish Armada, and had even composed a special prayer himself on that occasion."

The noble prisoner, pale and emaciated with sickness and long confinement, was brought into court by sir Owen Hopton, the lieutenant of the Tower, sir Drue Drury, and others, the axe being carried before him. He made two obeisances when he presented himself at the bar. There the clerk of the court told him he was indicted of several offences, and said, "Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, late of Arundel in the county of Sussex, hold up thy hand." He held up his hand very high, saying, "Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this hall."

So frivolous was the evidence against this unfortunate nobleman, that an emblematical piece found in his cabinet, having on one side a hand shaking a serpent into the fire, with this motto, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" and on the other a rampant lion, without claws, and with this inscription, "Yet a lion,"[1] was produced in court, as one proof of his evil intentions. The earl replied, "that this was a toy given to him by his man," and greatly must he have marvelled how, by any subtlety, such a device could have been construed into treason

[1] Camden.

against the queen. It was, indeed, of a piece with the pretence on which his accomplished grandfather, Surrey, was brought to the block by the sanguinary tyrant, Henry VIII. It was also urged against Arundel, that he had written a letter to the queen, reflecting severely on the justice of the laws by which his father and grandfather suffered death, and that he had assumed the title of Philip duke of Norfolk on the advice of cardinal Allen.[1]

The witnesses against Arundel were Bennet, the priest, who had said the mass at his request, and Gerard and Shelley, who were present at it. These accused him of having offered up his prayers for the success of the expedition. Arundel declared, "that his prayers were only for the preservation of himself and his fellow-catholics from the general massacre to which report had said they were doomed, in the event of the Spaniards effecting a landing," then fixing his eyes upon Gerard, and adjuring him "to speak nothing but the truth, as he must one day appear before the tribunal of the living God, to answer for what he should then say," he so daunted and disconcerted the witness, that he lost his utterance, and was unable to repeat his first assertion.

Against the testimony of Bennet, the earl produced one of his own letters, in which he acknowledged that his confession was false, and had been extorted by threats of torture and death. Yet every one of the lords commissioners appointed for the trial of this ill-treated nobleman, when asked to give their verdict, placed his hand upon his breast, and said, "Guilty, upon my honour!" Then the earl of Derby, who was special high steward of the court, pronounced the barbarous and ignominious sentence decreed by the laws of England against traitors, with all its revolting minutiæ.

"*Fiat voluntas Dei*," responded the noble prisoner, in a low voice; and making an obeisance, not to the packed junta who had, for the most part, assisted in sending his father to the block, but to the throne, he was led out of court, with the edge of the axe towards him. He petitioned the queen, after his sentence was pronounced, to be permitted to see his wife and son, a child of five years old, whom he had never seen. No answer was returned to his piteous supplication by Elizabeth, whose hatred to lady Arundel was deadly and implacable, even amounting to a repugnance to breathing the same air with her, since whenever she was going to take up her abode at St. James's palace, she invariably sent her commands to lady Arundel to leave London.[2]

Elizabeth was in the habit of accepting new years' gifts from the unfortunate earl. One that appears among the list of these offerings was, "a jewel of gold garnished with small diamonds and rubies, standing upon a slope, with small pearls pendent."[3] A more costly present was received by her majesty in the season of his sore adversity, when he had been stripped and impoverished by a fine of 10,000*l*., but was apparently anxious to testify his loyalty and good-will to his angry queen. It was a carcanet or collar of gold, containing seven pieces of

[1] Camden.

[2] Contemporary MS. Life of the Countess of Arundel, in the Norfolk Archives.

[3] List of new year's gifts, in Sloane MSS.

gold, six true love-knots of small sparks of diamonds, and many pearls of various bigness.

The regard manifested for Arundel by the hapless queen of Scots, was probably the head and front of his offending. Elizabeth, after all, did not take his life. She had never ceased to upbraid Burleigh, with having, by his ceaseless importunity, induced her to shed his father's blood—that blood which was kindred with her own, and she could scarcely have forgotten that this unfortunate peer was the grandson and representative of an earl of Arundel, to whose generous protection she was, in all probability, indebted for the preservation of her life, when herself a persecuted captive in the Tower. Her relentings on this point could scarcely be termed mercy, for she kept the axe suspended over the expecting victim for the residue of his wretched existence, so that every day he was in a state of suspense, expecting to receive a summons to the scaffold at an hour's notice. He was never permitted to behold again his devoted wife, or the unknown son, for whom his fond heart had yearned in his lonely prison-house, with the strong instinct of paternal love.[1] In this long-lingering bitterness of death, Elizabeth was so pitiless as to keep her unhappy kinsman for upwards of six years, till sickness, brought on by pining sorrow, combined with want of air and exercise, terminated his life.[2]

How greatly his imprisonment had been embittered by the gratuitous harshness of the functionary who had him in ward, may be gathered from his pathetic entreaties to the lieutenant of the Tower, who came to see him, a few days before his death, not to use other prisoners as hardly as he had treated him. "You must think, master lieutenant," said the dying earl, "that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh, then, do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest, but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy, God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity."

He was buried at the queen's expense, in the same grave with his unfortunate father, the beheaded duke of Norfolk, in the Tower church, and the funeral service, that was devised for him, consisted, not of the beautiful and consoling form prescribed in our liturgy, for the burial rite, but of a series of unchristian-like insults to the dead. Among the sentences with which the chaplain, on his own authority, commenced this novel funeral service, were these words:—"Yet as it is said in the Scriptures, 'Go and bury yonder cursed woman, for she is a king's daughter,' so we commit his body to the earth, yet giving God hearty thanks that he hath delivered us of so great a fear.[3]

The national spirit of England had been so fiercely roused, by the

[1] Camden; Lingard; Howard Memorials; MS. Life of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.

[2] MS. Life of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, at Norfolk House, Dallaways, Sussex.

[3] Ibid.

threatened invasion of the Armada, that nothing less than some attempt at retaliation would satisfy the people. Don Antonio, titular king of Portugal, was still a suppliant, at the court of Elizabeth, for assistance from her to establish him on the throne of his ancestors, and the last prayer of parliament to the queen, before its dissolution, was, that she would send an expedition to make reprisals on the king of Spain for his hostilities. Elizabeth liked the policy, but not the cost of such a measure. She said, "she was too poor to bear the burden herself, but her brave subjects were welcome to fit out an armament, for the liberation of Portugal from the Spanish yoke, provided they would do it at their own expense, and she would lend them ships of war."[1]

Drake, Norris, and other valiantly-disposed gentlemen, took her majesty at her word, and formed an association for this purpose. Elizabeth subscribed six thousand pounds towards the adventure, and on the 18th of April, 1589, a gallant armament sailed from Plymouth for Lisbon, having on board the claimant of the crown of Portugal, and many noble young English volunteers, who were eager to assist in humbling the pride of Spain. To these ardent aspirants for glory was unexpectedly added the queen's reigning favourite, Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, who had made his escape from court, and, unknown to his royal mistress, put to sea in a ship-of-war called the "Swiftsure," and joined the fleet while it was detained by contrary winds.[2] Two years before, the young earl had, in like manner, stolen from the silken fetters of his courtly servitude, with the intention of signalizing himself by relieving the town of Sluys, which was, at that time, besieged by the Spanish forces, but the queen sent his young kinsman, Robert Carey, after him, to forbid his voyage: Carey overtook him at Sandwich, and, with much difficulty, prevailed upon him to return. It is doubtful whether the proffer of the crown matrimonial of England would have induced Essex to have given up his present enterprise, so thoroughly transported was he with the desire of playing the knight-errant on this occasion.

As soon as Elizabeth discovered the flight of her wilful favourite, she despatched the earl of Huntingdon, with all speed, to follow and bring the truant back, but he was already out of the reach of pursuit. He was the foremost man to leave the boats, and struggle through the opposing breakers, to the attack of the castle of Penicha, and, wading up to the shoulders, first reached the land. The castle presently surrendered to the English adventurers, and sir Henry Norris advanced so far as to take the suburbs of Lisbon, but for want of the promised co-operation of the king of Morocco, and indeed of the Portuguese themselves, who probably liked not the prospect of such an alliance, and, above all, on account of the deficiency of the munitions of war in their own fleet, they were unable to follow up the brilliant successes with which they commenced the campaign. Essex, with all the ardour of a young chivalric novice, burning to perform deeds of high emprise, advanced to the gates of Lisbon, and beating a thundering summons there, challenged the governor to come forth, and encounter him hand

[1] Camden; Lingard; Mackintosh.

[2] Lodge; Camden; Lingard.

to hand, in single combat. No notice was, of course, taken of this romantic defiance by the Spaniard.[1]

Sickness broke out in the English army, and a fearful mortality ensued. Six thousand out of eighteen thousand were left on that ill-omened coast, victims to the pestilence, and the fleet returned to Plymouth, without effecting anything compensatory for the loss of valuable lives it had involved. Elizabeth has been severely blamed for allowing the expedition to be undertaken at all, unless provided with the means of maintaining the honour of England. She had not yet learned wisdom on that point, although the experience of all her foreign expeditions had proved that she should have counted the costs of her warfare at first, and, if she thought them too high, pursued a more pacific policy. But half-measures always prove in the end dear economy, and Elizabeth was exactly the person "to spoil the ship for a half-penny-worth of tar."

She had amused herself, during the absence of Essex, with progresses and all sorts of recreations, calculated to impress her court and people with ideas of her juvenility, instead of the cares and infirmities of advancing years. "The queen is well, I assure you," writes sir John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of her privy-chamber, "six or seven galliards in a morning, besides music and singing, is her ordinary exercise.[2] She commanded lord Howard to return thanks for a well-trained palfrey she had sent her, saying, "she took it kindly and most graciously, that he should think of a thing that she did so greatly want, and that she never in her life had one she had taken a greater liking for." "Her majesty hath not yet ridden on him, but meaneth, the next time she rideth, to prove him. And, my lord, the day of the remove to the palace of Nonsuch, (which was on the 19th,) her majesty commanded me to ride on him, and I assure your lordship I could not give more commendations than he doth deserve." Thus was the gallant lord admiral Howard, of Effingham, useful in proving the paces of a royal lady's palfrey, as well as destroying an hostile Armada. Our naval heroes in these days, though equally renowned on the quarter-deck, have not so much equestrian skill.

Essex, having absented himself for several months from his duties as master of the horse, which office involved constant personal attendance on the queen, dreaded that some signal mark of her displeasure would be directed against him on his return. Nothing indeed less than fine and imprisonment could be anticipated, after the severe punishment that had been inflicted on the ill-fated earl of Arundel, for the contempt of essaying to leave England without the royal permission. Essex was, however, a privileged man, and the queen was so overjoyed at his return, that, instead of chastising, she loaded her beloved truant with favours and caresses, and consoled him by some valuable grants for his disappointment, on learning that sir Christopher Hatton had been preferred to the vacant chancellorship of Cambridge in his absence.[3] Essex was naturally of a generous, careless temper, but his personal extravagance had already involved him in debts to so large an amount, that he

[1] Camden. [2] Lodge, vol. ii., p. 386. [3] Aikin.

found himself in a manner necessitated to avail himself of the weakness of his royal mistress, by obtaining from her, as his predecessor, Leicester, had done, a plurality of lucrative places and monopolies. It was one of the great inconsistencies of Elizabeth's character, that while she was parsimonious, even to childishness, in matters of such vital importance to the honour of England, as the victualling and supplying fleets, that were to be employed, either on foreign service or the defence of her realm, with a needful quantity of ammunition, she lavished her bounty, with unsparing profusion, on the selfish succession of favourites who surrounded the throne, and, like the allegorical daughters of the horse-leech, were never tired of crying, "Give, give!"

That Elizabeth's affection for Essex betrayed her, not only into jealousy of one of her fairest maids of honour, but great irascibility of temper against the supposed object of his personal preference, may be seen by the details, given by one of her courtiers, of her conduct towards the young lady, who, being her majesty's near relation, and the court beauty withal, appears to have conducted herself, by-the-bye, with a singular want of duty and attention to her royal mistress.

"Her highness," writes Mr. Fenton to sir John Harrington, "spake vehemently, and with great wrath, of her servant, the lady Mary Howard, forasmuch as she had refused to bear her mantle at the hour her highness is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke, did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress. Again, on another occasion, she was not ready to carry the cup of grace during the dinner in the privy-chamber, nor was she attending at the hour of her majesty's going to prayer; all which doth now so disquiet her highness, that she swore, 'she would no more show her any countenance, but out with all such ungracious flouting wenches;' because, forsooth, she hath much favour and marks of love from the young earl, which is not so pleasing to the queen, who doth still exhort all her women to remain in the virgin state as much as may be: I adventured to say, so far as discretion did go, in defence of our friend, and did urge much in behalf of youth and enticing love, which did often abate of right measures in fair ladies; all which did nothing soothe her highness' anger, who said, 'I have made her my servant, and she will now make herself my mistress; but, in good faith, William, she shall not, and so tell her.'"

"In short," pursues the kind-hearted but simple writer, "pity doth move me to save this lady, and would beg such suit to the queen, from you and your friends, as may win her favour to spare her on future amendment. If you could speak to Mr. Bellot, or my lord-treasurer, on this matter, it might be to good purpose, when a better time doth offer to move the queen than I had, for words were then of no avail, though as discreetly brought as I was able. It might not be amiss to talk to this poor young lady to be more dutiful, and not absent at prayers and meals, to bear her highness' mantle and other furniture, even more than all the rest of the servants, to make ample amends by future diligence, and always to go first in the morning to her highness' chamber, forasmuch as such kindness will much prevail to turn away all former dis-

pleasure. She must not entertain my lord the earl in any conversation, but shun his company; and, moreover, be less careful in attiring her own person, for this seemeth as more done to win the earl than her mistress' good will."[1]

The reader will remember, that lady Mary Howard was the envied possessor of the rich velvet kirtle, with the costly border or flounce, which Elizabeth had taken a whimsical method of admonishing her not to wear any more. It was probably some lurking resentment caused by this prohibition, that occasioned the pretty little maid of honour to demean herself so undutifully to her royal mistress in regard to her cloak and grace-cup. The flirtations with Essex, who was the hero as well as the Adonis of the court, a noble bachelor, and the mark for every lady's eye, were natural enough, but were evidently the great matter of offence to her majesty.

"If we consider," continues Fenton, "the favours showed her family, there is ground for ill-humour in the queen, who doth not now bear with such composed spirit as she was wont, but since the Irish affairs seemeth more froward than commonly she used to bear herself towards her women, nor doth she hold them in discourse with such familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglects, in such wise as to make these fair maids cry and bewail in piteous sort, as I am told by my sister Elizabeth."[2]

Burleigh, who had fancied that the death of his ancient rival, Leicester, would have left him the undisputed lord of the ascendant in the council-chamber, was bitterly annoyed at finding himself circumvented and defeated in the royal closet, by the influence his late ward had acquired over the mind of the queen, who was thirty-three years his senior. The courtiers, both old and young, regarded the favour enjoyed by Essex with jealous eyes, and many were the devices used to divert her attention from him. On the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, after a series of jousts and chivalric exercises had been performed, old sir Henry Lee, who had so long supported the office of the queen's champion at all tilts and tourneys, made a public resignation of his office to the gallant young earl of Cumberland. They both advanced to the foot of the gallery where the queen was seated, attended by her ladies and officers of state, to view the games, while the following elegant song was sung by a concealed performer:

"My golden locks hath time to silver turned.
Oh, time, too swift, and swiftness never ceasing!
My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth both spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
Beauty and strength and youth, flowers fading been;
Duty, faith, love, are fruits and evergreen.

My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's song shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms
And so from court to cottage I depart;
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 232. [2] Ibid.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my saints this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think to do her wrong!
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight."

Meanwhile there arose, as if by magic, before the royal balcony, a pavilion of white taffeta, supported on pillars resembling porphyry, in imitation of a temple of the Vestal Virgins. Within it rose a rich altar, loaded with offerings for her majesty, and before the gate stood a crowned pillar wreathed with eglantine, supporting a votive tablet inscribed "To Eliza."

The gifts and tablets being with great reverence presented to the queen, and the aged knight disarmed by his pages, he offered up his armour at the foot of the pillar; then kneeling, presented the earl of Cumberland to her majesty, praying her to be pleased to accept him for her knight in his place. The queen having graciously signified her assent, sir Henry Lee invested his brave young substitute with his arms, and mounted him on his horse. This done, he clothed himself in a long velvet gown, and covered his head, in lieu of a helmet, with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.[1] The queen presented her glove to the gallant representative of the proud house of Clifford, who had nobly distinguished himself in the triumphant fight with the Spanish Armada. He ever after wore the royal gage in his burgonet, and queen Elizabeth always spoke of him as "her knight."

Cumberland, nevertheless, soon perceived that neither he, nor any other gallant of the court, had any chance of entering the lists successfully against the favoured Essex, who was then in the zenith of his power and influence with the queen. To what fatal heights, both for herself and him, the infatuation of such a princess might have elevated the object of her last and most engrossing passion, may be imagined if he had been of a disposition to humour her infatuation. But Essex, in the first generous pride of manhood, had not yet lost that delicacy of feeling which forms the poetry of early life, ere the bright impulses of love and chivalry are choked by worldcraft, and its degrading ends and aims. He would, at that time, have thought foul scorn of himself had he been capable of sacrificing the pure and holy sympathies of conjugal affection on the sordid altar of ambition or avarice. Well had it been for Essex, if he had never condescended to barter his happiness, as a husband and father, for the glittering trammels in which he finally suffered himself to be entangled.

While, however, all the courtiers were burning with envy, at the undisguised marks of fondness which the queen publicly lavished on her youthful favourite, he secretly loved and was beloved by the fair widow of sir Philip Sidney. This lady was the only daughter of that celebrated

[1] Not long after old Sir Henry Lee had resigned his office of especial champion of the beauty of his sovereign, he fell in love with her new maid of honour, the fair Mrs. Anne Vavasour, who, though in the morning flower of her charms, and esteemed the loveliest girl in the whole court, drove a whole levy of youthful lovers to despair, by accepting this ancient relic of the age of chivalry.

statesman, sir Francis Walsingham, who was just dead, worn out with his long and arduous official labours, and having spent his fortune in the service of the queen. Sir Philip Sidney had been the model on which Essex had endeavoured to form his own character; and much that was noble, generous, and of fair promise in him may be, perhaps, attributed to his imitation of that stainless knight, while his faults were, after all, less than might have been expected from the pupil of Leicester. When Essex discovered that he, and he alone, had the power of consoling lady Sidney for the loss of the hero for whom she had mourned upwards of four years, he did not hesitate to dry her tears by plighting himself to her in marriage, though at the risk of forfeiting the favour of his enamoured queen.

These nuptials were solemnized with great secrecy; for though Essex was disinterested enough to wed the woman of his heart, he had not the moral courage to avow to his royal mistress what he had dared to do.

The nineteenth of November, being St. Elizabeth's day, was always kept by the courtiers of queen Elizabeth as a national festival in honour of her name, and in opposition to the ungallant decision of pope Pius V., who had struck the name of St. Elizabeth out of the Romish calendar, to indicate, as some have insinuated, his ill-will to Elizabeth of England.

In the year 1590, grand jousts and tilting took place on that day, in the presence of the queen, viscount Turenne, the new French ambassador, and an unusually splendid company. The earls of Cumberland and Essex, and lord Borough, challenged all comers for six courses, and Essex shone forth as the pre-eminent cavalier on that occasion. The fact of his having presumed to take to himself a wife had not then reached the royal ear, though it could scarcely, at that time, be termed a secret, since lady Walsingham, with prudential care for her daughter's fair fame, had caused her to be treated in her house as the countess of Essex, for the last month.

The paroxysms of rage with which Elizabeth was transported when the tidings at last reached her, may be imagined from the hints which John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen of the privy-chamber, conveys to lord Talbot of her demeanour soon after:

"If," says he, "she could overcome her passion against my lord of Essex for his marriage, no doubt she would be much the quieter; yet doth she use it more temperately than was thought for, and, God be thanked, doth not strike *all* she threats. The earl doth use it with good temper, concealing his marriage as much as so open a matter may be; not that he denies it to any, but for her majesty's better satisfaction is pleased that my lady shall live very retired in her mother's house."[1]

The important movements of the political game, which, in consequence of the changes that had followed the assassination of Henry III. of France, was playing for the crown of that realm, between her old antagonist, Philip of Spain, and her favourite protegé, Henry of Navarre, the hero of the protestant cause, roused Elizabeth from the feminine

[1] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii., p. 422.

weakness of amusing her courtiers with her irascibility on account of the marriage of her youthful favourite. She felt the proud importance of her position in the contest, and that she could with one hand raise the drooping fortunes of the gallant Bourbon from the dust, and with the other inflict a death-blow on the overweening pride of Spain. Henry of Navarre wooed her for succour in the tone of a lover; she was, in fact, his only hope, and she came forward to his assistance, like a true friend, in the hour of his utmost need. The sum of two-and-twenty thousand pounds in gold, which she sent to him, arrived at the moment when his Swiss and German auxiliaries were about to disband for want of pay, and Henry, with a burst of surprise and joy at the sight of the money, declared "that he had never before beheld so large a sum in gold in his life."[1]

Elizabeth further honoured her royal protegé, by embroidering a scarf for him with her own hands, and using every demonstration of affectionate regard for his person. She led his envoys into her privy-chamber to display his portrait, which she pronounced to be beautiful, with such expressions of admiration, that they assured her she would like the original better, adding some insinuations which were far from offending her; and they recommended their royal master to cultivate her good-will by writing a flattering note to her at least once a fortnight. Elizabeth levied 3000 men to send to his assistance. Essex threw himself at her feet, and implored her to honour him with the command of those troops. Elizabeth positively refused, though, with the importunity of a spoiled child, he remained kneeling before her for hours.[2]

She prudently conferred the trust on her old, experienced commander, sir John Norris. When Henry IV. solicited a further reinforcement, he requested his good sister that she would give the command to her gallant young master of the horse. Elizabeth reluctantly complied, and wrote a very remarkable letter to Henry on the subject—a letter which, although it has escaped the research of all her historians except mademoiselle Keralio, is worthy of attention, both as the only one in which she dwells on the peculiar characteristics of Essex, and also from the endearing, yet dignified manner in which she bespeaks the loving care of her ally for her soldiers. It is certainly one of the most interesting and sensible letters ever penned by this great sovereign:

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

"27th July, 1591.

"According to the promise which I have always kept in your behalf, my dearest brother, I send 4000 men to your aid, with a lieutenant, who appears to me very competent. His quality, and the place he holds about me, are such, that it is not customary to permit him to be absent from me; but all these reasons I have forgotten on the present occasion, preferring, to our own necessity and convenience, the gratification of your wish; for which cause, I doubt not, you will respond, with an honourable and careful respect for your greatness, by giving him a favourable reception. In regard to his many merits, you may be assured, if (which most I fear) the rashness of his youth does not make him too precipitate, you will never have cause to doubt his boldness in your service, for he has

[1] Egerton Papers. [2] Ibid.

given too frequent proofs that he regards no peril, be it what it may; and you are entreated to bear in mind, that he is too impetuous to be given the reins.

"But, my God, how can I dream of making any reasonable requests to you, seeing you are so careless of your own life: I must appear a very foolish creature. Only I repeat to you, that he will require the bridle rather than the spur. Nevertheless, I hope he will be found to possess skill enough to lead his troops on to do you worthy service; and I dare promise that our subjects are so well disposed, and have hearts so valiant, that they will serve you to ruin all your foes, if their good fortune corresponds with their desires. And now for the wages of all these forces, I must make you two requests: the first, on which depends their lives, your heart being such that nothing ought to be omitted that regards them, that you will cherish them, not as those who serve as mercenaries, but freely from good affection; also, that you will not carry them into too great danger. You are so wise a prince, that I am assured you will not forget that our two nations have not often accorded so well, but they would remember their ancient quarrels, not considering themselves of the same country, but separated by a mighty deep; and that you will so bear it in hand, that no inconveniences shall arise when they arrive. I have, on my part, inculcated good lessons on my people, which, I am assured, they will observe.

"And now, not to fatigue you with too long a letter, I will conclude with this advice: that, in approaching our coasts, you would not forget to *debouche* the way to Parma,[1] in all directions where he might enter, for I am assured that he has received orders to press towards the Low Countries, rather than to France.

"Your very assured good sister and cousin,

"E. R."[2]

In this last hint, Elizabeth's policy in sending her troops to the aid of Henry is explained. She had conditioned that her people were not to be employed in the contest between the Huguenot king of France and his malcontent catholic subjects, but only against the Spanish invaders, who had entered Bretagne, and were rather alarming neighbours to England. Henry violated his pact on this point, by directing the English troops against his rebel subjects, in order to obtain, by force of arms, his recognition as sovereign of France, making all other considerations subservient to that leading object. Elizabeth remonstrated in vain, and at last her patience failed her; and in reply to some contumacious expressions from Henry IV., she addressed the following indignant language to him:—

"I am astonished that any one, who is so much beholden to us for aid in his need, should pay his most assured friend in such base coin. Can you imagine that the softness of my sex deprives me of the courage to resent a public affront? The royal blood I boast could not brook from the mightiest prince in Christendom such treatment as you have, within the last three months, offered to me. Be not displeased if I tell you roundly, that if thus you treat your friends, who freely, and from pure affection, are serving you at a most important time, they will fail you hereafter at your greatest need. I would instantly have withdrawn my troops, had it not appeared to me that your ruin would have been the result, if the others, led by my example, and apprehending similar treatment, should desert you. This consideration induces me to allow them to remain a little longer; blushing, meantime, that I am made to the world the spectacle of a despised princess.

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[1] The duke of Parma, Philip II.'s generalissimo in the Netherlands.

[2] Keralio. The original is in the perplexed French in which all Elizabeth's letters to Henry are written.

"I beseech the Creator to inspire you with a better way of preserving your friends.

"Your sister, who merits better treatment than she has had,

"E. R."[1]

Henry knew how to soften, by seductive flattery, the wrath of the royal lioness, by whom his cause had been supported, when he had no other friend, and he always kept on the most agreeable terms with the brave and generous Essex. If the talents of Essex had been equal to his chivalry, he would have won the most brilliant reputation in Europe; but his achievements were confined to personal acts of valour, which procured him, in the French camp, the name of the English Achilles.[2]

"The old fox," as Essex always called his former guardian, Burleigh, had done the utmost to widen the breach between him and the queen, and he now made all the advantage he could of his absence, by incessantly entreating her majesty to give the place of secretary of state to his son, Robert Cecil. Essex was the warm friend and patron of Davison, whose cause he was continually pleading to the queen, and had, by his powerful influence, kept his office vacant, in spite of the veteran premier's pertinacious solicitations to her majesty to bestow it on his own son. The queen took a malicious pleasure in keeping Burleigh in suspense; and when she went in progress to Theobalds, in May, 1591, where she was entertained with great magnificence, and received many costly presents, she contented herself, at her departure, with bestowing the accolade of knighthood on the crooked little aspirant for the coveted office in her cabinet.

"I suppose," writes sir Thomas Wylkes to sir Robert Sidney, "you have heard of her majesty's great entertainment at Theobalds, her knighting sir Robert Cecil, and of the expectation of his advancement to the secretaryship; but so it is, as we said in court, the knighthood must serve for both."

On the 19th of July, Elizabeth honoured Burleigh with a visit at his house, in the Strand, and they went together to take a private view of the house of the absent Essex, in Covent Garden, a proceeding that had somewhat the appearance of an impertinent piece of espionage. It was probably during this visit that sir Robert Cecil obtained his long-delayed preferment to the place of secretary of state; for, on the second of August, he was sworn of the privy-council at Nonsuch. Soon after, the little man had the honour of entertaining her majesty at his own house, where he endeavoured to propitiate her favour, by getting up one of the most original pieces of flattery that was ever devised for her gratification. A person in the dress of a Post enters with letters, exclaiming—

"Is Mr. Secretary Cecil here? Did you see Mr. Secretary? Gentlemen, can you bring me to Mr. Secretary Cecil?

"*A Gentleman Usher.* Mr. Secretary Cecil is not here. What business have you with him?

"*Post.* Marry, sir, I have letters that import her majesty's service.

"*Usher.* If the letters concern the queen, why should you not deliver them to the queen? You see she is present, and you cannot have a better opportunity, if the intelligence be so important, and concern herself, as you say."

[1] Letter from Elizabeth to Henry IV., dated Nov. 9, 1591, in Keralio. [2] Thuanus.

After some high-flown compliments to the various perfections of her majesty, the Post says :—

"Well, I am half persuaded to deliver the letters to her own hand; but, sir, they come from the emperor of China, in a language that she understands not.

"*Usher.* Why, then, you are very simple, Post. Though it be so, yet these princes, as the Great Turk and the rest, do always send a translation in Italian, French, Spanish, or Latin, and then it's all one to her.

"*Post.* Doth she understand all these languages, and hath never crossed the seas?

"*Usher.* Art thou a Post, and hast ridden so many miles, and met with so many men, and hast not heard what all the world knows, that she speaks and understands all the languages in the world, which are worthy to be spoken or understood?

"*Post.* It may be that she understands them in a sort, well enough for a lady, but not so well as secretaries should do.

"*Usher.* Tush! what talkest thou of secretaries? As for one of them, whom thou most askest for, if he have any thing that is worth talking of, the world knows well enough where he had it, for he kneels every day where he learns a new lesson. Go on, therefore; deliver thy letters. I warrant thee she will read them, if they be in any Christian language.

"*Post.* But is it possible that a lady, born and bred in her own island, having but seen the confines of her own kingdom, should be able, without interpreters, to give audience and answer still to all foreign ambassadors?

"*Usher.* Yea, Post, we have seen that so often tried, that it is here no wonder. But, to make an end, look upon her. How thinkest thou—doest thou see her? Say truly, sawest thou ever more majesty or more perfection met together in one body? Believe me, Post, for wisdom and policy she is as inwardly suitable as externally admirable.

"*Post.* Oh, sir, why now I stand back, the rather you have so daunted my spirits with that word; for first yon say she hath majesty, and that, you know, never likes audacity. Next you say, she is full of policy. Now, what do I know, if policy may not think fit to hang up a Post if he be too saucy?

"*Usher.* Oh, simple Post, thou art the wilfullest creature that liveth. Dost thou not know that, besides all her perfections, all the earth hath not such a prince for affability; for all is one.—Come gentleman, come serving-man, come ploughman, come beggar,—the hour is yet to come that ever she refused a petition. Will she, then, refuse a letter that comes from so great an emperor, and for her service? No, no; do as I bid thee. I should know some things, that have been a quarter-master these fifteen years. Draw near her, kneel down before her, kiss thy letters and deliver them, and use no prattling while she is reading them; and if ever thou have worse words than, 'God have mercy, fellow!' and 'Give him a reward!' never trust me while thou livest."[3]

This dialogue is not only valuable as a great literary curiosity, but as affording a correct description of the etiquette observed by the ministers and officers of queen Elizabeth's household, in delivering letters, presenting

[1] Nichols' Progresses, from Harl. MSS., 286, f. 248, Brit. Mus.—Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of receiving complimentary letters from the sultan Amurath III., from the czar of Muscovy, and the emperors of Morocco and China. In the Archæologia there is a fac-simile of a highly curious letter of hers, addressed "To the Right, High, Mighty and Invincible Emperor of Cathaye." It was intended as the credential of Sir George Waymouth, on his voyage of discovery, in 1662. It has a richly illuminated border, on a red ground, and is signed at the bottom by the queen, in her largest sized hand. The royal arms have lions for supporters at the sides of the shield. The vellum letter was accompanied by separate translations, on paper, in Italian, Latin, and Portuguese.

papers for her signature, and listening to her instructions, which we find sir Robert Cecil did, on the knee. The hearty, popular manner with which Elizabeth was wont to receive any act of service, or small present, from the humbler ranks of her subjects, and which always reminded those, who remembered her father, of bluff king Hal, in his cloth-of-gold days, is, of course, described to the life in this curious performance. The most surprising part of the matter was, that her majesty could sit quietly to listen to so many fulsome compliments.

Sir Robert Cecil had deeply studied all the weak points of his royal mistress's character, and endeavoured, by flattering her to the top of her bent, to render himself so acceptable to her that his personal defects might be overlooked. It is just possible that, that mighty observer of the human heart, in all its erratic movements, Shakspeare, had the deformed secretary, Cecil, in his thoughts when, in defiance of historic truth, he made his royal hunchback, Richard III., prevail with the lady Anne, through the magic of his seductive flattery. It was with that potent weapon that sir Robert Cecil presumed to enter the lists with the handsome, gallant and manly earls of Cumberland and Essex, with Mountjoye, with Carey, and with Raleigh, for the favour of the dainty queen, who certainly regarded ugliness as a greater sin than witchcraft. She was, however, amused at the idea of her new secretary affecting the airs of a lover in the privy-chamber.

A few days after queen Elizabeth had gratified sir Robert Cecil with the office of secretary, she went in progress, with her court, into Sussex and Hampshire. Her first visit was to Cowdray, the seat of the viscount Montague, the son of sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse to Henry VIII. Her majesty having dined at Farnham, proceeded with her train, on the 15th of August, to Cowdray, where she arrived about eight o'clock on the Saturday night. She was greeted, as soon as she came in sight, with a loud burst of music, which continued till she stepped on the bridge, where a person in armour was stationed between two figures, carved in wood to represent porters, and holding a club in one hand and a golden key in the other, which he presented to her majesty, at the end of the most bombastic speech, in her praise, that had yet been addressed to her. Wherewithal her highness took the key, and said "she would swear for him there was none more faithful." She then alighted, and embraced the lady Montague and her daughter, the lady Dormer. The noble hostess was so overpowered by her feelings on this occasion, that she wept upon her majesty's bosom, exclaiming, "Oh! happy time!—oh! joyful day."[1] That night the queen took her rest in a stately velvet bed; the chamber in which she slept was hung with tapestry taken from Raphael's cartoons; the sea-fight in which her great uncle, the valiant sir Edward Howard, met his death in Brest harbour, was painted in fresco on the ceiling.

Three oxen and one hundred and forty geese furnished forth the Sunday morning's breakfast for the maiden monarch and her company.[2] On the Monday morning, by eight o'clock, her highness took horse, with

[1] Nichols' Progresses. [2] Ibid.

all her train, and rode into the park, where a delicate bower was prepared, under which her own musicians were placed, who accompanied the vocal performance of a nymph, who, with a sweet song, delivered a cross-bow into the queen's hand, to shoot at the deer, some thirty in number, that were enclosed in a paddock, to be slaughtered by the fair hands of royal and noble ladies; no wonder their pastimes were of a savage nature, after devouring oxen and roasted geese by wholesale, for breakfast. Elizabeth killed three or four of the deer with her own hand, and the countess of Kildare one.

Then rode her grace to Cowdray to dinner, and about six of the clock in the evening, from a turret, saw sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down with greyhounds on a lawn.

The next day her majesty was entertained at the priory by his lordship, who, in a sort of friendly rivalry to his lady, feasted the royal guest at his hunting-seat, where she was greeted, in the pleasance, first by a pilgrim, and secondly by a wild man, clad in ivy, who addressed quaint speeches to her, followed by what she, no doubt, considered something better—an excellent cry of hounds and a buck-hunt.

On the Wednesday, her majesty and her ladies dined in the forest-walk, at a table four-and-twenty yards long, and were regaled with choice music. Among other devices with which she was entertained, an angler, after making a suitable harangue to the royal guest, netted all the fish in a fair pond, and laid them at her feet.

Elizabeth dined on the following day in the private walks of the garden, with her ladies and nobles, at a table forty-eight feet long. "In the evening, the country people presented themselves to her majesty, in a pleasant dance, with pipe and tabor, and the lord and lady Montague among them, to the great pleasure of the beholders, and the gentle applause of her majesty."

The royal guest departed on the morrow. As she was going through the arbour to take horse, there stood six gentlemen, whom she knighted, the lord-admiral laying the sword on their shoulders. Lord Montague, his three sons, with the high-sheriff, and all the gentlemen of the county, attended her majesty, on horseback, to the place where she dined.

Elizabeth next proceeded to Elvetham, the seat of the earl of Hertford.[1]

The earl, having received a shrewd hint that her majesty meant to come and take him by surprise, on this progress, set three hundred

[1] Whom, in the early part of her reign, she had so cruelly fined and imprisoned, for having presumed to steal a marriage with her kinswoman, lady Katharine Gray. Hertford was released after the death of his broken-hearted consort, in 1567, and immediately married one of the more favoured maternal cousins of the queen, lady Frances Howard, sister to the lord-admiral—a lady who had not escaped the breath of slander, on account of her passion for Leicester; but she dying soon after her union with Hertford, he married, thirdly, another lady Frances Howard, the heiress of the first viscount Bindon, a young, fair widow, who had stolen a match with the handsome Henry Prannel, the vintner. She was also cousin to the queen, and, notwithstanding her first plebeian match, the proudest woman in England.

artificers to work to enlarge his house, and make the most magnificent arrangements for her reception, and then humbly solicited her to honour him by becoming his guest. The queen promised to be with him on the 20th of September, in time for the evening banquet. About three o'clock on that day, the earl, attended by three hundred followers, most of them wearing gold chains about their necks, and in their hats black and yellow feathers, set off to meet her majesty, midway between her own house of Odiham and Elvetham Park. The queen took this attention in good part, and received him graciously. Half-way between the park-gate and the house, a poet, clad in green, and crowned with laurel, met and welcomed the royal guest with a long Latin poem, which he rehearsed on his knees. His page offered him a cushion to kneel upon, on purpose for him to reject it with a Latin distich, which is thus translated :—

"Now let us use no cushion but fair hearts,
For now we kneel to more than common saints."

Then six fair virgins, crowned with flowers, three of them representing the graces, and three the hours, with baskets of flowers on their arms, made lowly reverence to the queen, and walked before her to the house, strewing the way with flowers, and singing a sweet song of six parts :—

"With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday;
For though this clime were blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!

Now air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;
Now earth with verdure newly dight
Gives perfect sign of her delight.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody,
Now everything that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.
Oh, beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy!"

The song ended with the queen's arrival at the hall-door, where she alighted from her horse, and her kinswoman, the countess of Hertford, late widow to the handsome London vintner, Prannel, accompanied with divers honourable ladies, humbly on her knees welcomed her highness to that place, who, embracing her, took her up and kissed her, with many gracious words to her, as well as to the earl, to the great rejoicing of the beholders.

In the park, on a green hill-side, a summer pavilion was prepared in exquisite taste, with a large state-room for the nobles, and a withdrawing-room, at the end, for the queen. The outside of the structure was covered with boughs, and clusters of ripe hazel-nuts; the interior hung with arras; the roof was lined with devices in ivy leaves, and the floor

strewn with sweet herbs and green rushes. Between this pavilion and the mansion, in a deep valley, a goodly pond was dug, in the figure of a half-moon, and filled with water, having three islands upon it; the first was to resemble a ship, a hundred feet in length, and forty in breadth, having three trees orderly set for masts; the second was a fort, twenty feet square, overgrown with willows; the third was called the snail mount, rising to four circles, of green privet hedge. In all these were fireworks, music, and artillery, and the moment her majesty arrived, a volley of a hundred chamber pieces saluted her from the ship, the fortress, and the snail mount. After the morning festival, a fair and rich gift, from the countess of Hertford, was presented to the queen, "which greatly pleased and contented her highness," we are told, by the quaint chronicler of "the honourable entertainment of her majesty at Elvetham."[1]

The princely pleasures of Kenilworth were almost rivalled on this occasion. All the fabled mythological monsters of the deep were personated on the surface of the pond, which they peopled, in boats of every size and shape, and battled in grotesque fashions; the islands by turns represented besieged castles, or fiery monsters vomiting flames. The fairy queen and her train, in allusion to the name of Elvetham, made their appearance under her majesty's windows, in the garden with dances and songs, in honour of the royal guest.

FAIRIE'S SONG.

"Eliza is the fairest queen
That ever trod upon this green;
Eliza's eyes are blessed stars,
Inducing peace, subduing wars;
Eliza's hand is crystal bright;
Her words are balm, her looks are light;
Eliza's breast is that fair hill
Where virtue dwells, and sacred skill!
Oh, blessed be each day and hour,
Where sweet Eliza builds her bower!"

The queen gave noble largess, and expressed her great content at al. she saw and heard. At her departure, the hours and graces attended to bid her farewell, wringing their hands in token of their grief. The poet clad in a black cloak, and with yew boughs in his chaplet, to express that he was in mourning now, addressed her in a lamentable effusion of lame verse, and old Nereus came wading from the other end of the pond to her majesty's coach, and, on his knees, thanked her for her late largess; and as she passed through the park gate a concert of musicians, hidden in a bower, played and sang the following song:—

O come again, fair Nature's treasure,
Whose looks yield joy's exceeding measure;
O come again, world's star-bright eye,
Whose presence beautifies the sky;
O come again, heaven's chief delight,
Thine absence makes eternal night;

[1] A contemporary tract, embellished with pictures of the pond and its three islands, in Nichols' Progresses.

O come again, sweet lively sun,
When thou art gone, our joys are done!"

As this song was sung, her majesty, notwithstanding the great rain, stopped her coach, and pulled off her mask, giving great thanks, and assured lord Hertford, "that the beginning, process, and end of this, his entertainment, was so honourable, that hereafter he should find the reward thereof, in her special favour."[1] Elizabeth very soon forgot her promise, and all the return she made to her noble host for the immense expense and trouble he had put himself to on her account, was to provide him with lodgings in the Tower, on a very causeless fit of jealousy of his children, by his marriage with her hapless cousin, lady Katherine Gray, whose son, lord Beauchamp, was to her an object of peculiar ill-will, as she suspected him of wishing to be appointed her successor.

The same autumn died the lord-chancellor, sir Christopher Hatton, of dancing celebrity, whose galliards are remembered, when his legal decisions have been long consigned to oblivion, thanks to the sarcastic records of his contemporary, sir Robert Naunton, and the following playful lines of Gray, which are quoted for the sake of the allusion to Elizabeth's suspected passion for the handsome lawyer:—

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls,[2]
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

Hatton lived long enough to experience the fickleness of royal regard, although he was the only one of Elizabeth's especial favourites who was dutiful enough to remain a bachelor to please his liege lady. His death has been generally attributed to the harsh manner in which queen Elizabeth enforced the payment of a crown debt in the season of his declining health. The insinuation that it was regarded in the light of a default distressed his mind so deeply that he took to his bed. When the queen was informed of the effects of her unkindness, she was touched with compunction for what she had done, and came to visit

[1] Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

[2] "The ancient English dance called a *brawl*," says Mr. Douce, "was an importation from France, with which balls were usually opened, the performers first uniting hands in a circle, and then, according to an authority printed in French, 1579, the leading couple placing themselves in the centre of the ring, the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his partner the gentlemen. Bassompierre declares, that the duke de Montpensier, only a very few days before he expired, in 1608, was removed from his bed, purposely to witness one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace by some of the young nobility. We may suppose the term *brawls* was derived from the romps and uproars that the saluting department occasioned. Sir Christopher Hatton, lord-keeper, at the palace of Greenwich, used to open the brawls with queen Elizabeth; and his graceful performance, as her partner, appears to have moved the wrath of her half-brother Sir John Perrot.

him, endeavouring, by the most gracious behaviour and soothing words, to console him. She even carried her condescension so far as to administer a posset to him with her own hands; but there are some wounds which no flattering balms can heal. The royal attentions came too late to revive the dying chancellor—his heart was broken.[1]

Elizabeth, meantime, who had not yet forgiven Essex for his marriage, hearing that he was a candidate for the chancellorship of Oxford, which became vacant at the death of Hatton, ordered the university to choose the rival candidate, lord Buckhurst. Essex was deeply mortified, and being then engaged at the siege of Rouen, wrote to one of his friends at home; "If I die in the assault, pity me not, for I shall die with more pleasure than I live with; if I escape, comfort me not, for the queen's wrong and unkindness is too great."[2]

When the king of France sent Du Plessis de Mornay to request more troops of Elizabeth, and something was said by the ambassador implying that the earl of Essex was favourable to his master's wish, she flamed into open anger, used the most bitter expressions against her offending favourite, and finished by saying, "that the earl of Essex would have it thought that he ruled her realm; but that nothing was more untrue, that she would make him the most pitiful fellow in her realm; and instead of sending the king of France more troops, she would recall all those she had lent him."[3]

The astonished envoy found he had committed a desperate blunder, and endeavoured, by a complimentary speech, to appease the storm he had unwittingly raised; but Elizabeth not being in a humour to listen calmly, rose up abruptly, declared herself very much indisposed, and told him she was compelled, on that account, to cut short the audience. Du Plessis then offered to present her with a memorial which he had previously prepared; but she haughtily bade him give it to her lord-treasurer, and swept out of the room.[4] She well knew that she was in a position to assume the airs of a paramount sovereign to Henry of Navarre at that moment, and the angry feelings the name of Essex had excited were, without ceremony, vented on his ambassador.

She had some reason to be displeased with Henry, who had violated the solemn conditions on which she had assisted him with men and money, by employing them in a different manner from what she had prescribed. Fearing that the occupation of Bretagne by the armies of Spain was a prelude to an invasion of her own shores, she had expressly

[1] Hatton's troubles and ill health commenced with his preferment to the office of lord-chancellor; for he had but a common smattering of law, and knew so little of his office, that the advocates refused to plead before him. His natural good sense, patience, and caution, made him, in every case, take advice of able old lawyers. He studied with great application, yet he survived this singular elevation but four years. He probably died of a heart complaint, brought on by excessive anxiety regarding duties for which he was not qualified. He had large estates, which had been granted to him by the queen in the palmy days of his attendance on her person as vice-chamberlain, but was destitute of the sum of ready money necessary to liquidate his responsibility for the crown moneys he had received.

[2] Murdin. [3] Mem. Du Plessis Mornay; Rapin. [4] Ibid.

directed that her troops should be employed in repelling the Spanish force in that province; but as Henry's first object was to establish his contested claims to the throne of France, he had with selfish policy made use of his English auxiliaries for his own interest, rather than that of their queen.

Elizabeth's anger against Essex, though imperiously and offensively expressed, was neither more nor less than the feverish irritability of the deep-seated passion, which neither pride, reason, nor the absence of the object of it, could subdue. She menaced and reviled him, while she loved him, and eagerly desired his presence. When she heard how much he exposed his person in battle, her affection took the alarm; but as soon as the news reached her that his brother Walter was slain, she wrote to remand Essex home.

Much annoyed at this order, Essex sent sir Thomas Darcy, to assure her majesty, that if he withdrew at such a season, he should be covered with dishonour. He had already been reproached by the besieged with cowardice, for having failed to avenge his brother's death; whereupon he sent Villars, the governor of Rouen, a challenge "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter to decide, which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the fairest mistress." Villars declined the combat in very uncourteous terms, and added, with a sneer, "that as to the beauty of their mistresses, it was scarcely worth his while to put himself to much trouble about that."[1] A remark that was evidently intended to indicate his contempt for the *long-established* claims of her majesty of England to be treated as a beauty: indeed, as Elizabeth was fast approaching her sixtieth year, the less that was said by her friends of her charms, the better it would have been.

Soon after the town of Gornye surrendered to the united arms of France and England, and Essex sent sir Robert Carey home with letters to the queen, announcing the news, and entreating further leave of absence, that this great success might be followed up. Before the arrival of Carey, the queen, who could not brook the slightest opposition to her commands, had sent Darcy back, with a peremptory order to the earl, to return, without delay, as he would answer it at his utmost peril, with commission from her to sir Thomas Layton, to take the command of his troops. Carey gives a lively account of his mission.

"I arrived," says he, "at Oatlands, early in the morning, before the queen was stirring, and conferred with her council on the subject of his errand. They assured me that the queen was so determined, that it would be perilous to myself if I attempted to urge any persuasions for the earl's stay in France.

"About ten of the clock," pursues he, "the queen sent for me; I delivered her my lord's letter. She presently burst out in a rage against my lord, and vowed, 'she would make him an example to all the world if he presently left not his charge, and returned upon sir Francis Darcy's coming to him.' I said nothing to her till she had read his letter. She seemed meanly (tolerably) well contented with the success at Gornye;

[1] Mezeray.

and then I said to her, 'Madam, I know my lord's care is such to obey all your commands, that he will not make one hour's stay after sir Francis hath delivered to him his fatal doom; but, madam, give me leave to let your majesty know beforehand, what you shall truly find at his return, after he hath had the happiness to see you, and to kiss your hand.' "[1]

Carey then went on to assure the queen, "that the earl would so keenly feel the disgrace of being recalled from the post of danger, that he would give up public life, forsake the court, and retire to some cell in the country for the rest of his days, which, assuredly, would not be long between his grief for his brother's death, and her majesty's displeasure, which, both together, would break his heart. Then your majesty," pursued his friend, "will have sufficient satisfaction for the offence he hath committed against you."[2]

"She seemed to be somewhat offended with my discourse," continues Carey, "and bade me go to dinner. I had scarcely made an end of my dinner, but I was sent for, to come to her again. She delivered a letter, written with her own hand, to my lord, and bade me tell him, that, "if there were anything in it that did please him, he should give me thanks for it." "It is evident," observes the noble editor of "Carey's Memoirs," "that her own heart, not the pleading of Robert Carey, however moving, drew from Elizabeth this letter. She satisfied herself with the pleasure of writing to Essex, when she could not, consistently with his glory, obtain the pleasure of seeing him." Carey, who was perfect in the delicate art of adapting himself to the humour of his royal mistress, humbly kissed her hand, and said, "he hoped there was that in the letter which would make the most dejected man living a new creature, rejoicing in nothing so much as that he served so gracious a mistress."

So peremptory, however, had been the mandate sent to Essex by Darcy, that he dared not hesitate, and before the departure of Carey with this gracious missive from the queen, he had resigned his command to sir Thomas Layton, and, putting himself into a little skiff at Dieppe, made all the haste he could to England. Carey, who had used almost incredible expedition to bring the good tidings of the change in the sovereign's mind to his friend, did not arrive till two hours after he had sailed. The earl, who expected to be received with an outburst of royal fury on his return, found himself pleasantly mistaken, for her majesty, charmed with his unlooked-for obedience to her previous summons, used him with such grace and favour, that he stayed a week with her, passing the time in jollity and feasting; and, when the time of parting came, she, with tears in her eyes, manifested her affection to him, and, for repair of his honour, gave him leave to return to his charge again.[3]

When Essex met Carey at Dieppe, he straightly embraced him, telling him "that when he had need of one to plead his cause, he would never use any other orator than him." Carey then delivered the precious, but as yet unopened letter, and Essex said, "Worthy cousin, I know by her-

[1] Autobiography of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

self how you prevailed with her, and what a true friend I had of you, which I shall never forget." This reconciliation between Essex and the queen took place in April, 1592. She kept the annual festival of the garter on St. George's day, at Greenwich, while he was with her, and was conducted into the chapel by him and the lord-admiral Howard of Effingham, in the robes of the order, her train being borne by the lord-chamberlain and two of her ladies.[1]

Elizabeth visited Oxford again this summer, in the month of September, to do honour to the new chancellor, Buckhurst.[2] From Oxford she proceeded to Ricote, the seat of lord and lady Norris, who both held a high place in her favour. Ties of no common nature had cemented a bond of friendship between the maiden monarch and this noble pair. Norris was the son of the unfortunate sir Henry Norris, once the favourite gentleman-in-waiting to king Henry VIII., and afterwards the victim of his vengeful fury, when, being involved in the accusation that was preferred against queen Anne Boleyn, he had refused to purchase his own life by bearing false witness against that unhappy lady. Lady Norris was the daughter of the generous lord Williams of Tame, who had, in the time of Elizabeth's great adversity, when under the cloud of her sister's displeasure, treated her with such protecting kindness and munificent hospitality during her sorrowful journey to Woodstock, that it was impossible it could ever be effaced from her remembrance. Elizabeth's acquaintance with lady Norris having commenced under circumstances so romantic, had induced a greater degree of personal familiarity than is usual between sovereigns and their subjects, and her majesty was wont to call her caressingly "her dear crow," in allusion to the blackness of her hair, or the darkness of her complexion, a hue "which," as Fuller observes, "no whit misbecame the faces of her martial offspring."

The queen's pet name for his lady was played upon by the time-honoured veteran, lord Norris, or at least by his representative, who, in the character of an old soldier, addressed a speech to her majesty, in which, after telling her he was past the age of martial deeds, he says, "my horse, my armour, my shield, my sword, the riches of a young soldier, and an old soldier's relics, I should here offer to your highness, but my four boys have stolen them from me, vowing themselves to arms." Of these, the valiant sir John Norris was then commanding the English forces in France, sir Edward had distinguished himself in the Netherlands. The others were serving in Ireland. "The rumour of their deaths," pursued the old man, "hath so often affrighted the crow, my wife, that her heart hath been as black as her feathers. I know not whether it be affection or fondness, but the crow thinketh her own birds the fairest, because to her they are the dearest. What joys we both conceive neither can express; suffice it, they be, as your virtues, infinite. And although nothing be more unfit to lodge your majesty than a crow's nest, yet shall it be most happy to us that it is by your highness made a phœnix nest." At the end of this quaint speech, the offering of a fair gown was presented to her majesty.

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[1] History of the Orders of Knighthood, by Sir H. Nicolas. [2] Nichols.

The mournful tidings of the death of one of the four brave boys, to whom allusion was proudly made in the old man's speech, was, a few years after this visit to Ricote, communicated by the queen to lady Norris, in the following beautiful letter, in which her majesty affectionately addresses the afflicted friend of her youth, by the quaint sobriquet which was, of course, regarded as an epithet of familiar endearment:

"Mine own dear Crow,

"Although we have deferred long to represent unto you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full ill to yield you the first reflections of our misfortunes, whom we have always sought to cherish and comfort, yet knowing now that necessity must bring it to your ears, and nature consequently must raise many passionate workings in your heart, we have resolved no longer to smother either our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for his death; wherein, if society in sorrowing work any diminution, we do assure you, by this true messenger of our mind, that nature can have stirred no more dolorous affection in you, as a mother for a dear son, than the grateful memory of his services past hath wrought in us, his sovereign, apprehension of the miss of so worthy a servant.

"But now that nature's common work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his tribute, let that Christian discretion stay the flow of your immoderate grieving, which hath instructed you, both by example and knowledge, that nothing of this kind hath happened but by God's providence; and let these lines from your loving and gracious sovereign serve to assure you that there shall ever remain the lively character of you and yours that are left, in valuing rightly all their faithful and honest endeavours.

"More at this time I will not write of this *unsilent* subject, but have despatched this gentleman to visit both your lord, and to condole with you in the true sense of our love, and to pray you, that the world may see that what time cureth in weak minds, that discretion and moderation help you in this accident, where there is so opportune occasion to demonstrate true patience and moderation."[1]

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Favouritism of Essex—Queen violates the privileges of parliament—Her severe letter to Henry IV. on his change of creed—Her theological studies—Translates Boethius—Supposed plot against her life by Lopez—Her letter to Henry IV. in behalf of the son of Don Antonio, of Portugal—Her persecution of the puritans—Henry IV. and her portrait—Court gossip and intrigues—Royal pageantry, fêtes, and costly presents to the queen—Her sagacious conduct to her maternal kindred—Disgrace of Robert Carey—His attempts to propitiate the queen—Her stormy interview with him on his return from Scotland—Their reconciliation—Her rage at Raleigh's marriage—Her reception of Dr.

[1] Fuller's Worthies of Oxfordshire, p. 336.

Rudd's sermon—Her parsimony, and abridgment of naval and military supplies—Quarrels with Essex—Her jealousy of the fair Bridges—Essex's expedition to Spain—His loving letter to the queen—Growing influence of the lord admiral—She creates him earl of Nottingham—Essex's discontent—She makes him earl marshal—Her spirited retort to the Polish ambassador—Essex tries to bring his mother to court—Queen's reluctance to receive her—Essex carries his point—Dispute in council between the queen and Essex—She boxes his ears—His petulant behaviour and menace—He retires from court—Sickness and death of Burleigh—Elizabeth's grief—Her palaces, dress, and appearance in old age—Elizabeth and her bishops—Her fickleness of purpose—Facetious remark of a Windsor carter, on her frequent change of mind—Her manner of evading an unwelcome suit.

A NEW era, in the personal history of queen Elizabeth, commences with the return of the earl of Essex from his French campaigns, in 1592–3. She welcomed him with undisguised delight, and lavished favours and distinctions upon him with profuse liberality. He returned an altered man; the delicacy and refinement of youthful honour had given place to sentiments more in unison with the wisdom of the children of this world. His residence in the sprightly camp of the gay and amorous king of France had unfitted him for the duties of domestic life, and accomplished him in all the arts of courtly flattery and dissipation. Lady Essex, the wife of his choice, was neglected and kept in the background, while he affected to become the lover of a princess, three-and-thirty years older than himself, as the surest method of rivalling his political adversaries, the Cecils and Raleigh. He was soon recognised as the head of a rival party,—a party that cherished more enlightened views, and sentiments in greater accordance with the progress of education in a civilized country, than the iron rule of Burleigh, or the inquisitorial policy of the late secretary, Walsingham. England had, indeed, been delivered from foreign foes, and civil strife had been kept down by the terror of the halter and quartering knife, but the oppressive statutes, to compel uniformity of worship, were borne with irritation and impatience by catholics and puritans alike; and the latter party were beginning to evince a determination to seek redress.

The queen had now governed four years without the aid of a parliament, but in the beginning of the year 1593 the exhausted state of her finances compelled her to summon a new one. They assembled February 19th, on which occasion her majesty, abandoning the character of a popular sovereign, assumed a tone of absolute despotism, and told them, by her new chancellor, Puckering, "that they were not called together to make new laws, or lose good hours in idle speeches, but to vote a supply to enable her majesty to defend her realm against the hostile attempts of the king of Spain."[1] This was a bold beginning, but she followed it up, when, on the election of the new speaker, the commons made their usual request of freedom from arrest, liberty of speech, and access to her person, she replied, "that their first prayer was granted with this qualification, that wit and speech were calculated to do harm, and their liberty of speech extended no further than 'ay' or

[1] Journals of Parliament.

'no,' and that if any idle heads hazarded their estates by meddling with church and state, the speaker should not receive their bills." The petition of freedom from arrest was granted, with this proviso, "that it was not to cover any man's ill-doings. As for the privilege of access to her presence, that was wholly to depend on the importance of the occasion, and her majesty's leisure."[1] It is conjectured, from the menacing tone of the royal replies, that Elizabeth had reason to suspect the nature of the subjects likely to be discussed by this parliament. In fact, the first thing they did was to frame a petition requesting her majesty to settle the succession. The queen followed up her despotic intimation without delay, by committing Wentworth, with whom the motion originated, to the Tower, also sir Thomas Bromley, who seconded him, and the two members who drew up the petition, to the Fleet.[2]

Soon after, James Morris, a bold and zealous puritan law-officer, attempted to introduce two bills for the redress of the abuses in the ecclesiastical courts, and for ameliorating the penal statutes. Several members seconded his motion, but the queen put a sudden end to the discussion, by sending in great wrath for the speaker, sir Edward Coke, and told him "to inform the commons, that parliaments were the creatures of her will, to summon or dissolve them—to nullify or give effect to their decisions according to her pleasure, that she was indignant at their presumption, and, once for all, forbade the exhibition of any bills touching the reformation of matters of church or state, and commanded him on his allegiance, if such were introduced, to refuse to read them."[3] She then sent a serjeant-at-arms into the house of commons, who arrested Morris in his place, in her majesty's name, and carried him off to Tutbury castle.[4] He had, however, a powerful friend in the earl of Essex, to whose intercessions he probably owed his liberty; but when that nobleman, who highly appreciated both his legal talents and his integrity, ventured to recommend him to the queen for the vacant place of attorney-general, her majesty acknowledged his talents, but said, "his speaking against her in the manner he had done, should be a bar against any preferment at her hands."[5]

The commons, having been thus schooled and intimidated, kissed the rod, and passed a most unconstitutional bill, framed and sent down to them by the sovereign herself, "for keeping her majesty's subjects in better obedience." They also granted her two subsidies and three-fifteenths. This was not enough to satisfy the royal expectations Three subsidies and six-fifteenths were demanded by sir Robert Cecil, and, notwithstanding some few objections, were obtained. The queen was so incensed at the opposition of sir Edward Hoby to the grant, that she imprisoned him till the end of the sessions. Elizabeth dismissed this parliament in person, on the 10th of April, 1593, in a speech, which

[1] Journals of Parliament. [2] Mackintosh. [3] D'Ewes.

[4] He wrote a manly letter of remonstrance to Burleigh. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii.

[5] Essex's Letters, in Birch.

the boldest man of the Plantagenet line of monarchs would scarcely have ventured to utter, and, from the lips of a female sovereign, it must have had a startling effect on an English senate, even in the days of the last of the Tudors.

After reflecting, in bitter terms, on the attempts at opposition to her will, and reiterating the haughty language she had used during the sessions, she spoke of the menaced invasion of the king of Spain with lofty contempt, and concluded by saying, "I am informed, that when he attempted this last measure, some upon the sea-coast forsook their towns, and fled up higher into the country, leaving all naked and exposed to his entrance. But I swear unto you, by God, if I knew those persons, or may know them hereafter, I will make them know what it is to be fearful in so urgent a cause."

Francis Bacon, whose splendid talents were then beginning to manifest themselves, had, with his brother Anthony, incurred the displeasure of the queen, and the political animosity of the two Cecils, by speaking on the popular side, in this parliament. Essex indicated his sentiments on the subject, by interceding for them with her majesty, and recommending them for office, and when she petulantly refused to avail herself of their learning and talents, in any department of her government, because of the opposition they had presumed to offer to the unconstitutional measures of her ministers, he boldly received them into his own family as secretaries to himself. If any other nobleman had ventured to do such a thing, a star-chamber prosecution and fine would have followed, but Essex was a privileged person. What might he not have done at that moment, when he was at once the darling of the people and the beloved of the queen? A noble field lay open to him—a field in which he might have won a brighter meed of fame than the blood-stained laurels of a military conqueror, if he had chosen to act the part of a true patriot, by standing forth as the courageous advocate of the laws and liberties of his country. It was in his power to become a moderator between all parties. Elizabeth, childless, and descending into the vale of years, yet full of energy and love for her people, had been rendered the instrument of the selfish policy of a junta, whose great aim was to establish an arbitrary government, before which even the peers and senate of England should crouch in slavish submission.

Elizabeth's good sense and great regnal talents inclined her, in the first instance, to a more popular system of government, and the influence of one conscientious and enlightened counsellor might, perhaps, have induced her to finish her reign gloriously, by leaving the legacy of a free constitution to England. Essex had neither the moral courage nor the integrity of mind to risk the loss of the easy and lucrative post of a royal favourite, by becoming the open leader of an opposition to the Cecil administration. He thoroughly hated both father and son, and omitted no opportunity of undermining their credit with the sovereign, and traversing their measures; but when he might have attacked them boldly and successfully on the ground of public grievances, he was silent, lest he should incur the displeasure of the queen. As a

holder of patents and monopolies,[1] Essex had much to lose, and a double-minded man is, of course, unstable in all his ways.

When Elizabeth learned that Henry IV. of France was about to abjure the protestant faith, and profess himself a convert to the church of Rome, she was greatly offended and displeased, and in great haste despatched sir Thomas Wylkes to remonstrate with him in her name; but before the arrival of her envoy the deed was done, and Henry directed his ambassador, Morlant, to soften the matter to Elizabeth as much as he could, by alleging the urgent motives of state necessity, for the change he had been induced to make.

Elizabeth would not listen, with common patience, to the excuses that were offered, but, in a transport of indignation, penned the following reproachful letter to the royal renegade:—

To the King of France.

"Nov. 12, 1593.

"Ah, what grief! ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart, at the news which Morlant has communicated! My God! is it possible that any worldly consideration could render you regardless of the divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How could you imagine that He, whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long, would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come of it! Nevertheless, I yet hope your better feelings may return, and, in the meantime, I promise to give you the first place in my prayers, that Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob. The friendship and fidelity you promise to me, I own I have dearly earned; but of that I should never have repented, if you had not abandoned your father. I cannot now regard myself as your sister, for I always prefer that which is natural to that which is adopted, as God best knows, whom I beseech to guard and keep you in the right way, with better feelings.

"Your sister, if it be after the old fashion: with the new I will have nothing to do. "E. R."[1]

When Elizabeth sent this severe rebuke to Henry of Navarre, she must either have had a very short memory herself, or imagined that her politic brother had forgotten her former dissimulation, in conforming to the catholic mode of worship, not only during the last years of her sister's reign, when she was, of course, actuated by fear, but during the

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[1] Monopolies were one of the great abuses of Elizabeth's government, and imposed the severest check on the commercial spirit of an age of enterprise and industry. The moment any branch of trade or commerce promised to become a source of profit, some greedy courtier interposed, and solicited of the queen a patent to become the sole proprietor of it himself. But if it were a mere craft, beneath the dignity of the aristocracy to engage in, then wealthy capitalists applied to Burleigh for the licence, with offers of golden angels for the purchase of his goodwill. Even the power of exporting old shoes was restricted, by the queen's patent, to one individual, who had possessed himself of that rare privilege by means of either money or favour. See the lists of patents in Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. iii., and the letter of George Longe to lord Burleigh, desiring a patent for glass-making. Ellis' Royal Letters, 2d series, vol. iii., p. 157.

[2] British Museum, Cotton. MS., Titus, c. 7, 161. The original is in French. Camden has given a very loose paraphrase, rather than a translation of this curious document.

first six weeks of her own. She was, however, so greatly troubled at the apostasy of her protegé, that, to divert her grief, she entered into a course of theological studies, collating the writings of the ancient fathers with the Scriptures. She had several conferences with the archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, and finally composed her mind by reading "Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy," of the five first books of which she made a very elegant English translation.[1]

An attempt being made on the life of Henry soon after, by John Chalet, a fanatic student, who accused the college of Jesuits of having incited him to that crime, Elizabeth wrote a very curious letter of congratulation to his majesty on his happy escape, taking care to introduce an oracular hint as to the future dangers to which his person might be exposed, from the malice of his catholic subjects, whom she insinuates were not very likely to give him credit for the sincerity of his change of creed. She seems to imply that poison would be the next weapon employed against his life. The reader must always make allowance for the involved and mystified style of Elizabeth's diplomatic letters, which Henry of Navarre confessed he never could understand. This curious epistle has never before been published; it is written in French, and is without date.[2]

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

"The courteous and honourable reception, my beloved brother, which you have been pleased to vouchsafe to this gentleman, together with the wish you have testified, of showing the same good offices to me, render me so infinitely obliged to you, that words fail me in my attempts to demonstrate my veritable thoughts in regard to you. I entreat you to believe that I should think myself too happy, if Fortune should ever send an hour in which I could, by speech, express to you all the blessings and felicity that my heart wishes you; and among the rest, that God may accord to you the grace to make a difference between those that never fail you, and spirits ever restless. It appears to me that gratitude is sacrifice pleasant in the sight of the Eternal, who has extended his mercy more than once to guard you in so narrow an escape, that never prince had a greater. Which, when I heard, I had as much joy as horror of the peril thereof. And I have rendered very humble thanks on my bended knees, where solely it was due, and thought that He had sent you this wicked herald to render you more chary of your person, and make your officers of your chamber take more care. I have no need to remind you of some shops, where fine drugs are forthcoming, and it is not enough to be of their religion. You staid long enough among the Huguenots, at first, to make them think of the difference, and you may well fear! You will pardon always the faults of good affection, which renders me so bold in your behalf; and I am very glad to hear that you dare, without the licence of licentiates, do so much for your surety and honour, to crush this single seed,[3] which has sown more tares in a dozen years, than all Christian princes can exterminate in as many ages. God grant that they may be uprooted out of your dominions! Yet no *phrenatique* (fanatic) can you lead to such just reasoning. I make no doubt but that the Divine hand will avert from you all bad designs, as I supplicate very humbly, and recommend myself a thousand times to your good graces. Your very affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

[1] Camden.

[2] Autograph letter in the Imperial Collection at St. Petersburgh, communicated by permission of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Russia.

[3] Meaning the severe punishment of the young madman, Chalet.

About the same juncture a plot against the life of queen Elizabeth was detected, by the vigilance of Essex, who, through the connexion of his secretary, Anthony Bacon, with the underlings of the Spanish cabinet, had received a hint that Ibarra, the new governor of the Netherlands, had suborned her Jew physician, Lopez, to mingle poison in her medicine. This man, who enjoyed a very high degree of her majesty's confidence, was a Spanish subject, had been taken prisoner in 1558, and had ever since been retained in the queen's service on account of his professional skill, but was secretly a spy and pensioner of the king of Spain. Elizabeth would not believe the charge, because Dr. Lopez had presented to her a rich jewel which Ibarra had sent to him as a bribe. Essex insisted that this was only a proof of his art, and the queen at length allowed him, in conjunction with the Cecils, to make an investigation. They proceeded to the house of Lopez, and after searching his papers, and cross-examining him, both Burleigh and his son expressed their conviction that it was a false accusation. On which the queen, sending for Essex, in a passion, and calling him "a rash, temerarious youth," sharply reprimanded him for bringing, on slight grounds, so heinous a suspicion on an innocent man. Essex left the royal presence in sullen displeasure, and shut himself up in his chamber, which he refused to quit till the queen had, by many coaxing messages and apologies, appeased his offended pride.

Essex, however, had serious cause for believing his information well grounded, as it was derived from Antonio Perez, the refugee secretary of Philip II., and, on further investigation, he obtained such evidence of the fact, as the confessions of two Portuguese confederates of Lopez, Louis and Ferreira, furnished. Ferreira swore, "that, by direction of Lopez, he had written a letter to Ibarra and Fuentes, offering to poison the queen for fifty thousand crowns;" and Louis, "that he had been employed by the same authorities to urge Lopez to perform his promise." There were also letters intercepted which proved a plot to set fire to the English fleet.[1]

When Elizabeth was at length convinced of the reality of the peril, from which she had so narrowly escaped, a pious sentiment was called forth, indicative of her reliance on the Supreme Ruler of the issues of life and death. "O Lord, thou art my God," she exclaimed, "my times are in thy hand."[2]

Lopez acknowledged having carried on a secret correspondence with the Spanish court, but steadily denied having cherished any evil designs against his royal mistress. He suffered death for the suspicion he had incurred, and on the scaffold declared, "that he loved the queen as well as he did Jesus Christ,"[3] an assertion that was received with a shout of derision by the orthodox spectators of the tragedy, who considered it tantamount to a confession of his treason, as he was a Jew.[4]

Lopez had incurred the ill-will of Elizabeth's ministers, by exercising a pernicious influence in her foreign policy, especially by deterring her from giving effectual assistance, at the proper time, to don Antonio, the

[1] Camden; Lingard; Aikin. [2] Camden. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

titular king of Portugal. Burleigh, in his letters to Walsingham, complains bitterly of this Lopez, and intimates that all his measures are traversed by his secret practices with the queen.[1] Elizabeth lent don Antonio 5000*l.* on the security of a valuable diamond, and, to get rid of his daily importunities for its restoration, or that she would be pleased to afford further aid in prosecuting his claims to the Portuguese throne, she was fain to give him back the pledge without obtaining repayment of her money.[2] On the death of don Antonio,[3] she addressed the following remarkable letter to Henry IV. of France, in behalf of his children, more especially his eldest son:

QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE KING OF FRANCE.[5]

"If the spirit of one departed could disturb a living friend, I should fear that the late king Anthony (whose soul may God pardon) would pursue me in all places, if I did not perform his last request, which charged me, by all our friendship, that I should remind you, after his death, of the good and honourable offers which you made to him, while living, that you might be pleased to fulfil them, in the persons of his orphans and son,[4] which I must own to be an office worthy of such a prince, who will not forget, I feel assured, the wishes of him, who can no longer himself return thanks, and that you will not omit the opportunity of being crowned with that true glory, which shall sound the trumpet to your honour.

"I am not so presumptuous as to prescribe to you what it befits you to do, but submit the case to your sound judgment, as you must know, better than any one else, what will be most suitable to the state of your realm. Only having acquitted myself of my charge, I implore you to treat this desolate prince so well, that he may know who it is that has written for him, and have him in your good favour.

"Praying the Lord God to preserve you for many years, which is the desire of

"Your very affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

The fervent orison for the soul of Don Antonio, in the commencement of this letter, affords a curious instance of the lingering observances of the church of Rome in queen Elizabeth's practice. The puritans were much offended with her attachment to crucifixes and tapers, and her observance of saints' days. They did not confine their censures to private remarks, but published very furious pamphlets animadverting on these points. Edward Deering, one of their divines, preaching before her majesty one day, boldly attacked her from the pulpit, and, in the course of his sermon, told her "that, when persecuted by queen Mary, her motto was, '*tanquam ovis*,' 'like a sheep,' but now it might be '*tanquam indomita juvenca*,' 'like an untamed heifer.'"[6] The queen, with unwonted magnanimity, took no other notice of his insolence than forbidding him to preach at court again.

Elizabeth's aversion to the growing sect of the more rigid portion of

[1] Complete Ambassador. [2] Ibid. [3] In the year 1595.

[4] From the inedited autograph collection of his Imperial Majesty at St. Petersburg.

[5] This young prince, Don Christofero de Crato, served gallantly as a volunteer in the naval expedition under Howard and Essex, and so well distinguished himself in the storming of Cadiz, that the lord-admiral knighted him on the spot.

[6] Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ.

her protestant subjects, who eschewed surplice and liturgy, strengthened with the strength of that uncompromising body. She perceived that they disseminated republican doctrines in their three-hour-long sermons, and she knew that all the opposition she had ever experienced in the house of commons, proceeded from that party. "Thus," as Mrs. Jameson truly observes, "she was most impatient of preachers and preaching—she said, 'two or three were enough for a whole county.'" She appears, in her arbitrary attempts to enforce uniformity of worship and to crush the puritans, to have been influenced by the same spirit, which has led one of the statesmen-authors of the present times to declare, "that the strength of the dissenters is the weakness of the crown." Such sentiments are the parents of intolerance, but the divine principles of Christian love and fellowship to all who confess the name of Christ, were scarcely to be expected from the short-sighted policy of Elizabeth's ecclesiastical government, which alienated the hearts of many a loyal subject, and did violence to the consciences of good and pious men, who could not take the royal edicts as their rule of faith.

As Elizabeth had dealt with catholic recusants, so dealt she now with puritans; opposed as they were in practice as well as opinions, the penal statute of the twenty-eighth of her reign, was found capable of slaying both. Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, three leaders of the puritans, the last named of whom, under the quaint title of Martin Mar-prelate, had published some very bitter attacks on bishops, were executed with many of their followers of less note, and the gaols were crowded with those, who either could not, or would not, pay the fines in which they were mulcted for refusing to attend church. The Norman bishop acted much more sensibly, who, when the Red King wanted him to compel a relapsed Jew to attend mass, drily replied, "Nay, my lord king, an' he will not serve God, he must e'en serve his own master, the devil, for there is no forcing souls to heaven against their will."

Whoever Elizabeth displeased, she took care to keep a very powerful class of her subjects, the lawyers, in good-humour. The gentlemen of Gray's Inn, with whom the maiden monarch was a great favourite, got up a burlesque masque, called the Prince of Purpoole, for her amusement, with great pains and cost, which was played before her on Shrove Tuesday, 1594, at which time, she, with all her court, honoured the performance with her presence.

After the entertainment was over, her majesty graciously returned thanks to all the performers, especially Henry Helmes, the young Norfolk bencher, who had enacted the hero of the piece, and courteously wished that the performance had continued longer,[1] for the pleasure she took in the sports. The courtiers, fired with emulation, as soon as the masque was ended, began to dance a measure, but were reproved for their presumption by her majesty, who exclaimed, "What! shall we have bread and cheese after a banquet?"[2] She commanded the lord-

[1] The entertainment was printed under the title of Gesta Grayorum, and occupies forty-five large quarto pages.

[2] Gesta Grayorum.

chamberlain to invite the gentlemen to her court the next day, when they were presented in due form, and her majesty gave them her hand to kiss, with most gracious words of commendation to them in particular, and in general of Gray's Inn, "as a house she was much beholden to, for that it did always study for some sports to present unto her."

The same night there was fighting at the barriers, when the earl of Essex led the challengers, and the earl of Cumberland the defenders, in which number the prince of Purpoole was enlisted, and acquitted himself so well, that the prize was awarded to him, which it pleased her majesty to present to this goodly Norfolk lawyer with her own hand, telling him, "that it was not her gift, for if it had, it should have been better; but she gave it him as that prize which was due to his desert in these exercises, and that, hereafter, he should be remembered with a better reward from herself." The prize was a jewel, set with seventeen diamonds and four rubies, and its value was a hundred marks.[1]

Sir Robert Cecil, not to be outdone by the benchers of Gray's Inn in compliments to her majesty, taxed his poetic brain in the composition of an oration, which was addressed to her majesty by a person in the character of a hermit, at a splendid entertainment given by his father to her and her court, at Theobald's this year. The character was chosen in allusion to one of the queen's playful letters to Burleigh, in which she styles him the Eremite of Tibbals, and addresses him as "sir Eremite." In the course of his long hyperbolical speech, the hermit addresses this absurd personal flattery to the royal sexagenarian:

"But that which most amazeth me, to whose long experience nothing can seem strange, is that with these same eyes do I behold you the self-same queen, in the same estate of person, strength, and beauty, in which so many years past I beheld you, finding no alteration, but in admiration, insomuch, that I am persuaded, when I look about me on your train, that time, which catcheth everybody, leaves only you untouched."

After some mystical allusions to the long services and failing strength of the aged Burleigh, the hermit recommends the son to her majesty's favour, with the modest remark, "that although his experience and judgment be no way comparable, yet, as the report goeth, he hath something in him like the child of such a parent." The hermit makes a very catholic offering to her majesty in these words:

"In token of my poor affection, I present you, on my knees, these poor trifles, agreeable to my profession, by use whereof and by constant faith, I live free from temptation. The first is a bell, not big, but of gold; the second is a book of good prayers, garnished with the same metal; the third a candle of virgin wax, meet for a virgin queen. With this book, bell, and candle, being hallowed in my cell with good prayers, I assure myself, by whomsoever they shall be kept, endued with a constant faith, there shall never come so much as an imagination of any spirit to offend them. The like thereof I will still retain in my cell, for my daily use, in ringing the bell, in singing my prayers, and giving light in the night, for the increase of my devotion, whereby I may be free to my meditation and prayers, for your majesty's continuance in your prosperity, health, and princely comfort."

[1] Gesta Grayorum.

Such was the flattering incense which some of Elizabeth's cabinet ministers offered up to her, who held, at that time, the destinies of France and Holland, dependent on her mighty will; but it was more pleasing to her to hear of her beauty than of her political importance, since of the one she was well assured—of the existence of the other, she began to doubt.

Queen Elizabeth was engaged at her devotions in Greenwich church, when she heard the distant report of the archduke Albert's cannon, thundering thick and fast on Calais, and starting up, she interrupted the service, by issuing her royal command, that a thousand men should be instantly impressed for the relief of the town.[1] Her enthusiasm did not transport her into the romantic ardour of sending them, without taking due advantage of Henry's necessity. Calais, which had been lost to England for nearly forty years, though its restoration, under certain conditions, had been deceitfully promised, might now be regained. She replied to Henry's earnest solicitations for assistance, "that she would endeavour to deliver it from the Spanish siege, on condition that it might be occupied by an English garrison." Henry remembering that his good sister persisted in bearing the lilies in her royal escutcheon, and despite of the Salic law, which had excluded so many princesses of the elder line of St. Louis from holding that dignity, she claimed the absurd title of queen of France from the victorious Plantagenet monarchs, who regarded Calais as the key of that realm, declined her obliging proposal, by his ambassador, Sancy, who told her majesty, frankly, "that the king, his master, would rather see Calais in the hands of the Spaniards, than those of the English." Henry himself facetiously observed, "If I am to be bitten, I would rather it were done by a lion than a lioness."[2]

Notwithstanding this sharp witticism, some negotiations for succours were continued, and Elizabeth offered, on certain conditions, tending to the same object, to raise 8000 men for Henry's relief. "By whom are they to be commanded?" inquired the monarch of sir Anthony Mildmay, the new English ambassador. "By the earl of Essex," replied the envoy. "Her majesty," rejoined Henry, with a sarcastic smile, "can never allow her cousin of Essex to be absent from her cotillion." When Elizabeth was informed of this impertinent observation, she wrote a letter to Henry, containing but four lines, which so moved the fiery temper of the royal Gascon, that he had scarcely made himself master of their import ere he raised his hand with intent to strike the ambassador by whom the letter was presented to him, but contented himself by ordering him to leave the room.[3] It is to be hoped that this characteristic billetdoux of the Tudor lioness will one day be brought to light, as it would be far better worth the reading than her more elaborate epistles. The next time Henry sued for her assistance in recovering his good town of Calais, she refused to aid him in any other way than by her prayers.[4]

Coquetry, not only of a political but a personal character, was occasionally mingled in the diplomatic transactions between Henry and queen

[1] Camden. [2] Mathieu. [3] Birch. [4] Mathieu.

Elizabeth. "Monsieur l'ambassadeur," said the French monarch to sir Henry Unton on one occasion, "this letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection, whereby it appeareth that she loveth me which I am apt to believe, and that I do also love her is not to be doubted; but by the late effect, and your commission, I find the contrary, which persuadeth me that the ill proceedeth only from her ministers, for how else can these obliquities stand with the profession of her love; and though the queen, your mistress, be a complete princess of great experience, and happy continuance in her reign, yet do I see it fall out sometimes with her, as with myself, that the passions of our ministers are of more force with us than our wishes and authorities with them, only with this difference, that her estate is better able to support it than mine, which is the more my grief, being forced by my subjects to take that course for their preservation, which, as Henry, her loving brother, I would never do."

Sir Henry Unton tells the queen, "that he assured his majesty that she was in no respect influenced by the passions of her ministers, for that her sway was absolute, and all her ministers conformable to her will, and never, in any instance, opposed to it." In the same letter, Unton amuses his sovereign with a description of an interview between Henry and the fair Gabrielle, of whom he speaks in very contemptuous terms, as "very silly, very unbecomingly dressed, and grossly painted." He says the king was so impatient to know what he thought of her, that he took him into the most private corner of his bed-chamber, between the bed and the wall, and then asked him his opinion. "I answered very sparingly in her praise," says the discreet ambassador, "and told him, that if, without offence, I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress, yet did her picture come far short of her perfection of beauty." "As you love me," said Henry, "show it me, if you have it about you." Unton made some difficulty at first, and, after exciting the curiosity and impatience of the susceptible monarch to the utmost, displayed, at a cautious distance, and with a great affectation of mystery, not the semblance of some youthful beauty of the English court, which, from this preparation, Henry must have expected to behold, but the portrait of that august and venerable spinster, queen Elizabeth herself, who was in her grand climacteric. Henry was too quick-witted and well practised in courtly arts to be taken by surprise; and being ready at all times to offer the homage of his admiration to ladies of all ages, affected to regard the picture with the most passionate admiration, protesting "that he had never seen the like," and with great reverence kissed it twice or thrice, while the ambassador still detained it in his hand. After a little struggle, Henry took it from him, vowing "that he would not forego it for any treasure, and to possess the favour of the original of that lovely picture he would forsake all the world."

Unton, after detailing this amusing farce to her majesty, winds up all by telling her, "that he perceived this dumb picture had wrought more on the king than all his arguments and eloquence."[1] He even presumes

[1] Burleigh Papers.

to insinuate, "that Henry was so far enamoured, that it was possible he might seek to cement the alliance between England and France in a more intimate manner than had ever been done before; but that, for his own part, he prays for her highness's contentment and preservation in that happy state wherein she has continued for so many years, to her great honour and glory."[1]

Nearly a quarter of a century before, Henry had entered the lists with his royal kinsmen, the princes of France, as a candidate for Elizabeth's hand, and when he was about to dissolve his marriage with his consort, Margaret of Valois, his faithful minister, Rosny, facetiously observed, "that it was a pity the queen of England was not a few years younger for his sake."[2]

The personal interference of queen Elizabeth in restricting the supplies of ammunition, and other requisites for her fleets and armies on foreign service, continued to impede her ministers and officers entrusted with important commands. Sir Robert Sidney, the governor of Flushing, was urgent for a supply of powder for the defence of that town. The queen, at first, positively refused to send any, as the states were under an agreement to furnish it. "'But,' said Rowland Whyte, who had preferred sir Robert Sidney's request, when Essex told him that the matter had been disputed before the queen, and she was pleased that five hundred pounds should be delivered for that purpose—'but, my lord, there is no powder in the town, and what shall we do for powder while the states be resolving?' To this Essex made answer, 'that he would acquaint her majesty with it, and that he earnestly dealt with her to deliver powder to be answered upon the soldiers' general pay; but she would not consent to it, but was content that it might be deducted out of their weekly lendings.'"[3] In short, there were more demurs and debatings on the outlay of five hundred pounds in a case of absolute necessity, than would now take place on the sacrifice of five hundred thousand.

Sir Robert Sidney was tired of the difficult and onerous post he filled; vexed and fettered as he was for want of the means of maintaining the honour of his country, he was, withal, home-sick, and earnestly solicited leave of a few weeks' absence, to visit his wife and children. Elizabeth considered that he was a more efficient person than any one she could send in his place, and with no more regard for his feelings than she had formerly shown for those of Walsingham, when she persisted in detaining him in France, she refused to accede to his wish. Great interest was made by lady Sidney with the ladies of the bedchamber and the ministers, to second her request. Among the presents she made to propitiate the ministers, Rowland Whyte specifies boarpies, which, according to his orthography, appear to modern eyes rather queer offerings to send to statesmen; they were, however, esteemed as very choice dainties, and were sent from the Hague by poor sir Robert

[1] Burghley's State Papers, Murdin's edit. It was Unton who challenged the duke of Guise to single combat, for his injurious speeches regarding queen Elizabeth. The challenge may be seen in Mille's Catalogue of Honour.

[2] Sully's Memoirs, vol. ii.

[3] Sidney Papers.

Sidney for that purpose. After stating "that my lord of Essex and my lord-treasurer have their '*bore-pies*,' it is especially noted by Rowland Whyte, that lady Sidney reserved none for herself, but bestowed her two on Sir Robert Cecil, in the hope that he would second her suit for her lord's return; nor was she disappointed, the boar-pies proved super-excellent, and so completely propitiated Mr. Secretary, that the next time the petition of Sir Robert Sidney was urged to her majesty by her ladies, he knelt down and besought her majesty to hear him in behalf of the home-sick ambassador, and, after representing the many causes which rendered him so desirous of revisiting his native land, entreated her majesty only to licence his return for six weeks."[1]

"Those six weeks would be six months," replied the queen, "and I will not have him away when the cardinal comes." My lady Warwick assured her, "that if any call on her majesty's affairs intervened, he would prefer it before all his own business;" and Mr. Stanhope, kneeling, also told her, "that if she would only permit his return, he would leave again at six hours' notice, if she required;" but Elizabeth provokingly declined giving any decided answer to these solicitations, which, from time to time, were repeated to her, year after year, without the desired effect.

On the death, however, of lord Huntingdon, the husband of sir Robert Sidney's aunt, who, refusing to make his will, left his wife in great difficulties, her majesty relented. She visited the afflicted widow, who was Leicester's sister, to offer her personal consolation to her, and granted the long-delayed leave for the return of sir Robert Sidney, that he might arrange her affairs. So great was the fear of lady Sidney that the queen might afterwards deny her own act and deed, that she retained the royal letter in her own possession, for fear of accidents befalling it, and only sent a copy of it to her husband.

From a series of gossiping letters, in the form of a diary, written by Rowland Whyte to sir Robert Sidney, we gather many amusing particulars of the intrigues and daily events of the court of the maiden queen. Elizabeth, is frequently signified by the figures, 1500; the earl of Essex, as 1000; lady Essex, as 66; sir Robert Cecil, 200; lord Burleigh, 9000; lord Cobham, 30; Raleigh, 24; earl of Southampton, 3000; and the countess of Huntingdon, c c. As a specimen of the manner in which these cognomens are used, we give the following extract from one of the letters:—

Upon Monday last, 1500 (the queen) showed 1000 (Essex) a printed book of t—t's title to a—a (the crown.) In it there is, as I hear, dangerous praises of his (1000's) valour and worthiness, which doth him harm here.[2] At his coming from court, he was observed to look wan and pale, being exceedingly troubled

[1] In his next letter to Sir Robert Sidney, Rowland Whyte writes, "The *bore-pies* are all delivered, and specially much commended for their seasoning."—Sidney Papers.

[2] The allusion thus mysteriously given above, was to a seditious catholic publication, setting forth the title of Philip II.'s daughter, Clara Eugenia, to the crown of England. The book was written by Persons, the Jesuit, under the feigned name of Doleman, and maliciously dedicated to Essex, for the purpose of destroying his credit with the queen.

at this great piece of villany done to him. He is sick, and continues very ill. 1500 visited him yesterday, in the afternoon: he is mightily crossed in all things, for Bacon is gone without the place of solicitor."

On the 7th of November, Rowland Whyte says, "My lord of Essex, as I writ to you in my last, was infinitely troubled with a printed book the queen showed him, but now he is prepared to endure the malice of his enemies, yet doth he keep his chamber. My lord of Hertford is committed to the Tower, and, as I hear, two Stanhopes with him, but not the courtiers."

In another letter, Whyte observes, "that the great riches the earl of Hertford had amassed were not likely to do him much good." The pretence on which he was arrested was, that a paper had been found in the possession of a deceased civilian, named Aubrey, implying that he caused the opinions which he had formerly obtained on the validity of his marriage with lady Catharine Gray to be privately registered in the Court of Arches. Such was the gracious return that was made to this unlucky nobleman, for the enormous expense to which he had put himself for his late magnificent entertainment of the queen at Elvetham, an entertainment which probably excited jealousy instead of gratitude. His third countess, Frances Howard, came to sue to her royal kinswoman for his liberty, but could not obtain an audience, though she received especial marks of attention from her majesty.

"The queen," says Rowland Whyte, "sees her not, though she be in the privy lodgings, but sends her gracious messages, that neither his life nor his fortune shall be touched; she sends her broths in a morning, and at meals, meat from her trencher." [1]

"My lord of Essex," continues our indefatigable court-newsman, "hath put off the melancholy he fell into by a printed book, delivered to the queen, wherein the harm that was meant him is, by her majesty's grace and favour, turned to his good, and strengthens her love unto him, for I hear that, within these four days, many letters sent to herself, from foreign countries, were delivered only to my lord of Essex, and he to answer them."

Essex took care to propitiate his royal mistress, during the spring-tide of her favour, by all sorts of flattering attention, and offering that allegorical sort of homage which suited well the sophisticated taste of the era, that mixed up pedantry with all the recreations of the court. On the 17th of November, the anniversary of her majesty's accession to the throne, he caused a sort of masque to be represented, which is thus described by an eye-witness:

"My lord of Essex's device is much commended in these late triumphs; some pretty while before he came in himself to the tilt, he sent his page, with some speech, to the queen, who returned with her majesty's glove, and when he came himself, he was met by an old hermit, a secretary of state, a brave soldier, and an esquire. The first presented him with a book of meditations, the second with political discourses, the third with orations of brave-fought battles, the fourth was but his own follower, to whom the other three imparted much of their purpose

[1] Sidney Papers.

before their coming in. Another devised with him, persuading him to this and that course of life, according to their own inclinations. Then comes into the tilt-yard, unthought upon, the ordinary post-boy of London, a ragged villain, all bemired, upon a poor, lean jade, galloping and blowing for life, and delivered the secretary a packet of letters, which he presently offered to my lord of Essex, and with this dumb show our eyes were fed for that time. In the after-supper, before the queen, they first delivered a well-penned speech, to move this worthy knight to leave his vain following of love, and to betake him to heavenly meditation, the secretaries all tending to have him follow matters of state, the soldiers persuading him to war, but the esquire answered them all, in plain English, "that this knight would never forsake his mistress's love, whose virtue made all his thoughts divine, whose wisdom taught him all true policy, whose beauty and worth were at all times able to make him fit to command armies. He showed all the defects and imperfections of the times, and therefore thought his course of life the best in serving his mistress." The old man was he that in Cambridge played Giraldy; Morley played the secretary; and he that played pedantic, was the soldier; and Toby Matthew played the squire's part. The world makes many untrue constructions of these speeches, comparing the hermit and secretary to two of the lords, and the soldier to sir Roger Williams. The queen said, "if she had thought there had been so much said of her, she would not have been there that night, and so went to bed."[1]

A more substantial gratification was, however, prepared for the pleasure-loving queen, at an entertainment given by one of her great crown officers, at his country-house, in the beautiful village of Kew, just before Christmas, 1595. A sweet May day would have been a more appropriate season for enjoying such a visit, the details of which are thus quaintly related by Rowland Whyte: — "Her majesty," says he, "is in good health; on Thursday she dined at Kew, my lord-keeper's house, who lately obtained of her majesty his suit for 100*l.* a year, land in fee farm. Her entertainment for that meal was exceedingly costly. At her first 'lighting, she had a fine fan, with a handle garnished with diamonds. When she was in the middle way, between the garden gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, and delivered it to her, with a very well-penned speech. It had in it a very rich jewel, with many pendents of *unfrld* diamonds,[2] valued at 400*l.* at least. After dinner, in her privy-chamber, he gave her a fair pair of virginals. In her bed-chamber, he presented her with a fine gown and *juppin* (petticoat), which things were pleasing to her highness; and to grace his lordship the more," adds the sly narrator, "she, of herself, took from him a salt, a spoon, and a fork, of fair agate."

Our agreeable gossip goes on to describe the merry doings in the maiden court, at this season, when the unremitting homage of the handsome master of the horse kept the queen in constant good-humour, and all was gaiety and sunshine. "At our court the queen is well, ever may

[1] Sidney Papers, edited by Collins, vol. i.

[2] Diamonds without a foil.

it be so, and the fair ladies do daily trip the measures in the council-chamber." On St. John's day, he says—

"I was at court this morning, where nothing is so much thought upon as dancing and playing. Some were there, hoping for preferment, as my lord North and sir Henry Leigh. They play at cards with the queen, which is like to be all the honour that will fall to them this year. The queen chid my lord Lincoln, that he doth not give his daughter better maintenance. The queen went this day to the chapel, very princelike, and in very good health."

The disappointment of one of her relatives, in obtaining a wealthy match, was made matter of complaint to the queen, about this time, as we learn from the following notice from Rowland Whyte's secret budget to his patron abroad :—

"Sir George Carey takes it unkindly that my lord of Pembroke broke off the match between my lord Herbert and his daughter, and told the queen it was because he would not assure him one thousand pounds a year, which comes to his daughter, as the next a-kin to queen Anne Boleyn." What kin to that queen could Carey have considered queen Elizabeth herself, when he thus spoke of the grand-daughter of Mary Boleyn to the daughter of queen Anne? But Elizabeth, while she bestowed a very reasonable degree of favour on her maternal kindred, always seems to have kept her own immediate connexion with the unfortunate and dishonoured name of Anne Boleyn in the shade.

One day a person approached queen Elizabeth with a petition, under pretence of kindred. The queen was too wise to repel the audacious suitor with any degree of haughtiness, much less did she attempt to contest the claim, being well aware that a numerous class of second-rate gentry in Norfolk could prove relationship to her, in no very distant degree, through the Boleyns, but she briefly and wittily replied, "Friend, grant it may be so. Dost think I am bound to keep *all* my kindred? Why, that's the way to make *me* a beggar."[1]

She never ennobled sir Francis Knollys, the husband of her best-loved cousin, Katherine Carey, nor any of their children. Lord Hunsdon, her nearest male relation, enjoyed much of her confidence, and received many preferments, but she never advanced him to a higher rank in the peerage than a baron. Robert Carey, his youngest son, was a great favourite with her, till he rashly committed the offence of wedding a fair and virtuous gentlewoman. When Elizabeth heard that Robert Carey had presumed to take to himself a wife, she manifested so much displeasure, that the luckless bridegroom durst not make his appearance at court, even when his business most required it. At length, being weary of his banishment, and the ill turn a vexatious law-suit, in which he was engaged, was likely to take, in consequence of his absence, he came and took lodgings, very privately, at Windsor, having heard that her majesty meant to have a great triumph there, on her coronation day, and that signal preparations were making for the course of the field and the tourney. He then resolved to take a part in the games, under the name

[1] L'Estrange.

and character of the "forsaken knight," and prepared a present for the queen, which, together with his trappings, cost him four hundred pounds.[1]

"I was the forsaken knight," says he, "that had vowed solitariness, but hearing of this great triumph, thought to honour my mistress with my best service, and then to return to my wonted mourning." The device did not, we may suppose, pass unnoticed by the queen, whose quick glance failed not to detect everything out of the common course, for nothing passed, whether abroad or at home, with which she was not acquainted. The theatrical nature of the character, and the submissive homage that was offered to her, were also well calculated to please her; but as she had no immediate occasion for his services just then, she permitted the forsaken knight still to remain under the cloud of her displeasure.

A few days afterwards, the king of Scotland sent word to sir John Carey, the eldest brother of our knight, and marshal of Berwick, that he had something of great importance to communicate to the queen of England, with which he would not trust her ambassador, nor any one but himself, the lord Hunsdon, or one of his sons. Sir John Carey sent the letter to his father, who communicated it to the queen, and asked her pleasure.

"She was not willing," says sir Robert Carey, "that my brother should stir out of the town, but knowing, though she would not know, that I was in the court, she said, 'I hear your fine son, that has lately married so worthily, is hereabouts; send *him*, if you will, to know the king's pleasure.' My father answered, 'that I would gladly obey her commands.' 'No,' said she, 'do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.' My father came and told me what had passed. I thought it hard to be sent, without seeing her; for my father told me plainly, 'that she would neither speak with me nor see me.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if she be on such hard terms with me, I had need be wary what I do. If I go to the king, without her especial license, it were in her power to hang me on my return; and, for anything I see, it were ill trusting her.' My father went merrily to the queen, and told her what I said; she answered, 'If the gentleman be so mistrustful, let the secretary make a safe-conduct to go and come, and I will sign it.'"[2]

On these conditions, young Carey, who proved himself, on this occasion, a genuine scion of the same determined and diplomatic stock from which his royal mistress was maternally descended, accepted the commission, and hastened into Scotland, passing, however, one night at Carlisle, with his wife, her for whose sake he had incurred the displeasure of the queen. The secret communication the king of Scots was desirous of making to his good sister England, Carey has not disclosed. At his desire, a written, not a verbal, communication was addressed by king James to her majesty: "I had my despatch," says he, "within four days, and made all the haste I could with it to Hampton Court, and arrived there on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon. Dirty

[1] Autobiography of Sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth. [2] Ibid.

as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The queen was not there; my father went to her to let her know that I was returned. She willed him to take my message or letters, and bring them to her."

The young diplomatist was, as before observed, one of her own blood, and not to be treated like an easy slipper, to be used for her convenience, and then kicked into a corner with contempt, as soon as her purpose was served. He boldly refused to send the letters by his father, telling him, "that he would neither trust him nor any one else with what he had to deliver." The stout old lord, finding his son so determined, reported his audacity to the queen.

"With much ado," continues Carey, "I was called in, and I was left alone with her,—our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and *my wife*, I told her, 'she herself was in fault for my marriage; and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her nor her court; and seeing, she was the chief cause of my misfortunes, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained my pardon.' She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends."[1]

This stormy explosion, and abuse of poor Carey and his wife, actually took place before her majesty's curiosity was gratified, by learning the mighty matter which her royal brother of Scotland was so eager to communicate, since, forgetting the dignity of the sovereign, she thought proper to give vent to her temper as a woman, in the first instance. "Then," pursues Carey, "I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and, *at last*, gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word that she had pardoned and forgotten all faults, I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence (chamber), and was in the court as I was before. Thus God did for me, to bring me in favour with my sovereign, for if this occasion had been slipped, it may be I should never, never have seen her face more."

Sir Walter Raleigh was at this time under the cloud of the royal displeasure, for having first seduced, and afterwards committed what Elizabeth appeared to consider the greater crime, of marrying the fair mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of her maids of honour, and the daughter of her faithful early friend, sir Nicholas Throckmorton. The queen, who certainly imagined that it was a part of her prerogative, as a maiden queen, to keep every handsome gentleman of her court in single blessedness, to render exclusive homage to her perennial charms, was transported with rage at the trespass of these rash lovers. She expelled the luckless bride of Raleigh from the court, with the greatest contumely, and committed the bridegroom to the Tower. Raleigh, who knew her majesty's temper, pretended to be overwhelmed with grief and despair not at his separation from his young, beautiful, and loving wife, but because he was deprived of the sunshine of the royal presence.[2]

One day he saw her majesty's barge on the Thames, and pretended

[1] Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth.
[2] Camden; Birch; Lingard; Aikin.

to become frantic at the sight. "He suffered," he said, "all the horrors of Tantalus, and would go on that water to see his mistress." His keeper, sir George Carew, interposed to prevent him, as he was attempting to rush down a stone staircase that led from his window, and caught him by the collar. Raleigh, in the struggle, tore off his keeper's new periwig, and threatened to stick his dagger into him. After a desperate contest he was carried back to his chamber. The next time the queen was going on progress, he penned a most artful letter to his political ally, sir Robert Cecil, on purpose to be shown to the queen: "How," he asks, "can I live alone in prison, while she is afar off—I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph. Sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus. But once amiss, hath bereaved me of all." He then adds, "all those times are past; the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune?"

The gross flattery of this letter somewhat mollified the anger of the queen, and, two months afterwards, he obtained his release from durance, but was forbidden to come to court, or to resume the duties of his office, as captain of the guard.[1]

So jealous was Elizabeth lest foreign princes should obtain any of that homage and allegiance from her subjects which she esteemed her exclusive right, that when two valiant young knights, sir Nicholas Clifford, and sir Anthony Shirley, whom her good friend and ally, Henry IV. of France, had honoured with the order of St. Michael, for their chivalric deeds in his service, appeared in her court, decorated with the glittering insignia of the institution, she expressed the greatest displeasure that they should have dared to accept an honour from, and take an oath to, any other sovereign without her permission, and forthwith committed them both to prison. As a great favour, and because of their youth and inexperience, she did not proceed against them, but she compelled them to return the insignia of St. Michael, and to take measures for having their names struck out of the register of the order. When Henry was told of it, he only smiled, and said, "I could wish the queen of England would do me the same favour, by making some of my aspiring subjects, whom she may chance to see in her realm, knights of the Round Table,"[2] an order which her late vain-glorious favourite, Leicester, had made an ineffectual effort to revive, in honour of her majesty's visit to Kenilworth.

The queen had, some time before, given letters to sir Thomas Arundel, of Wardour, recommending him to the service of the emperor, Rudolph II., as a brave knight, and her kinsman; and Arundel had so

[1] He then undertook a new voyage of discovery, in the hope of bringing home a freight of the golden treasures of the new world; but though he penetrated as far as Guiana, and did a good deal of wanton and unjustifiable mischief to the infant colonies of Spain, his voyage proved unsuccessful; but he consoled himself by writing a very wonderful account of his discovering a nation of Amazons, and also of people who had their faces in their breasts.

[2] Camden's Elizabeth.

greatly distinguished himself in the defence of Hungary, where, with his own hands, he took a Turkish banner, that Rudolph conferred the dignity of a count of the holy Roman empire on the gallant volunteer. When Arundel returned to England, some dispute arising between him and the English peers, as to whether he had any right to claim rank or precedency in this country from his foreign title, the matter was referred to her majesty, who replied, "that there was a close tie of affection between sovereigns and their subjects; and as chaste wives should have no eyes but for their husbands, so faithful liegemen should keep their regards at home, and not look after foreign crowns. That for her part she liked not for her sheep to wear a stranger's mark, nor to dance after a foreigner's whistle."[1]

Sir Thomas Arundel was the son and heir of old sir Matthew Arundel, on whose fringed cloak it once pleased queen Elizabeth to spit, and the husband of one of the fairest and most amiable of the ladies of queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber. She is called by sir John Harrington, and his courtly correspondent, "our sweet lady Arundel," and appears occasionally to have been a sufferer from the irritability of the illustrious virago's temper. An English lady of rank, under such circumstances, would, in later times, have resigned her place in the royal household; but such was not the spirit of independence in the maiden court. So universal was the ambition of the female aristocracy of England, at that period, to share the gorgeous routine of royal pageantry and festive pleasures, that when Lady Leighton, one of the bed-chamber women, talked of resigning if the queen put a denial on a suit she was preferring, there were, as Rowland Whyte assures his absent patron, at least a dozen ladies eager to supply her place, among whom he specifies lady Thomas Howard, lady Borough, and lady Hoby.

"No one who waited in queen Elizabeth's court, and observed anything, but could tell that it pleased her much to be thought and told that she looked young," observes her shrewd godson Harrington. "The majesty and gravity of a sceptre, borne forty-four years,[2] could not alter the nature of a woman in her. One day, Dr. Anthony Rudde, the bishop of St. David's, being appointed to preach before her at Richmond, in the Lent of the year 1596, and wishing, in his godly zeal, to remind her, that it was time she should think of her mortal state, and the uncertainty of life, she being then sixty-three years of age, he took this appropriate text from the 90th Psalm:—'Lord, teach us how to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom.' Which text," continues Harrington, "he handled so well, so learnedly, and suitably, as I dare say he thought (and so should I, if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with her humour) that it would have well pleased her, or, at least, in no ways offended her. But when he had spoken awhile of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee; and lastly—I do not deliver

[1] James I. created this red cross knight, lord Arundel of Wardour.

[2] Elizabeth was only in the thirty-ninth year of her reign when this incident occurred.

it so handsomely as he did—seven times nine for the grand climacterical year, she, perceiving whereto he tended, began to be troubled. The bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stands there *vis-a-vis* to the closet, fell to treat of more plausible numbers, as 666 making Latinus, with which he said he could prove the pope to be Antichrist; also of the fatal number of eighty-eight, which being so long spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it had pleased God that year, not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain. And so, he added, there was no doubt but that she should pass this year, and many more, if she would, in her meditations and soliloquies with God, (which he doubted not were frequent,) say thus and thus—making, indeed, an excellent prayer, as if in her majesty's person, acknowledging God's great graces and benefits to her, and praying for a continuance of the same, but withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture, touching the infirmities of age, such as the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes: 'When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows,' &c., 'and the daughters of singing shall be abased;' and with more quotations to the same purpose, he concluded his sermon."

The queen, as her manner was, opened the window of her closet; but so far from giving him thanks or good countenance, she told him in plain terms, that "he might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see," said she, "that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest men;" and so went away, for the time, discontented. The lord-keeper, Puckering, advised the unlucky bishop to keep his house for a while, till the queen's displeasure was assuaged; "but," says our author, "her majesty showed no ill-nature in this, for, within three days' time, she expressed displeasure at his restraint, and, in my hearing, rebuked a young lady for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon." However, to show how the good bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs as himself, perhaps, and other persons of that age are wont to be, she said, "she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering for instruments, nor, lastly, her sight was any whit decayed;" and to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewel that had an inscription in very small letters, and offered it first to my lord of Worcester, and then to sir James Croft, to read; and both (as in duty bound) protested *bonâ fide* they could not, yet the queen herself did find out the poesy, and made herself merry with the standers by, upon it."[1]

From a letter written by Camden, the historian, to sir Robert Cotton, it appears that queen Elizabeth was attacked with a dangerous illness this spring. "I know you are," says he, "as we all here have been, in a melancholy and pensive cogitation. This sleepless indisposition of her majesty is now ceased, which, being joined with an inflammation from the breast upward, and her mind altogether averted from physic in this her climacterical year, did more than terrify us all, especially the last Friday, in the morning, which moved the lords of the council,

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. ii., 216.

when they had providently caused all the vagrants hereabout to be taken up and shipped for the Low Countries." Other precautions for the defence of the realm are mentioned, which looks as if a foreign invasion were dreaded; and it is especially noted that count Arundel, of Wardour, was apprehended and committed to ward, in a gentleman's house, merely because it was reported that he had made some provision of armour.

Elizabeth's aversion to physic-taking formed one of her peculiar characteristics; the more remarkable since she was, notwithstanding her pertinacity in concealing her ailments, not unfrequently indisposed. Her reasons were cogent for her antipathy to medicine, for whilst other sciences progressed rapidly in her century, that of physic remained in a crude and barbarous state. Her courtiers, who loved to see their outward persons bedizened with gold and pearls, thought doses of the same would infinitely comfort and refresh the interior. In a contemporary letter, sir Charles Cavendish regretted he could not send some of his favourite nostrum, salt of *gold*, to old lady Shrewsbury; and notices that "the *pearls*, ten grains, are to be taken fourteen days together; as to the *coral*, sir Walter Raleigh saith he hath little left."

An ounce of magnesia would have done them more good, medicinally, than all the pearls and coral in the Red Sea. But such were the prescriptions administered to the great in the sixteenth century, while the poor and the middle classes, who sighed in vain to swallow the pulverized pearls and pounded diamonds, with which their betters regaled themselves, were forced to rely on the traditional merits of native herbs, and simples gathered, with potent charms, in proper planetary hours; and certainly, notwithstanding the latter-named superfluities, their share of the healing art was the most efficacious. No wonder the queen's strong judgment and acute perceptiveness made her repudiate the physic, judged in accordance with her regal state, and trust to nature; she thus happily avoided doses of gold, pearls, and coral.

It was a customary device with Essex, when any difference occurred between the queen and him, to feign himself sick, to see how far he could excite the sympathy of his royal mistress, who, to do her justice, generally testified tender compassion for the maladies of her ministers and officers of state, and appears to have been frequently imposed upon in this way. "My lord of Essex," observes Rowland Whyte, "kept his bed the most part of yesterday; yet did one of his chamber tell me, 'he could not weep for it, for he knew his lord was not sick.' There is not a day passes that the queen sends not often to see him, and himself privately goeth every day to see her."

In another letter, Whyte says, "Full fourteen days his lordship kept in; her majesty, as I heard, meant to break him of his will, and to pull down his great heart, but found it a thing impossible, and says, 'he holds it from the mother's side;' but all is well again, and no doubt he will grow a mighty man in our state."

Whyte's secret correspondence indicates that Essex was the fountain-head from which all favour and preferment then flowed, and that it was necessary for those in command abroad to use his influence with the

queen, even to obtain the necessary munitions for her majesty's own service. Essex was evidently jealous of interest being made to the queen through any other quarter, and kept the most vigilant espionage on the correspondence of the ladies of the royal household.

"Yesterday," notes Whyte, in his letter to Sidney, "a principal follower of my lord of Essex told me 'that he saw two letters of yours sealed with gold, and the broad arrow-head, directed to two of the maids (of honour), and that a knight, who was too open, had charge to deliver them.' I think this was told me on purpose that I should notice it."

Elizabeth appears, at all times, to have considered herself morally responsible in the expenditure of her subsidies, to those from whose purses the supplies had been drawn. Hence, her ofttimes annoying interference in matters of which a lady could scarcely be a competent judge, and her anxiety to use all possible economy; and though she occasionally found that small savings are the cause of loss and inconvenience in more important matters, she was right in the aggregate, since the underlings of office felt a restraining check from the crown itself, if they attempted any of the lavish and wasteful expenditure, which, in latter times, has been too little regarded by the higher powers. The personal control which Elizabeth exercised in these matters, affords, now and then, an amusing feature in the personal history of this extraordinary woman, and a curious variety in the characteristics of female royalty.

"Here hath been," says Rowland Whyte, "much ado between the queen and the lords about the preparation for sea, some of them urging that it was necessary for her safety, but she opposed it. 'No danger appearing,' she said, 'and that she would not make wars, but arm for defence, understanding how much of her treasure was spent already in victuals for ships at sea and soldiers by land.' She was very angry with lord Burleigh for suffering it, seeing no greater occasion. No reason or persuasion of the lords could prevail; but she ordered all proceedings to be stopped, and sent my lord Thomas Howard word that he should not go to sea. Monsieur Charron, the ambassador from the states, being sent for, spoke to the queen, but said, afterwards, 'he had neither time nor recollection to urge the reinforcement of the horse, nor was the time fit for it; her majesty being so unquiet, he could not tell what to do or say.' Charron said, 'the states desired an English regiment in their pay,' but that it was denied. The next day, when Essex was asked if her majesty had read sir Robert Sidney's statement of the wants of the governor of Flushing, he said, 'the queen hath read it, and made others, that were by, acquainted with its purport, after which she put it in her pocket, and said, 'she marvelled why, in such a time, the demand should be made, since Flushing was not besieged, but that her governors were never well but when they could draw her into unnecessary charges.'"[1]

Formidable preparations were making in the Spanish ports at that very

[1] Sidney Papers.

time, which it was supposed were designed for another expedition against England. Philip II. had made a solemn vow "to avenge the destruction of the Armada on Elizabeth, if he were reduced to pawn the last candlestick on his domestic altar." If wealth, however, could have effected the conquest of England, Philip had no lack of the glittering mammon. The gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru were to him like a realization of the fabled treasures of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The wretched natives were employed, like the slaves of the lamp, in working the mines, and the Spanish monarch had dollars of silver and ingots of gold for the bringing home, when his carracks were not intercepted and made prizes by Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake, and a dozen other bold naval commanders, who somewhat tarnished their laurels by filling up their spare time in piratical enterprises; but such was the spirit of the times. The energies and nautical skill of some of these daring adventurers were now required for a more honourable enterprise. The lord-admiral, Howard of Effingham, advised the queen to anticipate the designs of the enemy, by sending out an expedition to destroy his ships, his arsenals, and his ports. Essex, whose chivalric spirit panted for a better employment than the inglorious post of a court minion, and was weary of the degrading bondage in which he was held by his royal mistress, eagerly seconded the sage counsel of the lord-admiral, which was as strenuously opposed by Burleigh and his party.[1]

The queen was at last convinced of the expediency of the expedition, and gave the command of the naval department to lord Howard of Effingham, and that of the military force destined to be employed against Cadiz, to Essex, but with strict injunctions that he was not to undertake any enterprise without first holding a council of war. In this, Elizabeth acted in conformity to the opinion she had written to the king of France, when she told him "Essex was not to be trusted with the reins, and that the natural impetuosity of his character required a bridle rather than a spur." She was, besides, moved with a tender solicitude for his personal safety. She composed a prayer for the success of the expedition, and sent a farewell letter, full of loving and encouraging promises, to Essex. His crafty rival, sir Robert Cecil, added one from himself, for the sake of subjoining a choice dose of adulation for the queen, in allusion to the prayer she had compounded. "No prayer," observes the profane sycophant, "is so fruitful as that which proceedeth from those who, nearest in nature and power, approach the Almighty. None so near approach his place and essence as a celestial mind in a princely body. Put forth, therefore, my lord, with full confidence, having your sails filled with her heavenly breath for a forewind."[2] If Essex were not nauseated with such a piece of shameless hypocrisy as this, he had no occasion to apprehend any qualms from the effects of a sea-voyage.

The details of the expedition will be found in Camden, Birch, Lingard, and the other historians of Elizabeth's reign. It will be sufficient to notice that Essex distinguished himself most brilliantly, both by land

[1] Camden. [2] Birch.

and sea, and that, disregarding the private orders of the queen, which were, for the first time, communicated to him by the lord-admiral, that he "should not expose his person to peril by leading the assault," he abandoned the safe post that had been assigned to him, and rushed into the hottest battle. It was his gallantry and promptitude that won Cadiz with all its treasures, his humanity that preserved the lives of the defenders of the town, his chivalry that protected the women and children, and religious communities, from ill-treatment; so perfect was his conduct on this occasion, that he was spoken of with enthusiasm in the Spanish court, both by the king and the infanta, his daughter. "It is not often," observed Philip of this generous victor, "that such a gentleman is seen among heretics."[1]

The envy of Raleigh was excited, though he had performed his devoir gallantly in his ship, the "Warspite;" but his jealousy led to a contention with Essex, as to the manner of attacking the richly-laden merchant fleet, and, in the meantime, the duke of Medina set fire to it, to prevent it from falling into their hands. The loss of the Spaniards was estimated at 20,000,000 ducats, and the English officers and commanders were greatly enriched. Essex desired to return to Cadiz, and offered to maintain it with only four hundred men for three months, by the end of which time succours might arrive from England, and he calculated on being joined by the enslaved Moors, whom Philip's iron rod of empire having rendered desperate, were ripe for a revolt. But the other commanders being eager to secure their rich booty, overruled all his chivalric projects, and insisted on returning home with what they had got.[2]

Essex expected to be distinguished with especial praise by the queen, and to receive additional honours and preferment; but the Cecil party had succeeded in prejudicing the royal mind against him. His pride, vain-glory, extravagance, and immorality, had all been represented to her with exaggerations. They made light of the capture of Cadiz, and gave sir Walter Raleigh the chief credit for the success that had been achieved.[3] Then, when her majesty learned that the plunder had been divided among the commanders and their men, she was so greatly exasperated at being defrauded of her share, that she expressed herself very intemperately against Essex, and declared, "that if she had hitherto done his pleasure, she would now teach him to perform hers."[4] Not contented with venting her anger in empty words, she sent word to him and the lord-admiral, that, as they had divided the booty, they might take upon themselves the payment of the soldiers and mariners. Essex, on this, hastened to the court, to offer his explanation to the queen in person; but as she was bent on mortifying him, she refused to listen to him in private, and compelled him to submit to a long investigation before the privy-council, day after day,[5] till his patience being fairly exhausted, he turned upon the Cecils, and proved that the commissioners appointed by Burleigh to look to her majesty's interests, had neglected to do so, and that he had been opposed in every way, when he sought

[1] Birch's Memorials. [2] Camden. [3] Lingard.
[4] Birch. [5] Lingard; Birch.

the glory and advantage of his country; and that, but for the interference of their creatures, he might have intercepted the richest treasure-fleet of the king of Spain for her majesty.

On the 4th of September, intelligence was received, that this fleet, with twenty millions of dollars, had safely arrived in the ports of Spain. The queen then manifested so much resentment against those who had been the cause of her losing this mighty prize, that Burleigh thought it most prudent to conciliate Essex; and when the queen claimed the ransom which the inhabitants of Cadiz had paid for their lives, he expressed a decided opinion that the earl, as the victor, was entitled to this money, one hundred and twenty thousand crowns, and not her majesty, although he had been the very person who first suggested to her that it was her right. Elizabeth, infuriated at this double dealing, called Burleigh "a miscreant and a coward;" told him "he was more afraid of Essex than herself,"[1] and rated him so fiercely, that the aged minister retired from her presence in great distress, and wrote a pitiful complaint of his hard usage to Essex, detailing her majesty's ireful language, and added, "that having had the misfortune of incurring his lordship's ill-will, at the same time, he considered himself in worse case than those who, in avoiding Scylla, fell into Charybdis, for it was his misfortune to fall into both." Essex wrote civilly in reply, but really gave Burleigh little credit for sincerity. His secretary, Antony Bacon, sarcastically observed, "that the merit of Essex having regained the good-will of her majesty, the old fox was reduced to crouch and whine, and write in such submissive terms to him, subscribing himself, your lordship's, if you will, at commandment."[2]

In 1596, death was busy among the great placemen of Elizabeth's cabinet,[3] and no less busy were the courtiers in scheming and soliciting

[1] Burleigh's letter to Essex, in Bireh. [2] Bireh.

[3] Puckering, lord keeper, sir Francis Knollys, lord Huntingdon, and Hunsdon, died this year.

The Roman-catholic adversaries of Elizabeth and her chief counsellors, did not forget to work on the imaginations of the people, by means of exciting an appetite for the marvellous. Philip d'Autreman and Costerus relate the following terrific tale, which has been quoted by Dr. Johnson in a work entitled "Purgatory proved by Miracles:"—

"Lord Hunsdon being, in the year 1596, sick to death, saw come to him, one after another, six of his companions, already dead. The first was Dudley, earl of Leicester, all on fire; the second, secretary Walsingham, also in fire and flames; Pickering, so cold and frozen, that touching Hunsdon's hand, he thought he should die of cold. Then came sir Christopher Hatton, lord chancellor, Heneage, and sir Francis Knollys, all flaming and standing round Hunsdon's bed, told him to prepare to join them, with Cecil, who was, as yet, alive." Perhaps this was one of the delirious fever-fits of Hunsdon, who, the story goes, affirmed on oath that he saw them, and sent word to Cecil of the message to him, and died a few hours after.

Randolph was not of this party, the ingenious inventor of the story having, perhaps, some respect for his implied penitence, when he sent, on his death-bed, to sir Francis Walsingham, imploring him, before he died, to repent of his tricks as a secretary of state, as he had done of those of an ambassador. In fact, those who take the pains of collating Randolph's correspondence, as ambassador from England to Scotland, in the troublous reign of Mary, queen of Scots, will allow

for the reversion of the various offices that were thus vacated. The race was hardest run between Essex and his sworn enemy, lord Cobham, for the wardenship of the Cinque Ports. The intrigues respecting this, are amusingly detailed in the Sidney Papers, in a series of letters from Rowland Whyte.

On Sunday, the 22d of March, he informs sir Robert Sidney, that his friend, lady Scudamore, got the queen to read his letter, who asked her "how she came by it?" Lady Scudamore replied, "Lady Sidney asked me to deliver it to your majesty." "Do you know the contents of it?" demanded the queen. "No, madam," said she. "Then," said the queen, "it 's much ado about the Cinque Ports." "I demanded of my lady Scudamore," continues Whyte, "what she observed of her majesty's manner while reading it, who said the queen read it all over with no other comment than two or three 'pughs!'" It might be regarded as a favourable indication of the royal mind, that her majesty's expletives were not of a more offensive character.

Lord Cobham obtained the place, through the interest of the queen's favourite lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Russell, of the privy-chamber, to whom he was paying his addresses. When the queen told Essex that Cobham should have it, the mortified favourite announced his intention of withdrawing from court. On the morning of the 10th of December, himself, his horses, and followers, were all ready. About ten o'clock, he went to take leave of the sick lord-treasurer, and met Mr. Killigrew, who told him "to come to the queen," and she, to pacify him, offered him the post of master of the ordnance, which he accepted, yet the queen, who loved to torment him, delayed signing his patent so long, that he began to doubt of the sincerity of her promise.

Essex and the queen came to issue this year, on two points: one was her appointing sir Francis Vere to the office of governor of Brill, which the earl vehemently opposed, arguing that it ought to be given to a person of higher rank and greater experience, as sir Francis held only a colonelcy in the service of the states of Holland, but Elizabeth had marked his talents, and insisted on bestowing the preferment upon him.[1] The other dispute was on the old subject of the place of secretary of state, which, although it had been held provisionally by sir Robert Cecil

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Randolph had somewhat to repent of. This Dante-like vision of the souls of Elizabeth's privy councillors, has been thus versified, by a fierce polemic of the succeeding century:—

"First Dudley, earl of Leicester, came,
Roll'd round about in glaring flame;
Out of his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears,
Sprung pointed flames, from inward fires.
Then Walsingham, all in a glow,
And Pickering, cold as frozen snow,
Who of his hand scarce taking hold,
Hunsdon was fit to die with cold.
Hatton was next that did appear,
All in a flame of glowing fire;
And Heneage then after him came,
Burning all o'er in rapid flame;
And last of all comes impious Knollys,
Curl'd round about with flaming rolls,
That grind him in their whirling gyres,
And from the dints spring streaming fires."

The poetical version of the story declares that Hunsdon sent a narrative of his vision to the queen before he expired, and that he swore to all he had seen.

[1] Camden.

for five years, Essex still urged the queen either to restore to Davison, or to bestow it on his learned friend, sir Thomas Bodley, the celebrated founder of the Bodleian library, at Oxford. Perhaps Essex roused the combative spirit of his royal mistress, by the energy and pertinacity with which he recommended sir Thomas Bodley to her favour, and insisted on his merits; or, it might be, that Elizabeth was convinced that he was a gentleman of too noble a disposition to give up his integrity to the degrading practice of official chicanery; for she refused even to allow Burleigh, who was willing to make that concession, to associate him in the commission with his son. Certainly sir Thomas Bodley was not very likely to run smoothly in harness with such a colleague as sir Robert Cecil.

Essex, who had for some time endeavoured to reform his acquired faults of dissipation and gallantry, and, by frequenting sermons and religious assemblies, and devoting himself to his amiable wife, had acquired some reputation for sanctity, now suddenly relapsed into a career of fresh folly, having become desperately enamoured of one of the beautiful maids of honour, Mrs. Bridges. The queen's rage and jealousy, on this occasion, transported her beyond the bounds of feminine delicacy, and she treated the offending lady in the harshest manner, bestowing bitter revilings, and even personal chastisement on her, on the most absurd and frivolous pretences.

"The queen hath of late," observes Rowland Whyte, "used the fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger, and she and Mrs. Russell were put out of the coffer-chamber. They lay three nights at my lady Stafford's, but are now returned again to their wonted waiting. By what I writ in my last letter to you, by post, you may conjecture whence these storms arise. The cause of this displeasure is said to be their taking of physic, and one day going privately through the privy galleries to see the playing at *ballon*."[1]

About this time, Essex's friend, the earl of Southampton, another of the young nobles of the court who had incurred the displeasure of the queen, for marrying without her consent, and was only just released from the Tower, involved himself in a fracas with Ambrose Willoughby, one of the officers of the household, in a very foolish manner. He was engaged in a game of primero, in the presence-chamber, with sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Parker, after the queen had gone to bed, and Willoughby, whose duty it was to clear the chamber, told them to give over their play. They paid no heed to his warning, and continued their game, on which he told them he should be compelled to call in the guard, to pull down the board. Raleigh prudently put up his money, and went his way, but Southampton was so much annoyed, that he told Willoughby he would remember it. Meeting him, soon after, between the Tennis-court wall and the garden, he struck him, on which Willoughby pulled out some of his locks. It is probable that Essex had espoused the quarrel of his friend, and threatened the other, for the queen took the matter up, and gave Willoughby thanks for what he did in the presence-cham-

[1] Sidney Papers. Ballon was, perhaps, cricket or golf.

ber; adding, "that he had done better if he had sent Southampton to the porter's lodge, to see who durst have fetched him out."[1]

The presumption of Philip II., which led him, in his old age, to fancy he might make his daughter, Clara Eugenia, queen of France, malgré the Salic law, having failed to achieve that object, he now once more directed his energies to the equally absurd chimera of placing her on the throne of England, as the legitimate heir of the house of Lancaster. Intelligence reached Elizabeth, that he was fitting out another expedition for the purpose of invading her realm. At first, her love of peace induced her to slight the warning, but Essex succeeded in convincing her that the preparations were formidable, and that the Spaniards designed to make a descent on the coast of Ireland, where the greatest disaffection prevailed, and she consented that a fleet should be sent out to attack the shipping in the Spanish ports. A hollow reconciliation was effected between Essex, the Cecils, and sir Walter Raleigh, and Essex was appointed as commander-in-chief of the forces by sea and land. Lord Thomas Howard and Raleigh were the vice and rear-admirals, Mountjoye was lieutenant-general, and sir Francis Vere, marshal.[2]

As usual, a great many young noblemen and gentlemen joined the fleet: they set sail from Plymouth on the 9th of July, making a gallant show, with waving plumes, glittering arms, and gay accoutrements. They were overtaken by a terrible thunder-storm, which dismantled some of the vessels, drove them back into port, and so disheartened many of the landsmen that they deserted. Essex and Raleigh took horse, and posted together to the queen, to learn her majesty's pleasure. She gave orders that they should destroy the Spanish ships in Ferral harbour, and intercept the West India fleet.[3] The expedition remained wind-bound a whole month, and when it again put to sea, Essex addressed the following farewell letter to the queen, in behalf of the nobleman who was to perform the duties of master of the horse in his absence:—

"Most dear lady, "August 17, 1597.

"Now I am leaving the shore, and thinking of all I leave behind me, next yourself, none are so dear as they, that with most care and zeal do serve you; of which number I beseech your majesty to remember that truly honest earl that waits in my place.[4] Your majesty is in debt to him and to yourself, till you do for him. Him only of his coat you think yourself behind-hand with. Therefore, dear lady, for your justice' sake, and for your poor absent servant's sake, take

[1] Although the terrible punishment of the loss of a right hand, with fine and imprisonment, was awarded by the rigour of a Star-chamber sentence to those who inflicted a blow or drew a weapon on another, within the precincts of the palace; the courtiers, and even the privy councillors of the maiden queen, not unfrequently gave way to their pugnacious dispositions, by brawling and fighting in the corridors leading to the presence-chamber. An incident of the kind is very quaintly related by Rowland Whyte to his absent patron; but he prudently veils the names of the belligerent powers under the mystery of ciphers. "I forgot to write unto you," he says, "that in the lobby, upon some words, 300 called 600 a fool, and he struck him; but 000 being by, went to the privy-chamber, and desired 1000 (earl of Essex) to come and part two grave councillors, which he did, and made them friends presently."

[2] Camden; Lingard. [3] Camden. [4] Edward, earl of Worcester.

some time to show your favour to him. You shall never repose trust in a safer place. Pardon this freedom of spirit.

"From your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."[1]

There were some noble points in Essex, though in his general conduct he constantly reminds us of a spoiled and wayward child. When the disobedience of his great enemy, sir Walter Raleigh, to his orders in attacking the town of Fayal before his arrival with the rest of the fleet, disarranged his plans, and abridged the success of his squadron, one of his followers urged him to bring sir Walter Raleigh to a court-martial for his offence. "So I should," replied the generous Essex, "if he were my friend." There were not wanting tempters, who represented to the earl, "that if he omitted so excellent an opportunity of ridding himself of this formidable adversary, by dealing with him according to the stern dictum of martial law, he might live to repent it himself," alleging, no doubt, the case of Drake's beheading his second in command, Doughty, as a precedent; but the nature of Essex was too noble to be persuaded to any act allied to baseness. The queen, on his return, commended Raleigh, laid all the blame of the failure of the expedition on Essex, and reproached him for the great outlay it had cost her.[2]

The following details from Rowland Whyte's private letters, show the restless fermentation of the court intrigues at that period, and that there had been a vain attempt to introduce a substitute for Essex as favourite to the queen. "Now that lord Herbert is gone, he is much blamed for his cold and weak manner of pursuing her majesty's favour, having had so good steps to lead unto it: there is want of spirit and courage laid to his charge, and that he is a melancholy young man,"—a temperament little likely to recommend any one to the favour of Elizabeth. "Young Carey," continues the court newsman, "follows it with more care and boldness. My lady Katerin Howard is come to court, and this day sworn of the privy-chamber, which doth greatly strengthen that party. I am credibly informed, by a very wise and grave man, that at this instant the lord-admiral is able to do with the queen as much as my lord Leicester was, if he list to use his credit with her."[3]

It was certainly more reasonable that the queen should bestow her favour on her illustrious kinsman, a gentleman who had deserved so well of his country as the hero of the Armada, than on the mere court satellites, who hovered round her for the sake of the things that were in her gift.

Queen Elizabeth was very sparing of her honours, which rendered them more prized by those who were judged by this great sovereign worthy of obtaining such distinctions. She was not lavish in bestowing the accolade of knighthood. As for the dignity of a peer, it was rarely indeed conferred by her, and then always in such a manner, as to impress her subjects with the importance of the reward. There was something truly worthy of exciting high and chivalric emprise among

[1] Birch's State Papers. [2] Camden. [3] Sidney Papers.

the gentlemen of England, when a maiden sovereign bestowed the dearly prized dignity of the peerage, by personal creation, and under such circumstances as those, which distinguished the hero of the Armada. The details of this interesting ceremonial are thus given by Whyte:

"As the queen came from chapel this day, she created my lord-admiral, lord Thomas Howard, earl of Nottingham. My lord Cumberland carried his sword, my lord of Sussex his cap and coronet. He was brought in by the earls of Shrewsbury and Worcester. Her majesty made a speech to him, in acknowledgment of his services, and Mr. Secretary read his patents in a loud voice, which are very honourable; all his great services recited in 1588, and lately at Cales. All this was done in one day."

Essex conceived himself to be deeply aggrieved by the latter clause, which seemed to award to the lord-admiral, the palm of honour for the taking of Cadiz, only mentioning himself as an adjunct, and no reward had been conferred on him, for his services on that occasion. He fretted himself sick at this implied slight, and took to his bed. The queen's heart relented, and feeling that she had acted harshly towards him, she chid the Cecils, as the cause of what had taken place. While she was in this frame of mind, she encountered sir Francis Vere, in the gardens of Whitehall palace; calling him to her, she questioned him, as to the ill success of the expedition, which she entirely charged on Essex, both for not burning and spoiling the fleet at Ferral, and for missing the Indian fleet. Sir Francis defended his absent friend with great courage, even to the raising his voice somewhat louder than was consistent with the reverence due to the sovereign, but this, as he explained, was not out of disrespect to her majesty, but that all might hear what he said, charging the blame upon those who deserved it. Some of these being present, were confronted with him, and compelled to retract their false witness against Essex, before the queen. Her majesty, well pleased with the manly and honest conduct of sir Francis Vere, sat down at the end of the walk, and calling him to her, fell into more confidential discourse on the subject of Essex's peculiar temper; and, being willing to listen to all that could be urged in his favour, before sir Francis left her, she spoke graciously in his commendation, and shortly after received him at court.[1] In December, 1597, the earl was restored to favour, and created earl-marshal by the queen's patents. This was one great cause of the animosity, afterwards borne to him by his great enemy, the earl of Nottingham, who, with justice, considered that he had more right to that office than the earl, since it had been strictly hereditary in his family, from the days of their royal ancestor, Thomas of Brotherton, whose daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, as we have seen, claimed it as her right by descent; and, being precluded by her sex from exercising its duties, she invested her grandson Mowbray, earl of Norfolk, with it, as her man. Essex offered to decide this quarrel by single combat, with either the admiral or his sons, or all of them, but the queen would not permit it, and employed sir Walter Raleigh, to effect a reconciliation.

[1] Birch.

The earl of Nottingham would not dispute the queen's pleasure, but, on the 20th of December, resigned his staff, as lord steward of the household, and retired to his house, at Chelsea, under pretence of sickness.

Lord Henry Howard wrote a quaint and witty letter to Essex, on the anniversary of the queen's accession to the crown, November 17th, 1597, in which he gives a sarcastic glance at the leading powers of the court, who were intriguing against his friend:—

"Your lordship," says he, "by your last purchase, hath almost enraged the dromedary, that would have won the queen of Sheba's favour, by bringing pearls. If you could once be as fortunate in dragging old Leviathan (Burleigh) and his cub (Robert Cecil) *tortuosum colubrum*, as the prophet termeth them, out of this den of mischievous device, the better part of the world would prefer your virtue to that of Hercules." Then, in allusion to the day to be kept in honour of the queen, he adds, "In haste, the feast of St. Elizabeth, whom, if I were pope, I would no longer set forth in red letters in the kalendar of saints, than she graced my dear lord, in golden characters, with the influence of her benignity; but the best is, the power is now wholly in herself to canonize herself, because she will not stand to the pope's courtesy."[1]

It is amusing to trace how the private letters of the court of queen Elizabeth elucidate each other. This dromedary, who sought to propitiate her majesty's favour by an offering of jewels, would appear to the readers of the present century a very mysterious animal, were it not for a letter, in the Shrewsbury collection, from Michael Stanhope,[2] in which that gentleman informs sir Robert Cecil, "that the lord-keeper, Egerton, had sent him with a present of pearls to the queen, as a small token of his thankfulness for her gracious care in maintaining his credit. For some reason or other, the queen would not receive the present, but bade the bearer carry them back to the donor, with this message, "that her mind was as great to refuse as his to give." "When I came back to his lordship," pursues Stanhope, "and delivered her majesty's pleasure, and he saw his pearls again, I do assure your honour, he looked upon me with a heavy eye, as if I had carelessly or doltishly performed the trust, and as for the pearls, he would not lay hand on them, but bid me do what I would with them."[3] Sir Michael, who prided himself on being a most expert courtier, remained much pestered with these pearls, which he dared not present again, because his wife's gentlewoman and his mother-in-law's gentlewoman were both ill with the small-pox, an effectual bar to the presence of the queen, though she had had the disease long ago. Whether Robert Cecil became the means of introducing the pearls once more to the queen, or what became of them, cannot be traced.

It was during the absence of Essex on this last expedition, in July, 1597, that Elizabeth gave Paulus Jaline, the handsome and audacious ambassador of Sigismund, king of Poland, so notable a sample of her high spirit and fluent powers of scolding extemporaneously in Latin, in reply to his diplomatic insolence. The story is related with great hu-

[1] Birch's Memoirs of the Reign of Elizabeth.

[2] One of the grooms of her chamber, and a gentleman of great importance in this species of negotiation.

[3] Lodge's Illustrations.

mour by Speed, in his quaint style, and also by sir Robert Cecil,[1] in a letter to Essex. Sir Robert Cecil had the good fortune of being a witness of this rich scene, which he details with great spirit. Her majesty was well disposed to render the king of Poland honourable tokens of her good-will, out of respect for his father, the late king of Sweden, who, when duke of Finland, had been a suitor for her hand; and being especially pleased with the report of the comeliness and accomplishments of the ambassador, she prepared herself to receive him, with great solemnity, in the presence of her court and council, in her presence-chamber at Greenwich.

He was brought in, attired in a long robe of black velvet, well buttoned and jewelled, and came to kiss her majesty's hand, where she sat, under her canopy of state. Having performed all ceremonials proper to the occasion, with peculiar grace, he retreated about three yards, "and then," continues Cecil, "began his oration, aloud, in Latin, with such a gallant countenance as I never in my life beheld. The oration, however, to which her majesty had so graciously prepared herself to listen, before a large assembly of her nobles and courtiers, was neither more nor less than a bold remonstrance, in the name of the newly-elected sovereign of Poland, against Elizabeth's assumption of maritime superiority over other nations, to which, he said, her position in Europe gave her no ostensible pretension. He also complained of her having, on account of her wars with Spain, interrupted the commerce of that country with Poland, called upon her to redress the losses which their merchants had suffered in consequence of her foreign policy, and concluded by informing her, that his master, having entered into a matrimonial alliance with the house of Austria, was resolved to put up with these wrongs no longer; and, therefore, unless she thought proper to take immediate steps to redress them, he would."[2]

At the termination of an address so different from the agreeable strain of compliment which she had anticipated from the comely envoy, Elizabeth, who was not of a disposition to brook tamely an affront from the mightiest prince in Christendom, started from her chair of state, and preventing the lord-chancellor, who had risen to reply to this harangue, she overwhelmed the astonished diplomatist with such a vivacious vituperation, in extempore Latin, as perhaps was never before delivered in that majestic language, commencing with these words:—

"Expectavi orationem, mihi vero querelam adduxisti!–

"Is this the business that your king has sent you about? Surely, I can hardly believe that if the king himself were present, he would have used such language. For, if he should, I must have thought that he being a king, not by many years, and that not by right of blood, but by right of election, they haply have not informed him of that course which his father and ancestors have taken with us, and which, peradventure, shall be observed by those that shall live to come after him. And as for you, although I perceive you have read many books to fortify your

[1] Lansdowne MSS., No. 85, vol. xix.

[2] Cecil's letter to the earl of Essex, Lansdowne MSS. Speed's Chronicle, fol. 1200

arguments in this case, yet I am apt to believe you have not 'lighted upon that chapter which prescribes the forms to be observed between kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to have so public an imputation thrown upon our justice, which as yet never failed, we would answer this audacity of yours in another style. And for the particulars of your negotiations, we will appoint some of our council to confer with you, to see upon what grounds this clamour of yours has its foundation, who have showed yourself rather a herald than an ambassador."

"And thus," says old Speed, "lion-like, rising, she daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical departure, than with the tartness of her princely checks, and, turning to her court, exclaimed—

"'God's death, my lords!' (for that was ever her oath in anger,) 'I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin, that hath lain long in rusting.'" Her majesty told sir Robert Cecil "that she was sorry Essex heard not her Latin that day," and Cecil promised to write a full account of it to the absent favourite.

It was not always that Elizabeth's intercourse with the representatives of foreign princes was of so stern a character, and if we may credit the reports of some of those gentlemen, her deportment towards them in private audiences occasionally transgressed both the delicacy of a gentlewoman and the dignity of a queen. It is related of her, that in the midst of an important political conference with the French ambassador, Harlai, she endeavoured to distract his attention from the interests of his royal master, by displaying, as if by accident, the elegant proportions of her finely-turned ancle,[1] on which the audacious plenipotentiary dropped on one knee, and passionately saluting the graceful limb that was so coquettishly revealed, laid his hand on his heart, and exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Ah, madame, if the king, my master, had but been in my place!" and then resumed the diplomatic discussion as coolly as if no such interesting interruption had occurred. Such instances of levity as the above, and the well-authenticated fact of her indulging James Melvil, when she was five-and-twenty years younger, with a sight of her unbraided tresses, removing cauls, fillets, jewels, and all other confinements, and allowing them to fall at full length about her stately form, and then demanding, "if the queen of Scots could boast of such a head of hair," while they excite a smile, must strike every one as singular traits of vanity and weakness in a princess of her masculine intellect. Mauvissiere and Sully were impressed with her wisdom and profound judgment, but it was not with those grave statesmen that she felt any temptation to indulge in flippancy which might remind persons of reflection of those characteristics which had been imputed to her unfortunate mother. It is impossible, however, for any one to study the personal history of Elizabeth without tracing a singular compound of the qualities of both her parents.

This year a crazy scrivener of Greenwich, named Squires, was accused

[1] Houssae's Memoires Historique.

of the absurdity of attempting to take away the queen's life, by the new and diabolical means of poisoning the pommel of her saddle, at the instigation of Walpole the Jesuit. This Squires had fitted out a pinnace privateer at his own expense, and when on a piratical expedition was taken prisoner, and lodged in the Spanish inquisition, where he was tortured into a great affection for catholicism, and became a convert to that religion. Walpole obtained the liberty of Squires on the condition of his imbuing the pommel of her majesty's saddle with a poison which he gave him in a bladder. This poison was of so subtle a nature, that if her majesty raised her hand to her lips or nose after resting it on the envenomed pommel, it was expected that she would instantly drop down dead.[2]

Squires, having undertaken this marvellous commission, approached her majesty's horse when it was led forth from the stable, of which it seems he had the *entrée*, having once filled the office of under-groom; he then pricked the bladder with a pin, and shed the poison on the pommel, crying, "God save the queen!" at the same time, to disarm suspicion. Elizabeth mounted, and receiving no ill from the medication of her saddle, Squires imagined that her life was miraculously preserved, and determined to employ the rest of his malign nostrum for the destruction of the earl of Essex, who was then preparing to sail on the late expedition against the Spanish fleet. Accordingly, he entered on board the earl's ship as a volunteer, and by that means obtained an opportunity of rubbing the arms of his lordship's chair with the poison, which had, however, no more effect on either chair or earl than if it had been the usual polishing compound of turpentine and wax; but Walpole was so provoked at the failure of his plot, that he suborned a person of the name of Stanley to denounce the treason of Squires to the council, and Squires, in turn, after five hours on the rack, denounced Walpole as his instigator. Stanley was also tortured, and confessed that he had been sent by one of the Spanish ministers to shoot the queen. Walpole, who probably had nothing to do with the hallucination which had taken possession of the pirate scrivener's brain, being out of the realm, published a pamphlet denying the accusation, and endeavouring to explain the absurdity of the whole affair.[2] The wretched Squires suffered the usual penalty for devising the death of the queen, being convicted on his own confession. Such are the fallacies of evidence obtained by torture, that a man would rather confess himself guilty of an impossible crime than endure further inflictions. How much more readily would such a person obtain ease by denouncing another, if required!

Essex was now so completely restored to the good graces of the queen, that he even ventured on the experiment of attempting to bring his mother, who had been in disgrace with her royal kinswoman ever since her marriage with Leicester, to court once more. Elizabeth did not refuse to receive her, but tantalized both mother and son by appointing a place and hour convenient for the interview, and then, when the

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.

time came, sent an excuse. This she did repeatedly. There were then attempts made by lady Leicester to meet her majesty at the houses of her friends, but there Elizabeth also made a point of disappointing her little project.

"On Shrove Monday," says Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's, and there was my lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l.* A great dinner was prepared by my lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, upon a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word."

Essex, who had taken to his bed on these repeated indications of unabated hostility to his mother, roused himself from his sullen manifestation of unavailing anger, and came to the queen, in his night-gown, by the private way, to intercede with her, but could not carry his point. "It had been better not moved," continues the watchful observer of his proceedings, "for my lord of Essex, by importuning the queen in these unpleasing matters, loses the opportunity he might take of obliging his ancient friends."

Elizabeth had never forgiven her cousin Lettice her successful rivalry with regard to Leicester, although the grave had now closed over him for nearly nine years, and his place in her capricious favour was supplied by the countess's gallant son. At length, however, the urgency of Essex in behalf of his mother prevailed, and, in spite of the cherished anger over which Elizabeth had gloomily brooded for nearly twenty years, the countess was admitted into her presence once more. A tender scene, if not a temporary reconciliation, appears to have taken place on this occasion, for Rowland Whyte says—

"My lady Leicester was at court, kissed the queen's hand and her breast, and did embrace her, and the queen kissed her. My lord of Essex is in exceeding favour here. Lady Leicester departed from court exceedingly contented, but being desirous to come again, and kiss the queen's hand, it was denied, and some wonted unkind words given out against her."[1]

Queen Elizabeth was very obstinately bent on taking her daily exercise, despite of the weather, and would ride or walk in the rain, setting at naught the entreaties of her ladies, who affected great concern for her health, not forgetting their own, as they were bound to accompany her. They called in the aid of archbishop Whitgift, who gently persuaded her to tarry at home during the foul weather. Her majesty would not listen to the church. They then tried the agency of her favourite fool, Clod, who addressed the following exordium to his royal mistress:— "Heaven dissuades you, madam, not only by its weeping aspect, but by the eloquence of the archbishop; earth dissuades, by the tongue of your poor fool, Clod; and if neither heaven nor earth can succeed, at least listen to Dr. Perne, whose religious doubts suspend him between both." The queen laughed heartily at this gibe on Dr. Perne, the archbishop's chaplain, knowing that, in the religious disputes in the middle of the century, he had changed his religion four times. It was no laughing

[1] Sidney Papers.

matter to the doctor, who is said to have died, soon after, of utter chagrin.[1]

Francis Bacon took the trouble of compounding a long letter of advice to Essex, on the manner in which he judged it would be most expedient for him to demean himself to the queen, so as to improve her favourable disposition towards him. Some of these rules are curious enough, and prove that this great moral philosopher was as deeply accomplished in the arts of a courtier, as any of the butterflies who fluttered round the aged rose of England. He tells Essex, "that when, in his speeches, he chanced to do her majesty right, for," continues he, with playful sarcasm, "there is no such thing as flattery among you all; your lordship has rather the air of paying fine compliments, than speaking what you really think;" adding, "that any one might read the insincerity of his words in his countenance." Bacon warns his patron "to avoid the example of Hatton and Leicester, in his own conduct, yet to adduce them to the queen as precedents on certain points." Essex profited very little by the counsels of his sage secretary; and scarcely had he regained the favour of the queen, ere he hazarded incurring her jealous resentment by a renewal of his rash attentions to her beautiful attendant, mistress Bridges. Of this his observant contemporary thus speaks:—

"It is spied out of envy, that Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B——. It cannot choose but come to the queen's ears, then he is undone, and all who depend upon his favour. Sure I am that lady Essex hears of it, or rather, suspects it, and is greatly disquieted."[2] Nor was this all; for the indiscretions of Essex were becoming now so much the theme of general discussion, that old lady Bacon took the privilege of her age and sanctity to write to him a long letter of expostulation, lamenting his backslidings, and warning him of the sinful nature of his way of life.[3]

The enemies of the envied man, whom the queen delighted to honour, of course delighted to carry evil reports of him to the royal ear; but it frequently happens that injudicious friends are more to be feared than the bitterest of foes. The real cause of Essex's disgrace may, doubtless, be attributed to the following cause:—His fair, frail sister, lady Rich, who was one of the ladies of the queen's bed-chamber, and was loved and trusted for his sake, most ungratefully united with her husband—with whom she could not agree in anything but mischief—in a secret correspondence with the king of Scots, under the feigned names of Ricardo and Rialta; James they called Victor. Their letters were written in cipher, and they had nicknames for all the court. Thomas Fowler, Burleigh's spy in Scotland, gave information of this correspondence to his employer, with these particulars, "that queen Elizabeth herself was called Venus, and the earl of Essex the Weary Knight, because he was exceeding weary of his office, and accounted his attendance a thrall that he lived in, and hoped for a change, which was, that the queen would die in a year or two." King James commended much the

[1] Fuller's Worthies. [2] Sidney Papers. [3] Birch.

fineness of Rialta's wit. After Burleigh was armed with such intelligence, no wonder Essex's favour with Elizabeth began to decline.

Essex, unconscious of the broken ground on which his sister's folly had placed him, carried himself more loftily every day in the council-room, and in the privy-chamber assumed the airs of a spoiled child, who was secure of getting its own way by petulance. Elizabeth was in a great state of irritability, on account of the king of France consulting his own interest, rather than the political line of conduct she had prescribed as the conditions of her friendship. Henry was bent on concluding an amicable treaty with Spain, and she sent word to him "that the true sin against the Holy Ghost was ingratitude, and upbraided him with the breach of his engagements to her."[1] Henry offered to mediate a general peace, in which England should be included; and to this measure Burleigh was disposed. Essex argued vehemently in favour of war. The aged minister, now tottering on the brink of the grave, viewed the dazzling visions of military glory in a truer point of light than that in which they appeared to the young, fiery earl-marshal; and after a warm debate on the subject, he drew out a prayer-book, and, putting it into his combative opponent's hand, pointed in silence to the text—"Men of blood shall not live out half their days." The warning made no impression on Essex at the time, but it was afterwards regarded as prophetic of his fate. The veteran statesman, who had trimmed his sails to weather out the changeful storms that had sent queens, princes, and nobles to the block, during the reigns of four Tudor sovereigns, required not the gift of second-sight to perceive the dark destiny that impended over the rash knight-errant, who filled the perilous office of favourite to the last and haughtiest of that despotic race. To him, who knew the temper of the queen and the character of Essex, well might the "coming event cast its shadow before." Rapidly as the waning sands of life now ebbed with Burleigh, he lived to triumph in that fierce collision of uncontrollable temper between Essex and the queen, which was the sure prelude of the fall of the imprudent favourite.

Ireland was in a state of revolt, and the appointment of a suitable person to fill the difficult and responsible office of lord-deputy of that distracted country, became a matter of important consideration to the queen and her cabinet. The subject was warmly debated one day in the royal closet, when no one was present but the queen, the lord-admiral, sir Robert Cecil, Windebank, clerk of the seal, and Essex. Her majesty named sir William Knollys, her near relative, as the person best fitted for the post. Although Knollys was his own uncle, Essex, being aware that the suggestion emanated from the Cecils, opposed it with more vehemence than prudence, and insisted that the appointment ought to be given to sir George Carew. The queen, offended at the positive tone in which Essex had presumed to overbear her opinion and advance his own, made a sarcastic rejoinder, on which he so far forgot himself as to turn his back on her, with a contemptuous expression. Her majesty, exasperated beyond the bounds of self-control by this in-

[1] Camden.

solence, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him "go and be hanged!"[1]

Essex behaved like a petulant school-boy on this occasion, for instead of receiving the chastisement, which his own ill-manners had provoked, as a sort of angry love-token, and kissing the royal hand in return for the buffet, he grasped his sword-hilt with a menacing gesture. The lord-admiral hastily threw himself between the infuriated earl and the person of the queen, and fortunately prevented him from disgracing himself by the unknightly deed of drawing his weapon upon a lady and his sovereign; but he swore, with a deep oath, "that he would not have taken that blow from king Henry, her father, and that it was an indignity that he neither could nor would endure from any one!"[2] To these rash words he added some impertinence about "a king in petticoats," rushed, with marked disrespect, from the royal presence, and instantly withdrew from court.[3]

This stormy scene in the royal drama of Elizabeth's life and reign occurred June 1598. The lord-chancellor, Egerton, wrote a friendly letter of advice to Essex, entreating him to make proper submission to his offended sovereign, to whom he owed so many obligations, and to sue for pardon.[4] It is more than probable that Egerton's letter was written by the desire of the queen, and dictated by her, or surely two very powerful arguments for the performance of the course suggested by him would have been used—namely, the reverence due from a young man to a princess of the advanced age to which her majesty had now attained, and also his near relationship to her, as the great-grandson of her aunt, Mary Boleyn.

In reply to the lord-keeper's sage advice, Essex wrote a passionate letter, complaining of the hardness of the queen's heart, and of the indignity he had received. The blow had entered into his soul, and he says, "Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their profit of princes show no sense of princes' injuries; let them acknowledge an infinite absoluteness on earth, who do not believe in an absolute infinitiveness in heaven. As for me, I have received wrong, and I feel it." It was in vain that the mother and sisters of Essex, and all who wished him well, endeavoured to mollify his haughty spirit: he maintained a sullen resentment for several months, in the expectation that the queen would, in the end, become a suppliant to him for a reconciliation.

Meantime Elizabeth was taken up with watching over the last days of her old servant, Burleigh. His sufferings were severe, and his swollen, enfeebled hands had lost the power, not only of guiding the statesman's pen, but, at times, of conveying food to his mouth. While he was in this deplorable state, the queen came frequently to visit the faithful, time-worn pilot, with whom she had weathered out many a threatening storm; and, now he could no longer serve her, she behaved in his sick chamber with that tenderness which, though only manifested on rare occasions by this great queen, is at all times an inherent prin-

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid. [3] Lingard. [4] Camden.

ciple of the female character, however circumstances in life may have been adverse to its development. When his attendants brought him nourishment, the queen insisted on feeding him herself—an act of kindness which warmed his heart and soothed his miseries. He recovered sufficiently to be able to write to his son an autograph letter, in which he thus mentions the queen:—

"I pray you diligently and effectually let her majesty understand, how her singular kindness doth overcome my power to acquit it, who, though she will not be a mother, yet she showeth herself, by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful norice (nurse); and if I (ever) may be weaned to feed myself, I shall be more ready to serve her on the earth: if not, I hope to be, in heaven, a servitor for her and God's church.

"And so I thank you for your partridges.

"Your languishing father,

"10 July, 1598. "W. BURGHLEY.

"P. S.—Serve God *by serving the queen*, for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil."[1]

In vain had Wolsey raised his dying voice to reveal the grand error of his life, in preferring the service of his king to his God; we here see a statesman of equal sagacity, but untutored by the "moral uses of adversity," departing, with an avowed preference to the service of his living idol, before that of the great eternal Being, whose approbation ought to be the grand motive of a good man's life.

Harrington bears testimony to the extreme solicitude of queen Elizabeth for Burleigh in his dying illness. Every day she sent lady Arundel with inquiries touching his state, and bearing an excellent cordial for his stomach, which her majesty gave her in charge, and said, "that she did entreat Heaven daily for his longer life, else would her people, nay herself, stand in need of cordials too." Again Harrington observes, "the lord treasurer's distemper doth marvellously trouble the queen, who saith, 'that her comfort hath been in her people's happiness, and their happiness in his discretion,' neither can we find, in ancient record, such wisdom in a prince to discern a servant's ability, nor such integrity to reward and honour a prince's choice."[2]

Burleigh expired, on the 4th of August, in the 77th year of his age. How deeply he was regretted by his royal mistress may be seen, by the affecting witness borne by Harrington, of her sorrowful remembrance of her old friend. "The queen's highness doth often speak of him in tears, and turn aside when he is discoursed of, nay, even forbiddeth his name to be mentioned in the council. This I have by some friends who are in good liking with lord Buckhurst, the new lord treasurer."

On the 13th of December died Philip II. of Spain, having survived Burleigh about six weeks. But while death is thus rapidly clearing the

[1] The declaration of a contemporary courtier, Sir John Harrington, affords a striking moral comment on the unprofitable nature of a life devoted to the pursuit of royal favour:—"I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honesty, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise; and be it remembered, that he who casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion, will set his sum, like a fool, at the end, for not being a knave at the beginning. Oh that I could boast, with chaunter David, '*In te speravi, Domine!*'"

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 238.

stage of the *dramatis personæ*, who performed the leading parts in the annals connected with the life and actions of this great queen, it may afford a pleasing change, to the reader, to glance within some of her stately palaces, the splendid furniture and decorations of which are described in glowing colours, by the German traveller, Hentzner, who visited England this year.

Windsor Castle, according to his account, must have far exceeded in interest, if not in magnificence, as it then stood, the present structure, marred as it is, with the costly alterations and incongruous additions, of the last of the Georges, miscalled improvements. Every apartment in the three noble courts, described by Hentzner, was hallowed by historical recollections or traditions, linked with the annals of English royalty, and calculated to illustrate the records of England's progressive glories, from the days when the mighty founder of our present dynasty of sovereigns, first built his gothic hunting-seat, on the green heights above the Thames, called at that spot, the Windle-shore. Hentzner mentions the third court with enthusiasm, in the midst of which, gushed a fountain of very clear water. After describing the stately banqueting hall, where the festival of the garter was annually celebrated, he says—

"From hence runs a walk of incredible beauty, three hundred and eighty paces in length, set round on every side with supporters of wood, which sustain a balcony, from whence the nobility and other persons of distinction, can take the pleasure of seeing hunting and hawking, in a lawn of sufficient space; for the fields and meadows, clad with a variety of plants and flowers, swell gradually into hills of perpetual verdure, quite up to the castle, and at bottom, stretch out into an extended plain, that strikes the beholders with delight."

Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber was the apartment in which Henry VI. was born. In this room, Hentzner describes a table of red marble with white streaks, a cushion most curiously wrought by her majesty's own hands, a unicorn's horn, of above eight spans and a half in length, valued at the absurd price of ten thousand pounds; also, a bird of paradise, of which, our author gives a minute and somewhat ludicrous account. From the royal chamber, he wanders into the gallery, ornamented with emblems and figures, and another chamber adjacent, containing (where are they now?) "the royal beds of Henry VII. and his queen, of Edward VI., Henry VIII., and Anne Boleyn, all of them eleven feet square, and covered with quilts shining with gold and silver. Queen Elizabeth's bed," he tells us, "is not quite so long or so large as the others, but covered with curious hangings of embroidery work. The tapestry represented Clovis, king of France, with an angel presenting to him the *fleur-de-lis*, to be borne in his arms, instead of the three toads, the ancient device of his royal predecessors. This antique piece of tapestry, was stated to be one of the only surviving relics of the conquest of France, by the victorious Edward III. or Henry V.

Hentzner describes the royal barge, as having two splendid cabins, beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting, and gilding.

Hampton Court must, indeed, have been a palace fit for this mighty empress of pomp and pageantry, in the truly palatinal grandeur of the

Tudor architecture, and furnished in the manner our eloquent German describes. He tells us, that the chapel was most splendid, and the queen's closet quite transparent, having crystal windows; and that there was, besides, a small chapel, richly hung with tapestry, where the queen performs her devotions. In queen Elizabeth's chamber, the bed was covered with costly coverlids of silk.

"In one chamber," pursues he, "were the rich tapestries, which are hung up when the queen gives audience to foreign ambassadors; there were numbers of cushions ornamented with gold and silver, many counterpanes and coverlids of beds, lined with ermine, in short, all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver." Alas! for the vanished glories of this once royal abode, what strains of lamentation would our marvellous German have poured forth, could he now behold the dishonouring change that has befallen the Dutchified palace of Hampton Court. He winds up the climax of his description of its splendour, under the great Elizabeth, with the description of a certain cabinet, called Paradise, where, "besides that everything glitters so with silver, gold, and jewels, as to dazzle one's eyes," he says, "there is a musical instrument made all of glass, except the strings." The walls of the Hampton-Court gardens were at that time covered with rosemary.

In addition to Nonsuch and Richmond, Elizabeth had a variety of minor palaces, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, to which suburban residences she retired, when alarmed by suspicion of the vicinity of pestilence in Westminster, or Greenwich. She had the Lodge at Islington, the Grove at Newington, her Dairy at Barnelms, and the royal palace and park of Mary la Bonne, now Regent's Park; here the ambassadors of the czar of Russia, in 1600, had permission to hunt at their pleasure.

Hentzner was much struck with the fine library of this learned female sovereign, at Whitehall. "All these books," continues he, "are bound in velvet of different colours, but chiefly red, with clasps of gold and silver; some have pearls and precious stones, set in their bindings." Such was, indeed, the fashion in the magnificent reign of Elizabeth, when, except in the article of the rush-strewn floors, engendering dirt and pestilence, luxury had arrived at a prodigious height.

Hentzner particularly notices two little silver cabinets, of exquisite work, in which, he says, the queen keeps her paper, and which she uses for writing-boxes. Also a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, in which she keeps her bracelets, ear-rings, and other things of extraordinary value. The queen's bed is described as being ingeniously composed of woods of different colours, with quilts of silk velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery. Among the portraits, he mentions one of the queen, at sixteen years of age.

At Greenwich palace our worthy traveller enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding the imperial lady, to whom pertained all these glories, in *propria personæ*, surrounded with the pomp and elaborate ceremonials, which attended the fatiguing dignity of the royal office, in the reign of the maiden monarch, but not as she appeared to the poetic vision of Gray.

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty [not the ladies, we hope] appear.
In the midst a form divine,
Her eye proclaims her of the Tudor line;
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet with virgin grace."

Such, probably, was a correct portrait of England's Elizabeth, in the first twenty years of her reign; but when Hentzner saw her at Greenwich, she was in her sixty-sixth year, and Time, which does his work as sternly on royalty as on mortals of meaner mould, had wrought strange changes in the outward similitude of the virgin queen. But Hentzner must speak for himself. After telling us, that he was admitted into the royal apartments by a lord chamberlain's order, which his English friend had procured, he first describes the presence chamber, "hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,[1] through which the queen commonly passes in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman, dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction, that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals, in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden *fleurs de lis*, the point upwards. Next came the queen, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face, oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow; and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar.) She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace, of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small; her fingers long; and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle, of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar, of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether

[1] He probably means rushes.

foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian: for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels — a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded, on each side, by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the antechapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH!' She answered it with, 'I THANK YOU, MY GOOD PEOPLE.' In the chapel was excellent music: as soon as the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned, in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But, while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out, with the following solemnity:"—

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in, at each turn, a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman, in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half-an-hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court."

"The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it

is very seldom that anybody, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."[1]

Roger Lord North was carving one day at dinner, when the queen asked "what that covered dish was?" "Madam, it is a coffin," he replied; a word which moved the queen to anger. "And are you such a fool," said she, "as to give a pie such a name?" This gave warning to the courtiers not to use any word which could bring before her the image of death.[2] Notwithstanding her nervous sensibility, as it would now be termed, on that point, one of her bishops, Dr. Matthew Hutton, ventured, towards the close of her reign, to preach a very bold sermon before her, on the duty she owed, both to God and her people, in appointing a successor—a duty which she was determined never to perform.

"I no sooner remember this famous and worthy prelate," says Harrington, "but I think I see him in the chapel at Whitehall; queen Elizabeth at the window, in her closet; all the lords of the parliament, spiritual and temporal, about them; and then, after his three causes, that I hear him out of the pulpit, thundering this text—'The kingdoms of the earth are mine, and I do give them to whom I will; and I have given them to Nebuchadnezzar, and his son, and his son's son;' which text, when he had thus produced, taking the sense rather than the words of the prophet, there followed first so general a murmur of one friend whispering to another; then such an erected countenance in those that had none to speak to; lastly, so quiet a silence and attention, in expectation of some strange doctrine, where the text itself gave away kingdoms, and sceptres, as I have never observed before or since. But he, as if he had been Jeremiah himself, and not an expounder of him, showed how there were two special causes of translating of kingdoms—the fulness of time, and the ripeness of sin; and that by either of these, and sometimes by both, God, in secret and just judgments, transferred sceptres from kindred to kindred, and from nation to nation, at his good will and pleasure: and running historically over the great monarchies of the world, from the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, down to our own Island, he showed how England had frequently been a prey to foreign invaders: first, being subdued by the Romans, afterwards, by the Saxons and Danes, till it was finally conquered and reduced to perfect subjection by the Normans, whose posterity had continued in great prosperity till the days of her majesty, who for peace, plenty, glory, and for continuance, had exceeded them all; that she had lived to change all her counsellors, but one, all her officers twice or thrice, and some of her bishops four times; yet the uncertainty of the succession gave hopes to foreigners to attempt invasions, and bred fears in her subjects of a new conquest.

"'The only way,' the bishop added, 'to quiet these fears, was to establish the succession.' He noted, that Nero was specially hated for wishing to have no successor; and that Augustus was more beloved for

[1] Hentzner's Travels.

[2] Sir Edward Preston's Catastrophe of the House of Stuart, p. 342.

appointing even an evil man for his successor; and at last, as far as he durst, he insinuated the nearness of blood to our present sovereign. He said plainly, that the expectations and *presages* of all writers went northward, naming, without farther circumlocution, Scotland! 'which,' added he, 'if it prove an error, will be found a learned error.'

"When he had finished this sermon, there was no man that knew queen Elizabeth's disposition, but imagined such a speech was as welcome as salt to the eyes, or, to use her own words, 'to pin up a winding-sheet before her face, so to point out her successor, and urge her to declare him;' wherefore we all expected that she would not only have been highly offended, but, in some present speech, have showed her displeasure. It is a principle," continues the courtly narrator, "not to be despised—*qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*.[1] She considered, perhaps, the extraordinary auditory; she supposed many of them were of his opinion, and some of them might have persuaded him to this motion; finally, she ascribed so much to his years, place, and learning, that when she opened the window of her closet, we found ourselves all deceived, for very kindly and calmly, without show of offence, as if she had but waked out of some sleep, she gave him thanks for his very learned sermon. Yet when she better considered the matter, and recollected herself in private, she sent two councillors to him, with a sharp message, to which he was glad to give a patient answer."

Meantime, all the lords and knights of parliament were full of this sermon, which made a great sensation among the crowded congregation; and one great peer of the realm, being newly recovered from an impediment in his hearing, requested Harrington to obtain a copy of the sermon from his grace. The archbishop received the application very courteously, but told Harrington "that he durst not give a copy to any one, for that the chancellor of the exchequer, sir John Fortescue, and sir John Woolley, the chancellor of the order of the garter, had been with him from the queen with such a greeting, that he scant knew whether he were a prisoner or a free man; and that the speech being already ill taken, the writing might exasperate that which was already exulcerate." It was not long, however, before the queen was so well pacified, that she gave him the presidentship of York.

Soon after his appointment to this office, Hutton complained "that he could not, by any solicitations, obtain a pardon for a seminary priest, whom he had converted, till, being reminded 'that all was not done in that court for God's sake only,' he sent up twenty French crowns in a purse of his own, as a remembrance for the poor man's pardon," which, he says, "was thankfully accepted," but does not record by whom.[2]

Queen Elizabeth was greatly pleased with a sermon preached by Barlow, bishop of Rochester, on the subject of the plough, of which, she said, "Barlow's text might seem taken from the cart, but his talk may teach you all in the court."

When the queen was only princess, she stood godmother to Henry

[1] "He who cannot dissimulate, knows not how to reign."

[2] See his letter to Burleigh.

Cotton, whom she afterwards made her chaplain, and, in the year 1598, preferred to the bishopric of Salisbury, on which occasion she observed, "that she had blessed many of her godsons, but now this godson should bless her." "Whether she were the better for his blessing, I know not," remarks the witty Harrington; "but I am sure he was the better for hers. The common voice was, that sir Walter Raleigh got the best blessing of him, because he induced him to confirm the crown grant of Sherborne castle, park, and parsonage," which he calls the *spolia opima* of this bishopric, which had been thus unjustly bestowed on that fortunate courtier by the partial favour of Elizabeth.[1] The queen's prejudices against the marriage of priests showed itself in a conference she had with Dr. Whitehead, a learned divine, but blunt and cynical, and extremely opposed to the episcopacy. "Whitehead," said Elizabeth, "I like thee the better because thou livest unmarried." "In troth, madam," was his retort discourteous, "I like you the worse for the same cause."[2]

When the learned bishop Godwin, in his old age, wedded a wealthy widow of London, she expressed the most lively scorn and indignation at his conduct, it having been reported that he had wedded a girl only twenty years old.

The earl of Bedford being present when these tales were told, said merrily to the queen, after his dry manner, "Madame, I know not how much the woman is above twenty, but I know a son of hers who is little under forty;" but this rather marred than mended the matter, for one said the sin was the greater, and others told of three sorts of marriages, of God's making, of man's making, and of the devil's making. Of God's making, as when Adam and Eve, two folks of suitable age, were coupled; of man's making, as Joseph's marriage with our lady; and of the devil's making, where two old folks marry, not for comfort, but for covetousness; and such, they said, was this. Yet the bishop, with tears in his eyes, protested "that he took not the lady for a spouse, but only to guide his house." The queen was, however, irrevocably offended, and, to show her displeasure, she stripped the before impoverished see of Bath and Wells of the rich manor of Wilscombe for ninety-nine years.

When Nowel, dean of St. Paul's, was preaching before her majesty, on some public occasion, he introduced a paragraph into his discourse which displeased her, on which she called to him from the royal closet, "Leave that ungodly digression, and return to your text." Vaughan, bishop of Chester, was one day arguing, in the closet at Greenwich, on the absurdity of supposed miracles, on which his opponent alleged the queen's healing the evil, for an instance, and asked, "what he could say against it." He replied, "that he was loth to answer arguments, taken from the *topik place*, of the cloth of estate, but if they would urge him to answer," he said his opinion was, "that she did it by virtue of some precious stone, in the possession of the crown of England, that had such a natural quality." "But had queen Elizabeth," observes Harring-

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ. [2] Bacon's Apophthegms.

ton, drily, "been told that he had ascribed more virtue to her jewels, though she loved them well, than to her person, she had never made him bishop of Chester."

Like many ladies of the present day, Elizabeth had the ill taste, as she advanced in years, to increase the number of her decorations, and dressed in a more elaborate style than in the meridian flower of life. "She imagined," says Bacon, "that the people, who are much influenced by externals, would be diverted, by the glitter of her jewels, from noticing the decay of her personal attractions;" but with all due deference to that acute philosopher, this is one of the greatest mistakes into which an elderly gentlewoman can fall.

The report of her majesty's passion for jewels and rich array, had even penetrated within the recesses of the Turkish seraglio, and the sultana Valide, mother of the sultan Amurath III., thought proper to propitiate her by the presents of a robe, a girdle, two kerchiefs wrought in gold, and three in silk, after the oriental fashion, a necklace of pearls and rubies, "the whole of which," says Esperanza Malchi, a jewess, who was entrusted with the commission, "the most serene queen sends to the illustrious ambassador, by the hand of the sieur Bostangi Basi; and by my own hand, I have delivered to the ambassador a wreath of diamonds, from the jewels of her highness, which, she says, your majesty will be pleased to wear for love of her, and give information of the receipt." In return for these precious gifts, the sultana only craved some cloths of silk or wool, the manufacture of the country, and some English cosmetics, such as distilled waters, of every description, for the face, and odoriferous oils for the hands."[1]

It was one of queen Elizabeth's characteristics, that she had much difficulty in coming to a decision on any point; and when she had formed a resolution, she frequently changed her mind, and, after much of that sort of childish wavering of purpose, which, in a less distinguished sovereign, would have been branded with the term of vacillation, she would return to her original determination. This fickleness of will occasioned much annoyance to her ministers, and still greater inconvenience to persons in humbler departments, who were compelled to hold themselves conformable to her pleasure. When she changed her abode from one royal residence to another, all the carts and horses in the neighbourhood, with their drivers, were impressed for the transfer of her baggage, whatever time of the year it happened to be, and this was considered a grievance, under any circumstances; but, one day, a carter was ordered to come with his cart to Windsor, on summons of remove, to convey a part of the royal wardrobe. When he came, her majesty had altered the day, and he had to come a second time in vain; but when, on a third summons, he attended, and, after waiting a considerable time, was told "the remove did not hold," he clapped his hand on his thigh, and said, "Now I see that the queen is a woman as well as my wife!" which words being overheard by her majesty, as she stood by an open window, she said, "What villain is this?" and so sent him three angels to stop

[1] See Ellis's Original Letters, illustrative of English History, vol. ii., p. 53.

his mouth,[1] or rather, we should suppose, to satisfy him for his loss of time, and the inconvenience her uncertainty of purpose had occasioned.

Elizabeth was very delicate in her olfactory nerves, and affected to be still more sensitive on that point than she really was. One day, that valiant Welsh commander, sir Roger Williams, knelt to prefer a petition which her majesty was determined not to grant, and did not like to be compelled to refuse, observing that his boots were made of rough, untanned leather, instead of answering him, she turned away with a gesture of disgust, exclaiming, "Pho, Williams, how your boots stink!" "Tut, madam," replied the sturdy Welshman, who understood her meaning, "it is my suit that stinks, not my boots."[2]

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Return of Essex to court—Hollow reconciliation of the queen—She appoints him lord-deputy of Ireland—His despairing letter to the queen, with melancholy verses—He goes to Ireland—False reports of Elizabeth's death—Her soliloquy—Continued displeasure with Essex—His unauthorized return—Surprises Elizabeth in her bed-chamber—Apparent reconciliation of the queen with Essex—She alters her manner, and constitutes him a prisoner—Her increasing anger—Proceedings against Essex—Intercession of the French court—Her conversation with the French ambassador—Essex's dangerous illness—Temporary relentings of the queen—She sends her physician to visit him—Renewal of her anger—Her irritation touching Hayward's History of Henry IV. of England—Wishes to have him racked—Bacon's sage remonstrance—Elizabeth fancies herself identified with Richard II.—Her conversation on that subject with Lambarde—Essex's penitential letters—Sends a new year's gift to Elizabeth—His mother tries to see the queen—Sends presents—Conversation between her majesty and Bacon—Essex brought before the council—Elizabeth's assumed gaiety—Passes her time in hunting and sports—Her inward trouble—Her visit to sir Robert Sidney—Essex's injurious speeches of the queen—His rash conduct—Endeavours to excite a tumult—Fails—Surrenders himself prisoner—His trial and execution—Elizabeth's manner of receiving the news—Scene between her and Sir T. Brown—She goes to Dover—Letters and messages between her and Henry IV.—She tries to induce him to visit her—He sends Sully—Interview between Sully and Elizabeth—Biron's embassy—Queen receives him at Basing—Returns to London—Shows Biron the heads on the Tower—They discuss Essex—Elizabeth opens her last parliament—Her popular declaration to the Commons—Her festivities—Declares herself weary of life—Her regrets for the death of Essex—Melancholy state of her mind—Declining health—Treatment of Cecil's miniature—His secret

[1] Birch.

[2] Thoms' Traditions.

correspondence with the king of Scots—Instances of Elizabeth's superstition —Removes to Richmond Palace—Death-bed confession of lady Nottingham —Elizabeth's anger—Last scenes of her life—Report of her apparition before death—Last offices of devotion—Her death—Funeral—Description of her portrait—Harrington's testimonial of her great qualities.

The courtiers had predicted, that the proud spirit of Essex would never bow to the humiliation of suing to the queen for pardon. He had taken up the high tone of an injured person, and he intimated that he expected satisfaction for the blow he had received, regardless of the gallant Spanish proverb, "*Blancos manos no offendite*,"—"white hands never offend." The queen demanded an apology for his insolent demeanour, as well she might. He, whose duty it was, as earl-marshal, to defend her from all personal injury, and to commit to the prison, over which his office gave him jurisdiction, any one who raised brawls in the court, or violated, in any manner, the solemn etiquettes which guard the approaches to the royal person—he had conducted himself in a manner which would have ensured any one else a lodging in the Marshalsea, if not in the Tower, with a heavy star-chamber fine; and yet the queen had only punished him with a box on the ear, to which he had responded in a manner that might have brought another man to the block. At length, however, some compromise was effected, and in November he was again received at court, and as if nothing had happened to occasion a five months' absence.

The affairs of Ireland had, meantime, assumed a more gloomy aspect than they had yet done; the whole country was in a state of that disaffection, which is the offspring of misrule and misery, and the province of Ulster was in open rebellion under the earl of Tyrone. The choice of a new lord-deputy was still a matter of debate; the queen considered Charles Blount, lord Mountjoye, was a suitable person to undertake that difficult office. Essex again ventured to dissent from the royal opinion, and raised objections, not only to that young nobleman, but to every one else who was proposed, till at last the queen, finding no one would satisfy him, insisted on his taking the appointment himself. This post was bestowed in anger rather than love; his rivals and foes rejoiced in the prospect of being rid of his presence in the court; and that there was a combination among them to render it a snare to accomplish his ruin, no one who reads the hints given by Markham to his friend Harrington, who was sent out by the queen as a spy on Essex, can for a moment doubt.

"If," says he, "the lord-deputy Essex perform in the field what he hath promised in the council, all will be well; but though the queen hath granted forgiveness for his late demeanour in her presence, we know not what to think thereof. She hath, in all outward semblance, placed confidence in the man who so lately sought other treatment at her hands; we do sometime think one way and sometime another. What betideth the lord-deputy, is known to Him only, who knoweth all; but when a man hath so many showing friends, and so many *unshowing* enemies, who learneth his end here below? I say, do you not meddle in any sort, nor give your jesting too freely among those

you know not?" The solemn warnings, which Markham addresses to Harrington, are sufficiently portentous of the approaching fall of Essex, which is as shrewdly predicted in this remarkable letter, as if it had been settled and foreknown. "Two or three of Essex's sworn foes and political rivals, Mountjoye's kinsmen," he says, "are sent out in your army. They are to report all your conduct to us at home. As you love yourself, the queen, and me, discover not these matters: if I had not loved you, they had never been told. High concerns deserve high attention; you are to take account of all that passes in this expedition, and keep journal thereof unknown to any in the company—this will be expected of you."

Essex appears to have received some hint that his appointment was the work of his enemies, and he endeavoured to back out of the snare, but in vain, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he addressed the following sad and passionate letter to Elizabeth:—

THE EARL OF ESSEX TO THE QUEEN.

"From a mind delighting in sorrow; from spirits wasted with passion; from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travail; from a man that hateth himself, and all things else that keep him alive; what service can your majesty expect, since any service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands? It is your rebel's pride and succession that must give me leave to ransome myself out of this hateful prison, out of my loathed body, which, if it happened so, your majesty shall have no cause to mistake the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy could he finish forth his fate,
In some unhaunted desert most obscure,
From all society, from love and hate,
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,
Content with hips, and haws, and bramble berry,
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
And when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

"Your majesty's exiled servant,
"ROBERT ESSEX."[1]

The queen was, perhaps, touched with the profound melancholy of this letter, for she betrayed some emotion when he kissed her hand at parting, and she bade him a tender farewell. The people crowded to witness his departure, and followed him for more than four miles out of London, with blessings and acclamations. It was on the 29th of March, 1599, that he set forth on this ill-omened expedition. When he left London, the day was calm and fair; but scarcely had he reached Iselden, when a black cloud from the north-east overshadowed the horizon, and a great storm of thunder and lightning, with hail and rain, was regarded, by the superstition of the times, as a portent of impending woe.[2]

The policy pursued by Essex was of a pacific character. He loved the excitement of battle when in the cause of freedom, or when the proud Spaniard threatened England with invasion; but, as the governor

[1] Birch.

[2] Contemporary document in Nichols.

of Ireland, his noble nature inclined him to the blessed work of mercy and conciliation. He ventured to disobey the bloody orders he had received from the short-sighted politicians, who were for enforcing the same measures which had converted that fair isle into a howling wilderness, and goaded her despairing people into becoming brigands and rabid wolves. If the generous and chivalric Essex had been allowed to work out his own plans, he would probably have healed all wounds, and proved the regenerator of Ireland; but, surrounded as he was by spies, and thwarted by his deadly and jealous foes in the cabinet, and, finally, rendered an object of suspicion to the most jealous of sovereigns, he only accelerated his own doom, without ameliorating the evils he would fain have cured.

The events of the Irish campaign belong to general history;[1] suffice it to say, that Elizabeth was greatly offended with Essex for three things. He had appointed his friend, Southampton, general of the horse, against her majesty's express orders, who had not yet forgiven that nobleman for his marriage; he had treated with Tyrone, when she had ordered him to fight; and he had exercised the privilege of making knights, which, though in strict accordance with the laws of chivalry, she wished to be confined exclusively to the sword of the sovereign. She wrote stern and reproachful letters to him. He presumed to justify himself for all he had done and all he had left undone, and demanded reinforcements of men and munitions of war, for his forces were reduced by desertion, sickness, and the contingencies of war. The queen was infuriated, and was, of course, encouraged by her ministers to refuse everything. Unable to cope with Tyrone, from the inefficiency of his forces, he was glad to meet on amicable grounds in a private interview, where many civilities were exchanged, and he promised to convey the conditions required by the chief to the queen. Though those conditions were no more than justice and sound policy ought to have induced the sovereign to grant, Elizabeth regarded it as treason, on the part of Essex, even to listen to them, and she expressed herself in that spirit to her unfortunate viceroy. The fiery and impetuous earl was infuriated, in his turn, at the reports that were conveyed to him, of the practices against him in the English cabinet. He was accused of aiming at making himself king of Ireland, with the assistance of Tyrone; nay, even of aspiring to the crown of England, and that he was plotting to bring over a wild Irish army to dethrone the queen.[2] Elizabeth's health suffered in consequence of the ferment in which her spirits were kept, and the agonizing conflict of her mind between love and hatred. She removed to her fairy palace of Nonsuch for a change of air; and hearing, soon after, that a rumour of her death had got into circulation, she was somewhat troubled, and would often murmur to herself, "*Mortua sed non sepulta*,"—"dead, but not buried."[3]

Elizabeth suffered from needless anxiety at this period: the new king of Spain, Philip III., had, indeed, sent a formidable expedition to sea,

[1] See Camden; Leland; Rapin; Lingard.

[2] Camden; Birch; Lingard.

[3] Sidney Papers, vol. ii., p. 114.

with the declared purpose of attempting a descent on some part of her dominions. Ireland was the weak point, which the disaffection, produced by misgovernment, rendered vulnerable, and it was artfully insinuated to her majesty, that Essex was a traitor at heart; but with such an admiral as the earl of Nottingham, she had no cause to fear the Spanish fleet, and the treasons of Essex existed only in the malignant representations of sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. She wrote, however, in so bitter a style to Essex, that he fancied her letters were composed by Raleigh. He perceived that his ruin was determined by the powerful junta of foes who guided the council, and had poisoned the royal ear against him.

In an evil hour, he determined to return, and plead his own cause to his royal mistress, in the fond idea, that her own tenderness would second his personal eloquence. At first, he is said to have resolved to bring a body of troops with him for the security of his own person; but from this unlawful purpose, he was dissuaded by sir Christopher Blount, his mother's husband, and his more prudent advisers. On the 28th of September, he arrived in London, and learning that the queen was at Nonsuch, he hastily crossed the ferry at Lambeth, attended by only six persons, and seized for his own use the horses of some gentlemen, which were waiting there for their masters. He learned from one of his friends, that his great enemy lord Grey, of Wilton, was on the road before him, and that he was posting to Cecil, to announce his arrival. It was this adverse circumstance which precipitated the fate of Essex, who, urged by the natural impetuosity of his character, spurred on, through mud and mire, at headlong speed, in the vain hope of overtaking his foe, that he might be the first to bring the news of his return to court. Grey had the start of him, and being probably better mounted, won the fierce race, and had already been closeted a full quarter of an hour with Cecil, when Essex arrived at the palace.

It was then about ten o'clock in the morning, and the rash Essex, without pausing for a moment's consideration, rushed into the privy-chamber to seek the queen; not finding her there, he determined at all hazards to obtain an interview before his enemies should have barred his access to her presence; and, all breathless, disordered, and travel-stained, as he was, his very face being covered with spots of mud, he burst unannounced into her bed-chamber, flung himself on his knees before her, and covered her hands with kisses. The queen, who was newly risen, and in the hands of her tire-women, with her hair about her face, and least of all dreaming of seeing him, was taken by surprise, and moved by his passionate deportment, and his caresses, gave him a kinder reception than he had anticipated; for when he retired from the royal *penetralia* to make his toilet, he was very cheerful, and "thanked God, that after so many troublous storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home."[1]

The wonder of the court gossips was less excited at the anauthorized return of the lord-deputy of Ireland, than that he should have ventured

[1] Sidney Papers; Camden; Birch.

to present himself before the fastidious queen in such a state of disarray. All were watching the progress of this acted romance in breathless excitement, and when the queen granted a second interview, within the hour, to the adventurous earl, after he had changed his dress, the general opinion was, that love would prevail over every other feeling in the bosom of their royal mistress. The time-serving worldlings then ventured to pay their court to him, and he discoursed pleasantly to all but the Cecil party.

In the evening, when he sought the queen's presence again, he found her countenance changed; she spoke to him sternly, and ordered him to answer to her council, who were prepared to investigate his conduct, and in the mean time, bade him confine himself to his apartment. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the earl was summoned to go through his first ordeal. When he entered, the lords of the council rose, and saluted him, but reseated themselves while he remained standing bare-headed at the end of the board, to answer to the charges that were exhibited against him by Mr. Secretary Cecil, who was seated at the other end,—to wit, "his disobedience to her majesty's instructions in regard to Ireland—his presumptuous letters written to her while there—his making so many idle knights—his contemptuous disregard of his duty in returning without leave—and last, (not least,) his over-bold going to her majesty's presence in her bed-chamber."[1] This was, indeed, an offence not likely to be forgiven by a royal coquette of sixty-eight, who, though painfully conscious of the ravages of time, was ambitious of maintaining the reputation for perennial beauty, and had been surprised by him, whom, in spite of all his offences, she still regarded with fond, but resentful passion—at her private morning toilet, undighted and uncoifed, in the most mortifying state of disarray, with her thin grey locks dishevelled and hanging about her haggard countenance, ere she had time to deliberate in which of her eighty wigs, of various hues, it would please her to receive the homage of her deceitful courtiers that day.

That incident certainly sealed the fate of the luckless Essex, though the intrigues of his enemies, and his own defective temper, combined, with many other circumstances, to prepare the way for his fall. After the lords of the council had communicated their report to the queen, she sent word "that she would pause and consider his answers," and he continued under confinement while his enemies dined merrily together. On the following Monday he was committed to the lord-keeper's charge, at York-house, and the queen removed to Richmond. She openly manifested great displeasure against Essex, and when the old lady Walsingham made humble suit to her, that she would please to give him leave to write to his lady, who had just given birth to an infant, in this season of fear and trembling, and was much troubled that she neither saw nor heard from him; her majesty would not grant this request, so much was her heart hardened against him.[2]

"His very servants," says Rowland Whyte, "are *affrayed* to meet in

[1] Sidney Papers.

[2] Ibid.

any place, to make merry, lest it might be ill taken. At the court, my lady Scroope is alone noticed to stand firm to him; she endures much at her majesty's hands, because she doth daily do all the kind offices of love to the queen, in his behalf. She wears all black; she mourns, and is pensive, and joys in nothing, but in a solitary being alone, and 'tis thought she says much that few but herself would venture to say."

Elizabeth did not confine her anger to Essex; her godson, Harrington, whom she had sent out to be a spy on him, instead of fulfilling her wishes, in that respect, had lived on terms of the most affectionate confidence with the luckless lord-deputy; had gone with him to confer with Tyrone; had presented a copy of his translation of Ariosto to the youthful heir of that valiant rebel chief; had received knighthood from the sword of the lord-deputy, and finally attended him on his unauthorized return to England. The first time Harrington entered her majesty's presence, after his return, she frowned, and said, "What! did the fool bring you, too? Go back to your business." His description of her demeanour, in a letter to another friend, reminds one of that of an angry lioness, "such, indeed, as left no doubt," he slily observes, "whose daughter she was. She chafed much," says he, "walked fastly to and fro, looked, with discomposure in her visage, and, I remember, she catched my girdle, when I kneeled to her, and swore, 'By God's Son, I am no queen! —that man is above me! Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business.' It was long before more gracious discourse did fall to my hearing, but I was then put out of my trouble, and bid 'go home.' I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed, for I did now flee from one whom I both loved and feared."

"I came to court," writes he to another friend, "in the very heat and height of all displeasures. After I had been there but an hour, I was threatened with the Fleet. I answered poetically, 'that coming so late from the land-service, I hoped I should not be pressed to serve her majesty's fleet in Fleet-street.'[1] After three days, every man wondered to see me at liberty; but though, in conscience, there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone, yet if my rhyme had not been better liked than my reason, when I gave the young lord Dungannon an Ariosto, I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune, that after four or five days the queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and very gracious audience in the withdrawing-chamber, at Whitehall, where, herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say? I seemed to myself like St. Paul, rapt up to the third heaven, where he heard words not to be uttered by men, for neither must I utter what I then heard. Until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier judge again, nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favour better than her highness."

[1] This witticism affords proof, that the custom of manning the navy by the means of impressment, was the custom in the reign of Elizabeth.

Harrington had kept a journal of the campaign against the Irish rebel, which, as he said, he intended no eyes to have seen but his own and his children; but the queen insisted on seeing it in such a peremptory manner, that he dared not refuse. "I even now," writes he, so long after the matter as 1606, "almost tremble to rehearse her highness' displeasure thereat. She swore, with an awful oath, 'that we were all idle knaves, and the lord-deputy Essex worse, for wasting our time and her commands in such wise as my journal doth write of.' I could have told her highness of such difficulties, straits, and annoyances as did not appear therein to her eyes, and I found could not be brought to her ear, for her choler did outrun all reason, though I did meet it second-hand, for what show she at first gave my lord-deputy on his return was far more grievous, as will appear in good time. I marvel to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds." Essex, as usual, fell sick on these displeasures; and his doctors wished that Dr. Bruen, his own private physician, might be summoned to his assistance, but the queen would not permit him to have personal access to the earl, though she licensed a consultation between him and the other doctors.[1]

He had so frequently excited the queen's sympathy on former occasions by feigning sickness when only troubled with ill-humour, that now she would not believe in the reality of his indisposition. Tilts and tourneys, and all sorts of pageants, were prepared by the adverse party to amuse the queen's mind, and to divert the attention of the people from watching the slowly but surely progressing tragedy of the fallen favourite. On her majesty's birthday Essex addressed the following pathetic letter to his wrathful sovereign:—

"Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to know there lives a man, though dead to the world, and in himself exercised with continued torments of body and mind, that doth more true honour to your thrice blessed day[2] than all those that appear in your sight. For no soul had ever such an impression of your perfections, no alteration showed such an effect of your power, nor no heart ever felt such a joy of your triumph. For they that feel the comfortable influence of your majesty's favour, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice partly for your majesty's, but chiefly for their own happiness. Only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death, if your favour be irrevocable; he joys only for your majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy seventeenth day many and many times renewed with glory to your majesty, and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accursed but

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"Essex."[3]

The queen was resolute in her anger, notwithstanding all submissions. The sorrowful countess of Essex sent her majesty a fair jewel; but it was rejected. On the Sunday afterwards, she came to court all in black, everything she wore being under the value of five pounds, and proceeded to lady Huntingdon's chamber to implore her to move her ma-

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Anniversary of her accession to the throne. [3] Birch.

jesty for leave to visit her husband, whom she heard had been in extremity the night before. Lady Huntingdon did not dare to see the countess herself, but sent word to her that she would find a means of making her petition known. The answer returned was, "that she must attend her majesty's pleasure by the lords of the council, and come no more to court." It was taken ill that she had presumed to come, in her agony, at that time.

The weather had proved unfavourable for the tournament, prepared by the foes of Essex in honour of the queen's accession, but it took place on her name-day, Nov. 19th, when there were tilts and running at the ring, and the queen gave lord Mountjoye her glove. Lord Compton, on that day, came before her majesty dressed like a fisherman, with six men clad in motley, his caparisons all of net, having caught a frog—a device that bore significant allusion to the luckless Essex then entangled in the meshes of his foes' subtle intrigues against him.[1]

On the 21st, they tilted again; and on that day the French ambassador Boissise, who received instructions from king Henry to intercede for Essex, if he saw a fitting opportunity, gives the following particulars of his interviews with queen Elizabeth and the state of affairs in England:—

"I waited upon the queen yesterday in the house of a gentleman near Richmond, where she was enjoying the pleasures of the chase. My visit was to receive her commands, and to communicate the intelligence I had received from your majesty. She was not sorry that I should see her hunting equipage and her hunting dress, for in truth she does not appear with less grace in the field than in her palace, and, besides, she was in a very good humour. . . . . The privy council have gravely considered the case of the earl of Essex, and it was determined, without an opposing voice, "that he has well and faithfully served (the queen), and that even his return, although it was contrary to the orders of the queen, yet it had been done with a good intention. They have communicated their decision to the queen, but she is not satisfied with it. She holds a court every day, and says "that she will allow the present tournament in commemoration of her coronation to continue, that it may clearly appear her court can do without the earl of Essex." Many consider that she will remain a long time in this humour; and I see nobody here who is not accustomed to obey; and the actions of the queen are never mentioned but in terms of the highest respect.

"Nov. 28.—Having been informed that the queen would return to this city the day before yesterday, I went to meet her at Chelsea, where she had already arrived to dinner. The admiral had invited me as a guest, and received me with all possible courtesy. The queen also showed, that the performance of this duty on my part was not disagreeable to her, which even last year I wished to perform, having understood that the ambassadors of your majesty residing here have frequently done so. . . . . I remained always near the queen, and accompanied her to Westminster, where she did not arrive till night. The

[1] Sidney Papers.

queen made her entrance with much magnificence; she was in a litter, richly adorned, and followed by a great number of earls, barons, gentlemen, and ladies, all well dressed, and on horseback. The officers of the crown, such as the admiral, the grand treasurer, and the chamberlain, were near her person. The earl of Derby, descended from one of the sisters of king Henry VIII., and who might, after the decease of the queen, advance pretensions to the crown, carried the sword (of state); the earl of Worcester, performing the office of grand esquier, instead of the earl of Essex, held the bridle of her hackney, and all the cavalcade was bareheaded. The mayor of the city, whose authority is very great, came to meet her with seven or eight hundred citizens, every one wearing a chain of gold round his neck. The people were dispersed in the fields on each side of the road, and they made the air ring with their good wishes and acclamations, which the queen received with a cheerful countenance, and frequently halted to speak to them, and to thank them; so that it was pleasant to see these mutual proofs of affection between the people and the queen. She has been advised in future to remain longer in this city (than usual), that she might, by the influence of her presence, destroy the credit of those whom it is said have too much influence with the people. . . . . The earl of Essex is not mentioned at court; he is still confined, and I do not perceive that his liberation is an object of much consideration."[1]

Essex, meantime, refused food, but drank to excess, which increased his fever of mind and body, and as if that had not been enough, he sent for eight physicians, and talked of making his will. The queen then gave him leave to take the air in the garden. It was even thought he would be removed to his own house, or that of the lord-treasurer, Buckhurst, for the lord-keeper and his wife were both indisposed, and heartily sick of their charge. His sisters, the ladies Northumberland and Rich, came to court, all in black, to make humble supplication to the queen, that he might be removed to a better air as soon as he was capable of being moved, for now, indeed, his sickness was no pretence.[2]

"My lady Essex," says Whyte, "rises almost every day as soon as light, to go to my lord-treasurer's and sir John Fortescue (on behalf of her lord), for to this court she may not come." On the second Sunday in December, the earl received the communion, and his lady obtained leave to see him, but found him so reduced, by grief of mind and body, that when he was removed out of bed, it could only be done by lifting him in the sheets. Little hope was entertained of his recovery. After he had received the sacrament, Essex sent back to her majesty his two patents, of the horse and the ordnance, which she returned to him again. His commission of earl-marshal it was understood he should retain for life.[3]

On the 13th of December, the French ambassador wrote to his sovereign, "that there were divisions in the council touching Essex, some urging the queen to forgive him, and others to take his life. That a warrant had been made out for his removal to the Tower, and twice

[1] Reports of the French ambassador, Boissise. [2] Sidney Papers. [3] Ibid.

brought to the queen, and twice she had refused to sign it. It appeared to me," continues his excellency, who certainly took a very friendly part towards the unfortunate earl, "that the time was come, when I could make use of the influence of your majesty's name, which I made known to Essex. He sent to me, two days afterwards, to say, 'that if by my mediation he was not released, he knew no other means which could be of service,' requesting me to speak to the queen as soon as possible. I sent the next day to ask for an audience, which was granted; but the earl of Essex informed me that a change had taken place in his affairs, and desired that I would not mention his name. He had been told that the queen was inclined to grant him his liberty. At all events, I was glad to be excused from speaking to her about him, not doubting but that he will hereafter have sufficient occasion for my interference; and, in fact, the day following he sent to inform me that he expected to be sent to the Tower, and entreated me to do everything in my power to avert this stroke. I therefore went yesterday to see the queen, and after having conversed with her on various subjects, I said, 'that your majesty, as the most affectionate of her friends, partook in all her sorrows, and felt much regret at the dissatisfaction which she had conceived towards the earl of Essex, both for the injury which that circumstance might produce in her health and in her affairs; your majesty not wishing to interfere further than you would desire she would do on a like occasion. I entreated her to consider duly which would be the most expedient; to persist in the punishment of the earl of Essex, and lose, by so doing, one of her best servants and ministers, and prolonging a dangerous and hazardous war in Ireland; or, being satisfied with a moderate punishment, make the earl more careful and more capable, hereafter, of doing her services, and by this means put an end to the war, and save her country. I touched on the graces and favours which she had received from heaven, and how much prudence was the shield of princes, and which she had so frequently employed towards her greatest enemies. I also spoke to her of the services of the earl, which did not permit the suspicion that the fault which he had committed could proceed from any evil design; and at length I told her, 'that your majesty advised her to do as you had done,—that is to say, to forgive freely, and to assure, by this means, the good-will and fidelity of her subjects; and if, besides these considerations, she would have any regard to the recommendation which your majesty offered in favour of the earl, you would consider it as a signal favour, and that you would acknowledge it by any other pleasure or office which she would desire.' She heard me patiently, and then said, but not without emotion, 'that she entreated your majesty not to judge of the fact, without being well informed, that the earl had so ill conducted himself in his charge, despising the orders and regulations which he had received from her, that Ireland was in great danger,—that he had conferred with the chief of the rebels, without preserving the honour or the dignity of the crown, and that he had, at last, returned to England, against her express commands, and had abandoned the army and the country to the mercy of her enemies, which were acts that deserved punishment, which she had not yet inflicted, for

the earl was well lodged in the house of one of his friends, where he had a good chamber, and a gallery to walk in.' She said, 'she would consider hereafter what she ought to do, but she begged your majesty to retain your good opinion of her.' "

The narrative of this remarkable conference between queen Elizabeth and Boissise,[1] while it proves that Henry IV. felt a personal friendship for the unfortunate earl, and was desirous of saving him, shows also that Elizabeth had greatly softened in her resentment against Essex, and that she only intended to humble him. She desired that his eight doctors might hold a consultation on the state of his health, and send her their opinion. Their statement of his maladies was so serious, that her majesty became very pensive, and sent Dr. James, her own physician, to him, with some broth and a message, bidding him "comfort himself, and that, if it were not inconsistent with her honour, she would have come to visit him herself." It was noted that her eyes were full of tears, when she uttered these gracious words. The earl appeared to take comfort from the message, but it was feared it came too late, as he appeared almost past hope.

The queen commanded that he should be removed, from the room in which he then lay, to the lord-keeper's own chamber, and she permitted his sorrowful lady to come to him every morning, and remain till night. On the 19th of December, there was so general a report of his death that the bells tolled for him. On the Sunday following, he was prayed for in all the churches in London. Very severe things were written upon the white walls at court, against sir Robert Cecil's conduct on this occasion. Another change in the queen's mind appeared at this time, and she discontinued her inquiries after the health of the unfortunate earl; having been oft deceived by him before, as to pretences of sickness, she was now persuaded this was a feint. The ministers were commanded to discontinue their public prayers at church in his behalf. Too much of politics had, indeed, been mixed up in these supplications, according to the custom of those times, when the pulpit was made the ready vehicle of party agitation.[2]

The queen was, besides, deeply exasperated at the publication of Hayward's "History of Henry IV. of England," which appeared just at this unlucky juncture, written in Latin, and dedicated to the earl of Essex. Some passages, touching the misgovernment of Richard II., and the pernicious influence of his unworthy favourites, which led to the fall of that prince, and the elevation of his popular kinsman to the throne, she chose to construe into reflections on herself and her cabinet. It is impossible to imagine, how this mighty sovereign could fancy, that any analogy could be supposed to exist, between her conduct and that of so imbecile a monarch as Richard, but so it was; and, in her first storm of anger, she ordered Hayward to be committed to prison, and, sending for Francis Bacon, she asked him, "whether he could not find something in the book that might be construed into treason?" "No treason," replied

[1] Extracted by Sir C. Sharp from inedited ambassadors' reports in the Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.

[2] Birch.

Bacon, "but many felonies." "How?" said the queen. "Yes, madam," rejoined Bacon, "many apparent thefts from Cornelius Tacitus."[1] This playful subterfuge did not satisfy Elizabeth. Hayward had formerly written in her praise, and she suspected that he had now merely lent his name to cover the mischievous opinions of some other person, and signified her desire that he should be put to the rack, in order to make him confess whether he were the author or not. "Nay, madam," replied the calm philosopher, "he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style. Let him have pen, ink, and paper, and the help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."[2]

Lord Hunsdon, in one of his letters, written during the heyday of Leicester's favour, many years before this period, sarcastically observes, in allusion to his own want of interest at court, "I never was one of Richard II.'s men." Some political publication had therefore previously appeared, comparing the system of favouritism in Elizabeth's reign with that of Richard, which had rendered her sensitive on the subject. A remarkable proof of her soreness on that point is observable in the course of her conversation with that learned, antiquarian lawyer, Lambarde, when he waited upon her, in her privy-chamber, at Greenwich palace, to present his "Pandecta of the Tower Records."[3] Her majesty graciously received the volume, with her own hand, saying, "You intended to present this book to me by the countess of Warwick, but I will none of that, for if any subject of mine do me a service, I will thankfully accept it from his own hands." Then, opening the book, she said, "You shall see that I can read," and so, with an audible voice, read over the epistle and the title, so readily, and so distinctly pointed, that it might perfectly appear that she well understood and conceived the same. Then she descended from the beginning of king John to the end of Richard III., sixty-six pages, containing a period of 286 years. In the first page, she demanded the meaning of *oblata cartæ*, *litteræ clausæ*, and *litteræ patentes*. Lambarde explained the meaning of these words, and her majesty said she "would be a scholar in her age, and thought it no scorn to learn during her life, being of the mind of that philosopher, who, in his last years, begun with the Greek alphabet." Then she proceeded to further pages, and asked "what were *ordinationes parliamenta*, *rotulus cambii*, and *rediseisnes?*" Lambarde having explained these documentary terms, to her majesty's full satisfaction, she touched on the reign of Richard II., saying, "I am Richard II. Know ye not that?"[4]

"Such a wicked imagination," replied Lambarde, "was determined and attempted by a most unkind gentleman—the most adorned creature that ever your majesty made."

"He that will forget God," rejoined her majesty, "will also forget his benefactors." Here is a decided allusion to Essex, on the part of both Lambarde and the queen; but some mystery, as yet unexplained, is

[1] Bacon's Apology. [2] Ibid. [3] August 4th, 1601. Nichols.
[4] Nichols, from the original paper written by Lambarde.

glanced at by her majesty in the remark with which she concludes: "This tragedy," (*querœ?*) "was played forty times in open streets and houses." It could not be Shakspeare's tragedy of Richard II., which is far too loyal in its sentiments to have displeased the queen, and of which she might, in the poet's own words, have said, "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?"

It is more probable, that some dramatic pasquinade of the Punchinello class, satirizing the queen and her ministers, had been got up for the edification of street audiences, and to excite their passions, bearing on the practices of Cecil and Raleigh against Essex, who was the idol of the people.

The queen continued to turn over the leaves of Lambarde's "Pandecta," and asked "What was *præstita?*" Lambarde told her, "it meant moneys lent by her progenitors to their subjects, but with good bond for repayment." "So," observed her majesty, "did my good grandfather, Henry VII., sparing to dissipate his treasure or his lands." Then, returning to Richard II., she asked, "whether Lambarde had seen any true picture or lively representation of his countenance or person?" "None," he replied, "but such as be in common hands." Then, her majesty said, "The lord Lumley, a lover of antiquities, discovered it (the original portrait of Richard) fastened on the back-side of a base-room, which he presented to me, praying with my good leave, that I might put it in order with his ancestors and successors: I will command Thomas Knevet, keeper of my house and gallery at Westminster, to show it unto thee." Then she turned to the rolls, entitled, *Romæ*, Vascon, Aquitaniæ, Franciæ, Scotiæ, Walliæ, et Hiberniæ.

Lambarde expounded these to be "records of estate and negotiations with foreign princes or countries." The queen inquired "if *rediscisnes* were unlawful, and forcible throwing men out of their lawful possessions?" "Yea," replied the learned lawyer, "and therefore these be the rolls of fines assessed and levied upon such wrong-doers, as well for their great and wilful contempt of the crown and royal dignity, as disturbance of common justice."

"In those days," observed Elizabeth, "force and arms did prevail, but now the wit of the fox is everywhere on foot, so as hardly one faithful or virtuous may be found." Then, having finished looking through the volume, in which, like the great and popular sovereign that she was, she had manifested an interest, at once worthy of the representative of the ancient monarchs of the land she ruled, and gratifying to the learned author, who had employed so much time and patient research for her instruction. "She commended the work," observes Lambarde, "not only for the pains therein taken, but also 'for that she had not received, since her first coming to the crown, any one thing that brought therewith so great a delectation to her;' and so, being called away to prayer, she put the book in her bosom, having forbidden me from the first to fall on my knee before her, concluding 'Farewell, good and honest Lambarde!'"

The delighted old man only survived this conversation a few days; but the royal graciousness had shed a bright and cheering warmth round

his heart, which must have given fervour to his dying orisons in her behalf.[1]

Very different was the conduct of the great Elizabeth, in her occasional intercourse with the literary characters of her day, from that of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate consort of Louis XVI., who had the ill-taste, and surely it may be added, the ill-luck, to disgust persons, who, by the magic of a few strokes of the pen, occasionally conjure up storms, which put down the mighty from their seat, and change the fate of empires. Madame de Campan attributed much of the unpopularity of that unhappy queen to her neglect of the great writers of the age. When Marmontel was introduced to her, together with the composer, who had arranged the music of one of the popular operas written by that author, her majesty bestowed all her commendations and tokens of favour on the musician, and scarcely condescended to address a word to the man who had written Belisarius. She thus lost the opportunity of propitiating a writer, whose powerful pen might have done more for her, in the time of her adversity, than all the fiddlers in Christendom. History has told a different tale of the career of these princesses, and with reason.

But to return to the luckless Essex. He now humbled his proud spirit so far, as to write the following supplicatory letters, in the hope of mollifying his once loving queen:

"My dear, my gracious, and my admired sovereign is *semper eadem.* It cannot be, but that she will hear the sighs and groans, and read the lamentations and humble petitions of the afflicted. Therefore, O paper, whensoever her eyes vouchsafe to behold thee, say, that death is the end of all worldly misery, but continual indignation makes misery perpetual; that present misery is never intolerable to them that are stayed by future hope; but affliction that is unseen is commanded to despair; that nature, youth, and physic have had many strong encounters; but if my sovereign will forget me, I have nourished these contentions too long; for, in this exile of mine eyes, if mine humble letters find not access, no death can be so speedy, as it shall be welcome to me,

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"Essex."

"When the creature entereth into account with the Creator, it can never number in how many things it needs mercy, or in how many it receives it. But he that is best stored must still say, *da nobis hodie;* and he that hath showed most thankfulness must ask again, *quid retribuamus?* And I can no sooner finish this my first audit, most dear and most admired sovereign, but I come to consider how large a measure of his grace, and how great a resemblance of his power, God hath given you upon earth; and how many ways he giveth occasion to you to exercise these divine offices upon us, that are your vassals. This confession best fitteth me of all men; and this confession is most joyfully, and most humbly, now made by me of all times. I acknowledge, upon the knees of my heart, your majesty's infinite goodness, in granting my humble petition. God, who seeth all, is witness how faithfully I do vow to dedicate the rest of my life, next after my highest duty, in obedience, faith, and zeal, to your majesty, without admitting any other worldly care; and whatsoever your majesty resolveth to do with me, I shall live and die

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"Essex."

[1] He founded a college at East Greenwich, where twenty poor people were clothed and fed, being the first protestant subject by whom an hospital was endowed.

No whit moved with these pathetic appeals, Elizabeth kept her Christmas with more than ordinary festivity this year, and appeared much in public. "Almost every night her majesty is in presence," writes Rowland Whyte, "to see the ladies dance the new and old country-dances, with tabor and pipe. Here was an exceeding rich new-year's gift presented, which came, as it were, in a cloud, no one knows how, which is neither received nor rejected, and is in the hands of Mr. Comptroller. It comes from the poor earl, the downfall of fortune, as it is thought. His friends hope that he shall be removed to his own house, or to Mr Comptroller's. He begins to recover, for he is able to sit up, and to eat at a table. His lady comes to him every morning at seven, and stays till six, which is said to be the full time limited for her abode there. The ladies, his sisters, my lady Walsingham, and his son, have no liberty to go to see him, as yet." On the 12th of January, Whyte notices the further recovery of the earl, and that his new-year's gift was not accepted, and that it was supposed he would be removed to the Tower. "Lady Rich," pursues our authority, "earnestly supplicates for leave to visit him. She writes her majesty many letters—sends many jewels and presents; her letters are read, her presents received, but no leave granted. "The lady Leicester sent the queen a rich new-year's gift, which was well taken." Twelve days after, he records the death of lady Egerton, the lord-keeper's wife, and the discontent of that officer that his house had so long been made into a prison for the earl of Essex, who had been in close confinement there for seventeen weeks. The earl being still in lord Egerton's house, went to comfort him, for he was so abandoned to sorrow, that he refused to sit in council, or to attend to chancery business. On which the queen sent the afflicted widower a gracious message of condolence, but accompanied with an intimation, that private sorrow ought not to interfere with public business.[1]

Lady Leicester came up to court to petition the queen for her son's liberty, or at least that he might be removed into a better air.

On the 24th of February, Verekin, the Flemish envoy, was introduced to the queen, who, as he came from the archduke Albert, on the part of Spain, held a very grand court for his reception. The ante-room was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and an extraordinary number of her guards, and the presence-chamber filled with her great ladies and the fair maids, attired all in white, and exceedingly brave; and so he passed to the privy-chamber, and to the withdrawing-room, where he delivered his letters. The queen was very pleasant, and told him she would consider his letters, and he should hear from her again; adding, "that she had heard he was very desirous to see her, therefore was the more welcome."

"It is true," said he, "that I longed to undertake this journey to see your majesty, who, for beauty and wisdom, do excel all other princes of the world; and I acknowledge myself exceedingly bound to them who sent me, for the happiness I now enjoy."[2] Though Elizabeth was fast approaching to the age of seventy, the ambassadors still compli-

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Ibid.

mented her charms. Verekin had no full powers to conclude a treaty, which Elizabeth and her ministers soon fathomed; and instead of giving him any decisive answer to his demands, amused him by feasting him, and showing him the sights of London. Sir Walter Raleigh attended him, to show him Westminster Abbey, with the tombs and "other singularities of the place," and a few days after the lord-chamberlain's players acted before him "Sir John Oldcastle, or the Merry Wives of Windsor," to his great contentment.[1] This comedy is said to have been written by Shakspeare, at the desire of queen Elizabeth, who was so infinitely delighted with the character of Falstaff, under his original name of Sir John Oldcastle, in Henry IV., that she wished to see him represented as a lover.

A determination being now formed to bring Essex before the Star-Chamber, his wife was forbidden to come to him any more, till the queen's further pleasure were known, on which she wept piteously. The earl had then recovered his health, and was able to take daily air and exercise in the garden. He wrote a very submissive letter to the queen, entreating that he might not be dealt with by the Star-Chamber, and for a while his prayer was granted. A few days after, some offence was taken by the queen, because his lady, his mother, the earl of Southampton, and some others of his devoted friends, went to a house that commanded a view into York Gardens, where he was accustomed to walk, and saluted him from a window, so that he perceived and returned their greeting.[2]

Towards the end of February, lady Rich, unconscious that her secret correspondence, defaming her royal mistress to the king of Scots and exposing all her traits of vanity, was in Cecil's possession, wrote a letter to the queen in behalf of her brother, so grossly adulatory, that her majesty could not but regard it in the light of an insult. There was, withal, a passage in allusion to the earl's personal attendance on her majesty, which appeared to contain a very questionable insinuation; not contented with writing this dangerous letter, she was guilty of the folly of making it public by reading it to her friends, on which Elizabeth ordered her to confine herself to her own house, and talked of sending her to the Tower, and bringing the affair before the Star-Chamber. Lady Rich's letter is too long to insert, but the following passage may serve as a sample of the style, in which the treacherous Rialta ventured to address the royal mistress, whom she ridiculed and defamed to a foreign court:

"Early did I hope this morning to have had mine eyes blessed with your majesty's beauty; but seeing the sun depart into a cloud, and meeting with spirits that did presage by the wheels of their chariot some thunder in the air, I must complain and express my fears to the high majesty and divine oracle, from whence I received a doubtful answer; unto whose power I must sacrifice again the tears and prayers of the afflicted, that must despair in time, if it be too soon to importune heaven, when we feel the misery of hell; or that words directed to the sacred wisdom should be out of season, delivered for my unfortunate brother, whom all men have liberty to defame, as if his offence was capital, and he so base dejected a creature, that his life, his love, his service to your beauties

[1] Sidney Papers [2] Ibid.

and the state, had deserved no absolution after so hard punishment, or so much as to answer in your fair presence, who would vouchsafe more justice and favour than he can expect of partial judges, or those combined enemies, that labour on false grounds to build his ruin, urging his faults as criminal to your divine honour, thinking it a heaven to blaspheme heaven."[1]

The unfortunate Essex, while he laboured to defend himself from his wily foes, had little idea whence the under-current flowed that had wrecked his fortunes, and for ever.

Lady Leicester, lady Essex, lord and lady Southampton, Mr. Greville, and Mr. Bacon, were, on the 15th of March, by her majesty's command, removed from Essex House; and on the 16th, Maunday Thursday, Essex was brought there as a prisoner, under the charge of sir Richard Berkeley, who took possession of all the keys of the house, and dismissed all the servants but one or two, who were permitted to attend to the diet and apparel of their unfortunate master. Lady Essex was allowed to visit him in the daytime.

Our indefatigable court-newsman, Rowland Whyte, records the following circumstance, soon after:—"Lady Leicester hath now a gown in hand to send the queen, will cost her 100*l.* at least. On the 30th of March the lady Scudamore presented it to the queen, who liked it well, but would neither accept nor reject it, and observed, 'that things standing as they did at present, it was not fit for her to desire what she did'—namely, to come into her presence and kiss her majesty's hands."

The queen having formed an intention of bringing Essex before the Star-Chamber, opened her design to Mr. Francis Bacon, and said, "whatever she did should be for his chastisement, not for his destruction." Bacon, who was greatly averse to this method of proceeding, remonstrated playfully but strongly against it in these words:—"Madam, if you will have me to speak to you in this argument, I must speak as Friar Bacon's head spake, that said, 'time *is*,' and then 'time was,' and 'time would never be again:' for certainly it is now far too late—the matter is old, and hath taken too much wind." Her majesty seemed offended at this, and rose up with the intention of pursuing her own plan.

In the beginning of Midsummer term, Bacon, finding her in the same mind, said to her, "Why, madam, if you needs must have a proceeding, it were best to have it in some such sort as Ovid spake of his mistress, *est aliquid luce patente minus*—to make a council-table matter of it, and end." The queen, however, determined to proceed; and Bacon, notwithstanding all his obligations to Essex, consented to lend the aid of his powerful pen in drawing up the declaration against him. His proper office would have been to defend his unfortunate friend, but he could not resist the temptations offered by the queen, who was determined to enlist his talents on her side. She directed every clause with vindictive care, and made several alterations with her own hand; and even after the paper was printed, "her majesty, who," as Bacon observes, "if she was excellent in great things, was exquisite in small," noted that he had

[1] Birch.

styled the unfortunate nobleman "my lord of Essex," objected to this courtesy, and would have him only called "Essex, or the late earl of Essex."[1]

On the 12th of May, Elizabeth recreated herself with seeing a Frenchman perform feats upon a rope; and on the following day she commanded the bears, the bull, and an ape, to be baited in the tilt-yard; the day after, solemn dancing was appointed. Meantime, the unfortunate Essex wrote to her this touching letter:—

"Vouchsafe, most dear and most admired sovereign, to receive this humblest acknowledgment of your majesty's most faithful vassal. Your majesty's gracious message staid me from death, when I gasped for life. Your princely and compassionate increasing of my liberty hath enabled me to wrestle with my many infirmities, which else long ere this had made an end of me. And now this farther degree of goodness, in favourably removing me to mine own house, doth sound in mine ears, as if your majesty spake these words, '*Die not Essex, for though I punish thine offence, and humble thee for thy good, yet I will one day be served again by thee.*' And my prostrate soul makes this answer, *I hope for that blessed day.* All my afflictions of body or mind are humbly, patiently, and cheerfully borne by

"Your majesty's humblest vassal,

"ESSEX."

The queen then said, "that her purpose was to make him know himself, and his duty to her; and that she would again use his service."

On the 5th of June, Essex was examined before the commissioners appointed to try his cause. The earl kneeled at the end of the council-board, and had a bundle of papers in his hand, which sometimes he put in his hat, which was on the ground by him. He defended himself very mildly and discreetly; but many, who were present, wept to see him in such misery. When he was accused of treason, he said, "he had been willing to admit all the errors of judgment and conduct into which he had fallen; but now his honour and conscience were called in question!" he added; "I should do God and mine own conscience wrong if I do not justify myself as an honest man;" then, taking his George in his hand, and pressing it to his heart, he said, "this hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it." The examination lasted from nine in the morning till eight at night; he sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing, and occasionally leaning against a cupboard, till at last he had a stool given him by desire of the archbishop of Canterbury.[2]

After Essex had gone through the mortifying scene before the council, he implored the lords to intercede with the queen, that she would be pleased to extend her grace to him. The next day, Francis Bacon, though employed to plead against him, attended her majesty with the earnest intention of moving her to forgiveness.[3] "You have now, madam," said he, "obtained the victory, over two things, which the greatest princes cannot at their wills subdue; the one is over fame—the other is over a great mind. For surely the world is now, I hope, reasonably satisfied; and for my lord, he did show that humiliation towards your majesty, as I am persuaded he was never in his lifetime more fit

[1] Sidney Papers. [2] Birch. [3] Bacon's Works.

for your majesty's favour than he is now." He then urged her majesty to forgive and receive him. She took Bacon's special pleading in good part, and ordered him to set down all the proceedings at York House in writing, which were afterwards read to her by him; and when he came to set forth Essex's answer, she was greatly touched with kindness and relenting towards him, and observed to Bacon "how well he had expressed that part," adding, that "she perceived old love would not easily be forgotten." Bacon said, "he hoped by that she meant her own;" and strenuously advised her to let the matter go no further. "Why," concluded he, "should you now do that popularly which you would not admit to be done judicially?" [1]

While the fate of Essex yet hung on the balance, Elizabeth amused herself with presiding over the wedlock of her favourite maid of honour, Anne Russell. This marriage was attended with more gracious condescension than Elizabeth was wont to bestow on those of her household, who chose to enter into the pale of matrimony.

"Mrs. Anne Russell," says Whyte, "went from court upon Monday last with eighteen coaches; the like hath never been seen among the maids of honour. The queen in public used to her as gracious speeches as have been heard of any, and commanded all her maids to accompany her to London; so did all the lords of the court. Her majesty is to be at her marriage."

Every dell and hill about Greenwich and Blackheath is classic ground, trod by the footsteps of England's Elizabeth,—scenes where she walked, and meditated and resolved her great measures for public weal, or matured the little household plots which agitated the under-current of her domestic history. "The queen at Greenwich uses to walk much in the park, and takes great walks out of the park, and round about the park; and this," as Rowland Whyte observes, "while the poor earl of Essex was a prisoner in his own house, and she was debating his fate in her breast, but she seemed to think of nothing but Anne Russell's wedding with lord Herbert:"

"Her majesty is in very good health," pursues Whyte, "and purposes to honour Mrs. Anne Russell's marriage with her presence. My lord Cobham prepares his house for her majesty to lie (lodge) in, because it is near the bride's house. There is to be a memorable mask of eight ladies; they have a strange dance, newly invented; their attire is this:—each lady hath a skirt of cloth of silver, a rich waistcoat, wrought with silks and gold and silver, and their hair loose about their shoulders, curiously knotted. The maskers are my lady Dorothy, Mrs. Fitton, Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Bess Russell,[2] &c. These eight dance to the music Apollo brings; and there is a fine speech which mentions a ninth, much to her honour and praise."

The queen went to Blackfriars to preside over the wedding. The bride met her royal mistress by the water-side, where lord Cobham had provided a *lectica*, made half like a litter, wherein the queen was carried to lady Russell's, by six knights. Lady Russell was the bride's mother

[1] Bacon's Apology.

[2] This young lady, the sister of the bride, died in less than a fortnight after her splendid mask. She is the heroine of the prick of the needle, according to the legend in Westminster Abbey.

with whom the queen dined, and at night went, through Dr. Puddin's house, (who gave the queen a fan,) to my lord Cobham's, where she supped. After supper, the mask came in, and delicate it was to see eight ladies so prettily dressed. Mrs. Fitton led; and after they had done their own ceremonies, these eight lady-maskers chose eight ladies more to dance the measures. "Mrs. Fitton went to the queen, and wooed her to dance. Her majesty asked the name of the character she personified; she answered, 'Affection.' 'Affection!' said the queen; 'affection's false;' yet her majesty rose and danced. The queen came back to court the next night; but the solemnities continued till Wednesday; and now lord Herbert and his fair bride are at court."[1]

In July, Essex was delivered from the restraint of a keeper. He lived in great privacy, being sick of the ague. He petitioned for leave to retire into the country, only requested permission to kiss her majesty's hands once more ere he retired from the court for ever. His sister, lady Rich, was still under restraint; and the queen cherished the vengeful intention of bringing her before the council; but continued to treat the countess of Northumberland graciously. Essex wrote, from time to time, letters of the most submissive nature to the queen.

On the 26th of August, he was sent for to York House, where the lord-keeper, lord-treasurer, and Mr. Secretary, signified to him that it was her majesty's pleasure to restore him to liberty, save of access to court. His humble supplication to be permitted to kiss her hands, in order that he might, with the more contentment, betake himself to the retirement of the country, was met with a message, "that though her majesty was content that he should remain under no guard, save that of duty and discretion, yet he must in no sort suppose himself to be freed from her indignation; neither must he presume to approach her court or person."[2] Essex might now be regarded as a prisoner on his parole of honour.

That summer, (1600,) the queen spent chiefly at Nonsuch and Oatlands. Bacon exerted all the energies of his mighty genius to work a revulsion in the royal mind, in favour of the discarded favourite, and found that his boldness gave no offence. There was, however, an undercurrent which silently worked against his eloquence, though he omitted no opportunity of insinuating a word, in season, in behalf of his unlucky friend. One day, speaking of a person who had undertaken to cure his brother Anthony of the gout, he said, "his brother at first received benefit, but now found himself the worse for his treatment," to which the queen replied, "I will tell you, Bacon, the error of it. The manner of these empirics is to continue one kind of medicine, which, at first, is proper to draw out the ill-humour, but after, they have not the discretion to change it, but still apply that drawing medicine, when they should rather attempt to cure and heal the part."

"Good Lord! madam," rejoined Bacon, "how wisely you can discern and speak of physic ministered to the body, and yet consider not, that there is like reason of the physic ministered to the mind. As now

[1] Sidney Papers, vol. ii., pp. 200–203.

[2] Sidney Papers; Birch.

in the case of my lord of Essex, your princely word ever was, that you intended to reform his mind, and not to ruin his fortunes. I know well you cannot but think you have drawn the humour sufficiently, and that it is time that you did apply strength and comfort to him, for these same gradations of yours are fitter to corrupt than to correct a mind of any greatness."[1]

The queen appointed lord Mountjoye, the former rival, but now the generous and devoted friend of Essex, to the office of lord-deputy of Ireland. He endeavoured to excuse himself, from motives of delicacy towards the unfortunate earl; but Elizabeth would not permit her will to be trifled with. On her mentioning this appointment to Bacon, who appears, at this season, to have enjoyed her full confidence, he replied, "Surely, madam, you cannot make a better choice, unless you send over my lord Essex."

"Essex!" exclaimed she, with great vehemence; "when I send Essex back into Ireland, I will marry you. Claim it of me."

Her majesty and her court amused themselves with hunting and hawking, in September, sometimes at Hanworth and sometimes in the New Forest. Elizabeth assumed an appearance of mirthfulness on these occasions, which must certainly have been far enough from her heart. On the 12th of September, Rowland Whyte gives this account of the proceedings of this aged Dian:—"Her majesty is very well, and exceedingly disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long; it is thought she will remain at Oatlands till the foul weather drives her away. On Tuesday, she dined at Mr. Drake's; on Wednesday, the ambassador of Barbary had audience at Oatlands, and what he delivered was in private with the queen."[2]

"My lord-admiral," pursues Whyte, "is a very heavy (sorrowful) man, for the loss of his brother, yet her majesty's sports draw him abroad; herself very graciously went from Oatlands to Hampton Court, to call him from his solitariness; never man was more bound to a sovereign than he is. My lord Harry Howard is much graced by the queen, for she hath much conference with him, and commanded his bed should be set up in the council-chamber, when it was ill lying in tents, by the storms and tempests we have had here."[3]

Under all this semblance of mirth and jollity, the queen concealed a heavy heart and a weary spirit. The infirmities of her advanced period of life, malgré all her Spartan-like attempts to hide them, made themselves felt, and occasionally acknowledged. Sir Robert Sidney, in a confidential letter to Harrington, gives a melancholy account of Elizabeth's dejection in private, and this is followed by a characteristic detail of her struggle to go through a fatiguing state-visit, with which she

[1] Birch's Memoirs of Elizabeth.

[2] On the Moorish ambassador's return from Oatlands, he, with his companions, were brought to Hampton Court, where they saw and admired the richness of the furniture; and they demanded how many kings had built it, and how long it was doing.

[3] Sidney Papers. When there was no lodging to be found at Hampton Court for the courtiers or their servants, they lived in tents pitched in the squares

honoured him, in her usual popular and gracious manner; but the old woman conquered the goddess, and she was, at last, fain to call for a staff, to support her enfeebled frame; and we perceive, throughout, how hard a day's work it must have been for her.

"I do see the queen often!" observes he; "she doth wax weak since the late troubles, and Burleigh's death doth often draw tears down her goodly cheeks. She walketh out but little, meditates much alone, and sometimes writes, in private, to her best friends. Her highness hath done honour to my poor house by visiting me, and seemed much pleased at what we did to please her. My son made her a fair speech, to which she did give most gracious reply. The women did dance before her, whilst the cornets did salute from the gallery, and she did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit-cake, and drank a small cordial from a golden cup. She had a marvellous suit of velvet,[1] borne by four of her first women attendants in rich apparel; two ushers did go before, and at going up stairs she called for a staff, and was much wearied in walking about the house, and said she would come another day. Six drums and six trumpets waited in the court, and sounded at her approach and departure. My wife did bear herself in wondrous good liking, and was attired in a purple kyrtle fringed with gold, and myself in a rich band and collar of needle-work, and did wear a goodly stuff of the bravest cut and fashion, with an under-body of silver and loops. The queen was much in commendation of our appearances, and smiled at the ladies, who, in their dances, often came up to the step, on which the seat was fixed, to make their obeisance, and so fell back into their order again.

"The younger Markham did several gallant feats on a horse before the gate, leaping down and kissing his sword, and then mounting swiftly on the saddle, and passed a lance with much skill. The day well nigh spent, the queen went and tasted a small beverage, that was set out in divers rooms where she might pass, and then, in much order, was attended to her palace, the cornets and trumpets sounding through the streets. One knight, I dare not name, did say 'the queen hath done me more honour than some that had served her better;' but envious tongues have venomed shafts, and so I rest in peace with what hath happened, and God speed us all, my worthy knight."

In the preceding part of this letter, Sidney tells Harrington, "that he had presented his gift to the queen, by whom it was well received, and that her majesty had commended his verses.

"The queen," says he, "hath tasted your dainties, and saith, 'you have marvellous skill in cooking of good fruits.'" In allusion to a law-suit, touching Harrington's title to the disputed manor of Harrington Park, he continues, "Visit your friends often, and please the queen all you can, for all the great lawyers do fear her displeasure. * * * I know not how matters may prosper with your noble commander, the lord Essex," pursues the cautious statesman, "but must say no more in writing."

One day Elizabeth informed Bacon, "that Essex had written to her

[1] Meaning, a train.

some dutiful letters, which had moved her; but after taking them to flow from the abundance of his heart, she found them but a preparative to a suit for renewing his farm of sweet wines," of which she had granted him the monopoly in the sunshine of her former favour.[1]

To this petition she had replied, "that she would inquire into its annual value," which is said to have amounted to the enormous sum of 50,000*l.* per annum. She added a taunt, which it was scarcely in the nature of a brave man and a gentleman to brook, "that when horses became unmanageable, it was necessary to tame them by stinting them in the quantity of their food." But Essex, being deeply involved in debt, renewed his suit, and was denied contemptuously.[2]

Bacon wasted much elegant logic, in endeavouring to convince Elizabeth that a prudential care for his maintenance was by no means incompatible with the sincerity of his devotion to his sovereign, or his penitence for his past faults; and, at length, observing that the queen began to look coolly on him when he came into her presence, he represented to her, "that he had, in the integrity of his heart, incurred great peril for pleading the cause of the earl to her, and that his own fall was decreed;" upon which the queen, perceiving how deeply he was wounded, used many kind and soothing expressions to comfort him, bidding him rest on this, "*gratia mea sufficit*"—"my grace is sufficient for you"—but she said not a word of Essex. Bacon took the hint, and made no further efforts to avert the fate of his benefactor.

Harrington, who had ventured to present a petition to his royal godmother from the earl, remarks, "that he had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast." In fact, the imprudence of Essex rendered it very dangerous for any one to espouse his cause.

"I have heard much," says Harrington, "on both hands, but wiser he who repeateth nothing thereof. Did either know what I know either have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking. Ambition, thwarted in its career, doth speedily lead on to madness; herein I am strengthened by what I learn of my lord of Essex, who shifteth, from sorrow and repentance to rage and rebellion, so suddenly as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. At our last discourse he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth, and leave his presence. Thank Heaven, I am safe at home, and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the queen becometh no man who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill-advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit, the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea."

Essex had taken the loss of his monopolies and his exile from court in such evil part, that he now began to testify his resentment, in every possible way. "The queen," said he, "has pushed me down into private life. I will not be a vile, obsequious slave. The dagger of my enemies has struck me to the hilt. I will not be bound to their car of

[1] Bacon's Letters. [2] Lingard.

triumph." The councils of his secretary, Cuffe, and other violent or treacherous advisers, induced him to assume the character of a demagogue, that he might be carried into office, on the shoulders of the people, in spite of the court party.

His house became the head-quarters of the disaffected and desperate. He courted the puritans, and encouraged them to hold conventicles, and preach seditious sermons, to political congregations, under the shadow of his roof. He publicly discussed his injuries, and was, at last, guilty of the folly and ingratitude of speaking of the queen, as an "old woman, crooked both in body and mind"[1]—a taunt which it was not in Elizabeth's nature to forgive. The dearer Essex had been to her heart, the more keenly did the shaft pierce. His death was decreed in the self-same hour when this remark reached her ear. His secret league with the king of Scots, to incite that monarch to insist on being recognised as the successor to the crown—his rash meetings with malcontents and desperadoes, at Drury house, plotting the seizure of the palace and the Tower—his final act of reckless rebellion, might have been forgiven; but this was the spark which kindled a flame of vindictive anger in the heart of the queen, which nothing but his blood could quench.

The daughter of Henry VIII. was not likely to endure such treatment from the ungrateful object of her fierce and jealous fondness. She delayed her vengeance, but it was with the feline malice of tantalizing her victim with visions of life and liberty. She knew that the mouse was within the reach of her talons, and that with one blow it was in her power to crush him.

His absurd plan was, for his step-father, sir Christopher Blount, with a chosen party, to seize the palace-gate, Davis the hall, and Danvers the guard-chamber, and then himself to rush in from the mews, with a further detachment of his desperate followers, and to enter the queen's presence, wherever she might be, and, on his knees, to beg her to remove his adversaries from her council.[2] If this were resisted, he intended to make a forced reform, by calling a parliament, and demanding justice. It had been daringly advanced as a principle, by the political agitators, who congregated at his house, that monarchs themselves were accountable to the superior legislators of the realm: and the queen thought it was time to bring the matter to a crisis. On the 7th of February, Essex received a summons to appear before the privy-council, and, at the same time, a note was put into his hand, warning him to take care of himself. He was advised, by prudent friends, to make his escape, but he vowed that he never would submit to live in exile, and rashly resolved to set everything on one last desperate die—an attempt to raise the citizens of London against the court. He had an idea that sir Thomas Smith, the sheriff, would aid him with a thousand of the trained bands, and he summoned all his friends to rally to his assistance, at Essex House. How the council allowed him to remain at large is matter of wonder, but, such was his popularity, that it was doubted whether his arrest would be effected without causing great tumults among the populace.

[1] Camden. [2] Ibid.

Harrington draws a vivid picture of the alarm and excitement that pervaded the court, during the fearful pause that intervened before a blow was struck:—"The madcaps," says he, "are all in riot, and much evil threatened. In good sooth, I fear her majesty more than the rebel Tyrone, and wished I had never received my lord of Essex's honour of knighthood. She is quite disfavoured and unattired, and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory pottage. Every new message from the city disturbs her, and she frowns on all her ladies. I had a sharp message from her brought by my lord Buckhurst, namely thus,—'Go, tell that witty fellow, my godson, to get home; it is no season to fool it here.' I liked this as little as she doth my knighthood, so took to my boots, and returned to my plough, in bad weather. I must not say much, even by this trusty and sure messenger but the many evil plots and designs have overcome all her highness's sweet temper."

The strong mind of Elizabeth was evidently shaken, by the conflicting passions that assailed her, at this agitating period, and reason tottered. Who would say that the deportment, which her godson thus describes, was that of a sane person?—"She walks much," pursues he, "in her privy-chamber, and stamps with her foot at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword, at times, into the arras, in great rage. My lord Buckhurst is much with her, and few else, since the city business, but the dangers are over, and yet she always keeps a sword by her table. I obtained a short audience, at my first coming to court, when her highness told me, 'If ill counsel had brought me so far, she wished Heaven might mar the fortune which she had mended.' I made my peace on this point, and will not leave my poor castle of Kelstone, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others have done. So disordered is all order, that her highness hath worn but one change of raiment for many days, and swears much at those that cause her griefs in such wise, to the no small discomfiture of all about her, more especially our sweet lady Arundel, that *Venus pus quam venusta*." [1]

On Sunday morning, February 8th, Essex had collected three hundred of his deluded partisans at his house, and had formed the plan of proceeding to Paul's Cross, in Cheapside, thinking to induce the lord mayor, sheriffs, and, in fact, the crowds of citizens and 'prentices who would attend the preaching there, to join his muster, and assist him in forcing his way to the presence of the queen. There was a traitor among his confidants—sir Ferdinando Gorges, who betrayed all his projects to Cecil. The lord mayor and his brethren received orders to keep the

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 317. This letter, though classed by the learned editor of Harrington, for October, 1601, certainly can allude to no other period than that of the Essex insurrection, and not, as supposed, to the state of Ireland. Harrington's allusions to his unlucky knighthood, and saying "he would not leave his poor castle of Kelstone, for fear of finding a worse elsewhere, as others had done," bears reference to the imprisonment of Essex's partisans. The queen's angry insinuation, that ill counsel had brought him up to court, all points to his friendship with Essex, and proves the letter could have been written at no other period.

people within their own dwellings, and not to attend the preaching. The palace was fortified and doubly guarded, and every prudential measure taken to preserve the peace.[1] About ten in the morning, the lord-chancellor Egerton, the lord chief justice, and some other officers of the crown, applied for admittance at Essex House. After a long parley they were admitted through a wicket. They demanded of Essex, in the name of the queen, the meaning of the tumultuous gathering of persons who were around him in the court, and commanded his followers to lay down their arms. Essex began to complain of his wrongs; and Southampton said "that his life had been attempted in the Strand by lord Grey, of Wilton, who had cut off his page's hand."[2] The lords replied, "that Grey had been imprisoned; and if Essex had had wrong, the queen would redress his injuries." "You lose time," shouted the mob to Essex. "Away with them! They betray you. Kill them! Keep them in custody. Throw the great seal out of window." Essex actually impounded the chancellor and his company in his house, while he sallied forth into the streets like a madman, as he was, at the head of his equally frantic party, armed only with rapiers, and some few with pistols, and, dashing down Fleet Street, raised the cry, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh! They will give the crown to the Infanta. Citizens of London, arm for England and the queen!"[3]

All, however, was quiet; the streets were deserted, and he vainly waved his sword and continued to cry, "For the queen! for the queen!" He endeavoured to obtain arms and ammunition at the shop of an armorer, but was denied. The streets were barricadoed with chains and carts; but, on Ludgate Hill, he drew his sword, and ordered a charge, which his stepfather Blount executed, and, with his own hand, slew a man who had been formerly suborned by Leicester to assassinate him. Essex was shot through the hat: his followers began to desert. He had been proclaimed a traitor, in one quarter of the city, by Garter King at Arms and Thomas Lord Burleigh; in another, by the earl of Cumberland. Desperate, but unsubdued, he forced his way across St. Paul's to Queenhithe, where he took boat, and, strange to say, succeeded in getting back to Essex House. The queen was at dinner when the noise of the tumult brought the news, that Essex was endeavouring to raise the city; nay, that he had succeeded; but she was no more disturbed than if she had been told there was a fray in Fleet Street. Her attendants were struck with consternation, not knowing whom to trust; and Elizabeth alone had the courage to propose going to oppose the insurgents, saying, "that not one of them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye. They would flee at the very notice of her approach."[4] This was more consistent with the energy of her temper, than the tale, that she finished her dinner as calmly as if nothing had happened.

When Essex returned to his house, he found his prisoners, whom he thought, at the worst, to keep as hostages for his own life, had all been liberated by the perfidious Gorges, who had taken them by water to the palace; and now all that remained to him was to defend his house,

[1] Camden. [2] Lingard's note; Winwood. [3] Camden. [4] Lingard.

which was invested on every side. But when he beheld the great artillery and the queen's forces round about his house, being sore vexed with the tears and incessant shrieks of the ladies, he, after several parleys, from the leads of his mansion, with the assailing force below, surrendered his sword to the lord-admiral about ten o'clock at night, on promise of civil treatment for himself and his friends.[1] The other lords and gentlemen who had adhered to his evil fortunes followed his example. That night they were lodged in Lambeth Palace; for the night was dark, and there was not sufficient water to shoot London Bridge. The next day they were taken by water to the Tower.

On the 12th, a soldier of fortune, named Thomas Lee, was reported to have said, "that if the friends of Essex meant to preserve his life, they should enter the queen's presence in a body, and petition for his pardon, and refuse to depart till it was granted." The same evening Lee was discovered, by the pursuivants, in the crowd at the door of the presence-chamber, during the queen's supper, and was arrested. In the morning he was indicted on a charge of intending to murder the queen, and was condemned, and suffered the death of a traitor.[2]

Essex and Southampton were arraigned, on the 19th, before the commissioners appointed for their trial. Even if the majority of the commissioners had not been the sworn foes of Essex, he must have been found guilty by the laws of the land, for he had committed overt acts of treason, which nothing but madness could excuse. The crown lawyers who pleaded against him were, Yelverton, who compared him to Catiline and a crocodile, and Coke, who added to the catalogue of his crimes the incompatible charges of atheism and popery, although Essex was a declared puritan, and told him "that he who aspired to the kingdom of Robert the First should, of his earldom, be Robert the last;" and when Essex asked him, "if he really believed any violence was intended to the queen?" artfully replied, "You would have treated her as Henry of Lancaster did Richard II.—gone to her as suppliants, and then robbed her of her crown and life." This was a base appeal to Elizabeth's absurd weakness touching Hayward's history of Henry IV. The worst pang for Essex was to see his former friend, Bacon, rise to refute his defence, and to extol the characters of Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. Essex bade him remember "that it was himself who had composed the eloquent letters which he had been advised to write to her majesty exposing their faults." The details of this interesting trial are, however, too diffuse for the limits of this work. Essex was, of course, condemned to death; and when the sentence was pronounced, he said, "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure."[3]

This arraignment began about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued till six at night. "There was a world of people waiting to see

[1] Camden, and contemporary document in Nichols.
[2] Camden.
[3] State Trials; Camden.

the event. The news was suddenly divulged in London; whereat, many forsook their suppers, and ran hastily into the street to see the earl of Essex, as he returned to the Tower, with the edge of the axe carried towards him. He went a swift pace, bending his face towards the earth, and would not look upon any of them, though some spake directly to him."[1] His execution was appointed to take place on the 25th, Ash-Wednesday. Elizabeth signed the warrant; and it has been said that the tremor of her hand, from agitation, is discernible in that fatal autograph; but the fac-simile of the signature contradicts the fond tradition; for it is firmly written, and as elaborately flourished, as if she thought more of the beauty of her penmanship, than of the awful act of giving effect to the sentence that doomed the mangling axe of the executioner to lay the severed head of her familiar friend and kinsman in the dust.[2]

The romantic story of the ring, which, it is said, the queen had given to Essex, in a moment of fondness, as a pledge of her affection, with an intimation, "that if ever he forfeited her favour, if he sent it back to her, the sight of it would ensure her forgiveness," must not be lightly rejected. It is not only related by Osborne, who is considered a fair authority for other things, and quoted by historians of all parties, but it is a family tradition of the Careys, who were the persons most likely to be in the secret, as they were the relations and friends of all the parties concerned, and enjoyed the confidence of queen Elizabeth. The following is the version given by lady Elizabeth Spelman, a descendant of that house, to the editor of her great-uncle Robert Carey's memoirs:—

"When Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring, by sending it to the queen, and claiming the benefit of her promise; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who were bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw, early one morning, a boy whose countenance pleased him, and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above, to the lady Scroope, his cousin, who had taken so friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scroope; and as both of these ladies were of the royal bed-chamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both. The queen, unconscious of the accident, waited in the painful suspense of an angry lover for the expected token to arrive; but not receiving it, she concluded, that he was too proud to make this last appeal to her tenderness, and after having once revoked the warrant, she ordered the execution to proceed. It was not till the axe had absolutely fallen, that the world could believe that Elizabeth would take the life of Essex. Raleigh incurred the deepest odium for his share in

[1] Contemporary tract in Nichols.

[2] The fac-simile of this signature is engraved in Park's edition of Horace Walpole's Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors, from the original in the Stafford Collection.

bringing his noble rival to the block. He had witnessed his execution from the armory in the Tower, and soon after was found in the presence of the queen, who, as if nothing of painful import had incurred, was that morning amusing herself with playing on the virginals.

When the news was officially announced that the tragedy was over, there was a dead silence in the privy-chamber, but the queen continued to play, and the earl of Oxford, casting a significant glance at Raleigh, observed, as if in reference to the effect of her majesty's fingers on the instrument, which was a sort of open spinnet, "When Jacks start up, then heads go down."[1] Every one understood the bitter pun contained in this allusion. Raleigh received large sums from some of the gentlemen who were implicated in Essex's insurrection, as the price of negotiating their pardons.[2] He was on the scaffold when sir Christopher Blount and sir Charles Danvers were beheaded, March 17th. Blount was the third husband of queen Elizabeth's cousin, Lettice, countess of Leicester. If this lady had incurred the ill-will of her royal kinswoman, as generally supposed, by rivalling her in the regard of Leicester, it must be acknowledged that Elizabeth paid the long-delayed debt of vengeance with dreadful interest, when she sent both son and husband to the block within one little month.[3]

Merrick and Cuffe were hanged, drawn, and quartered; but the queen graciously extended her mercy to the earl of Southampton, by commuting his death into an imprisonment, which lasted during the rest of her life.

Elizabeth caused a declaration of the treasons of Essex to be published, and a sermon very defamatory to his memory to be preached at Paul's Cross, by Dr. Barlowe; but the people took both in evil part. It was observed withal, that her appearance in public was no longer greeted with tokens of popular applause. Her subjects could not forgive her the death of their idol. Fickle as the populace have proverbially been considered, their affection for the favourite had been of a more enduring nature than that of the sovereign.

The death of Essex left sir Robert Cecil without a rival in the court or cabinet, and he soon established himself as the all-powerful ruler of the realm. Essex had made full confession of his secret correspondence

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[1] Fragmenta Regalia, by Sir Robert Naunton. [2] Birch.

[3] The unfortunate countess survived this twofold tragedy three-and-thirty years. Her beauty, and connection with the two great favourites of Elizabeth, Leicester and Essex, is thus noticed in the following lines of her epitaph, by Sir Gervas Clifton:—

"There you may see that face, that hand,
Which once was fairest in the land;
She that, in her younger years,
Match'd with two great English peers;
She that did supply the wars
With thunder, and the court with stars;
She that in her youth had been
Darling to the maiden queen,
Till she was content to quit
Her favour for her favourite,
Whose gold thread, when she saw spun,
And the death of her brave son,
Thought it safest to retire
From all care and vain desire,
To a private country cell,
Where she spent her days so well,
That to her the better sort
Came, as to a holy court;
And the poor that lived near,
Dearth nor famine could not fear.

with the king of Scots, and also of the agent through whom it was carried on; and Cecil lost no time in following the same course, and through the same channel. As long as he had hopes of obtaining the hand of lady Arabella Stuart, he had secretly advanced her pretensions to the succession; but when it was known that this high-born young lady had bestowed her heart on lord Beauchamp, the offspring of the calamitous marriage of the earl of Hertford and lady Catharine Gray, the unprincipled statesman, whose politics were as crooked as his person, did all he could to poison the mind of his jealous sovereign against the innocent girl. In one of the private letters, in his correspondence with James, the malign hunchback speaks with all the bitterness of a despised and disappointed man, of her to whose hand he, the grandson of a tailor, had presumed to aspire, as "Shrewsbury's idol, who," continues he, "if she follow some men's council, will be made higher by as many steps as will lead her to the scaffold."

The first result of Cecil's secret understanding with the king of Scots, was an addition of two thousand pounds a year to the annual pension which that monarch received from queen Elizabeth; and this was sorely against the will of the aged sovereign, who, at that very time, had been compelled by the destitute state of her exchequer, to borrow money on her jewels. The flattery of Cecil, however, and the reverential deference with which he approached her, made him necessary to her comfort, now that she was in the sere and withered leaf of life, with no faithful or tender ties of love, or friendship, to cheer and support her in her lonely passage to the tomb.

Sir William Brown, the deputy-governor of Flushing, who came over this summer to explain the state of affairs in the Low Countries, gives a very interesting narrative of his interview with her majesty in the month of August, 1601. On Sunday morning, after prayers, he was introduced by Cecil to the queen, as she walked in the gardens, at Mr. William Clarke's.[1] "I had no sooner kissed her sacred hand," says he, "but she presently made me stand up. She spoke somewhat loud, saying, 'Come hither, Brown,' and pronounced that she held me for an old faithful servant of hers, and said, 'I must give content to Brown;' and then, the train following her, she said, 'Stand—stand back! Will you not let us speak, but you will be hearers?' She then walked a turn or two, protesting her gracious opinion of myself; 'Before God, Brown,' said she, 'they do me wrong, that will make so honest a servant jealous, lest I should mistrust him;' and though her words alone had been more than sufficient to content so mean a servant as myself, yet it pleased her to swear unto me, that she had as good affiance in my loyalty as in any man's that served her."

Brown notices that he delivered sir Robert Sidney's letter, kneeling, to her majesty, on his first presentation, but that she did not read it till he was gone; and, indeed, appeared perfectly familiar with the subject. "Having walked a turn or two," says he, "she called for a stool, which was set under a tree, and I began to kneel, but she would not suffer me;

[1] Sidney Papers, vol. ii.

and, after two or three denials, when I made to kneel, she was pleased to say, 'that she would not speak with me, unless I stood up.' Whereupon, I stood up, and after having repeated her gracious opinion of me, she discoursed of many things, and particularly of the distaste she had of the States army returning. It seems that sir Francis Vere hath lain all the fault upon count Maurice. I said, 'that count Maurice did protest that this journey was never of his plotting.'

"'Tush, Brown!' saith she, 'I know more than thou dost. When I heard,' continued the queen, 'that they were at first with their army, as high as Nemigham, I knew no good would be done; but Maurice would serve his own turn, and would, in the end, turn to the Grave (Landgrave). I looked that they should have come down nearer to Ostend or Flanders—that might have startled the enemy; and that they promised me, or else I would not have let them have so many men, to the discontentment of my subjects, as I know, and which, but for the love they bear me, they would not so well digest; and now, forsooth, Maurice is come from his weapon to his spade, for at that he is one of the best in Christendom."[1]

Brown, though he had some things to urge in explanation of the line of policy adopted by the cautious Maurice, was too practised a courtier to oppose the royal orator, after this burst of lion-like disdain at what she deemed the selfishness of her ally. "It was not befitting for me to answer anything for him," says he, "when I saw her majesty so informed already. The truth must appear to her in time, and from a better hand than myself. Then she complained of the French king failing in his promise to support the enterprise of her army." Brown told her majesty, "that it was considered that the French king rather had marvelled at their boldness in going so far, than offered any hope of co-operation with them."

"Tush, Brown!" interrupted the queen, who appeared better informed on this point than her foreign ministers suspected, "do I not know that Buceval was written to, again and again, to move the army to go that way, and that he would not help them?" "If that were so," said Brown, "your majesty may think it was but a French promise." Then, after discussing various subjects with the queen, he mentioned to her that the Zealanders put their sole hope in her majesty, trusting that her powerful influence would induce the States General to render them the succour they required. "Alas, poor Zealanders!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "I know that they love me with all their hearts." Brown told her majesty, "that they prayed for her." Elizabeth received this information with peculiar unction, and delivered a speech on the occasion, which, of course, was spoken that it might be duly reported to those pious Dutch patriots, to provoke them to further manifestations of their goodwill. "Yea, Brown," said she, "I know it well enough; and I will tell thee one thing. Faith, here is a church of that countrymen in London; I protest, next after the Divine Providence that governs all my well-doing, I attribute much of the happiness that befalls me to be given of

[1] Sidney Papers.

God, by those men's effectual and zealous prayers, who, I know, pray for me with that fervency, as none of my servants can do more."

After a long talk, Mr. Secretary (sir Robert Cecil) came, and the discourse turned on military affairs. Cecil paid her majesty the homage of his knee, in the most deferential manner, while she was pleased to converse on this business; and she, turning to Brown, said to him, "Dost see that little fellow that kneels there? It hath been told you that he hath been an enemy to soldiers. On my faith, Brown, he is the best friend the soldiers have." Cecil replied with his usual tact, "that it was from her majesty alone all the soldiers' good flowed;" and with this compliment, sir William Brown closes his detail of this characteristic scene.

The same month queen Elizabeth, understanding that Henry IV. of France was at Calais, made a progress to Dover, in the hope of tempting him to cross the channel to pay his compliments to her in person. She had previously despatched a letter to him by lord Edmonds, full of friendly expressions and offers of service; and when she reached Dover, she sent sir Robert Sidney with another, intreating the king to allow her the satisfaction of a personal interview, as she greatly desired to see him. Her pride would have been flattered by the visit of a king of France, and such a king as the hero of Navarre, and she omitted nothing that she imagined might induce him to come. Henry remembering, perhaps, that the queen of Sheba came to Solomon, not Solomon to her, forfeited his reputation for always yielding due homage to the ladies, by excusing himself, under the unanswerable plea of impossibility, from coming to Dover, and courteously invited his good sister to visit him in France. If Elizabeth had been nineteen instead of sixty-nine, he would probably have acted more gallantly.

Elizabeth, in reply, wrote a very courteous letter, explaining the obstacles that prevented her from coming to France, and lamented "the unhappiness of princes, who were slaves to forms and fettered by caution;" and she repeated, "that her regret at not being able to see him was so much the greater, as she had something of the last importance to communicate to him, which she neither durst commit to paper nor trust to any person but himself, and that she was then on the point of quitting Dover for London." Though Henry ought to have had a pretty accurate idea of Elizabeth's habitual diplomacy, his curiosity was so greatly excited by these mysterious hints, that he sent for his faithful minister, Rosny,[1] and said to him, "I have just now received letters from my good sister of England, whom you admire so greatly. They are fuller of civilities than ever. See if you will have more success than I have had in discovering her meaning." The sage premier of France confessed that he was not less puzzled than his sovereign, by the mysterious language of the female majesty of England, and both agreed, that it must be something of very great consequence, which prompted such a communication; and it was agreed that Rosny should embark the following morning for Dover, and make an incognito trip to London, for the pur-

[1] Afterwards the celebrated Duc de Sully.

pose of penetrating this important state secret. The moment he landed at Dover, he was met and recognised by a whole bevy of the state officers and members of queen Elizabeth's cabinet, who were evidently on the look-out for his master. Sidney, who had seen him at Calais only a few days before, welcomed him with an embrace, and asked him "if he were not come to see the queen?"

The artful diplomatist told him "he was not, and begged him not to mention his arrival to her majesty, as he had brought no credentials, having merely come over to make a private visit to London, without any idea of seeing her." The English gentlemen smiled, and told him "that he would not be suffered to pass so, for the guard-ship had doubtless given a signal of his arrival, and he might shortly expect to see a messenger from the queen, who had, only three days ago, spoken publicly of him in very obliging terms." Rosny, though nothing was further from his meaning, begged them to keep the secret, pretending "that he was only going to take a slight refreshment, and then proceed on his journey;" and, saying this, left them abruptly. "After this fine piece of acting," he says, "I had but just entered my apartment, and spoken a few words to my people, when I felt somebody embrace me from behind, who told me 'that he arrested me as a prisoner to the queen.' This was the captain of her guards, whose embrace I returned, and replied, smiling, that 'I should esteem such imprisonment an honour.' His orders were to conduct me directly to the queen. I therefore followed him."

"'It is well, monsieur de Rosny,' said this princess to me, as soon as I appeared; 'and do you break my fences thus, and pass on, without coming to see me? I am greatly surprised at it, for I thought you bore me more affection than any of my servants, and I am persuaded that I have given you no cause to change these sentiments.'" After this agreeable beginning, she entered into a long, political conversation, drawing him on one side, that she might speak with the greater freedom, but instead of having anything to tell, she made it her business to endeavour to draw from the French minister all she could of his sovereign's plans, with regard to the house of Austria. Ireland was then threatened with an invasion from Spain, which rendered her desirous of causing a diversion, by attacking that portion of the dominions of Philip III., that was under the jurisdiction of the archduke. Rosny explained to her, that the finances of Henry would not allow him to launch into aggressive warfare. She rejoined, "that there was a vital necessity for keeping the power of the house of Austria within due bounds, in which they ought both to unite, but that the Low Countries ought to form an independent republic.

"Neither the whole, nor any part of those states, need be coveted," she said, "by either herself, the king of France, or the king of Scotland, who would," she added, "become, one day, king of Great Britain."[1] This speech is the more remarkable, as it contains, not only very sound sense, but a quiet, dignified, and positive recognition of James VI. of

[1] Sully's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 373.

Scotland by Elizabeth, as her rightful successor, and it is strange that this should have escaped the attention of all our historians; Sully himself records it without comment. Her allusion to the increased importance of her realm, when blended with the sister country, is worthy of a patriotic sovereign. Elizabeth, at that moment, rose superior to all paltry jealousies, for she proudly felt the lasting benefit which her celibacy had conferred on her subjects, in making the king of Scotland her heir. The fact is deeply interesting, that it was from the lips of this last and mightiest of England's monarchs, that the style and title by which her royal kinsman and his descendants should reign over the united kingdoms of the Britannic empire, was first pronounced. It surely ought not to have been forgotten that it was queen Elizabeth, herself, who gave to that prospective empire the name of Great Britain.

The importance which Elizabeth placed on the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and the clear and comprehensive view she took of almost every point of continental politics, astonished Rosny. The mighty projects she expressed her wish of assisting to realize, filled him with wonder. She desired to see Germany restored to its ancient liberty in respect to the election of its emperors, and the nomination of a king of the Romans; to render the united provinces an independent republic, and annexing to them some of the Germanic states; to do the same by Switzerland. To divide all Christendom into a certain number of powers, as equal as might be; and, last, to reduce all the various religions therein into three, which should appear the most numerous and considerable.[1]

This great and good statesman-historian bestows the most unqualified commendations on Elizabeth: "I cannot," says he, "bestow praises upon the queen of England equal to the merit which I discovered in her in this short time, both as to the qualities of her heart and her understanding."

Many courteous messages and letters passed between Henry and Elizabeth, while he remained at Calais and she at Dover. In the beginning of September, Henry sent a grand state embassy to his good sister of England, headed by his troublesome subject, the duc de Biron, who was accompanied by the count d'Auvergne, the natural son of Charles IX. of France, and nearly four hundred noblemen and gentlemen of quality. Biron and his immediate suite were lodged in the ancient palace of Richard III., in Bishopsgate-street, (Crosby Hall,) while in London; but, as Elizabeth had commenced her progress into Hampshire on the 5th of September, which was the day of his arrival, he was soon after invited to join her there, that he might partake of the sylvan sports in which our royal Dian still indulged.

Elizabeth was, at that time, the guest of the marquis and marchioness of Winchester, at Basing; she was so well pleased with her entertainment, that she tarried there thirteen days, to the great cost of the hospitable marquis.[2] At Basing, she was joined by the duc de Biron, who was conducted into her presence, with great solemnity, by the sheriff

[1] Sully's Memoirs. [2] Nichols.

of the county, whom she had sent to meet and welcome the distinguished stranger. She herself came forth, royally mounted and accompanied, to the interview, and when she approached the spot where the duke and his train waited to receive her greeting, the high-sheriff, who rode bare-headed before her majesty, being unacquainted with the stately temper of his liege lady, checked his horse and brought the cavalcade to a stand, imagining that her majesty would have then saluted the duke, but she was much displeased, and bade him go on. The duke, on this, reverentially followed her, cap in hand, bowing low towards his horse's mane for about twenty yards. Then Elizabeth suddenly paused, took off her mask, and looking back, very courteously and graciously saluted him, not having considered it meet for her to offer the first attention to the subject of any other sovereign, till he had first shown her the respect of following her, although he was the representative of a mighty monarch, and her ally.[1] While Elizabeth was at Basing, Biron was lodged at the Vine, a princely mansion belonging to the lord Sandys, which was furnished, for the occasion, with plate and hangings from the Tower, and other costly furniture from Hampton Court, besides a contribution of seven score beds, and other furniture, which was willingly brought as a loan at her majesty's need, at only two days' warning, by the loyal people of Southampton.

The queen visited Biron at the Vine, in return for his visit to her at Basing, and they hunted and feasted together in princely fashion. At her departure from Basing, Elizabeth made ten knights, the largest number that she had ever made at one time. She said, "that she had done more than any of her ancestors had ever done, or any other prince in Christendom was able to do — namely, in her Hampshire progress, this year, entertained a royal ambassador royally in her subjects' houses." On her homeward progress, the queen visited sir Edward Coke, her attorney-general, at Stoke Pogeis, where she was most sumptuously feasted, and presented with jewels and other gifts to the value of 1000*l* or 1200*l*.

This month, the Spaniards effected a landing in Ireland, and took the town of Kinsale, but were defeated, and finally driven out of that realm, by the new lord-deputy, Mountjoye. Elizabeth returned to London early in October; while there, she entertained Biron very splendidly, and among other national spectacles, she showed him one, that must have appalled even the man who had witnessed the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew. "Holding Biron by the hand," says Perefixe,[2] "she pointed to a number of heads that were planted on the Tower, and told him, 'that it was thus they punished traitors in England.' Not satisfied with calling his attention to this ghastly company, she coolly recounted to him the names of all her subjects whom she had brought to the block, and among these, she mentioned the earl of Essex, whom she had once so passionately loved.[3] This incident it must have been that gave rise

[1] Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.

[2] Histoire Henri le Grand, vol. ii., pp. 84, 85.

[3] In recording this trait of Elizabeth, Perefixe makes no detractory comment; he merely relates it as an historical fact, without appearing by any means im-

to the absurd, but not more revolting tale, "that she showed Biron the skull of that unfortunate nobleman, which," it was said, "she always kept in her closet."[1]

The great number of executions for treason, in the last thirty years of Elizabeth's reign, had indurated her heart, by rendering her mind familiar with the most revolting details of torture and blood, and her eyes to objects from which other women not only turn with shuddering horror, but sicken and swoon if accidentally presented to their view; but Elizabeth could not cross London Bridge without recognising the features of gentlemen whom she had consigned to the axe or the halter. The walls of her royal residence, the Tower, were also converted into a Golgotha, and fearful it must have been for the ladies of her household and court to behold these mangled relics, from day to day—

"While darkly they faded
Through all the dread stages of nature's decay."

Hentzner affirms, "that he counted on London bridge no less than three hundred heads of persons, who had been executed for high treason"—a melancholy evidence that Elizabeth, in her latter years, had flung the dove from her sceptre, and exchanged curtana for the sword of vengeance.

Sully, the great panegyrist of Elizabeth, and the personal foe of Biron, relates "that Biron had a most extraordinary conversation with that queen, and that he had the want of tact, not only to mention the earl of Essex to her, but to bewail the fate of that nobleman, whose great services had not been able to preserve him from so tragical a fate. Elizabeth condescended to justify her conduct, by explaining to Biron the nature of the perilous schemes in which Essex had madly engaged, which rendered it necessary for her to punish him. She, however, added, "that notwithstanding his engaging in open rebellion, he might still, by submission, have obtained her pardon, but that neither his friends nor relations could prevail on him to ask it." She, it seems, was well aware of the proceedings of Biron himself, and it is supposed that, as a warning to him, she enlarged much on the reverence and obedience that was due from subjects to their sovereigns. It might possibly have been, that, in the climax of the excitement caused by this discussion, she showed Biron the heads of the unfortunate adherents of Essex on the Tower, as a terrific evidence of the evil consequences of his reckless courses to his friends. Perefixe observes, "that those who stood by, and heard what the queen of England said to Biron on this occasion, recalled the circumstances to mind, when they, soon after, saw him fall into the same misfortune as the earl of Essex, by losing his head, after he had lost the favour of his prince."

Elizabeth summoned her last parliament, to meet at Westminster, on the 27th of October, 1601. She opened it in person, with unwonted

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pressed with the want of feminine feeling which it indicated. If he had a prejudice, it was in favour of Elizabeth, whom he highly commends, not only as one of the greatest princesses in the world, but the best.

[1] Mezerai, and other French writers of an earlier date. Camden confutes the report, by affirming that the head of Essex was buried with his body.

pomp, but her enfeebled frame was unable to support the weight of the royal robes, and she was actually sinking to the ground, when the nearest nobleman caught and supported her in his arms.[1] Yet she rallied her expiring energies, and went through the fatiguing ceremonial, with her wonted dignity and grace.

The sessions commenced with a stormy discussion on monopolies, which had now increased to so oppressive a degree, that the sole right to sell or issue licences for the sale of wine, vinegar, oil, salt, starch, steel, coals, and almost every necessary of life, was vested in the person of some greedy, unprincipled courtier, or wealthy individual, who had purchased that privilege from the minister or ladies of the bed-chamber.[2] The time had arrived when the people of England would bear this grievance no longer. The exigencies of the government required an extraordinary supply to carry on the expenses of the civil war in Ireland, and the commons chose to discuss the monopoly question first, but the queen prevented this exposure of the abuses of her government, by sending a most gracious and conciliatory message to the house, signifying her intention of redressing all grievances by the exercise of her regal authority. The commons' deputation, of one hundred and forty members with their speaker, waited upon her to return thanks, and she addressed them at some length, expressing her affection for her people, and her satisfaction "that the harpies and horse-leeches," as she, in her energetic phraseology, termed the monopolists, had been exposed to her.

"I had rather," said she, "that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes, that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient. But I am none of those princes. For I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself, to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment-seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth, in all respects, and that I have such subjects, that for their good I would willingly lose both kingdoms and life." She concluded this beautiful speech, the last she ever addressed to her senate, by entreating them "not to impute the blame to her, if they had suffered from the abuses of which they complained, for princes' servants were too often set more upon their private advantage, than the good of either the sovereign or the people."

The parliament returned the most dutiful acknowledgments, and after granting an extraordinary supply, was dissolved in November, having scarcely sat six weeks. It was the last of Elizabeth's reign. The following spring, the aged queen appeared to have made a considerable rally in point of health. In March, 1602, the French ambassador records, that her majesty took her daily walking exercise on Richmond-

[1] Lingard. [2] Parliamentary History; D'Ewes; Mackintosh; Rapin.

green, with greater spirit and activity than could have been expected at her years.

On the 28th of April, she entertained the duke of Nevers, with a costly banquet, at her palace at Richmond, and, after dinner, opened the ball with him, in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility for her time of life. The French ambassador, Beaumont, notices, that this was the first time she had honoured any foreign prince in this way since she footed it so bravely with her last royal suitor, the duke of Alençon. The duke of Nevers repaid the courtesy of his august partner, with many compliments, not only kissing her hand, but her foot also, when she showed him her leg, a trait of levity too absurd almost for credibility, though recorded by an eye-witness, who says, that she used many pleasant discourses with him.[1]

On the 1st of May, Elizabeth honoured the sylvan customs of England, in the olden time, by going a Maying, with her court, in the green glades of Lewisham, two or three miles from her palace of Greenwich.[2] To use a familiar phrase, she appeared as if she had taken a new lease of life; and she adopted the whimsical method of damping the eager hopes of the king of Scotland, for his speedy succession to the English throne, by keeping his ambassador, sir Roger Aston, waiting for his audience, in a place where he could see her, behind a part of the tapestry, which was turned back, as if by accident, dancing, in her privy-chamber, to the sound of a small fiddle, and the royal Terpsichore, actually kept his excellency cooling his heels in the lobby, while she performed corantos, and other gallant feats of dancing, that he might report to his sovereign how vigorous and sprightly she was, and that his inheritance might yet be long in coming.[3]

This summer, she made a little series of festive visits in the vicinity of her metropolis, and was gratified with the usual sum of adulation and presents, but it is expressly noticed, that, on her visit to the earl of Nottingham, she was disappointed, because she was not presented with the costly suit of tapestry hangings, which represented all the battles of her valiant host with the Spanish Armada.[4]

In July, queen Elizabeth entertained the lady ambassadress of France at her palace of Greenwich; and it is noticed by Harrington, "that her excellency gave away fans, purses, and masks very bountifully." Another courtier describes the gay life Elizabeth was leading in the month of September:—"We are frolic here at court: much dancing in the privy-chamber, of country dances before the queen's majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most liked; but in winter, Lullaby, an old song of Mr. Bird's, will be more in request as I think." This was the opinion of the earl of Worcester,[5] an ancient servant and contemporary of the queen, who thought that a refreshing nap, lulled by the soft sounds of Bird's exquisite melody,[6] would better

[1] Lodge. Lingard. [2] Nichols. [3] Weldon. [4] Nichols' Progresses.

[5] Letter of the earl of Worcester to the earl of Shrewsbury. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 578.

[6] William Bird was organist of the royal chapel in this reign, and one of the greatest among English composers, at an era when England possessed national music, and had composers who produced original melodies.

suit his royal mistress than her usual after-dinner diversions of frisking, beneath the burden of seventy years, to some of the spirit-stirring Irish tunes newly imported to the English court. Under this gay exterior the mighty Elizabeth carried a heart full of profound grief; and she might truly have said—

"From sport to sport they hurry me,
To conquer my despair."

It was observed that, after the death of Essex, the people ceased to greet the queen with the demonstrations of rapturous affection with which they had been accustomed to salute her when she appeared in public. They could not forgive the loss of that generous and gallant nobleman, the only popular object of her favour, whom she had cut off in the flower of his days; and now, whenever she was seen, a gloomy silence reigned in the streets through which she passed. These indications of the change in her subjects' feelings towards her are said to have sunk deeply into the mind of the aged queen, and occasioned that depression of spirits which preceded her death.

A trifling incident is also supposed to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation ring, which she had worn, night and day, ever since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off; and this was regarded by her as an evil portent.

In the beginning of June, she confided to the French ambassador, Count de Beaumont, "that she was a-weary of life," and, with sighs and tears, alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have been ever in her thoughts, and, "when unthought of, still the spring of thought." She said, "that being aware of the impetuosity of his temper and his ambitious character, she had warned him two years before to content himself with pleasing her, and not to show such insolent contempt for her as he did on some occasions, but to take care not to touch her sceptre, lest she should be compelled to punish him according to the laws of England, and not according to her own, which he had always found too mild and indulgent for him to fear anything from them. His neglect of this caution," she added, "had caused his ruin."

Henry IV., notwithstanding the earnest intercessions he had made, through his ambassador, for the life of Essex, greatly applauded Elizabeth for her resolution in bringing him to the block, and observed, "that if his predecessor, Henry III., had possessed a portion of her high spirit, he would have quelled the insolence of the duke of Guise and his faction in their first attempts to overawe the throne." He said, many times, in the presence of his court, that "she only was a king, and knew how to govern — how to support the dignity of her crown; and that the repose and weal of her subjects required the course she had taken."[1]

Elizabeth appears to have felt differently on this subject, which pressed heavily on her mind; perhaps more so than many a less justifiable act of severity, as the deaths of the duke of Norfolk and the queen of Scots.

[1] Winwood's Memorials.

But this was the drop that surcharged the cup; and the infirmities of frail humanity warned her that the hour was not far distant when she must render up an account for the blood she had shed; and, however satisfactory her reasons, for what she had done, might have appeared to other sovereigns and to her partial subjects, neither expediency nor sophistry would avail aught at the tribunal, where the secrets of all hearts are unveiled. Besides, she had hitherto destroyed her enemies, or those whom she deemed the friends of her foes. Now she had taken the life of her nearest kinsman and best loved friend, of him whom she had cherished in his early youth with the tenderness of a mother, and, after he advanced to manhood, regarded with the perilous fondness of a jealous lover.

One of the members of Elizabeth's household gives the following account of the state of the queen's mind, in a letter to a confidential correspondent, in the service of her successor:—"Our queen is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."

There was a vain endeavour, on the part of her cabinet, to amuse the mind of the declining melancholy sovereign, with a new favourite, the young and handsome earl of Clanricarde, who was considered to bear a striking likeness to him whom she so vainly lamented; but the resemblance only increased her dejection. The countess of Essex, however, found consolation for her loss, in this likeness: for she ultimately took the earl of Clanricarde for her third husband.

The state of queen Elizabeth's mind, as well as the breaking up of her constitution, is pathetically described by her godson, Harrington, in a confidential letter to his wife.[1] He says, "Our dear queen, my royal godmother, and this state's natural mother, doth now bear show of human infirmity too fast for that evil which we shall get by her death, and too slow for that good which she shall get by her releasement from her pains and misery. I was bidden to her presence; I blessed the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone? I replied with reverence, 'that I had seen him with the lord-deputy (Essex). She looked up, with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'Oh! now it mindeth me that you were *one*, who saw this man *elsewhere*,' and hereat she dropped a tear and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she oft put to her lips, but, in sooth, her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling. This sight moved me to think of what passed in Ireland; and I trust she did not less think on *some* who were busier there than myself. She gave me a message to the lord-deputy (Mountjoye,) and bade me come to the chamber at seven o'clock.

"Her majesty inquired of some matters which I had written; and as she was pleased to note my fanciful brain, I was not unheedful to feed her humour, and read some verses; whereat she smiled once, and was pleased to say, 'When thou dost feel creeping Time at thy gate, these

[1] Dated December 27, 1602.

fooleries will please thee less. I am past my relish for such matters. Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well. I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight.' She rated most grievously, at noon, at some, who minded not to bring up certain matters of account. Several men have been sent to, and, when ready at hand, her highness hath dismissed in anger; but who, dearest Mall, shall say, 'Your highness hath forgotten?"[1]

These fits of despondency occasionally cleared away; and we find Elizabeth exhibiting fits of active mirthfulness, especially at the expense of her dwarfish premier, Cecil, who habitually played the lover to her majesty. She sometimes so far forgot the dignity of her age and exalted station, as to afford him a sort of whimsical encouragement by making a butt of him. A ludicrous instance of her coquetry is related by one of her courtiers, in a letter to the earl of Shrewsbury:—"I send your lordship here enclosed," writes he, "some verses compounded by Mr. Secretary, who got Hales to frame a ditty to it. The occasion was, I hear, that the young lady Derby,[2] wearing about her neck and in her bosom, a dainty tablet, the queen, espying it, asked, 'What fine jewel that was?' Lady Derby was anxious to excuse showing it; but the queen would have it. She opened it, and, finding it to be Mr. Secretary's picture, she snatched it from lady Derby's neck, and tied it upon her own shoe, and walked about with it there. Then she took it from thence, and pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there also. When Mr. Secretary Cecil was told of this, he made these verses, and caused Hales to sing them in his apartments. It was told her majesty that Mr. Secretary Cecil had rare music and songs in his chamber. She chose to hear them, and the ditty was sung." The poetry was not worth quoting; but the verses, it seems, expressed, "that he repines not, though her majesty may please to grace others; for his part, he is content with the favour his picture received." This incident took place when the royal coquette was in her seventieth year. Strange scenes are occasionally revealed when the mystic curtain, that veils the penetralia of kings and queens from vulgar curiosity, is, after the lapse of centuries, withdrawn by the minuteness of biographical research. What a delicious subject for an "H. B." caricature would the stately Elizabeth and her pigmy secretary have afforded!

Cecil was, however, at that time the creature of the expecting impatient heir of his royal mistress, with whom he maintained almost a daily correspondence. One day, a packet, from king James, was delivered to him in the presence of the queen, which he knew contained allusions to his secret practices with her successor. Elizabeth's quick eye, doubtless, detected the furtive glance, which taught him to recognise that it was a dangerous missive; and she ordered him instantly to open and show the contents of his letters to her. A timely recollection of one

[1] Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 320.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. ii. 576. Elizabeth, eldest daughter to the earl of Oxford, by Cecil's sister, lady Anne, married the earl of Derby, 1594. As the lady was Cecil's niece, it is singular that she showed reluctance to display her uncle's picture.

of her weak points saved the wily minister from detection. "This packet," said he, as he slowly drew forth his knife and prepared to cut the strings, which fastened it—"this packet has a strange and evil smell. Surely it has not been in contact with infected persons or goods." Elizabeth's dread of contagion prevailed over both curiosity and suspicion, and she hastily ordered Cecil to throw it at a distance, and not bring it into her presence again till it had been thoroughly fumigated.[1] He, of course, took care to purify it of the evidence of his own guilty deeds

James I. obtained a great ascendancy in the councils of Elizabeth during the last years of her life, although the fact was far from suspected by the declining queen, who all the while flattered herself that it was she who, from the secret recesses of her closet, governed the realm of Scotland, and controlled the actions of her royal successor. The circumstance of his being her successor, however, gave James that power in his reversionary realm of England, of which he afterwards boasted to the great Sully, the ambassador from France, telling him, "that it was he who actually governed England for several years before the death of Elizabeth, having gained all her ministers, who were guided by his directions in all things." Even Harrington, dearly as he loved his royal mistress, showed signs and tokens of this worship paid to the rising sun, when he sent a jewel in the form of a dark-lantern, as a new year's gift to James, signifying that the failing lamp of life waxed dim with the departing queen, and would soon be veiled in the darkness of the tomb.

The queen still took pleasure, between whiles, in witnessing the sports of young people. It is noted in the Sidney papers, "that on St. Stephen's day, in the afternoon, Mrs. Mary," some maiden of the court, "danced before the queen two galliards, with one Mr. Palmer, the admirablest dancer of this time; both were much commended by her majesty; then she (Mrs. Mary) danced with him a coranto. The queen kissed Mr. William Sidney in the presence, as she came from the chapel; my lady Warwick presented him."

Elizabeth's correspondence with lord Mountjoye is among the extravaganzas of her private life. He was her deputy in Ireland, the successor of Essex, formerly a rival favourite, and was forced to assume, like his predecessor and Raleigh, the airs of a despairing lover of the queen, whenever he had any point to carry with her, either for his public or private interest. His letters generally begin with, "Dear Sovereign," "Sacred Majesty," "Sacred and dear Sovereign;" his phraseology, though very caressing, is not so fulsome as that of Essex, nor so audacious, in its flights of personal flattery, as that of Raleigh; however, considering that Elizabeth was nearly seventy, and Mountjoye a handsome man of five-and-thirty, the following passage must have been difficult of digestion, written on some reverse in Ireland, for which he anticipated blame at court: "This, most dear sovereign, I do not write with any swelling justification of myself. If any impious tongue do tax my proceedings, I will patiently bless it, that by making me suffer for

[1] Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland.

your sake—I that have suffered for your sake a torment above all others, a grieved and despised love."[1]

Elizabeth answered this deceitful effusion with the following absurd billet:

THE QUEEN TO LORD MOUNTJOYE.

"O what melancholy humour hath exhaled up into your brain from a full fraughted heart that should breed such doubt—bred upon no cause given by us at all, never having pronounced any syllable upon which such a work should be framed! There is no louder trump that may sound out your praise, your hazard, your care, your luck, than we have blasted in all our court, and elsewhere, indeed!

"Well, I will attribute it to God's good providence for you, that (lest all these glories might elevate you too much) he hath suffered (though not made) such a scruple to keep you under his rod, who best knows we have more need of bits than spurs. Thus 'valeant ista amara; ad Tartaros eat melancholia!'

"Your sovereign,

"E. R."

"Endorsed in the hand of Robert Cecil:[2]—'A copy of her majesty's letter, lest you cannot read it,' then in lord Mountjoye's hand, 'received in January, at Arbracken.'"

It is by lady Southwell, one of queen Elizabeth's ladies immediately about her person, that the melancholy marvels attending her death are recorded. This narrative is still in existence[3] in the original MSS.; the costume of place, time, and diurnal routine, render it a precious document. After making every allowance for the marvellousness of the writer, it evidently depicts the departure of a person unsettled in religion, and uneasy in conscience.

"Her majesty," says lady Southwell, "being in very good health one day, sir John Stanhope, vice-chamberlain, and sir Robert Cecil's dependant and familiar, came and presented her majesty with a piece of gold, of the bigness of an angel, full of characters, which he said an old woman in Wales had bequeathed to her (the queen) on her death-bed, and thereupon he discoursed how the said testatrix, by virtue of the piece of gold, lived to the age of 120 years, and in that age having all her body withered and consumed, and wanting nature to nourish her, she died, commanding the said piece of gold to be carefully sent to her majesty, alleging further, that as long as she wore it on her body she could not die. The queen in confidence took the said gold, and hung it about her neck." This fine story has crept very widely into history, and even into ambassadors' despatches; but the genealogy of the magic piece of gold has never before been duly defined. There can be little doubt that Elizabeth and her minister were absurd enough to accept the talisman, but its adoption was followed by a general breaking up of her constitution, instead of its renewal. "Though she became not suddenly

[1] The deceiver was, in reality, passionately in love with Penelope, lady Rich, the beauitful sister of Essex.

[2] It seems the letter was an autograph, but so illegible, being written but a few weeks before the queen's death, that her secretary was obliged to copy it, that its sense might be comprehended.

[3] It is at Stonyhurst, endorsed by the hands of Persons, "The relation of the lady Southwell of the late Q(eeen's) death, po. Aprilis, 1607."

sick, yet she daily decreased of her rest and feeding, and within fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "she fell downright ill, and the cause being wondered at by my lady Scrope, with whom she was very private and confidant, being her near kinswoman, her majesty told her, (commanding her to conceal the same), 'that she saw one night her own body exceedingly lean and fearful in a light of fire.' This vision was at Whitehall, a little before she departed for Richmond, and was testified by another lady, who was one of the nearest about her person, of whom the queen demanded, 'Whether she was not wont to see sights in the night?' telling her of the bright flame she had seen." This is a common deception of the sight, in a highly vitiated state of bile; but, in the commencement of the 17th century, educated individuals were as ignorant of physiology as infants of three years old of the present day; these imaginative vagaries are very precious, as proofs of the gradual progress of knowledge, and its best result, wisdom. The next anecdote, however, goes far beyond all our present discoveries in optics:

"Afterwards, in the melancholy of her sickness, she desired to see a *true* looking-glass, which in twenty years before she had not seen, but only such a one as on purpose was made to deceive her sight, which true looking-glass being brought her, she presently fell exclaiming at all those flatterers which had so much commended her, and they durst not after come into her presence." Her attendants had doubtless left off painting her, and she happened to see her natural face in the glass.

A fearful complication of complaints had settled on the queen, and began to draw visibly to a climax. She suffered greatly with the gout in her hands and fingers, but was never heard to complain of what she felt in the way of personal pain, but continued to talk of progresses and festivities, as though she expected her days to be prolonged through years to come.

Early in the new year 1603, Elizabeth honoured the French ambassador, by standing godmother to his infant daughter, but performed this office by proxy, as it would scarcely have been consistent with her absolute prohibition of the rites of the church of Rome, if she had assisted in person at a Roman-catholic ceremonial. It is quaintly stated, in the contemporary record, "that the queen christened the French ambassador's daughter by her deputy, the lady marquesse, the countess of Worcester, and the lord-admiral, being her assistants."[1]

On the 14th of January, the queen having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind to the last, to beware of Whitehall,[2] removed to Richmond, which she said, "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." The morning before she departed, her kinsman, the lord-admiral, coming to her to receive her orders, partly concerning the removal and partly touching other matters, she fell into some speech touching the succession, and then told him, "that her throne had always been the throne of kings, and none but her next heir of blood

[1] Nichols.

[2] The queen's last sickness and death. Cotton MS. Titus, c. vii. folio 46.

and descent should succeed." This, confirmed as it is by her remark to Sully, "that the king of Scotland would hereafter become king of Great Britain," proves that Elizabeth, however jealous she might be of James during her life, had no wish to entail the legacy of a civil war on her people, by changing the legitimate order of the succession. Her displeasure against those, who might pretend to set up a rival claim to the elder line, was sufficiently indicated by the acrimonious manner in which she named the son of lady Katharine Gray, and her imprisonment of the innocent lady Arabella Stuart, at Sheriff Hutton. Elizabeth removed, on a wet, stormy day, to Richmond; but when she first arrived, the change of air appeared to have had a salutary effect, for she was well amended of her cold; but, on the 28th of February, she began to sicken again.

All contemporary writers bear witness to the increased dejection of her mind, after visiting her dying kinswoman, the countess of Nottingham; but the particulars of that visit rest on historical tradition only. It is said that the countess, pressed in conscience on account of her detention of the ring, which Essex had sent to the queen as an appeal to her mercy, could not die in peace until she had revealed the truth to her majesty, and craved her pardon. But Elizabeth, in a transport of mingled grief and fury, shook, or, as others have said, struck the dying penitent in her bed, with these words, "God may forgive you, but I never can!"[1]

The death-bed confession of the countess of Nottingham gave a rude shock to the fast-ebbing sands of the sorrow-stricken queen. Her distress on that occasion, though the circumstances which caused it were not generally known, till more than a century afterwards, is mentioned by De Beaumont, the French ambassador, in a letter to Monsieur de Villeroy, in which he informs him, "that, having received the letter from the king his master, he requested an audience of the queen in order to present it, but she desired to be excused on account of the death of the countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shown an uncommon concern."

It is almost a fearful task to trace the passage of the mighty Elizabeth through the "dark valley of the shadow of death." Many have been dazzled with the splendour of her life, but few, even of her most ardent admirers, would wish their last end might be like hers.

Robert Carey, afterwards earl of Monmouth, was admitted to the chamber of his royal kinswoman during her last illness, and has left the following pathetic record of the state in which he found her:—

"When I came to court," says he, "I found the queen ill-disposed and she kept her inner lodging; yet, hearing of my arrival, she sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing-chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it

[1] Lady Elizabeth Spelman's Narrative in Life of Carey, earl of Monmouth. De Maurier's Memoirs of Holland.

hard, and said, 'No, Robin, *I am not well*;' and then discoursed to me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight, for in all my lifetime before, I never saw her fetch a sigh, but when the queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many sighs and tears, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that queen. I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming.

"After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms (of the chambers) came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, for she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy-chamber, hard by the closet door, and there she heard the service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse; she remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance, or to go to bed."[1]

Beaumont, the French ambassador, affords a yet more gloomy picture of the sufferings of mind and body, which rendered the progress of the "dreaded and dreadful Elizabeth" to the tomb, an awful lesson on the vanity of all earthly distinctions and glories in the closing stage of life, when nothing but the witness of a good conscience, and a holy reliance on the mercy of a Redeemer's love, can enable shrinking nature to contemplate, with hope and comfort, the dissolution of its earthly tabernacle.

On the 19th of March, De Beaumont informs the king, his master, "that queen Elizabeth had been very much indisposed for the last fourteen days, having scarcely slept at all during that period, and eaten much less than usual, being seized with such a restlessness, that, though she had no decided fever, she felt a great heat in her stomach, and a continual thirst, which obliged her every moment to take something to abate it, and to prevent the phlegm, with which she was sometimes oppressed, from choking her. Some ascribed her disorder to her uneasiness with regard to lady Arabella Stuart; others, to her having been obliged, by her council, to grant a pardon to her Irish rebel, Tyrone. Many were of opinion that her distress of mind was caused by the death of Essex; but all agreed, that, before her illness became serious, she discovered an unusual melancholy, both in her countenance and manner." "The queen," says another contemporary, "had fallen into a state of moping, sighing, and weeping melancholy; and being asked, by her attendants, 'Whether she had any secret cause of grief?' she replied, 'that she knew of nothing in this world worthy of troubling her.'" She was obstinate in refusing everything prescribed by her physicians.

[1] Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth, edited by the earl of Cork.

Three days after, Beaumont wrote, "that the queen of England had been somewhat better the day before, but was that day worse, and so full of chagrin, and so weary of life, that, notwithstanding all the entreaties of her councillors and physicians for her to take the proper medicine and means necessary for her relief, she refused everything."

"The queen grew worse and worse," says her kinsman, sir Robert Carey,[1] "because she would be so—none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed." A general report of her death prevailed, not only in her own dominions, but on the Continent, as we find by the reports of De Beaumont, the French ambassador.

On Wednesday, the lord-admiral was sent for, as the person who possessed the most influence with the queen; he was one of her nearest surviving kinsmen, being the first-cousin of queen Anne Boleyn, whose mother, the lady Elizabeth Howard, was his father's sister. He had also married a Carey, the grand-daughter of the queen's aunt, Mary Boleyn. He was then in great affliction for the death of his lady, and had retired from the court, to indulge his grief in privacy, for the sight of *doole* (mourning) was as distasteful to queen Elizabeth as to her father. She was aware that those about her anticipated a fatal termination to her present malady, and felt in herself the unmistakeable symptoms of the slow, but sure approach of death, and though she had, with sighs and tears, acknowledged herself weary of life, there was a fearful shrinking manifested, when she found herself actually poised on the narrow threshold that divides time from eternity; and, as if she thought that her reluctance to cross that awful bound would alter the immutable decree that had gone forth against her, she refused to admit her danger, or to do anything which bore the appearance of death-bed preparations.[2]

The archbishop of Canterbury and Cecil entreated her to receive medical aid, but she angrily told them, "that she knew her own constitution better than they did, and that she was not in so much danger as they imagined."[3] The admiral came, and knelt beside her, where she sat among her cushions, sullen and unresigned; he kissed her hands, and, with tears, implored her to take a little nourishment. After much ado, he prevailed so far, that she received a little broth, from his hands; he feeding her with a spoon. But when he urged her to go to bed, she angrily refused, and then, in wild and wandering words, hinted of phantasma, that had troubled her midnight couch. "If he were in the habit of seeing such things in his bed," she said, "as she did when in hers, he would not persuade her to go there." Secretary Cecil, overhearing this speech, asked, "If her majesty had seen any spirits?" A flash of Elizabeth's mighty mind, for an instant, triumphed over the wreck of her bodily and mental faculties; she knew the man, and was aware he had been truckling with her successor. He was not in her confidence, and she answered, majestically, "she scorned to answer him *such* a question!" But Cecil's pertness was not subdued by the lion-like mien of dying majesty, and he told her, that "to content the people, she *must* go to bed." At which she smiled, wonderfully contemning him, ob-

[1] Autobiography of Carey, earl of Monmouth. [2] Birch. [3] Ibid.

serving, "the word *must* was not to be used to princes," adding, "Little man, little man, if your father had lived, ye durst not have said so much, but ye know I must die, and that makes ye so presumptuous." She then commanded him and the rest to depart out of her chamber, all but lord-admiral Howard, to whom, as her near relation and fast friend through life, she was confidential to the last, even regarding those unreal phantasms, which, when her great mind awoke for a moment, it is plain she referred to their proper causes. When Cecil and his colleagues were gone, the queen, shaking her head piteously, said to her brave kinsman, "My lord, I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck."

The lord-admiral reminded her of her wonted courage, but she replied, despondingly, "I am tied—I am tied, and the case is altered with me." The queen understood that secretary Cecil had given forth to the people that she was mad; therefore, in her sickness, she did many times say to him, "Cecil, I know I am not mad; you must not think to make queen Jane of me." She evidently alluded to the unfortunate queen-regnant of Castille, the mad Joanna, mother of Charles V., whose sad life, as a regal maniac, was fresh in the memory of her dying contemporary.

Her ladies, however, bear firm witness of her sanity; "for," says lady Southwell, "though many reports, by Cecil's means, were spread of her distraction, neither myself, nor any other lady about her, could ever perceive that her speeches, ever well applied, proceeded from a distracted mind." Partly by the admiral's persuasions, and partly by force, she was at length carried to bed; but there she lay not long, for again the French ambassador informs the king, his master, "that the queen continued to grow worse, and appeared in a manner insensible, not speaking above once in two or three hours, and at last remained silent for four-and-twenty, holding her finger almost continually in her mouth, with her rayless eyes open, and fixed on the ground, where she sat on cushions, without rising or resting herself, and was greatly emaciated by her long watching and fasting."

Some attempt appears to have been made to charm away the dark spirit that had come over the queen, by the power of melody, at this dread crisis; for Beaumont says, "This morning, the queen's music has gone to her." He sarcastically adds, "I believe she means to die as gaily as she has lived." In his next report, he says, "The queen hastens to her end, and is given up by all her physicians. They have put her to bed, almost by force, after she had sat upon cushions for ten days,[1] and has rested barely an hour each day in her clothes." After she was undressed, and placed more at her ease, in a recumbent posture, she revived, and called for broth, and seemed so much better, that hopes were entertained of her, but soon after she became speechless. When she found herself failing, she desired some meditations to be read to her, and named those of Du Plessis de Mornaye. Yet more, alas! of superstition than devotion appears to have attended the last days of this

[1] This must be a great exaggeration, since Carey and lady Southwell only say four.

mighty victress—mighty queen; and gloomy indeed were the clouds in which she, who had been proudly styled "the western luminary," set at last. If we may credit the details of lady Southwell, who has recorded every circumstance of her royal mistress's last illness with graphic minuteness, some singular traits of weakness were exhibited by Elizabeth, and before the testimony of this daily witness of the occurrences of that epoch be rejected, the reader must bear in mind Elizabeth's well-authenticated practices with the astrologer, Dee.

Lady Southwell affirms, "that the two ladies in waiting discovered the queen of hearts, with a nail of iron knocked through the forehead, and thus fastened to the bottom of her majesty's chair; they durst not pull it out, remembering that the like thing was used to the old countess of Sussex, and afterwards proved a witchcraft, for which certain persons were hanged, as instruments of the same." It was perfectly inconsequential whether the queen of hearts or any other bit of card, was nailed at the bottom of the queen's chair; but the fantastical idea of putting it there, and the terror of the poor ladies who would, but durst not, remove it, because of the horrid sacrifice of human life that attended all suspicion of witchcraft, are lively illustrations of the characteristics of that era. As the mortal illness of the queen drew towards its close, the superstitious fears of her simple ladies were excited almost to mania, even to conjuring up a spectral apparition of the queen while she was yet alive. Lady Guildford, then in waiting on the queen, and leaving her in an almost breathless sleep in her privy-chamber,[1] went out to take a little air, and met her majesty, as she thought, three or four chambers off. Alarmed at the thoughts of being discovered in the act of leaving the royal patient alone, she hurried forward, in some trepidation, in order to excuse herself, when the apparition vanished away. Lady Guildford returned, terrified, to the chamber, but there laid queen Elizabeth still in the same lethargic, motionless slumber, in which she had left her.

On the 24th of March, Beaumont, the French ambassador, made the following report of the state of the departing monarch:—"The queen was given up three days ago; she had lain long in a cold sweat, and had not spoken. A short time previously she said, 'I wish not to live any longer, but desire to die.' Yesterday and the day before, she began to rest, and found herself better after, having been greatly relieved by the bursting of a small swelling in the throat. She takes no medicine whatever, and has only kept her bed two days; before this she would on no account suffer it, for fear (as some suppose) of a prophecy that she should die in her bed. She is, moreover, said to be no longer in her right senses; this, however, is a mistake; she has only had some slight wanderings at intervals."

Carey reports the last change for the worse to have taken place on Wednesday, the previous day:—"That afternoon," says he, "she made signs for her council to be called, and, by putting her hand to her head, when the king of Scotland was named to succeed her, they all knew he

[1] Lady Southwell's MS.

was the man she desired should reign after her." By what logic the council were able to interpret this motion of the dying queen into an indication that such was her pleasure, they best could explain. Lady Southwell's account of this memorable scene is more circumstantial and minute. She says of the queen:—

"Being given over by all, and at the last gasp, keeping still her sense in everything, and giving apt answers, though she spake but seldom, having then a sore throat, the council required admittance, and she wished to wash (gargle) her throat, that she might answer freely to what they demanded, which was to know whom she would have for king?" A servile and unconstitutional question, which it is well no sovereign is expected to answer in these better days. "Her throat troubling her much, they desired her to hold up her finger when they named who she liked; whereupon, they named the king of France, (this was to try her intellect,) she never stirred; the king of Scotland — she made no sign; then they named lord Beauchamp—this was the heir of Seymour, whose rights were derived from his mother, lady Katharine Gray, one of the most unfortunate of Elizabeth's victims: anger awakened the failing mind of the expiring queen; she roused herself at the name of the injured person, whom she could not forgive, and said, fiercely, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a king." How sad is the scene—what a dismal view of regality the various versions of this death-bed present! where the interested courtiers sat watching the twitchings of the hands, and the tossing of the arms of the dying Elizabeth, interpreting them into signs of royalty for the expectant heir. In her last struggles, the clasping of her convulsed hands over her brow is seriously set forth as her symbolical intimation that her successor was to be a crowned king!

"The queen kept her bed fifteen days," continues lady Southwell, "besides the three days she sat upon a stool; and one day, when, being pulled up by force, she obstinately stood on her feet for fifteen hours. When she was near her end, the council sent to her the archbishop of Canterbury and other prelates, at the sight of whom she was much offended, cholericly rating them, bidding them 'be packing,' saying 'she was no atheist, but she knew full well they were but hedge-priests.'" That Elizabeth, in the aberration of delirium or the petulance of sickness, might have used such a speech, is possible; but her reluctance to receive spiritual assistance from the hierarchy of her own church is not mentioned by the French ambassador; and Carey assures us, "that, about six at night, she made signs for the archbishop of Canterbury and her chaplains to come to her. At which time," says he, "I went in with them, and sat upon my knees, full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to, and, though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stew-

ardship to the great King of kings." The following striking anecdote is related by the learned author of "*L'Art de Verifier les Dates*," in connexion with this memorable scene; but it is scarcely in accordance with Carey's record of the archbishop's apostolical address to the queen, and still less with the fact that she was speechless. The incident must, however, be related, because it is deeply interesting, if true:—

"The archbishop of Canterbury," says our authority, "who assisted her last moments with his consolations, said to her, 'Madam, you ought to hope much in the mercy of God. Your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you.' 'My lord,' replied the queen, 'the crown which I have borne so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death."

"After this," continues Carey, "he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary: he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop, the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half-hour after, and then thought to leave her." Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted, in that dark hour, of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated—the weakness of the dissolving tabernacle of feeble clay was forgotten. She made, a second time, a sign to have the archbishop continue in prayer.[1] He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her."

"This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian, because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady." As those of a trusted and beloved kinsman of Elizabeth, the statements of sir Robert Carey are doubtless of great importance. Few, indeed, of those, who are admitted to visit the death-beds of sovereigns have left such graphic records of their last hours. It is melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe, that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey and his sister, lady Scrope, were intently watching the ebbing tide of life for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient king of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly, that the vigilance of the self-interested spies, by whom she was surrounded, was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure

[1] Autobiography of sir Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth.

Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke; and, about three in the morning, it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe. Lady Scrope gave the first intelligence of this fact, by silently dropping a sapphire ring to her brother, who was lurking beneath the windows of the chamber of death at Richmond Palace. This ring, long after known in court tradition as the "blue ring," had been confided to lady Scrope by James, as a certain signal which was to announce the decease of the queen. Sir Robert Carey caught the token, fraught with the destiny of the island empire, and departed, at fiery speed, to announce the tidings in Scotland.[1] His adventures belong to another portion of this work.

Carey gives us a very different account of his proceedings, in his autobiography. He affirms that, after he had assisted at the last prayers for his dying mistress, he returned to his lodging, leaving word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call him[2] if it was thought the queen would die, and that he gave the porter an angel to let him in at any time when he called. Early on the Thursday morning, the sentinel he had left in the cofferer's chamber brought him word that the queen was dead. "I rose," says he, "and made all the haste to the gate to get in. I was answered, I could not enter—all the lords of the council having been there, and commanded that none should go in or out, but by warrant from them. At the very instant one of the council, the comptroller, asked if I were at the gate. I answered, 'Yes,' and desired to know how the queen did; he answered, 'Pretty well.'" When Carey was admitted, he found all the ladies in the cofferer's chamber weeping bitterly—a more touching tribute, perhaps, to the memory of their royal mistress, than all the pompous and elaborate lamentations that the poets and poetasters of the age laboured to bestow on her, in illustration of the grief which was supposed to pervade all hearts throughout the realm at her decease.

This great female sovereign died in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fourth of her reign. She was born on the day celebrated as the nativity of the Virgin Mary, and she died, March 24th, on the eve of the festival of the annunciation, called Lady-day. Among the complimentary epitaphs which were composed for her, and hung up in many churches, was one ending with the following couplet:—

> "She is, she was—what can there more be said?
> On earth the first, in heaven the second maid."

It is stated by lady Southwell, that directions were left by Elizabeth that she should not be embalmed; but Cecil gave orders to her surgeon to open her.

"Now, the queen's body being cered up," continues lady Southwell, "was brought by water to Whitehall, where, being watched every night by six several ladies, myself that night watching as one of them, and being all in our places about the corpse, which was fast nailed up in a board coffin, with leaves of lead covered with velvet, her body burst

[1] Brydges' Peers of king James, p. 413.
[2] Memoirs of Robert Carey, earl of Monmouth, p. 182.

with such a crack that it splitted the wood, lead, and cere-cloth, whereupon, the next day, she was fain to be new trimmed up." The council were displeased that their orders, in coincidence with the dying request of their royal mistress, should be disobeyed by the malapert contradiction of Cecil regarding the last duties to her corpse;[1] but no one dared to rebuke him publicly or officially.

Queen Elizabeth was most royally interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of April, 1603; "at which time," says old Stowe, "the city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy; and when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man, neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."[2]

The funeral statue, which, by its close resemblance to their deceased sovereign, moved the sensibility of the loyal and excitable portion of the spectators at her obsequies, in this powerful manner, was no other, gentle reader, than the faded wax-work effigy of that queen, preserved in that little mysterious cell of Westminster Abbey, called the waxwork chamber, for the sight of which an additional sixpence was formerly extorted from the visitors to that venerable fane. As the waxwork chamber is now closed to the public for ever, and these quaint memorials of the royal and illustrious dead are never more to excite the mirth, the wonder, or terror, of the unsophisticated sight-seers of London again, a description of the posthumous figure of Elizabeth, which, tradition affirms, was modeled from her person, after death, and is clad in garments from her royal wardrobe, of the precise fashion she wore in life, may prove an acceptable addition to her personal biography.

There can be little doubt that such as the maiden monarch appeared in the last year of her life and reign, we behold a striking fac-simile in this curious work of art.

It is well known that Elizabeth caused the die of the last gold coin, that was struck with the likeness of her time-broken profile, to be destroyed, in her indignation at its ugliness, and could she have seen the grim posthumous representation of her faded glories, that was borne upon her bier, it is probable that she would have struggled to burst her cere-cloths and her leaden coffin to demolish it. Yet there are the remains of considerable beauty and much majesty to be traced in this

[1] She seems to have been embalmed, by the mention of cering and cerecloth, probably as it was against her wish, hurriedly and ineffectually, which occasioned the natural explosion of gas, that scared lady Southwell into a supernatural terror.

[2] The waxen effigies of the great, that were carried on their coffins, were meant to represent the persons themselves. It was the fashion, in the olden time, to deck the corpse in gala array, and carry it to the church uncovered, as we may see even by Shakspeare's allusions, "They bore him bare-faced on the bier."

very statue. It has the high aristocratic, yet delicately modelled features, with which we are familiar, in the coins and pictures of the last of the Tudors. There is even a likeness of Anne Boleyn, discernible in the contour of the face, especially in the broad, powerful forehead and high cheek-bones. The backward carriage of the head is peculiarly indicative of Elizabeth, in all her latter portraits, and she holds the sceptre and the ball, with the characteristic haughtiness of one fully aware of the full importance of those emblems of regality. Her height is commanding, and her figure stately and symmetrical. She is attired in her royal robes—a kirtle and boddice of very rich crimson satin, embroidered all over with silver; the front of the skirt is wrought in a bold coral pattern, and fringed with tufted and spangled silver fringe; the boddice is very long and slightly rounded at the point; the stomacher, embroidered in *quatre-feuilles* of silver bullion, interspersed with rosettes and crosses of large round Roman pearls, and medallions of coloured glass, to imitate rubies, sapphires and diamonds; it is also edged with silver lace and ermine. The boddice is cut low in front, so as to display the bosom, without any tucker or kerchief, but with a high ruff of guipure, which is now embrowned with the dust of centuries. The ruff is of the Spanish fashion, high behind, and sloping towards the bust. The sleeves are turned over at the wrists, with cuffs and reversed ruffles of the same curious texture as the ruff. About her throat is a carcanet of large round pearls, and rubies, and emeralds; besides this ornament, her neck is decorated with long strings of pearls, festooned over the bosom, and descending, on either side, below the elbows, in tassels.

Her regal mantle of purple velvet, trimmed with rows of ermine and gold lace, is attached to the shoulders with gold cordons and tassels, and falls behind, in a long train. The skirt of her under-dress, or kirtle, is cut short, to display the small feet and well-turned ancles, of which she was so proud. She wears high-heeled shoes of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous white ribbon bows, composed of six loops, edged with silver gimp, and in the centre a large pearl medallion. Her ear-rings are circular pearl and ruby medallions, with large pear-shaped pearl pendants. Her light-red wig is frizzled very short above the ears, but descends behind in stiff cannon curls, and is altogether thickly beset with pearls. Her royal crown is affloriated, small, high, and placed very far back on her head, leaving her high and broad retreating forehead, and part of her head, bare and bald.

She has a gold cordon, with large tufted and spangled gold tassels descending nearly to her feet. It is surprising how well the bullion with which her dress is decorated has stood the test of time, for its discoloration proceeds rather from an accumulation of dust than tarnish. As an undoubted specimen of the costume worn by Elizabeth in the last year of her reign, this figure is very valuable.

Elizabeth was interred in the same grave with her sister and predecessor in the regal office, Mary Tudor. Her successor, king James I., has left a lasting evidence of his good taste, and good feeling, in the noble monument he erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey. Her recumbent effigies repose beneath a stately canopy, on a slab of pure

white marble, which is supported by four lions. Her head rests on tasselled and embroidered cushions, her feet on a couchant lion. She is mantled in her royal robes, lined with ermine, and attired in fardingale and ruff, but there is almost a classical absence of ornament in her dress. Her closely curled hair is covered with a very simple cap, though of the regal form, but she has no crown, and the sceptre has been broken from her hand, so has the cross from the imperial orb, which she holds in the other. She was the last sovereign of this country to whom a monument has been given, but one of the few whose glory required it not.

There is a curious original painting of queen Elizabeth at Henham Hall, in Suffolk, in the possession of the earl of Stradbroke, by whose courteous permission we were permitted minutely to examine the picture.

The name of the artist is unknown; but it is evidently the work of the court painter, and one of those portraits for which Elizabeth condescended to sit in person, for the face is executed in strict accordance with the royal contempt for the rules of art; and though the features are elegantly delineated with regard to outline, the total absence of shade spoils the effect; but Elizabeth forbade the use of these darkening tints, as injurious to the lustre of her complexion. The portrait is a three-quarter length, and represents the queen, somewhere about the thirtieth year of her age, when the iron signet of care began to reveal its impress on her ample brow, the elongated visage, and the thin and sternly compressed lips. The eyes are dark and penetrating, the complexion fair and faded, the hair of the indeterminate shade, which foes call red, and panegyrists auburn: it is curled, or rather frizzled, in a regular circle round the brow, and very short at the ears. The costume fixes the date of the picture between the years 1565 and 1570, before Elizabeth had launched into the exuberance of dress and ornament, which rendered her portraits so barbaric in their general effect, as she advanced into the vale of years, and every year increased the height and amplitude of her radiated ruff, till it rose like a winged back-ground, behind the lofty fabric of jewels she wore on her head, and at last, overtopped the cross of her regal diadem.

In the Henham portrait, her ruff is of a less aspiring fashion, and resembles those worn by her beautiful rival, Mary Stuart, when queen of France: it is formed of small circular quillings, of silver guipure, closely set round the throat, and confined by a rich carcanet or collar of rubies, amethysts, and pearls, set in a beautiful gold filagree pattern, with large pear-shaped pearls depending from each lozenge. The boddice of the dress, which is of rich white brocade, embroidered in diagonal stripes, with bullion, in a running pattern of hops and hop-leaves, fastens down the front, and is made tight to the shape, and with a point, like a dress of the present times. It is ornamented between the embroidery with gems set in gold filagree of the same pattern as the carcanet. The boddice is also slashed with purple velvet, edged with bullion. The sleeves are of the form, which, in the modern nomenclature of costume, has been termed *gigot;* they are surmounted on the shoulder with puffs of gold gauze, separated with rubies and amethysts, and two small

rouleaus, wreathed with pearls and bullion. The sleeves are slashed with velvet, embroidered with bullion, and decorated with gems to match the boddice, and finished at the wrists with quilled ruffles of the same pattern as her ruff. She wears the jewel and ribbon of the garter about her neck. The George is a large oval medallion, pendent from a pale blue ribbon, and decorated with rubies and amethysts of the same lozenge form and setting, as those in her carcanet. Her waist is encircled with a jewelled girdle to correspond. The skirt of her dress is very full, and faced with three stripes of miniver, in the robing form. Her head-dress is very elegant, consisting of a coronal of gems and goldsmith's work, placed on crimson velvet, somewhat resembling the front of the pretty hood of queen Katharine Parr, in the Strawberry-hill miniature, but surmounted with a transparent wreath of laurel leaves made of gold gauze, and stiffened with gold wire; very beautiful lappets descend from this wreath, formed of pipes of gold gauze, arranged in latticed puffs, edged with vandyked guipure of bullion, and fastened at every crossing with a large round pearl. A white rose confines one of the lappets on the right temple. The effect of these lappets is very striking, and the dress, as a whole, is in excellent taste, yet very different from that in any other of the numerous portraits of Elizabeth, I have seen.

In one hand she holds a white rose carelessly. Her hands are ungloved and very delicate in contour, the fingers long and taper, with nails of the almond shape, which has been said to be one of the tokens of aristocratic lineage. Elizabeth was always excessively vain of the beauty of her hands. De Maurier, in his Memoirs of Holland, says, "I heard from my father, who had been sent to her court, that at every audience he had with her, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times, to display her hands, which were indeed very white and beautiful." Her gloves were always of thick white kid, very richly embroidered with bullion, pearls, and coloured silks on the back of the hands, fringed with gold, and slashed with coloured satin at the elbows, stiffened with bullion gimp. In the palm, five air-holes, rather larger than melon-seeds, were stamped, to prevent any ill effects from confined perspiration.

The costume of the celebrated portrait of Elizabeth, in the Cecil collection, presented by her to Burleigh, is much more elaborately decorated than the Henham picture. She wears a lofty head-dress, with a heron plume, and two ruffs, one, the small close-quilled ruff just described, round the throat, and a high, radiated ruff, somewhat in the Spanish style, attached to her regal mantle, which is thrown a little back on the shoulders, and becomes gradually narrower as it approaches the bust; behind this, rises a pair of wings, like a third ruff. Her robe, in this celebrated picture, is covered with eyes and ears, to signify her omniscient qualities, and her power of acquiring intelligence; and, to complete the whole, a serpent, indicative of her wisdom, is coiled up on her sleeve.

As a direct and amusing contrast to this allegorical representation of the maiden monarch in her sagacity, may be named a quaint portrait in the Hampton Court collection, by Zuchero, where she is attired in a

loose robe, formed of the eyes of peacock's feathers, with a high-crowned cap, such as limners have, in all ages, consecrated to Folly's especial use, with a mask in her hand, and a wanton smile upon her face. Only it was the right royal pleasure of the mighty Elizabeth to be thus delineated in her sportive vein, we might be apt to fancy that she had been profanely caricatured in this undignified costume.

The miniatures of Elizabeth are rare, and in better taste than her portraits in oil. There is one in the Tollemache collection, at Ham House, highly worthy of attention. From the softness of the features, the youthful appearance, and the utter absence of regal attributes, it must have been painted when she was only the lady Elizabeth, and would be the more valuable on that account, independently of the fact that she is represented as prettier, more feminine, and, above all, more unaffected than in her maturer portraits. Her age is apparently about twenty. She wears a black dress, trimmed with a double row of pearls, and fastened down the front with bows of rose-coloured ribbon. Her elaborate point lace ruffles are looped with pearls and rose-coloured ribbons. Her hair, which is of a light-auburn colour, approaching to red, is rolled back from the forehead, and surmounted with a stuffed satin fillet, decorated in front with a jewel, set with pearls, and from which three pear-shaped pearls depend. She has large pearl tassel ear-rings. This miniature is a very small oval, with a deep-blue back-ground.[1]

A greater mass of bad poetry was produced on the death of queen Elizabeth, (and the assertion is a bold one,) than ever was perpetrated on any public occasion. Lamer and tamer lines may have appeared at later eras; but for original and genuine absurdity, the Elizabethan elegies challenge the poetic world to find their equals. The following lines were greatly admired, and were preserved in more than one chronicle. They were written on the water procession, when her corpse was rowed down the Thames from Richmond, to lie in state at Whitehall: four lines will prove a sufficient specimen:

> "The queen did come by water to Whitehall;
> The oars at every stroke did tears let fall;
> Fish wept their eyes of pearl quite out,
> And swam blind after ——."

Scarcely less absurd is the following sycophantic effusion, written by one of the sons of lord Burleigh; but whether Robert Cecil, afterwards earl of Salisbury, or his elder brother, Thomas, afterwards created earl of Exeter, it is not easy to decide, as both have obtained the credit of them:

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[1] The portrait at Hampton Court, said to be Elizabeth at sixteen, is, certainly, her sister Mary, as the features denote; but the similarity of the costume worn by the two princesses has occasioned this very general mistake. An example of this graceful style of dress may be seen in a recent pictorial publication of great interest to fair students—"The Costumes of British Ladies," by Mrs. Dupuy; No. 3—a work that contains very beautifully-coloured specimens of the varying fashions adopted by the ladies of England, from the Norman conquest to the present times, and will, when completed, form an attractive volume for the boudoir.

Now is my muse clad like a parasite
In party-colour'd robes of black and white;
Grieving and joying too, both these together,
But grieves or joys she most, I wot not whether.
Eliza 's dead—that splits my heart in twain,
And James proclaim'd—that makes me well again.

After these specimens of folly and pretence, the elegant melody of these verses, by George Fletcher, appears to great advantage; and here follow three stanzas, selected from a monody on queen Elizabeth, by that great poet, when a youthful student:

"Tell me, ye velvet-headed violets,
That fringe the fountain's side with purest blue—
So let with comely grace your pretty frets[1]
Be spread—so let a thousand playful zephyrs sue
To kiss your willing heads, that seem to eschew
Their wanton touch, with maiden modesty—
So let the silver dew but lightly lie,
Like little watery worlds within an azure sky.

"Lo! when your verdant leaves are broadly spread,
Let weeping virgins gather you in their laps,
And send you where Eliza lieth dead,
To strew the sheet which her pale body wraps.
Ay me! in this I envy your good haps—
Who would not die there to be buried?
Say, if the sun deny his beams to shed
Upon your living stalks, grow you not withered?

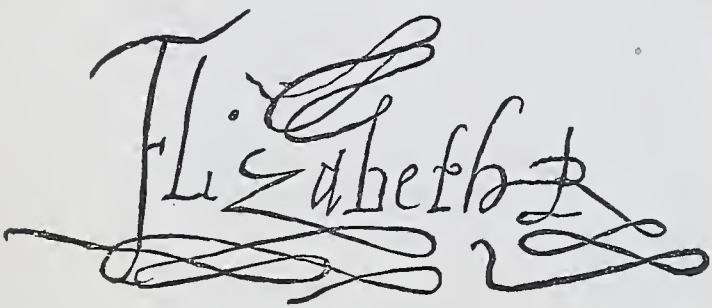
"That sun, in morning clouds enveloped,
Flew fast into the western world to tell
News of her death: Heaven itself sorrowed
With tears that fast on earth's dank bosom fell;
But when the next Aurora 'gan to deal
Handfuls of roses 'fore the team of day,
A shepherd drove his flock by chance that way.
And made the nymphs to dance[2] who mourned but yesterday."

The following record was borne of queen Elizabeth, by her godson, Harrington, several years after the hand that wielded the sceptre and the sword of empire were in the dust, and the tide of court favour and preferment were flowing liberally to him from her successor:—"Her mind was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the westerly point in a summer's morn,—'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections, and her subjects did try to show all love to her commands, for she would say, 'her state did require her to command what she knew her people would willingly do, from their own love to her.' Surely, she did play her tables well, to gain obedience thus, without constraint; but then she could put forth such alterations in her fashion, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubtings whose daughter she was."

Again, he says, in a familiar letter to his brother-in-law, Markham, and surely, the memoir of this great sovereign and most extraordinary

[1] *Fret* is a chased or embroidered edge or border.
[2] This allusion is to the rejoicings on the proclamation of king James.

woman can scarcely close in a more appropriate manner than with this noble tribute to her memory :—"Even her errors did seem marks of surprising endowments; when she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in wondrous manner, on all alike. I never did find greater show of understanding than she was blest with, and whoever liveth longer than I can, will look back and become *laudater temporis acti*."



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ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Anne, or Anna, of Denmark, first queen-consort of Great Britain, &c.—Her parentage and protestant education—Disputes between Scotland and Denmark relative to the Orkneys—Youth of James VI. of Scotland—Negotiations for marriage between James VI. and Anna's sister—Broken by queen Elizabeth—Anna's hand demanded by James VI.—Marriage traversed by queen Elizabeth—Obligations of Mary, queen of Scots, to Anna's father, Frederic II., king of Denmark—His death—King James's efforts for the marriage—Sends proxies to Denmark—King James and princess Anna married by proxy at Cronenburg—Anna sails for Scotland with a Danish fleet—Twice driven by storms from the Scottish coast—Suspicion of witchcraft—Quarrel of the Danish admiral with a witch—Disasters of the queen's ship—She takes refuge on the coast of Norway—Queen's miserable state—She writes to king James by Steven Beale—King James sails to Norway—Meets her—Their marriage on the Norway coast—King James's Morrowing gift—Dangerous journey over the Norway mountains—Joyous arrival in Denmark—Re-union with Danish royal family—Re-marriage of James and Anna by Lutheran rites—Their voyage to Scotland—Landing and sojourn at Leith—Scotch presbytery dislike the queen's unction—Her entry into Edinburgh—Robes—Crowned queen of Scotland at Holyrood—Queen's palace—Settlement of household—Queen's dialogue with sir J. Melville—With Simpson confesses a conspiracy against the queen—Accuses lord Bothwell as instigator—Bothwell troubles the queen—King's jealousy of the earl of Murray—Ballads of him and the queen—Her palace attacked by Bothwell—Queen's kindness to her Danish maid and Wemys of Logie—Bothwell invades Holyrood—Danish ambassadors alarmed for the queen—Value of the Danish allianee to James VI.

Anne of Denmark was undeniably inferior, both in education and intellect, to most of the royal ladies whose biographies have occupied our preceding volumes. Her political position was, nevertheless, more important than any queen-consort of England, since she was the wife of the first monarch whose sovereignty extended over the whole of the British islands. Her dower, moreover, completed the geographical wholeness of her husband's fortunate inheritance; for the Orkney and Shetland islands, which had, in the preceding century, been pawned by Denmark to Scotland, were yielded ultimately to the Scottish king, on condition of his marrying this princess. The sovereignty of these barren islands may appear, at the present day, a trifling addition to the majesty of the British crown, yet they are links of the great insular

empire of the sea; and their retention by any rival maritime power must have caused, at some time or other, a considerable waste of blood and treasure.

Anne of Denmark was the first queen of Great Britain;[1] a title which has been borne by the wives of our sovereigns from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the present era. Before, however, she attained this dignity, she had presided fourteen years over the court of Scotland as consort of James VI.

The line of sovereigns from whom Anne of Denmark descended had been elected to the Danish throne on the deposition of Christiern II., so notorious for his cruelties in Sweden. Perhaps the outrages this tyrant perpetrated against humanity were less offensive to his countrymen than the accident of his family consisting of two daughters; for, by the ancient custom of Denmark, continued to this hour, the crown could only be inherited by male heirs. The crowns of Denmark and Norway[2] were, by the people, during the life-time of Christiern II., bestowed on his uncle Frederic I., whose reign, and the change of religion from the catholic to the Lutheran creed, commenced simultaneously in 1524. The son of this elected king was Christiern III., who completed the establishment of the protestant religion in Denmark. His eldest son, Frederic II., succeeded him; he married Sophia, the daughter of his neighbour, the duke of Mecklenburg, and had by her, six children, born in the following order: Elizabeth, the eldest, born at Coldinga, August 25, 1573; Anna, or Anne, the second child and subject of this biography, was born at Scanderburg,[3] December 12, 1575; Christiern, the crown-prince, afterwards Christiern IV., who more than once visited the English court, was born at Fredericsburg, April 12, 1577; Ulric, duke of Holstein, and bishop of Sleswig, was born at Coldinga, in 1578; and two other daughters.

It was the opinion of the French ambassador, that Frederic II. was one of the richest princes in Europe, for he possessed the endowments

[1] Queen Elizabeth first used the name of Great Britain as a collective appellation for the kingdoms in this island, as we have shown in her biography. James I. had sufficient wisdom to adopt it. He took an important step towards the union of the whole island (afterwards perfected by his great-grand-daughter, queen Anne), when he called himself king of Great Britain. Previousy, his titles of king of England and Scotland had set his fierce subjects of the south and north quarrelling with each other for precedence. As early in his reign as October 23, 1604, Lord Cranbourne wrote thus to Mr. Winwood, from the court at Whitehall: "I do send you here a proclamation, published this day, of his majesty changing his title, and taking upon him the name and style of king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, by which he henceforth desires to be acknowledged, both at home and abroad, and that his former titles shall be extinct." The proclamation was at Cheapside with the lord mayor and heralds. Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., and Winwood's Mem.

[2] The crown of Norway, which came to Denmark by a female, and of course was expected to descend in the female line, was in vain claimed by the celebrated Christina of Lorraine, who was daughter to the deposed Christiern II. and Isabella of Austria, sister to the emperor Charles V. Her character has been drawn in the life of queen Mary I., vol. v. chap. 6.

[3] Miles' Catalogue of Honour.

of seven bishoprics in Denmark and Norway, which his father, Christiern III., had appropriated to his own use. It is well known that king Christiern, having possessed himself of the whole wealth of the church at the Danish reformation, sent a very gracious message to Luther, expecting to receive great praise for the exploit; but the reformer almost execrated him for his selfishness, and considered him an utter disgrace to his creed. This wealth, however, gave an increase of power to the royal family of Denmark. Frederic II. drew, moreover, a great income from the tolls of Elsineur, besides a revenue of 200,000 dollars, arising from the duties on Hamburgh and Rostock beer, which supplied the potations of the north of Europe. As Frederic was a prudent prince, and laid up large dowries for his daughters, their hands were sought by many of the northern princes. They were all educated as zealous protestants of the Lutheran creed.

Sophia of Mecklenburg, queen of Denmark, bore a high character among the protestants for her many domestic virtues. "She is," (wrote a spy, whom Burleigh had employed to report the characters of the Danish royal family,) "a right virtuous and godly princess, who, with a motherly care and great wisdom, ruleth her children."[1] Whatever were the moral excellencies of queen Sophia, her judgment in rearing children must have been somewhat deficient, since the princess Anna could not walk alone till after she was nine years old, being carried about in the arms of her attendants. This might have been a piece of semi-barbarian magnificence, for the princess was extremely well made, and was afterwards very famous for her agile dancing.

In the preceding century, when James III., of Scotland, married a princess of Denmark, whose brother, Christiern I., had, on some internal commotion in his dominions, pawned to him the Orkney and Shetland isles, they had proved a wonderful advantage to the commerce of the country, for these islands had been terrible thorns in the side of Scotland, and even of England, in former times, when they were the rendezvous of the Norwegian sea-kings, who made such frequent piratical descents on the British coasts. The Orkneys had for a century quietly pertained to the Scottish crown, having, as sir James Melville declared, "laid in wadset, or unredeemed mortgage." But the reigning king of Denmark, Frederic II., finding himself rich and prosperous, thought proper, in the year 1585, to offer repayment of the mortgage and arrears, and to reclaim this appanage of the Danish crown. A war with Denmark, which possessed an overpowering navy, was a dismal prospect for Scotland, just breathing from all the miseries with which the power or policy of England had oppressed her; on the other hand, the restoration of the Orkneys was an intolerable measure, as a formidable naval power would be immediately re-established within sight of the Scottish coast. This question was earnestly debated for two or three years; at last, it appeared likely to be accommodated by a marriage between the young king of Scotland, James VI., and one of the daughters of the king of Denmark.[2]

[1] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh. Ellis, second series, vol. iii., p. 143.
[2] Melville's Memoirs.

The princess Anna, at the time the negotiation began for the restoration of the Orkney isles, had passed her tenth year, and, being considered too old to be carried in the arms of her nurses, had been just set on her feet. While she is taught to walk, to sew her sampler, to dance, and other accomplishments, we will take a glance at the history of the monarch destined to become her partner for life.

The calamities of the royal house of Stuart have been the theme of many a page. Hard have been their fates, and harder still it is, that the common sympathies of humanity have been denied to them, though the very nature of their misfortunes prove they were more sinned against than sinning. Such has been the venom infused on the page of history by national, polemic, and political prejudices, that no one has taken the trouble to compare line by line of their private lives, in order justly to decide whether this royal Stuart, who received a dagger in his bosom; that, who was shot in the back; or another, who was hoisted by the treacherous mine from his peaceful bed; or those who, "done to death by slanderous tongues," laid down their heads on the block as on a pillow of rest, were, in reality, as wicked as the agents who produced these results? Yet, if facts are sifted, and effects traced carefully back to their true causes, the mystery of an evil destiny which is so often laid to the charge, as if it were a personal crime attached to this line of hapless princes, will vanish before the broad light of truth.

Most of the calamities of the royal line of Scotland originated in the antagonism, which, for long ages, was sustained between England and their country. Either by open violence or insidious intrigue, five Scottish monarchs had suffered long captivities in England;[1] and, owing to the wars with England, or the commotions nurtured in Scotland by the English, six long minorities[2] had successively taken place before James VI. was born. The regents who governed in the names of these minor sovereigns were placed or replaced by factions of the fierce nobility, who, at last, refused to submit to any control, either of king or law. In fact, the possessor of the Scottish crown was either destroyed or harassed to death as soon as an heir to the throne was born.

"Woe to the land that is governed by a child!" says the wise proverb. This was a woe that Scotland had hitherto known sufficiently; but it was possible for it to be aggravated, by the sceptre falling to a *female* minor, which it did at the early death of James V., who left it to his daughter Mary, a babe just born.

This unfortunate queen assumed the reins of government in Scotland, in the midst of a religious civil war. When she returned to Scotland, she was the widow of Francis II., king of France; she married, in 1565, her cousin, Henry Stuart,[3] lord Darnley. Soon after the birth of an heir, her husband was murdered, and she was driven into captivity in England. A faction of the most turbulent of the Scottish nobility took

[1] David I., William the Lion, David II., James I., kings, and Mary, queen of Scots.

[2] James I., James II., James III., James IV., James V., and Mary.

[3] Eldest son to lady Margaret Douglas and Matthew Stuart, earl of Lenox. See the Life of Mary I., vol. v., where lord Darnley and his mother are mentioned.

possession of her infant, and proclaimed him king, when a long minority commenced, civil wars of factions struggling who should reign in the little child's name. Such had been the proceedings in Scotland, with some accidental variations, for six previous minorities, only the troubles and disasters of the minorities of queen Mary, and of her son, James VI., were aggravated by the furious struggles of three religions, the catholics, the reformers, and the calvinists.

Edinburgh Castle was the birth-place of James VI. He was born June 19, 1566. During the short period in which his mother retained her regal authority after his birth, he was baptized, according to the catholic rites, in Stirling Cathedral, by the name of Charles James, December 17, 1566. His sponsors were Charles IX. of France, and queen Elizabeth of England; and the latter sent, as her gift to her godson, a golden font.

In order to defend the heir of Scotland from being taken possession of by a faction of the turbulent nobility, James III. had, in the preceding century, built and strongly fortified the beautiful castle of Stirling. In this castle queen Mary's infant was left, under the care of the earl of Marr, hereditary guardian of the heir of Scotland. His stategoverness was Annabella, countess of Marr. His cradle and chair, of carved oak, are still in the possession of the Erskine family, and are in perfect preservation.

The infant, James VI., was but fourteen months old, when the revolution was completed which dethroned his mother. He was at Stirling Castle when it occurred, and his coronation was performed in Stirling Cathedral. His hereditary guardian, the earl of Marr, took him in his arms from the nursery, carried him in the procession, and placed him on the throne. This earl then held the crown of Scotland over the head of the innocent creature, put the globe and sceptre in his baby grasp, and undertook, in his name, all the necessary oaths and obligations. After all was done, and the infant king was proclaimed as James VI., lord Marr took him down from the throne, and carried him back to his cradle. James Stuart, earl of Murray, eldest illegitimate son of the infant king's grandfather, James V., assumed the government, as regent for James VI.

The little king was so badly nursed, that he did not walk till he was five years old, but was carried about in the arms of his chamberlain. His nurse was a drunkard, and nourished him with vitiated milk. This circumstance, perhaps, gave him a predisposition to inebriety. The health of the royal infant was greatly injured before the vice of his nurse was discovered. James was, in after-life, weak on his feet; but it must be owned, that the manner of dressing infants, three centuries ago, was enough to cripple them, without any other malpractices in their nurseries. The unfortunate little creatures, as soon as they were born, were swathed, or swaddled, in a number of rollers, their arms were bound down to their sides, and their legs straight and close together, after the exact pattern of an Egyptian mummy. This operation was called swaddling, and, when completed, the miserable babe looked precisely like a chrysalis, with a little round face at the top, clad in a cap or hood, with-

out a border. The ancient monastic carvings and illuminations, frequently represented the infant Saviour thus enveloped in the arms of the Virgin; indeed, the practice probably prevailed all over the world from the remotest antiquity.[1] Royal babes were more elaborately swaddled than their subjects; and when their poor little cramped limbs were released on being weaned, it was a marvel they ever gained the use of them.

Although the infant James VI. could not walk, he could talk fast enough, and very early displayed a prodigious memory, an insatiable curiosity, and a queer talent for observation, saying unaccountable things, and showing a droll kind of wit as soon as he could speak. His conduct, at opening his parliament, in 1571, when he had arrived at the discreet age of four years, stamps him at once as a juvenile oddity.

In those days, good subjects were not contented without they identified the person of an infant king, by seeing him perform his regal duty of opening parliament. Accordingly, the lords and burgesses of Scotland convened at Stirling, in the great hall of the castle, which is still entire, a noble Gothic room, 120 feet in length. Thither the infant king was carried in the arms of his trusty guardian, the earl of Marr, and set on the throne, at the upper end, having been previously taught a short speech to repeat to his parliament. From the throne the little creature silently and curiously made his observations on the scene before him, and, among other things, espied a hole in the roof of the hall where a slate had slipped off, and admitted the light. Others say that the hole was in the canopy of the throne. However, when he was required to make his speech, he recited it with astonishing gravity and precision, but added to it, in the same tone, the result of his previous observation, in these words—"There is *ane* hole in this parliament."

Such an addition to a royal speech, from such an orator, would have caused great mirth in a happier age and country; but the distractions, the miseries, and the fanaticism with which Scotland was then convulsed, caused these words of the infant monarch to be heard with horror and consternation. The parliament deemed that a spirit of prophecy had descended on babes and sucklings, and that the little king foresaw some great chasm to be made by death in their number.[2]

The regent, Murray, had been recently assassinated, and the earl of Lenox, the father of lord Darnley, and grandfather to the royal child, had been elected regent in his place. The violent death of this unfortunate earl of Lenox, in the course of the same year, justified the omen in the eyes of the superstitious people.[3]

[1] This frightful custom prevailed in England, at the beginning of the last century; it was continued among some hordes of gipsies within the memory of man. The writer's grandmother once saw a gipsy-child, thus swaddled, in the lanes near Hampton Court. The increase in population in latter years is partly owing to the cessation from this barbarous practice. In ancient genealogies, it may be observed, half the children born died in infancy.

[2] Lindsay. Likewise Archbishop Spottiswoode.

[3] One day, when the regent, Lenox, was on his way to visit the infant king, he was beset by conspirators, and he received, not far from the town of Stirling, a

The earl of Marr, the young king's tutor and guardian, was elected to the dangerous post of regent of Scotland, which he filled but a few months. The perplexities of his new position certainly cut short his existence. Marr appears to have done all in his power to establish the episcopal church of Scotland, which is, in some instances, much nearer the ancient faith than the church of England. Therefore, the prevailing tone of James's domestic education must have tended to a religion which was considered as the reformed catholic church. Nevertheless, a professor of every one of the creeds, then contending for supremacy in Scotland, was to be found among the infant monarch's preceptors. George Buchanan, his principal pedagogue, being a Calvinist; master Peter Young, his preceptor, was of the reformed episcopal church, while two deprived abbots balanced the scale in favour of the catholics.

"Now, the young king was brought up at Stirling Castle," says Melville,[1] "by Alexander Erskine, (his governor,) and my lady Marr, and had, for principal preceptors, master George Buchanan and master Peter Young, the abbots of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, (branches of the house of Erskine,) and the laird of Dromwhassel, his majesty's master of the household." The description of these coadjutors, whose united labours formed the mind of the royal oddity, king James, are thus admirably sketched:—"Alexander Erskine was a nobleman of true gentle nature, well loved and liked by every man, for his good qualities and great discretion — in nowise factious or envious, a friend of all honest men; he desired rather to have such as were of good conversation to be about the young king, than his own nearer kin, if he thought them not so fit. The laird of Dromwhassel, on the contrary, was ambitious and greedy; his greatest care was to advance himself and his friends. The two abbots were wise and modest; my lady Marr was wise and sharp, and held the young king in great awe, and so did master George Buchanan. Master Peter Young was gentler, and seemed to conduct himself warily, as a man unwilling to lose the sovereign's favour."

But it was the celebrated George Buchanan who took the practical part of the king's education, and is said to have treated him with great severity, and to have defied lady Marr, when she wept at the stripes the schoolmaster deemed it his duty to inflict. Yet we find that Melville considered lady Marr as a sharp governess herself, more likely to recommend a larger portion of castigation than to mourn over the share administered by the pedagogue. Melville gives a sarcastic sketch of Buchanan, hit off with the bold pencil of one who draws from the life. "Master George was a stoic philosopher, but looked not far before him; a man of notable qualities for his learning, pleasant in company, rehears-

mortal wound in the back, from one captain Calder. The brave earl of Marr roused the men of Stirling, they beat off the assassins, and carried the wounded regent to the castle, where his grandson king James was. The first care of the dying man was to ask, "If the babe was safe?" and being told the attack had not reached the infant king, "Then," said the regent, "all is well!" He died that night, with apparent resignation and piety. Archbishop Spottiswoode's History of Reformation in Scotland, p. 257.

[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 261–2.

ing at all times moralities short and *feckful.* He was of guid religion—for a poet; but he was easily abused, and so facile that he was led by any company that he haunted; he was revengeful and variable, changing his opinions with every private affront." It was a most repulsive circumstance that the infant James should have been educated by his mother's most bitter maligner.[1] Nor was this man fit to govern a young prince. Most of James's faults must have sprung from his tuition by a vain, violent, and capricious pedagogue. If he had not been domesticated with kinder-hearted persons, this prince must have proved a demon, instead of what he was—an odd-tempered, good-natured humorist.

The earl of Morton, of the house of Douglas, now obtained the regency; he was the great enemy of the young king's mother, and was afterwards convicted as one of the murderers of his father, lord Darnley.

Meantime, the faithful Erskines kept sedulous guard on their young monarch, at Stirling Castle. War, religious and civil, was raging round this palace-fortress, but, owing to the providential law which consigned its hereditary government to the head of the family of Marr, together with the personal guardianship of any heir or minor king of Scotland, it remained safe, for several years, from the attacks of the numerous enemies to royalty.

The favourite companion of the young king was Thomas Erskine, who, born on the same day as himself, had shared his majesty's cradle and his sports, but not his pacific nature; for, in after-life, Thomas was the valiant captain of his guard, in very dangerous times. James loved, with an enduring attachment through life, every person with whom he was domesticated in Stirling Castle, excepting Buchanan.[2] The humorous oddities of the young king became more confirmed as his mind unfolded; he was fond of little animals, and very good-natured to his young companions, but had a nick-name for every one, and a pet name for all his intimates. One day, he was playing at quoits, with the young earl of Marr, who was but a few years older than himself, when he cried out, "Jonnie Marr has *slaited* me!" The word "slaiting," it seems, in the north, means taking a sharp advantage in games of the kind. From this incident the young king always called Marr "Jonnie Slaites." Many were the affectionate letters addressed, by the royal hand, to Marr, beginning with this nick-name.[3]

The royal child was not permitted long to be occupied exclusively with these healthful sports, or with the studies fitting for his age. Faction and civil war broke in upon such pursuits, no doubt, greatly to the injury of his character; and, in the year 1577, the guileful Morton,

[1] Buchanan had been professed as a friar, in France, where the story goes that Mary queen of Scots had, when queen-dauphiness, with earnest prayers and tears, saved him from being burnt for heresy; if this was the case, he made her an ill return. M. Le Pesant: Life of Mary, 1646.

[2] James mentions Buchanan's scandalous chronicle on his mother with detestation in his Basilicon. Works of king James, p. 167.

[3] Erskine MS. Memoirs, quoted in the Bannatyne Club publications. Marr was born in 1562. He survived his royal friend and ward just long enough to see the shadows of the approaching troubles of Charles I. He died, aged seventy two, in 1634.

driven to desperation by the wrath of the oppressed people, affected to surrender his regency into the hands of the young monarch; hands only fit for the cricket-ball, the slate, or copy-book. Certainly there is a near analogy between semi-barbarians and children, which may prove an excuse for contemporary historians, who discuss with gravity the progress that Morton made in the favour of his majesty of eleven years! and very seriously vituperate the heinous tendency of James to favourites when he was at that sage age, and how, by this influence, Morton prevailed on the king to dissolve a council of regency of twelve nobles, and continue him in his office! Meantime, one of the princes of the blood-royal, Esmé Stuart, earl of Lenox, and lord d'Aubigny, came from France, and assumed authority about the young king's person. Morton was, soon after, convicted of Darnley's death, and of an intention of surrendering James into the hands of Elizabeth. He was beheaded, and acknowledged, at least, privacy in the conspiracy which destroyed Darnley. The government of the kingdom fell into the hands of the nearest relatives of the blood-royal, of whom the earl of Lenox aforesaid was the principal person. Jealousies existed regarding the tendency of the latter to catholicism, and great anarchy prevailed. At last, in 1582, on the 13th of October, a general insurrection of the presbyterian party took place, and, in an expedition, called the Raid of Ruthven, led by the fanatic earl of Gowrie, they got possession of the king's person, who was forthwith consigned to a species of captivity, attended with personal violence and restraint. When James offered some resistance, Andrew Melville, a preacher, shook the youthful monarch by the arm, and called him "God's *seely* vassal," which, however, only meant to say, that he was God's *harmless* or *helpless* vassal, an epithet which the youth and powerless state of the young king rendered truly appropriate.

The fearful examples of the long series of crowned victims, his unhappy ancestors, who had preceded him on the throne of Scotland, not one of whom had for centuries attained the age of forty, and the strange situation in which he was placed, planted dissimulation in the heart of the boy from mere self-defence. He pretended a certain degree of imbecility and fatuity—after the example of Brutus, at the court of the Tarquins—and affected great timidity, when his conduct, in many a fearful crisis it was his lot to encounter, proves that he possessed not only great sagacity, but no little courage. Those who persist in believing James a fool and a coward, must find it difficult to account how he could have made the daring escapade, when he was but sixteen, from the restraint in which he was held by Gowrie and his colleagues, at a time when his mother, queen Mary, wrote in despair from her prison, "that her son was utterly lost and ruined, and that the regal dignity had passed utterly from her family." From an old inn, near St. Andrew's Castle, he escaped, by the assistance of his relative, the *crownel* or colonel Stuart, to the protection of his great-uncle, the earl of March, who held garrison at that castle; and a revolution followed. The earl of Gowrie was, soon after, beheaded, and the harassed country enjoyed some breathing time, while the furious contentions of the two religious factions of episcopacy and presbytery, confined themselves merely to the warfare

of the tongue, in which it must be owned they were truly indefatigable.

"Our king, this year, (1685,)" saith a queer old chronicle[1] of delectable quaintness, "was become a brave prince in bodie and stature, so weel exerciset in reading, that he could perfitlie record all things he had either heard or read. Therefore that noble king, Frederic II. of Denmark, who had then twa doghters, was willing (gif it suld please our king) either to give him the choice of thaim, or that he would accept the ane of thaim, as it suld please the father to bestow *quhilk* suld be the maist comely, and the best for his princelie contentment." King James received the Danish ambassadors, who brought this civil offer, at Dunfermline, but advised them instantly to depart for St. Andrew's, as the plague was raging in the palace; he said he would send his own horses to carry them thither. An unfortunate misunderstanding occurred, for the Danish ambassadors, having sent on their own horses and baggage, and finding the promised escort did not arrive, actually left Dunfermline on foot; and James was in consternation when he found the neglect that his perverse and disobedient people had put upon the envoys of his courteous ally. This was the more to be regretted, since king Frederic had ordered the Danish embassy, in case king James was not eager for the marriage, to demand restitution of the Orkney and Shetland Isles, which were the rightful property, not of Scotland, but of Denmark. James's marriage was, in fact, at this juncture, an object of interest and contention between his mother, the captive Mary queen of Scots, and his godmother, queen Elizabeth. The views of these queens were, of course, in direct contradiction to each other. Mary wished her son to offer his hand to one of the daughters of Philip II., king of Spain, and of her early friend, Elizabeth of France. The queen of England insisted on his marriage with the princess of Sweden, granddaughter of Gustavus Vasa, and, at the same time, a protestant; if he accepted this offer, Elizabeth declared she would be at the whole expense of the wedding.[2] The Scottish government were more inclined to the Danish alliance than any other; but Mary queen of Scots, who hoped to see her son marry a catholic of her recommendation, opposed his marriage with either of the northern princesses, under the plea that their fathers, being but elected to their dignities, were not of equal rank with hereditary monarchs.[3] The Scotch government, however, did not relish the idea of a naval war with the powerful king of Denmark for the possession of the Orkneys; they had, as well, a shrewd idea that his daughter would have a "rich tocher," and therefore sent Peter Young, the king's old schoolmaster, to inquire all needful particulars in Denmark.

Both king James and his mother owed a deep account of gratitude to the king of Denmark, on account of the manly manner in which that monarch had exerted himself to clear queen Mary's fame from the asper-

[1] Historie of King James the Sext.
[2] Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., published by Mr. Colburn.
[3] Mary's conversation with Mr. Sommer: Sadler Papers, vol. ii.

sion thrown upon her relative to her husband's murder. Bothwell, who had effected a forced marriage with the queen, died in the king of Denmark's custody, 1576, and had, on his death-bed, made a declaration of the entire innocence of queen Mary regarding this foul deed, which he said was committed by himself, Murray, and Morton, without her knowledge. This important declaration Frederic II. sent to queen Elizabeth and to Scotland,[1] attested by the primate of Denmark, and the municipal authorities of the district where Bothwell expired. Queen Elizabeth carefully suppressed it, but that it made a strong impression on the mind of young James, his unswerving affection to the royal family of Denmark throughout his life gave reason to suppose.

On the other hand, queen Elizabeth could have had no reason for opposing so equal and advantageous a match as that of the young king of Scotland with a protestant princess of Denmark, than the offence given by the active part which Frederic II. had taken in clearing the aspersed character of her prisoner. However this might be, queen Elizabeth commenced an opposition so vehement to the Danish alliance, that the marriage treaty was delayed for three years. Meantime, queen Elizabeth brought the unfortunate mother of James VI. to the block, to the grief and regret of the Scottish people in general—feelings which are prevalent in the nation, with very few individual exceptions, to the present day. A base faction,[2] the members of which had the majority in the Scottish government, connived at Mary's murder; they were at the same time the bribed slaves of England, the opponents of their king's alliance with Denmark, and the custodians of his person. King James has been severely blamed for not revenging his mother's murder; but the letters of remonstrance he wrote both to queen Elizabeth and his false ambassadors are still extant, though little known. His own pathetic words, in his Basilicon, declaring "that he was, in reality, as complete a prisoner in Scotland as his mother was in England," are the simple truth, and may be substantiated incontrovertibly by the documents of that era. Thus situated, he was forced to accept queen Elizabeth's excuses that his mother was executed by mistake. His predecessors, James IV. and James V., would have defied her unto the death, but those high-spirited princes perished in their prime, while James VI. lived through every danger and disaster, to unite the great island empire.

Before the close of the eventful year of 1587, the king of Denmark sent an angry demand for the restitution of his Orkney islands, and threatened war as the alternative. The young king of Scotland considered that this was a delicate intimation that he had been "o'er slack in his wooing," and accordingly appointed master Peter Young, once more, as his matrimonial negotiator, and joined in the commission his own

[1] See copies of abstracts of this important paper, in the Letters of Mary queen of Scots, vol. i., edited by Agnes Strickland.

[2] The letters of Patrick Gray, Archibald Douglas, and the Laird of Restalrig, who were the tools of this faction, may be read in Lodge's Illustrations. The base treachery of the latter of these men to his most unfortunate country, as a receiver of Elizabeth's bribes, is proved by his *own* precious epistles; as he was one of the heroes of the Gowrie conspiracy, his bribe-worthiness deserves notice.

kinsman, the *crownel*, or colonel Stuart. These functionaries returned in the summer of 1588, "weel rewardit and weel contentit with all they had seen, especially with the fair young princesses." Upon which king James despatched forthwith the bishop of St. Andrew's and the *crownel* Stuart, to conclude the match with the eldest princess of Denmark.

While they were gone, queen Elizabeth, who took infinite satisfaction in marring all private matches, which were within the reach of her influence, once more took active measures for traversing the matrimonial hopes of her royal heir and godson, James VI.

If the prosperity of the protestant interest had been indeed the leading principle of her life, she ought to have rejoiced in the prospect of the Danish alliance, which would give the heir-presumptive of England a protestant mother for his children. Yet, in the perverse spirit of her diplomacy, she artfully appealed to the love of change, inherent in the human mind, and sought to divert the fancy of king James from the bride so suitable to him in every respect. At her instigation, Henry, king of Navarre, (afterwards Henry the Great of France,) sent, in embassy, to Scotland, the poetical noble, Du Bartas, with an offer of the hand of his sister, the princess Catherine of Navarre, to king James. This illustrious lady was a firm protestant, but was certainly old enough to be James's mother. "Du Bartas," says Melville, "brought with him the picture of the princess Catherine, with a guid report of her rare qualities."[1]

King James infinitely enjoyed the society of the noble poet, Du Bartas, who was, if possible, a pedant quainter than himself; and he did not wholly discourage the idea of his own union with the sister of Henry the Great. Meantime, that inveterate match-marrer, queen Elizabeth, took care that the king of Denmark should be informed of Du Bartas' errand at the Scottish court, which information, as anticipated, gave him infinite displeasure. Accordingly, he declared to the Scottish ambassadors, "that he thought their mission was but feckless dealing, or deluding him with fair language." The royal Dane acted on this idea; he betrothed his daughter Elizabeth to the duke of Brunswick, and loudly demanded the restitution of his islands, being ready and willing to pay the mortgage money. *Crownel* Stuart entreated that the king of Denmark would bestow his younger daughter Anna on his sovereign. "If your king sends to espouse Anna before the 1st of May, 1589," was the reply, "she shall be given to him; if not, the treaty will be at an end, and Scotland must restore the isles." With these words, he gave a beautiful miniature of his youngest daughter to the crownel, and despatched him on his homeward voyage.[2] Frederic died directly after, and Anna lost the rank of daughter to a reigning king. Her eldest brother, a boy of eleven years old, was elected king, by the title of Christiern IV.; and her mother, Sophia of Mecklenburg, was appointed queen-regent, with twelve councillors of regency, in the list of whom the Shaksperian names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern figure conspicuously.

[1] Melville's Memoirs, which, collated with the Bannatyne and Abbotsford printed documents, form the staple of this narrative.

[2] Melville's Memoirs.

The young Anna was left entirely to the disposal of her mother and the council-regents.[1] There is a fine portrait of Anna's mother, in her widow's dress, at Hampton Court.

The Scotch ambassadors from Denmark returned, bringing with them the portrait of young Anna, which James received before Du Bartas went back to France. How lovely the little miniature was, may be seen to this day among the Scottish regalia, at Edinburgh; it is appended to the beautiful Order of the Thistle, a legacy from cardinal York to his kinsman, George IV., who, with good taste and feeling towards his Scottish subjects, deposited this Stuart relic with the crown-jewels of Scotland. The miniature of Anna of Denmark is enclosed in one of the green enamelled heads of the Order of the Thistle, and thus had been worn through life by her spouse. There is likewise a whole-length portrait of her, in a corner of the royal bed-room at Hampton Court, as a dark-eyed girl, with a very delicate ivory complexion. The dress is entirely white; the youth of the portrait, the queer costume of the high head, shoulder-ruff and immense farthingale, (the same worn at the court of France in 1589,) authenticate the tradition that it was another of Anna's portraits sent at this time to king James. Both the miniature of the Order of the Thistle, and this young portrait at Hampton Court, give the idea that Anna of Denmark, at sixteen, was a very pretty girl.

King James compared the portrait of the youthful Danish princess with that of the mature Catherine of Navarre, and then entered into a long course of prayers for guidance on the subject of his marriage. At the conclusion of his devotional exercises, he called together his council, and told them "how he had been praying and avisen with God for a fortnight, and that, in consequence, he was resolvit to marry the Danish princess." He need not have laid his decision on his prayers; such was the natural choice of a person of his age between a bride of sixteen and one of six-and-thirty; but the faction then prevalent in his council exacted the grimace of inspiration regarding every action of life, and insisted on inquisition into private prayer, the open discussion of which, always assumes the appearance of hypocrisy. Notwithstanding the happy determination to which these aspirations of the young king had conducted him, there were many contradictions to be accommodated before the final appointment of the embassy of procuration to wed the fair Dane. Great alarm was expressed by king James, lest the queen-regent her mother, and the council of guardianship, should "deem themselves scoffit," if the bride was not "wooed and married and a'" before the fated 1st of May, 1589, appointed by her dead father.

The real cause of the delay was queen Elizabeth, who positively insisted on king James' marrying Catherine of Navarre. Now, had he chosen this princess, Elizabeth had already prepared a plan of circumvention, for she wrote to Henry IV. to hold back his sister's wedlock for three years, so that poor James had not a chance of a bride, whichever way his choice fell, had he determined to be guided in marriage by his undutiful godmother. Elizabeth likewise exerted her influence so

[1] Letter of Daniel Rogers to Burleigh.

actively among her paid creatures in the Scotch privy-council, that a majority of its members were adverse to the Danish match. James, at length, became desperate, and devised forthwith a notable specimen of the skill in king-craft, on which he plumed himself. "King James," says Melville, "took sic a despite at the wilful delays of his council, that he caused some of his maist familiar servants to deal secretly with the deacons of the Edinburgh artizans, to make a manner of meeting threatening to slay the chancellor and maltreat the council, in case the marriage with the princess of Denmark was longer delayed." The Edinburgh mob likewise reviled queen Elizabeth, and loudly protested "that her opposition to their king's wedlock with a princess of suitable age and religion, could only arise from apprehension lest heirs should spring from this marriage, which would one day revenge the cruel murder of poor queen Mary."

This seasonable and loyal insurrection wonderfully expedited the movements of the refractory councillors. They appointed, with the utmost celerity, the earl-marischal of Scotland, the constable of Dundee, and lord Andrew Keith, as proxies to conclude the king's marriage; and after another sharp contest about "the siller for the outfit of the said proxies," they sailed, within the given time, to unite James of Scotland with Anna of Denmark.[1]

The earl-marischal and his companions, after all, did not arrive in Denmark till the middle of June; they were, however, received with great joy by queen Sophia and the young princess Anna. The ceremonial of the marriage by proxy was delayed till the 20th of August that year, (1589,) because a noble fleet, the pride of the maritime and flourishing state of Denmark, had to be prepared to carry the young queen of Scotland to her future home. The earl-marischal of Scotland, received her hand as proxy for his king at Corenburg, a strong fortress-palace in the isle of Zealand, built on piles, overhanging the sea, very richly furnished with silver statues, and other articles of luxury. This fortress is situated at the very entrance of the Sound, where the Danes levy their tolls on ships passing to the Baltic. The month of September had arrived before the bride, in company with the earl-marischal and his train, embarked on board the ship of Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, who sailed, with eleven other fine ships, for Scotland.

Twice the Danish squadron, with the bride-queen, made the coast of Scotland, so near as to be within sight of land, and twice they were beat back by baffling winds, which blew them to the coast of Norway. At last the Danish admiral, Peter Munch, began to consider that there must be more in the matter than the common perversity of winds and weather; and he began to reckon up his misdeeds, and consider what witches he had affronted, for he felt convinced that some very potent sorcerer, bore him an ill-will, and was now tampering with the winds, to prevent him from bringing the fair young queen of Scotland safely into harbour. By his own account admiral Munch must have been a very ill-behaved per-

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 362 to 369; likewise Camden's Elizabeth (White Kennet) vol. ii. p. 557.

son, for he remembered that he had lately, in the course of his official capacity, presented one of the baillies, or burgesses, of Copenhagen with a cuff on the ear, whose spouse, being a notable witch-wife, had, in the sapient opinion of this admiral, raised those contrary winds, to be revenged for the insult offered to her husband.

This way of accounting for storms on the wild German ocean, in the fall of the year, will appear droll enough in these days; but the worst of ignorant superstition is, that its comic absurdities are sure to be followed by some fearful tragedy. The unfortunate wife of the Danish baillie, and other supposed witches, were burnt alive, for the impossible offence of having brewed storms to be revenged of Peter Munch, the admiral.[1]

When the admiral and his fleet had come to the conclusion that they were bewitched, of course nothing went well. A third storm came on, some say after their arrival within sight of Scotland, or, at most, within sixty miles of the coast. The whole fleet was dreadfully tossed: the admiral's ship, in which the young queen sailed, fared the worst. Nor were its disasters confined to the effects of the winds and waves. A cannon suddenly broke from its fastenings, and, rolling over the deck, killed eight Danish sailors before the eyes of the young queen, and very nearly destroyed her; and, withal, before this cannon could be pitched overboard, it so shook and damaged the ship, that she could scarcely be kept above water. Out of the other ten Danish ships, there was not one but what was in a deplorable state. Ten of them returned to Denmark; but the admiral's ship, with the queen, took refuge in a sound, in Norway, twenty miles embayed in land. It would seem that admiral Peter Munch dared not bring back the young queen of Scotland, since he had been commissioned, by the queen-regent, her mother, and the privy council of Denmark, to carry her to her husband; and he (who does not appear to be one of the wise of the earth) considered that it was contrary to etiquette that she should return. It was utterly impossible to take her to Scotland, for the frost immediately set in severely in Norway, so there she had the prospect of staying the whole of a long winter at Upslo, a miserable place, which produced nothing eatable. The young queen immediately wrote letters to the king of Scotland, describing these sad accidents and mishaps. She despatched these letters by Steven Beale, a young Dane, who braved the worst the weather and the witches could effect, to carry the news of the bride's disasters to her spouse.[2] Some scandal-mongers, of the seventeenth century, thought fit to unite the name of Steven Beale scandalously with that of Anne of Denmark; but we can find no grounds for their calumnies, excepting the gallant exertions of this gentleman to carry the letters of his princess to her betrothed spouse.

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[1] Melville's Memoirs, p. 369. "Quhilk storm of wind was alleged to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them when they were burnt for that cause. What moved them was a cuff, or blow, quhilk the admiral of Denmark gave to ane of the baillies of Copenhagen, whose wife being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raised the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral."

[2] Murdin Papers.

King James had previously heard that his wife was upon the sea, and had, from that time, exerted himself to his utmost for her honourable reception in Scotland. He busied himself greatly in the appointment of the ladies and gentlemen who were to compose the household of his bride; and it may be observed, that he preferred those who had been faithful to his unfortunate mother in her long adversity. It is to his credit that he reserved the most honourable places for Jane Kennedy and her husband, sir Andrew Melville. This pair, who are historically illustrious for their personal fidelity to Mary queen of Scots, had attended her on the scaffold, and bore her last words and recommendations to her son. They afterwards married, and were treated with great favour and gratitude by king James.[1]

Lady Melville was appointed first lady of the bed-chamber to the king's expected consort; but a sad accident prevented her from ever seeing her new mistress. In order to show her diligent loyalty, when she heard of her appointment, she crossed Leith Ferry, in a violent storm, on Michaelmas-day, when her boat was run down by a ship, and she was drowned, with two servants of her brother-in-law, sir James Melville, the historian, who most pathetically relates the disaster, gravely attributing it to the malice prepense of the Scottish witches, who, in conjunction with their sisterhood in Norway, had brewed the storm to drown the harmless young queen, but their malice fell thus upon her lady-in-waiting; and he adds, "that the witches afterwards pleaded guilty to this feat."

Just after the woful catastrophe of poor lady Melville, arrived Steven Beale with the tidings of the distresses of the royal bride, who remained storm-bound on the desolate coast of Norway. He delivered her letters to king James, at Craigmillar Castle. The king read them with great emotion. Thomas Fowler, an officer of his household, and at the same time a vile spy in the pay of England, wrote the whole of these proceedings to lord Burleigh.[2] The letters of the young queen, he says, "were tragical discourses, and pitiful, for she had been in extreme danger of drowning; king James read them with tears, and with heavy, deep-drawn sighs." The very next day, the king declared, in council, that it was his intention "to send the earl of Bothwell (Francis Stuart), with six royal ships, to claim the Danish princess as his bride, and bring her home." In the afternoon, Bothwell made his appearance, with a handful of monstrous long bills, containing the calculations of the expense of such a voyage, which cast the king into great perplexity. The Scottish chancellor, seeing the trouble of his monarch, declared, "if he would be contented with such ships as he and some other loyal subjects could furnish, he would go and seek the queen himself"—a doughty naval exploit for a lord-chancellor, it must be owned.

[1] Sir Andrew Melville (brother to sir James Melville, the statesman-historian of Scotland) was the steward of the household to Mary queen of Scots, a place of great danger and confinement: he was with her at her death, and afterwards married her best beloved maid, Jane Kennedy, whose tragic death is here related.

[2] Murdin papers; where his letters are printed.

From this moment, James took the resolution of going himself on this errand. It was an undertaking of some danger; for the best ship the chancellor could furnish was one of but 120 tons—a mere bauble for enduring the wintry seas, which rage between Scotland and Norway, and which had so seriously discomfited the powerful Danish fleet. Profound secrecy was needful to be observed concerning the king's intentions, for the populace were, by no means, willing to part with him. Nevertheless, in the words of the old ballad, he was resolved to embark—

"For Norroway, for Norroway,
For Norroway over the foam,
The king's daughter of Norroway,[1]
The bride to bring her home."

"The chancellor's ship," continues Fowler, "was well furnished with good and delicate victual, particularly with live stock and *pullen*, and much banqueting stuff, with wines of divers sorts." All the officers and attendants, that had been appointed to serve the young queen, were doomed to share the no slight risks of the royal knight-errant, and, much to their discontent, were required to take their places in the chancellor's cockle-shell of a ship.

"All the minions of the king's stable and bed-chamber were sent on board," continues Fowler. "He was desirous that I should go,[2] but I answered 'I was but weak, and durst not tempt the sea at this cold time of the year.' He told me, however, nothing that he himself intended the voyage, nor mentioned it to any other creature, but if God had not hindered him by wind and weather, he would have stolen on board yesterday night, being Sunday, when a great storm arose, and drove the ship from her moorings at Leith. For all that he means to go, but has let none of the nobility into the secret, and when Bothwell and the duke of Lenox laid it sorely to his charge, that he meant to undertake this dangerous voyage, he mocked and jibed at them." Some of the dissatisfied among the common people, on hearing rumours of the king's intentions, said, "See whether he enters the country again!" Nothing, however, could change James's purpose, not even the intelligence that Elizabeth had eight great ships cruising on the northern seas; and the domestic spy does not fail treacherously to acquaint Burleigh of the pigmy force of the Scottish monarch, being only five small ships and barks, the largest 150 tons. But one was armed, and this carried ten little falcons and falconets of brass, taken out of Edinburgh castle for the purpose. Considering the character that James VI. bears in history, for constitutional timidity, the expedition was daring enough. Indeed, it would have furnished any other king, but one of the name of Stuart, with a reputation for courage during life.

Just before these events occurred, the king had sent a piteous supplication to England, for the salary queen Elizabeth allowed him, as her

[1] The king of Denmark was, till 1814, likewise king of Norway.

[2] The son of this spy was afterwards secretary to Anne of Denmark, when queen of England.

godson. His secretary, Colville, in his letter, assured lord Burleigh tha the manifold hard occurrences, which had fallen out regarding the marriage, had so "noyed his majesty that he could not write so timeously as he ought and suld."[1] James, indeed, seems to have been at his wit's end for money, in order to furnish forth his wedding cheer, before he was troubled with these additional expenses of a voyage. It appears that Elizabeth had lately found out that the alliance was a very suitable one, and had promised to be very generous to the bride.[2]

From the hour that king James resolved on this adventurous expedition, he proceeded to set his affairs in order for his departure, doing, at the same time, queerer things, and making quainter speeches, than ever were done or said by a monarch since kings reigned on the earth. It would be difficult to define whether he meant his council to obey or laugh at the directions he left for their guidance.[3] Take, for instance, the following original explanation of his motives for concealing from his chancellor, Maitland, his intentions of seeking his royal bride in person:—

"Sa I say, upon my honour, I keepit it fra my chancellor, as I was never wont to do ony secrets of my weightiest affairs; twa reasons moving me, I knew that gif I had made him of my counsel, therefore he had been blamit for putting it in my head, *quhilk* (which) had not been his duty; for it becomes na subjects to give princes advice on sic subjects, and then remembering *quhat* (what) envious and unjust burden he daily bears, for leading me by the nose, as gif I were an unreasonable creature, or a bairn that could do naething for myself."

In this dry manner the royal oddity gave his chancellor a sharp quip or two, while pretending to exonerate him from advising him to undertake this dangerous expedition. Nevertheless, the poor chancellor was obliged to be of the party. It would be difficult to define, as he was not to meet with a bride at the end of the voyage, wherefore his grave person was exposed to the vagaries of the northern waves? Perhaps James thought that, in his absence, fewer intrigues would be concocted between his cabinet and that of queen Elizabeth, and, in truth, the result proved that he judged well, in regard to those of his nobles he took with him, and those he left behind.

In a second paper, he favoured his privy-council with the following most original reasons for his elopement, founded on the great propriety and expediency of his entering into the holy pale of matrimony as speedily as possible.

"He was alone in the world," he said; "had neither father, mother, brother, or sister; yet a king, not only of this realm, but heir-apparent of another," and he added, using the curious expression of his godmother, queen Elizabeth, "I thought, if I hasted not to marry at my years, folk might consider me *a barren stock*, since a king was powerless if without a successor." He added, "the treaty being perfected, and my queen on

[1] This letter is dated October 24th, 1589; the king had not then sailed; he does not mention in it that such were his intentions. These documents are in Murdin's State Papers, pp. 640–642.

[2] Camden. Murdin. [3] Spottiswoode, 877, and Bannatyne Papers.

her journey, when I was advertised of her detention by contrary winds, and that it was not likely she could complete her voyage; therefore, resolvit I, to make that possible on my part, which was *unpossible* on hers. It had been offered to the choice of my young queen, whether she would return to Denmark, or remain in Upslo till the spring." Very affectionately, as James considered, she resolved to brave all the hardships and privations of a sojourn in Norway, to returning to Denmark, without seeing him.

"Albeit," continued the royal lover,[1] "hitherto, we have not behaved ourself dissolutely, but patiently waited for the good occasions God should offer, (*i. e., till it should please heaven to provide him with a good wife,*) yet, now taking to heart *her* pains, and dangers, and all the difficulties which have attended her voyage, we could find no contentment till we enterprised ourself that voyage towards her, to bring her home, which we are in good hope to do." He then proceeds to put his combative subjects on honour, in his absence, in these words:—"We shall be home in twenty days, wind and weather serving, yet, fearing the time of my stay may be longer, at God's good pleasure, and seeing that, in former times, the kingdom hath wanted a governor, longer than we trust in God, it shall want us—namely, from the death of our grandmother, the queen-regent, until the arrival of our *dearest* mother from France, the space of fourteen months; during which time, for the reverence and love carried to her—albeit, a woman in person, and a minor in years—no violence was committed by any person, and greater peace observed than at any time before or since. Therefore, our expectation is nothing less of the good behaviour of our subjects, in this our absence."

He then appointed the duke of Lenox, president of the council, and his cousin, Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, to assist him; he affectionately exhorted all the preachers "to preach peace and quietness, and to pray indefatigably for his safe voyage;" and finished this most original of kingly compositions, with the assurance, that "we sal remember the peaceful and obedient most thankfully, when occasion presents." According to Spottiswoode, the tiny fleet which bore the adventurous king to Norway, sailed October 22d; but from the spy Fowler's letters, we should judge it sailed a day or two later.[2]

Fortune favoured the brave, for a prosperous breeze succeeded the frightful storms, which had nearly shipwrecked his bride; and in four days, he neared the Norwegian coast, but he was not to land without a sharp taste of the dangers he had voluntarily encountered; for, on the fifth day, a furious tempest sprang up. For four-and-twenty hours the king's little bark was in great danger of wreck. At last, she ran safely into one of those sounds which open their hospitable arms for tempest-tossed mariners on the northern Atlantic, and the adventurous monarch

[1] Spottiswoode 377–8. The original papers printed in the Bannatyne collection.

[2] In the books of sederunt (session) of the lords of the Scottish council, is this entry:—"The king shippit at Leith to pass to Norroway, on Wadinsday, between twelve and ane houris after midnight *quhilk*, was the xxii. day of October, 1689. Introduction of Letters of James VI. p. xvii. Maitland Club, Edinburgh."

landed at Slaikray, on the Norwegian coast,[1] October 28th, 1589; yet he must have been many days travelling to find the village of Upslo, the doleful abiding place where Anne of Denmark had, in great tribulation, established her head-quarters since October the 19th.

"She," continues our annalist, "little looked for his majesty's coming at sic a tempestuous time of the year." James certainly did not discover his queen's place of retreat till the 19th of the following month, according to all dates[2] of their time of meeting; when he at length discovered her abode among the Norway snows, he, with the *bon-hommie* which marked his character as much at two-and-twenty as in his more mature career, waited for none of the ceremonies of his rank and station, but leaving his train to seek their lodgings as they might, he marched directly into the presence of his bride, and, booted and spurred as he was, he frankly tendered her a salute. Our annalist's words are, "Immediately at his coming, the king passed in quietly, with *buites* and all, to her highness; his majesty minded to give the queen a kiss after the Scottish fashion, quhilk the queen refusit, as not being the form of her country. But after a few words, privily spoken, betwixt his majesty and her, familiaritie ensued."

The conduct of the Scottish king towards the young girl, who, without any choice of her own, had been consigned to him as a partner for life, was infinitely to his credit as a human being. He had risked his life to come to her aid, when he heard she was in distress and peril; and, after all he had undergone for her, he very naturally laid aside the formalities of royal rank, and at his first interview, assumed the affectionate demeanour of private life. In so doing, he acted in due conformity with existing circumstances, for the rigour with which nature was reigning around, the height of the awful mountains, the raving of the wintry tempests, and the stern shroud of ice and snow, enveloping the coast where they were wayfarers and sojourners, all combined to give royalty a lesson on the nothingness of human pomps and ceremonies. Besides, whatever were the faults of James, every one must own, that he had a very proper idea of the claims of a wife on his affections, and remembered that he was a husband as well as a king. His own words addressed afterwards in a letter to the queen on this subject, speak for him better than aught which can be said by another: "I thank God I carry that love and respect to you, which by the law of nature I ought to do to my wife, and mother of my children; but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quhither* (whether) ye were a king's, or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being ance my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent, I married you, but the love and regard I now bear you, is because that ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour, as of my other fortunes. I beseech you pardon my rude plainness in this."

James VI. married Anna of Denmark, on that wild and stormy coast,

[1] Majoribanks, a burgess of Edinburgh and contemporary annalist.

[2] The great discrepancies we find in the dates of this voyage of James, is probably caused by the circumstance that some of the annalists reckon by the new style, and some by the old.

the Sunday after he met her,[1] Mr. Davie Lindsay, his favourite chaplain, performing the ceremony in French, a language mutually understood by the bride and bridegroom. The banquet was spread in the best manner the time and place permitted, and the harmony of the royal wedlock would have been complete, excepting for a fierce wrangle for precedency between the earl-marischal and the chancellor of Scotland, which called forth the utmost eloquence of the royal bridegroom to pacify.

The next morning, king James made his bride a present of the palaces and domains of Dunfermline and Falkland.[2] These were the usual dowry of the Scottish queen-consorts, but the king evidently persuaded his bride that the deed of gift which secured them to her, was a peculiar grace and favour, proceeding exclusively from his royal munificence to herself, in compliance with the laudable custom of his country, by which all amiably-disposed bridegrooms bestow a present on their wives the morning after marriage, called, in the parlance of Scotland, "*the morrowing gift.*" The deed which secured these possessions to the bride of James, is thus entitled, "Grant by the king, to the queen's grace, of the lordship of Dunfermline, in morrowing gift."[3]

The wild winds sung the epithalamium of this singular royal wedlock in so loud a tone, and the winter-storms, which had intermitted for king James's arrival at Upslo, renewed their fury in a manner which rendered all hopes of return to Scotland that season abortive. Meantime, king James sent an adventurous messenger, over the mountains, to Denmark, to inform the queen-regent of his safe arrival, and his marriage with his betrothed princess.

The honeymoon of king James and his young queen was spent at Upslo, as merrily as the rugged season and country would permit; and towards the end of it, ambassadors arrived from Copenhagen, who, in the name of the queen-regent, Sophia, entreated the newly-married pair to come, if possible, over the mountains, and spend the winter at the Danish capital. It is well known that no communication by land can exist between Denmark and Norway, excepting by traversing a large portion of the intervening kingdom of Sweden. There was no alternative for the royal pair, excepting undertaking this enterprise, or remaining at Upslo till May.

A journey through Norway in mid-winter is, if travellers of the present day tell the truth, enough to try the nerves of the most intrepid persons, malgré all the improvements of modern times. It is well known that Charles XII., a century later, in vain attempted to force the ice-defended barriers of the Norwegian mountains, and that whole regiments of his hardy northern warriors perished in the very passes through which James's track laid, only the fatal fortress of Fredericshall existed not then. The difficulties of a land journey over the passes between Norway and Sweden had been so represented to king James, that he

[1] Spottiswoode.

[2] Memoirs, by Mr. David Moysie, quoted in the Bannatyne Papers.

[3] This deed dates the royal marriage November 23d. It is printed in the valuable collection of documents respecting the marriage of king James, by the Bannatyne Club.

would not risk the safety of his bride, till he had made the experiment in his own person. It seems likely that some doubts were entertained of the placability of the king of Sweden, through whose dominions the part of the route laid. James, therefore, sent captain William Murray forward to Stockholm, to ask a safe conduct.

James himself took a tender farewell of his bride on the 22d of December,[1] and travelled through the tremendous passes of the Norway frontier till he reached Bahouse, a castle close to the Swedish border; he found William Murray had not arrived from Stockholm. King James then retraced his steps, and again set forward in the company of his queen; and very appalling dangers they all encountered in this Christmas journey over the Norway Alps. They, however, arrived without loss of life or limb at Bahouse; and soon after, William Murray made his appearance on the Frozen River, accompanied by four hundred troopers, whom the king of Sweden had sent as an honourable escort to the king and queen of Scots through his dominions. They entered Sweden on the 7th of January, and travelled without any particular difficulty through that country till, on the 18th, they reached the Swedish side of the Sound, in the midst of a raging storm. They were forced to tarry at Elsingburg three days, weather-bound, before they could cross the ferry to the island of Zealand, where stood jutting forth at the nearest point, opposite to the Swedish territory, the royal castle of Cronenburg. At this palace, the royal family of Denmark had assembled, and were anxiously awaiting the arrival of king James and queen Anne. At last, on the 21st of January, the royal travellers safely crossed the Sound to the castle of Cronenburg, where they were affectionately welcomed by Anne's mother; the queen-regent, Sophia; the boy king, Christiern IV.; little Ulric, the duke of Holstein; the princess royal, Elizabeth; and her affianced lover, the duke of Brunswick, who had arrived at the Danish court to solemnize his nuptials.

The scene was now pleasantly changed, from the rude and famine-stricken huts of Upslo,[2] to all the splendours of a rich court, enlivened by two royal bridals. For the Danish ecclesiastics insisted on marrying king James and their princess over again, according to the Lutheran rites. Thus were they married three times—once by procuration, once on the Norway coast, and again at Cronenburg. As to the king, he was, as his letters evince, in an uproarious state of hilarity, and perfectly willing to be married as many times as his new relatives thought proper. The worst was, that, in the deep carouses with which the magnates of Denmark celebrated the royal marriage, the student-king increased that tendency for too powerful potations to which most of his follies and errors may really be traced. He dates his letters, "From the castle of

[1] Archbishop Spottiswoode.

[2] Upslo was the site of Christiania, the modern capital of Norway, afterwards built by Christiern IV., the brother of James I.'s queen, and named after him. (See Atlas Geographique.) Subsequently, it possessed a cathedral and a castle, but is unanimously described as a wild and miserable place, when the Danish princess took refuge there, both in her letters and in the Scottish contemporary documents.

Cronenburg, quhaire we are drinking and driving *our* in the auld manner."

At the last celebration of the marriage of James and Anna, the government of Denmark made a formal surrender of the disputed isles of Orkney and Shetland, as part of the marriage dowry of their princess.[1] She had, besides, forty thousand crowns, but this sum was not paid down at her wedlock.

Nothing impaired the pleasure of the royal visit to Denmark, excepting the turbulent propensities of those Scottish nobles who had accompanied the king, or had stayed with the queen, since her betrothal and embarkation the previous summer. Melville expressly bewails their misbehaviour, and says, the king's time was almost entirely occupied in keeping peace between these pugnacious courtiers of his, "such were their strifes, prides, and partialities; for the earl marischal, every day, disputed precedency with chancellor Maitland; the constable of Dundee quarrelled with lord Dingwall; and sir George Hum (Hume) ousted William Keith out of his place in the wardrobe. At last, all divided into two factions, the chancellor against the earl marischal; altogether, king James had no small *fasherie* in keeping them in decent behaviour."

The wedding of the duke of Brunswick and Elizabeth of Denmark was not completed till the spring, and king James and queen Anne, delayed their voyage homewards in order to be present at its celebration, so long, that their loving lieges in Scotland began to think themselves wholly forgotten, and therefore despatched, as a gentle reminder, six of their largest ships, and Mr. Patrick Galloway, one of the king's favourite preachers,[2] to urge the return of the royal absentee. This deputation arrived in the midst of the Brunswick wedding. King James, who was longing to hear news from Scotland, found, with great satisfaction, that all went well, for there had only occurred, in Scotland, two insurrections, a few riots in Edinburgh, and some skirmishes in the Highlands. This was a praiseworthy state of affairs, considering the usual proceedings in Scotland.

The young queen of Scotland was now required to bid a life-long farewell to her tender mother, queen Sophia. This great lady had encouraged among her children an ardent friendship and affection, and seems herself to have united, with no contemptible talents for government, the domestic virtues for which the princesses of the house of Mecklenburg have to this day been celebrated. The young king of Denmark retained a loving remembrance of his sister Anna (whom he infinitely resembled in person), and, in after times, he paid long visits at her court.

King James and his young consort sailed from Cronenburg about the 21st of April, escorted by a stately Danish fleet, commanded by admiral Peter Munch, with whom the reader has been previously acquainted, and accompanied by the Danish ambassadors, who were to be resident, or, in the language of the times, *leiger* in Scotland.

The royal fleet safely arrived at Leith, on May-day,[3] 1590, and all

[1] Spottiswoode. [2] Ibid. [3] Bannatyne Papers.

Edinburgh came forth to meet their king, and see their new queen; both were received with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. To the king's credit, the first thing he did, on landing, was to return thanks to God for the safety of himself and his wife. The queen did not enter Edinburgh directly, but sojourned at Leith, at what our authority calls "the king's new work." At this place, the Danish bride remained till the 6th of May.[1]

While the queen was reposing after her fatigues, her king was bestirring himself to raise funds for the expenses which his marriage rendered unavoidable. He was afflicted by all the tribulations common to those, who wish to make a splendid appearance with very slender means, or rather, without any means whatsoever. Very piteous were the missives he sent forth to his nobles, requiring benevolences to meet the expenses of his queen's coronation, and the celebration of his marriage festivities. Nothing came amiss—from those who had no ready cash, goods were thankfully accepted or borrowed. One family possesses an autograph letter from the king, dated Linlithgow Palace, in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons, to grace his marriage feast." In another letter, he craved the loan of a pair of silk stockings, from his dear Jonnie Slaites, (the earl of Marr,) for his own royal wearing, at a reception he gave the Spanish ambassador, adding, with a pathos peculiar to himself, "Ye wad na that your king suld appear a scrub, on sic an occasion." "I have a curious letter," says Pennant, "addressed by king James to John Boswell, of Balmato, of whom he begged the loan of a thousand marks, with this pithy remark, "Ye will rather hurt yourself vera far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers.'"

Nor was the important subject of the "ready siller" the only torment which plagued the poor king. The manner of the queen's coronation threatened to produce a religious warfare among the divines of the three differing faiths which were still struggling in Scotland. The formula of all royal rites and ceremonies had been, from time immemorial, arranged according to the catholic ritual. No coronation, marriage, baptism, or any other solemnization, had hitherto been performed in the royal family of Scotland, excepting in consonance with decrees of the ancient religion; and the very idea of anything of the kind at this juncture nearly drove all the presbyterians frenetic.[2]

The day after the queen's arrival, the council assembled to debate on her coronation. As none of the bishops of the episcopal church of Scotland were at Edinburgh, (nor could they be summoned in the hurry the king was in,) Mr. Robert Bruce, a minister, was appointed to perform the ceremony, with all the ancient rites. The ministers of the kirk were much grieved in spirit at the unction in the coronation, which they objected to as Jewish, and threatened Mr. Robert Bruce with censures of the synod, if he dared to consecrate the queen. James was very

[1] Spottiswoode, who says, moreover, that the king arrived on the 20th of May; but the documents printed by the Bannatyne Club prove throughout, by a series of dates, that this is a mistake.

[2] Spottiswoode.

angry at these scruples; he called the refractory ministers before him, and told them, if they prevented Bruce from crowning his bride, he would put off the ceremony till one of the bishops came, who would perform all required, without heeding their censures. This was worse than anything; the unction was more welcome than the presence of an episcopal bishop, and the refractory Calvinists at last agreed that Bruce should crown the queen, who was to be consecrated in the abbey-church of Holyrood, the next Sunday.[1]

The queen made her state-entry into Edinburgh, from Leith, on the Tuesday before her coronation, riding in a car, richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet; on each side of her[2] sat her two favourite Danish maids of honour, Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kroas. The king rode on horseback, immediately before the the queen's carriage; and thus, with a vast train of the nobles and gentry, then resident at Edinburgh, the royal bride was escorted to old Holyrood.

Whatever trouble king James might have in raising the funds for the occasion, it is certain that everything was, at last, procured consistent with the grand ceremony of a coronation; and his Danish bride was provided with rich robes, and all appurtenances accordant with the "royal making of a queen," as the following memorandums, extracted from the book of expenses, on this occasion, will fully prove:—"By his highness' precept and special command for furnishing ane robe to his dearest bed-fellow, the queen, the 17th of May, being the day of her majesty's coronation. Imprimis, for 30 ells of purple velvet, to be the said robe, price the *elne*, 16*l*. Sixteen ells of white Spanish taffeta, to be lining of the said robe. Thirty-four ells broad passaments of gold, wrought twice about the same, weighing 44 oz. and ane drap weight, price of the oz. 5*l*. 3 oz. of broad passaments of gold, of ane narrower sort, to work the *craig* (neck) of said robe; 6 oz. of silk to sew the same, 24*s*. 1 ell of Spanish taffeta, to furnish the lining and *stammack* (stomacher). Item, to the said stammack, half an ell of purple velvet. Purple velvet, and red crimson satin, to line the *bonnet* (cap) of her majesty's crown; price of the ell of velvet, 16*l*., and of the ell of satin, 7*l*. Four ells of white Florence ribbon, to be strings to the said *stammack*, and ane hank of gold to a greit button to the foresaid robe. 3 ells of white taffeta to his majesty's board, viz. to a white silk table-cloth, 7*l*. 10*s*."[3] The extravagant price of the materials need not startle the reader. The pounds were but "punds Scots," which reduces all things to a reasonable rate. The pages and footmen who waited on her majesty of Scotland were duly graced with jackets and *jupes* of crimson velvet. The Danish lords were liberally supplied with scarlet broad-

[1] Bannatyne Papers. "Marriage of James VI. and Anna of Denmark," from whence these particulars are collated by the author, with the contemporary chroniclers, Melville, Majoribanks, and Moysie.

[2] Probably on seats where the doors opened on each side of the carriage, which was the place, in these ancient vehicles, for the nearest attendants of the sovereign.

[3] Marriage of James VI. Bannatyne Club, pp. 13–15.

cloth for their table-cloths, and stool-covers, at the kirk and palace of Holyrood.[1]

All robes, and other "stately gear," being thus duly prepared, the queen's coronation took place on Sunday, May 17th, within the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The ceremonial we give in the words of a curious contemporary document—

"Twa high places were appointed there; one for the king, the other for the queen. The king's procession having entered the Abbey, that of the queen followed, preceded by several Danish nobles, magnificently dressed, with diamond chains about their necks; then came the Scottish nobles and heralds. Lord Lion, king-at-arms, ushered lord Thirlstone, bearing, 'betwixt his twa hands,' the queen's crown. Then followed the queen herself, in her royal robes, supported, on the right hand, by Robert Bowes, ambassador from England; on the left, Peter Munch, the Danish admiral, Stene Brahe, and Bredon Ranzou, ambassadors of Denmark. Mrs. Bowes and Dame Annable, countess of Marr, '*quha* (who) had brought up the king's majesty from his birth and minority,' followed directly after the queen. After them, the countesses of Bothwell and Orkney, lady Seaton and lady Thirlstone, the chancellor's wife, and other Scottish ladies. Next to them, followed certain noble Danish virgins, as Katrine Skinkell and Anna Kroas;[2] and, after them, other noble ladies and virgins, which accompanied the queen to the place where she was to sit in the church. *Quhilk* (which) all being set down, maister Paitrik Galloway, the king's minister, goes up into the pulpit, and, after prayers made, chuses his text out of the 45th Psalm. The preaching being ended, the duke of Lenox and the lord Hamilton, maister Robert Bruce, and maister David Lindsay go, all four together, to the king's majesty, that he might publicly order them to proceed to the act of coronation. Maister Robert Bruce then declared to the assembled people, 'that he was directed, by his majesty, to crown the queen.' The countess of Marr immediately came to her majesty, and took her right arm, and opened the *craig* (neck) of her gown, and laid bare part of the arm and neck. Maister Robert Bruce then poured on her breast and arm a bonny quantity of oil, and then covered them with white silk. The duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the virgins of Denmark, then convoyed the queen to her retiring-room, where she put on another princely robe, and came and sat in her former high place. Silence being then demanded, the king commanded the queen's crown to be brought to him, which being done, he gave it to the duke of Lenox, lord Hamilton, and the chancellor, who placed it on the queen's head. The crown being *firmly knit* on her head, the king sent immediately the sceptre, which Mr. Robert Bruce delivered to her." Thus the coronation of a queen-consort of Scotland was ostensibly and pub-

[1] Fifteen feather beds, hired for the strangers, (Danes and others,) from the 4th day of May, 1590, to the 18th of June, when the queen went to Dunfermline, "taking for ilka bed in the night, 2*s.*; likewise, for furnishing eight chambers, with two feather beds in every chamber, and coal and candle thereto, to the Danes who slept out of the palace."

[2] This lady is often mentioned in English letters, as Danish Anna.

ficly shown to be entirely an act of grace of her royal lord, who, by the hands of his chamberlain and chancellor, actually crowned her himself. The officiating religious minister addressed the following words to her: —"We, by the authority of the king's majesty, with the consent of his states, representing the whole body of his country, place this crown on your majesty's head; and we deliver this sceptre to your highness, acknowledging you to be our sovereign queen and lady, to whom we promise all points of office and obedience, dutiful in those things that concern the glory of God, the comfort of the kirk, and the preservation of his majesty; and we crave from your majesty, the confession of the faith and religion we profess."

This request Mr. David Lindsay, who had resided in Denmark for the preceding seven months, expounded in her majesty's language, who agreed, and, by touching the Bible with her right hand, made oath, to the following tenour:—

"I, Anna, queen of Scotland, profess, and, before God and his angels, wholly promise that, during the whole course of my life, so far as I can, I shall sincerely worship that same eternal God according to his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures. That I withstand and despise all papistical superstitions and ceremonies and rites, contrary to the word of God, and procure peace to the kirk of God within this kingdom. So God, the Father of all mercies, have mercy upon me."

When the whole prayers were ended, the heralds, the lord Lion and his brethren, cried, with loud voices, "God save the queen!" and the whole people echoed the acclamation, and the trumpets sounded. "Then her majesty was raised off the seat where she was sitting, and brought to a higher place; and silence being made, Mr. Andrew Melvin, principal of the College of Theologians, made ane oration in twa hunder Latin verses,"[1] which, it will be owned, was an unreasonable number. Maister Robert Bruce then addressed the people, "on the subject of the great benefit that would accrue to Scotland, by God having given their king a helpmate of the same religion." After which, the nobility knelt before the queen, and, holding up their hands, offered her the oath of homage, "as queen and spouse of their most clement sovereign." Maister Paitrik Galloway then pronounced a blessing on the coronation, from the pulpit, and the royal processions retired from the Abbey of Holyrood, the queen still wearing the crown on her head, and the chancellor going directly before her majesty. The remainder of the day was spent in princely revelry at Holyrood Palace.[2]

From the time that the consort of king James became a crowned queen in this island, it will be proper to designate her by the national name of Anne, as she is only known in history by this name; although she never acknowledged it herself; in all her numerous autographs, whether extant in private letters, or appended to Latin documents, she signed her name Anna.

The Tuesday after her coronation, the queen made a grand tour, in her "gold coach," through the streets of Edinburgh, attended by all the

[1] Bannatyne Papers. Marriage of James VI., p. 37–56. [2] Ibid.

great ladies and officers who had assisted at her coronation, and accompanied by the king; her good citizens of Dun Edin having prepared many goodly presents and quaint pageants for her gratification. At Edinburgh Cross, "fountains ran with claret for the loyalty of the day." Above the Nether Bow, was represented, to the delight of the good lieges of Edinburgh, the pageant of a royal marriage. At the end of this species of pantomime, which her majesty and all her train paused to witness, there was let down from the very summit of the porte of the Nether Bow, by silken strings, a box, covered with purple velvet, on which was embossed a great "A" in diamonds. This casket contained jewels worth twenty thousand crowns, a noble present from the town of Edinburgh, to their queen, and, in truth, far surpassing in value any civic gift to a queen we have yet recorded in the island.

The remainder of May and the beginning of June were occupied with festivities and rejoicings on account of the queen's arrival and coronation. The king and queen then removed to the queen's summer palace of Falkland, where they entertained the Danish visitors for some days, who departed, at last, complimented with presents as rich as the state of the royal finances would permit. The queen then went to the palace of Dunfermline, which she was to consider as peculiarly her own private residence.

From her first settlement in Scotland, Anne of Denmark took the greatest delight in her palace of Dunfermline—not in the Gothic castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the summit of the hill where Malcolm Canmore, and his English consort, St. Margaret, reigned; and to which Edward I. brought his queen, Marguerite of France, after he imagined he had subdued Scotland. The domestic palace of the Stuart queens was a more comfortable abode near the town. As it had been neglected for the last century, and fallen to decay, Anne of Denmark rebuilt the apartments where the queens of Scotland used to lodge. The whole domain is situated in a soft air and rich country, considering its northern locality; the dower palace has an ecclesiastical origin, having been originally erected by the abbots of Dunfermline. It is probable that the works performed by the orders of queen Anne chiefly related to the restoration and fitting up of the interior of the palace, for the magnificent ruins which remain, bear few marks of the architecture of the sixteenth century.[1]

During the first visit of the royal bride to this favourite palace, her revenue and dower were finally settled, and her household was permanently arranged. In the course of this business, she began to show some sparks of that petulance and perverseness of disposition which was occasionally perceptible in her conduct through life.

King James, in the full conviction of the fidelity of sir James Melville to the unfortunate queen, his mother, gave him a high situation in his young wife's household, and earnestly advised her to consult him in every difficulty, which her inexperience of the customs of her new

[1] Pennant's Scotland. According to a Latin inscription, quoted by Pennant, she did not finish the renovation of this her favourite palace till the year 1600.

country might involve her. The queen, very perversely, took an aversion to this tried friend of the Scottish crown. Some days after his presentation, as her counsellor and first gentleman, she asked him, rather abruptly, "Whether he was ordained to be her keeper?" evidently meaning her gaoler. "I answerit," pursues sir James Melville, "'that her majesty was knowen to be descendit of sa noble and princelie parents, and sa weel brought up, that she needit na keeper, albeit her dignity required to be servit by honourable men and women, both auld and young, in sindre occupations.' Then her majesty replied, 'That I was evilly dealt withal.' Now it seemeth that at first, when she was as yet ignorant of every man's qualities, some indiscreet enviers would have put me out of her favour. I replied, 'I was put in her service to instruct sic indiscreet persons, and also to give them guid ensample how to behave themselves dutifully and reverently unto her majesty, and to hold them back, and to keep her from their rashness and importunity.' At length, her majesty appearit to be weel content with my service, where I spendit many years, attending sometimes at the council days, sometimes assisting on her exchequer, when their majesties were together; but when they happened to be apart, I waited only on the queen."

A quarter of a century had elapsed since a queen had presided over the Scottish court, and this had been a period of unexampled savageness and brutality among the men who composed it, insomuch, that no female could pass through any part of the king's palace without being grossly affronted by the officers of the household. The queen, herself, only passing between her own private apartment and that of the king, at Linlithgow Palace, being unknown, was insulted by one of her husband's *gentlemen*. Great reformations in consequence,—and greatly needed they were,—took place at the ill-behaved court; but the introduction of the decorum which the etiquette of a queen's household required, so offended the ladies who had previously frequented it, that they departed by mutual consent, and left the fair Dane to exercise the new regulations solus with her household ladies. "I have seen the king's grace, but not the queen," wrote one of James's officials,[1] June 11, 1590, "for things are beginning to be strangely altered; the court wondrous solitary, for the pattern of the court of Denmark is greatly before the eyes of the king, and of our reformadoes, by whom the royal household is dimined of the best of his servants. Our queen carries a marvellous gravity, which, with the reserve of her national manners, contrary to the humour of our people, hath banished all our ladies clean from her."

The superabundance of gravity imputed thus to the young queen of Scotland is, by no means, in accordance with the general tenour of her conduct, during the first years of her marriage, which, in truth, rather indicated the levity natural to a girl of sixteen than the dignity becoming her exalted rank. She manifested more gaiety than was consistent with prudence, and, at last, raised no little jealousy in the mind of her husband, by her commendations of the beauty of the earl of Murray. This

[1] Letter of William Dundas. Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. ii., p. 405.

earl was a Stuart, who had married the heiress of the regent Murray, and was consequently a family connexion of king James. He was an ally, both by blood and friendship, with Francis, earl of Bothwell, who soon after raised a desultory civil war in Scotland.

The realm and royalty of Scotland had been scarcely ridded from the pest of Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, when, as if an evil spirit had been communicated with the title, another Bothwell rose up to occupy the public attention. His turbulence and restless spirit would have rendered him as great a nuisance as his uncle and predecessor, Hepburn, earl of Bothwell, if he had possessed the consummate abilities, for perfecting mischief, of that arch agitator, whose name is so painfully connected with the misfortunes of Mary, queen of Scots. King James had granted the title of Bothwell,[1] by his mother's particular request, to Francis Stuart, the son of one of her illegitimate brothers, by the sister and heiress of Hepburn, earl of Bothwell. Like all the illegitimate descendants of James V., this youth, encouraged by the kindness of his royal relatives, cherished presumptuous hopes regarding the succession to the crown.

The marriage of James, and the natural expectation of heirs apparent, crushed the incipient hopes of Bothwell, and rendered him malcontent; yet, he manifested no inclination to insurrection, till he was excited by an accusation, as ridiculous as it was provoking. This was no other than having induced witches to raise the storms, that had nearly shipwrecked the queen, and actually drowned lady Melville at Leith Ferry.

Such accusations, if noticed by historians, are generally attributed to some clumsy state intrigue; for the great effects which spring from trifling causes, such as the workings of imagination on the minds of the lower orders, are seldom taken into consideration; yet, Scotland was thrown into a state of civil war, solely from the insane imaginations of a few old women, who voluntarily came forward, and declared themselves allies with the Danish and Norway witches, who had nearly drowned the queen the preceding winter, and withal, that they had been instigated to the mischief by the earl of Bothwell.

The earl acted with some dignity, when he first heard, by common report, this accusation. He made his appearance before the king, and haughtily demanded a trial for this imputed offence, which he averred, with great good sense, ought not to be believed. "For," said he, "neither the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, nor his sworn friends the witches, are entitled to the least credit on this occasion."[2]

But, as the laws regarding witchcraft stood, in Scotland, this appeal. both to good sense and moral justice, was utterly useless. The regent, Murray, among other enormities unnoticed by general history, had induced the Scottish legislature to pass an act rendering sorcery liable to a fiery death, and, in consequence, he had burnt alive his personal enemy, the lord Lion, king-at-arms, as a wizard, besides two old women,

[1] See a draft of a will of Mary queen of Scots, never executed, in the Cottonian collection, and partly printed in Robertson's Appendix, which clearly indicates the relationship of the two earls of Bothwell.

[2] Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

over whose martyrdom he presided in person.[1] Among the most hideous features of the era, appear the facts that, though under the plea of necessary reformations, the fine arts had been utterly banished from all places of worship, the most horrid superstitions were not abolished, but rather frightfully aggravated. The supposed witch, according to the ancient law, who only incanted or invoked evil spirits, was but punished by doing penance, if poisoning or other murders were not proved; but regent Murray, following the example of his great-uncle, Henry VIII., had made the imaginary crime of witchcraft capital. Scotland had demolished organs, banished music, shattered painted glass, broken the lofty arch, and levelled the glorious column, ruined Dryburgh, and desecrated Roslin, for these things she termed superstitious; and, aided by the same spirit of religious destructiveness, completed her code of reformations by burning hecatombs of wizards and witches.

King James found these new laws in force when he assumed the regal authority. For a time, he not only believed in the necessity of them, but made this folly conspicuous, by writing a dissertation on witchcraft. By which proceeding, most persons, at the present hour, believe that he was the originator of the atrocious laws just mentioned. These laws, however, did not originate with him; but he found more than one monomaniac, challenging the operation of them by accusing themselves[2] of a necromantic conspiracy against his queen. His want of wisdom in the matter was, supposing that the witches themselves knew best what they had done. Thus, when he wrote his book, he supposed that the reality of witchcraft was founded on the positive evidence of voluntary confession. There was, in truth, quite sufficient for legal conviction, but not enough for moral justice; for self-accusation was, in those times, as in the present, often prompted by monomania. Very little, even in this era of physiological inquiry, is satisfactorily known of that strange aberration of the human mind; but it is known that, whenever public attention has been greatly excited by any mysterious murder, instances have occurred of persons coming forward and accusing themselves of perpetrating it, even when it was physically impossible that they could have so done. In these days, such patients are consigned to medical care. In the semi-barbarian ages, they would have been infallibly immolated. Little pains, then, were taken to ascertain the responsibility of a criminal; and the ravings of a poor maniac were often deemed intentional blasphemies. If a poor old crazy creature took it into her head that she was the Virgin Mary, she was condemned as a wilful offender, and, poor wretch, was burnt to death! If an unhappy maniac raved that he was the Saviour of the world, and a brother Tom o' Bedlam believed that was the case, the unhappy patient was sentenced to be flogged from Charing Cross to Aldgate.[3] Such were the medicaments prescribed by our forefathers for insanity. Their cruelties were of little consequence to the really mad, for, alas, if human sympathy is almost unavailing to the boundless woe, human malice is nearly power-

[1] See Chalmers' Life of the regent Murray; the documentary evidence quoted by him, proves at once the facts stated, and the date of these laws.

[2] Melville's Memoirs. [3] Wright's Queen Elizabeth and her Times.

less. It was a favourite freak of a large class of monomaniacs, after sorcery became, in the sixteenth century, obnoxious to the punishment of death, to confess themselves witches. Indeed, half the time of the judges, in the commencement of the seventeenth century, was occupied in these absurd confessions.

Of the melancholy class of patients who are sane, and even well conducted on all points excepting one wild vagary which holds strong possession of the brain, was, doubtless, the unfortunate woman who confessed herself guilty of raising the storms to drown the queen in the preceding autumn. This *soi-disant* witch accused many men and women as her abettors: she was, by name, Annis Simpson, and was called, by her neighbours, "the wise wife of Keith." When she was brought forward for examination, her demeanour astonished all her judges; "for she was," say the Scotch chroniclers, "no common or sordid hag, but a grave and douce matron, whose serious and discreet answers made a wonderful impression on king James."[1] She declared "she had a familiar spirit, who, upon her call, did appear, in a visible form, and answered her on the subjects of persons lying sick, or exposed to mortal danger, whether they should live or die."

"The king asked her, 'What words she used when calling her spirit.' She replied, 'As he had taught her, she merely called, 'Holla, master!' when he came without fail.' She added, that the earl of Bothwell had consulted her as to what should become of the king and the new-married queen, 'how long the king should reign, and what should happen after his death?' Her spirit promised to make away with the queen, but as to the king, the said spirit used words she could not understand. Being pressed to declare the sound of them, she said distinctly the words were, 'Il est un homme de Dieu.' The by-standers eagerly translated the sentence, "He is a man of God." This they considered splendid circumstantial evidence as to the truth of the depositions of the witch, and without giving any reasonable explanation why a Scotch fiend should speak French, they deduced, as she knew not what the words meant, she must have heard them as she declared. The vanity of the king was marvellously tickled by the respect in which he was held by the powers of darkness, and his conceit in his own wisdom and godliness, of course, was greatly augmented. Annis Simpson then proceeded to describe one of the diabolic orgies at which she affirmed she was present. This, she made oath, "took place by night, in the church of North Berwick, where the devil, clad in a black gown, with a black hat on his head, preached out of the pulpit, with many light candles about him, to a great number of them (the witches). His sermon 'was regarding the skaith they had done since last meeting, and what success the melting a wax figure of king James had had;' and 'because one seely puir plowman, callit Grey Meill, chancit to say, 'Nathing ailit the king yet, God be thankit,' the devil gave him a sound box on the ear. And as divers among them began to reason together why they had, as yet, done the king no harm, though they had injured others, the devil again pronounced the oracular sentence, 'Il est un homme de Dieu.'

[1] Spottiswoode.

"Now, after the devil had endit his admonitions, he came down from the pulpit and invited all the company to come and kiss his ears, which were cold as ice, and his body hard as iron, as those said that handled him, his face was terrible, his nose like the beak of an eagle, great burning eyne, his hands and legs hairy, with claws on his nails like the griffon, and spak with a hollow voice, saying 'that the witches of Norway and Scotland entered into combination against the queen's coming.'"[1]

Among the articles of *dittay* against Annis Simpson, she was accused of foreknowing, by the aid of the devil, the last Michaelmas storm, and that she knew "that great would be the skaith by land and sea," she being, at the same time, informed by a spirit, "that the queen would never come to Scotland without the king's majesty went to fetch her."

Another of these wise articles accuses Annis Simpson, on her own confession, "that she, with ten other witches and wizards, indited a diabolical despatch to Marian Leuchop, a noted sorceress at Leith, which billet ran thus—

"Marion Leuchop, Ye sal warn the rest of the sisters to raise the wind this day at eleven hours, to stop the queen's coming to Scotland."[2]

This feat, they supposed, was accomplished by the following ceremony:—"They baptized a cat, and passed her thrice through the links of the chimney cruik, (on which the boilers hang,) then, at Bessie Todd's house, they tied the four joints of a dead man to the cat's feet, and at midnight all the witches and their allies, at Leith, sallied out and carried the cat to the pier-head; from thence they cast her as far as possible into the sea, and cried out, 'See, there be no deceit among us.'" Poor puss, notwithstanding her impediments, swam safely on shore, from which the whole sisterhood inferred "that the queen would arrive safely in Scotland." However, they repeated the ceremony, and they considered that the drowning of lady Melville, at Leith Ferry, was the result. In consequence sir James Melville, in his memoirs, bears Simpson and her cummers an especial ill-will. She proceeded to confess, before the council, "that she and a large sisterhood of witches, to the number of two hundred, all put to sea, each embarking in a separate riddle or sieve," each carrying a flagon of wine with which they made merry, and floated jovially to North Berwick kirk, where they landed and sang this stave—

"Cummer go ye before!
Cummer go ye!
Gif ye will not go before,
Cummer let me."

This being sung in chorus to the tune of a popular reel, Gillies Duncan led the procession, playing on a Jew's trump." This narrative proved a little too strong for the credulity of the king, upon which the witch, Annis Simpson, who seemed thoroughly actuated by an *esprit-du-corps* for the honour and possibility of her art, requested Gillies Duncan might

[1] Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 395.

[2] Records of the High Court of Justiciary. Annis Simpson was first strangled, and then burnt to ashes, on this evidence. Papers on the marriage of James VI. with Anne of Denmark (XVI).

be sent for, who performed the witch tune and danced the witches' dance, to the accompaniment of that melodious instrument the Jew's harp. The king was the only person who remained incredulous, upon which Annis, being determined to produce conviction in the royal mind, took the monarch on one side, and told him all that passed between him and the queen at their first interview on the desolate coast of Norway. James was aghast, and vowed by all that was sacred, "that he did not believe the utmost cunning of the evil one could have revealed the same."[1]

The result of all these follies was a melancholy one. The poor monomaniac, the *soi-disant* witch, Annis Simpson, was, in the legal phraseology of Scotland, sentenced to be "first *werriet* and then *brunt*." Accordingly, she was first strangled, and then her body was consumed to ashes. It is to be feared that her mischievous hallucinations brought the same doom on two or three other persons, some of whom, it is said, were tortured to induce confession. Such is the inference to be drawn from the proclamation for the apprehension of Bothwell, who, when he found himself irretrievably implicated in the confessions of witch Annis, broke prison and ran away. As to the queen herself, she remained perfectly passive in the business, content that the wisdom and godliness of her royal spouse had, according to the witch's evidence, saved her from a watery grave.

From the hour of Bothwell's escape, a desultory civil war virtually commenced in Scotland, which was peculiarly directed against the royal family, wherever their residence might be. The queen had very little quiet, in whatsoever palace she might be sojourning, for alarms were constantly occurring that the "black Bothwell" was thundering at the gates, or making some mischievous inbreak. Every noble in Scotland, who felt friendship or bore enmity to Bothwell, was on the alert, either to aid him or annoy him. Among others, the earl of Murray, who had been admired by the young queen, was a very warm partisan of the fugitive earl. He came, notwithstanding, to the royal festival, at Christmas, 1591–2, when the king again became jealous of him, owing to the queen's imprudent commendations of his beauty.

The earl of Murray was slain soon after, (February, 1592,) in a feud with the earl of Huntley, and court scandal did not scruple to affirm that the homicide was instigated by king James. But the Gordons had suffered such bitter wrong from their fellow nobles, in the reign of the late queen Mary, that their vengeance, when their hour came, was only too consistent with the manners of the times; therefore the king may safely be acquitted of any concern in it. That James was offended at the girlish indiscretion of his young queen is certified by a crusty Scotch chronicler,[2] in which occurs the following notice of Murray:—"*Quhm* (whom) the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before, had

[1] News from Scotland, a contemporary tract, vol. xlix. of the Gentleman's Magazine. Many passages in the witch-dialogues, in Macbeth, have evidently originated from this trial.

[2] MS. Annals of Scotland, by sir James Balfour, Lyon king-at-arms; the manuscript is in the Advocate's library, Edinburgh.

commendit, in the king's hearing, with too many epithets, as the properest and most gallant man at court. To which the king replied, 'Ye might have excepted me.'" James was too fond of peace and quiet to take bloody vengeance for a few heedless words, spoken by a girl of the queen's age; and as to the fact, that Huntley pleaded the royal commission for the slaughter of Murray, it was only true thus far—that the king had employed him to suppress the earl of Bothwell and all his allies and abettors, because, after his late audacious attempts on the liberty of the royal family, he had fled, and, with his adherents, were in revolt. The implication of the queen's name in these adventures, gave rise to some historical ballads, which are still chanted by Scottish maidens among the oral poetry of the land:

"Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have ye been?
They 've slain the earl of Murray,
And laid him on the green.

Now wae betide thee, Huntley!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him with you,
But forbade you him to slay.'[1]

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He might have been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba',[2]
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the gluve;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
He was the queen's luve.

Oh, lang will his lady
Look o'er Castle Downe,
Ere she see the earl of Murray
Come sounding through the town."

A second ballad, on the same subject, enters fully into the particulars of the king's jealousy, but the name of "the bonny earl of Murray" is disguised under that of "young Waters:"

"About Yule, when the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A! there is come to our king's court
Many a tall weel-favour'd man.

Our queen look'd o'er the castle wa',
Beheld both dale and down,
And then she saw 'young Waters'
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did run before,
His horsemen rode behind;
A mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graithed his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters raid upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

O then out spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he—

'O tell me who is the fairest lord
Rides in this company.'

'I 've seen lord, and I 've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
Mine e'en did never see.'

Out then spake the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he,)
'An if he had been twice as fair,
Ye might have excepted me!'

'You 're neither lord nor laird,' she said,
'But the king that wears the crown;
There's not a lord in fair Scotland
But maun to thee bow down.'

Yet for a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad na be,
But for the words our queen did say,
Young Waters he must die!"

Notwithstanding the romantic imaginations of the poets, it is certain that the earl of Murray was the victim of a feud which his father-in-law had commenced with the Gordons, before either the queen, the king, or himself were born, and that he was a sacrifice to the memory of the

[1] This verse acquits the king of any injurious intention towards Murray.
[2] The golf.

gallant lord Gordon, who was beheaded, by the regent earl of Murray, for aspiring to the hand of Mary queen of Scots.

While the queen was abiding peaceably at her dower palace of Falkland, the succeeding summer, Bothwell made a furious attack on it; he was repulsed, from the royal apartments, but he succeeded in gaining entrance into the stables, and carried off all the queen's horses. This was in June, 1592. The queen, after this rude attack, removed to the palace of Dalkeith, which, in the following August, was made the scene of a very singular adventure. "Queen Anne, our noble princess," says our chronicler,[1] "was served by divers gentlewomen of her own country. She was very partial to one of them, a fair Danish lady, called Margaret Twineslace, whom one of the king's gentlemen, John Wemys, of Logie, was courting with right honest affection, tending to the godly bond of marriage." Unfortunately, Wemys was a friend of the insurgent earl of Bothwell, and the king received certain information that he had conferred with him just before the attack on Falkland Palace. He was examined, on this accusation, before the king and council, and having confessed that he continued frequently to confer with Bothwell, he was committed prisoner to the guard-room, in Dalkeith castle, and every one thought his life was in danger. That night it was the turn of his Danish love to sleep in the queen's bed-chamber. It is generally supposed that Margaret waited till the king and queen were both asleep, but it is most likely that the queen was privy to the whole plot. Mistress Margaret then stole out, and went to the prison-room of her lover, Wemys of Logie, and commanded his guards to lead him forthwith to the queen's chamber, for the king wished to put a question to him. The sentinels knew she was the lady-in-waiting, and did not doubt she had authority for what she said, and accordingly conducted Wemys to the queen's chamber-door. Margaret charged them to remain there quietly, and, taking Wemys by the hand, led him boldly into the room, where her royal master and mistress were sleeping. "An sa," says our quaint old chronicler, "she closit the door, and *convoyed* the said Wemys to a window, where she ministered a lang cord to him, to let himself down upon, and sa he happilie escapit by the subtletie of luve."

The guards waited patiently at the door of the queen's chamber till the early dawn of an August morning, when they raised an alarm, and it was found that they had been deceived. The manner of Wemys's escape caused much laughter in the palace; the queen took great pains to pacify the king, who was so much amused by the adventure, that he issued a proclamation, offering pardon to Wemys of Logie, if he came back to his duties, which he did, in a few days, and he was soon after married to the Danish maid-of-honour who had risked so much for his sake.[2]

Long after this adventure, Bothwell continued to make occasional attacks on whatever palace the queen happened to sojourn in, and she

[1] Historie of James the Sext, published by the Bannatyne Club, pp. 251–253. Archbishop Spottiswoode gives the prosperous termination of the adventure, and Melville mentions it.

[2] Spottiswoode, p. 389.

was liable to be roused at all hours of the night or morning by uproars he chose to raise, when trying to gain admittance. He always gave out, that his sole intention was to obtain an interview with king James, to apologise to him, and to explain to him, that he was driven to these outrages by chancellor Maitland, through whose machinations he was sure he had been accused of witchcraft. Those, who consider the folly of the accusation, will pity Bothwell, though it will be owned, that rushing into a royal bed-room, with a drawn sword, was not a rational way of making an apology. In the winter of 1593, he got into Holyrood, by the way of the kitchen, "as the gate was set open to let forth from the palace, my lady Athol, who came to visit her mother, the lady Gowry." He rushed into the king's chamber with his sword in his hand, and his friend and ally, master John Colville, with another sword. King James behaved with great spirit, he was but half-dressed, his hose not being *knit* (tied), and bade them strike him if they durst. Bothwell then fell at his feet, and said, "he was driven to hard courses by the practices of his enemies, begging the king to take his own sword and kill him, or to pardon him." He then laid his head on the ground, and taking the king's foot with his hand, set it on his long hair in sign of greater humility; "quhilk moved his majesty to have sic compassion on him, that he granted him his pardon freely, as his majesty told me himself that same day, and the hail manner of his incoming." So says Melville, who was in Holyrood at the very time of this uproar.

Notwithstanding the extreme humility of his rebel, James was virtually made a prisoner in his own palace, till a change of ministers was effected by Bothwell's faction. The desire of such change in these days, is signified quietly by minorities in the house of commons; but in the barbarous and semi-barbarous ages, the ministers of a sovereign were not displaced without a violent uproar in the royal residence, very frequently an insurrection taking place attended with bloodshed; the ministers of state were invariably stigmatized as royal favourites.

The Danish ambassadors, who dwelt at the house of Kinloch, near Edinburgh, suffered some anxiety respecting the welfare of the queen, and charged sir James Melville, to enter the state apartments, and ask what condition the royal family were in? The king then came to a window, leading the queen by the hand, and they both assured the people assembled in the court below, "that they were well, and the affairs were settled." It is, however evident, that Bothwell had possession of the palace, because the Danish ambassadors applied to him, through Melville, for leave of audience of the queen in the afternoon; "Quhilk," says Melville, "was granted, and I conducted them to the queen's chamber, and leaving them there, passed forward to see his majesty, wha was glad to get ony of his awn that he might speke to."

The king now felt the great assistance he derived from his Danish alliance, since the ambassadors demanded to return to their own country, where they should inform the queen's brother of the state of the palace. The difference was finally settled, by the enemy of the Bothwell faction, chancellor Maitland, being displaced and finally banished to his own estate. He had appropriated, to the queen's infinite dis-

pleasure, some of the manors belonging to her favourite domain of Dunfermline to his own use, and no remonstrances of her majesty could induce him to restore them; therefore, her influence, which now began to be considerable with king James, was thrown into the scale against him.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of the queen's eldest son (afterwards Henry, prince of Wales) at Stirling—Queen's reception of the ambassadors, with baptismal gifts—Maternal troubles—Enraged at leaving her infant with lord and lady Marr—Gives the king a curtain lecture—Remains perverse—Pretends sickness—King takes her to Stirling Castle—She leagues with a faction—Birth of her eldest daughter (Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia)—Queen's accomplishments—Birth and death of her second daughter—Queen's friendship for the Ruthven family—Scandals on her, relating to the Gowry Plot—Queen's affection for Beatrice Ruthven—Birth of her second son (Charles I.)—Queen's interview with Beatrice Ruthven—Anger and suspicions of the king—He reproves the queen—They are reconciled—James VI. succeeds to the English empire—Anne of Denmark queen-consort of James I., king of England, Scotland, and Ireland—The king prepares to enter England without the queen—Bids her a tender farewell—Prince Henry's letter to her—She goes to Stirling, to take him from lady Marr, who resists her—Queen falls ill at Stirling—Unreasonable anger—The Scotch privy council attend her—Her life in danger—Delivered of a dead prince—Various letters, concerning the queen, from the council at Holyrood to the king in England—All her demands granted—She is still perverse—King's letter to her—Her hatred to lord Marr—Prepares for her journey to England—Queen Elizabeth's robes and jewels sent for her wearing—Opposes the king respecting her English household—Fresh perversities at Berwick—Her progress through England—Elegant reception at Althorpe—Meets the king near Grafton—Arrival of the king and queen at Windsor—Queen quarrels with English nobles—She refuses to take the sacrament at her coronation—Suspected of popery in consequence—Dislikes changing to a third religion—Religious inconsistencies enforced by the coronation oath.

The birth of an heir to Scotland put an end to the long series of tumults with which Bothwell had agitated the court. Very soon after this auspicious event, he perceived that all his partisans fell from him, upon which he fled to France.[1]

[1] Francis Stuart, earl of Bothwell, died there. In 1616, when king James was quietly reigning in England, he sent from France for the heir of his troublesome kinsman, and restored to him all his patrimony, but with the title of Bothwell he would not invest him. (Life of James the Sext, p. 390.)

Queen Anne brought her first-born son into the world, at Stirling Castle, February 19, 1594. The king determined to give him the name of his own unfortunate father, and the name of the queen's father, and Henry-Frederic, the boy was named, with the first protestant baptismal rites that had ever been administered to a prince in this island.

The best insight to the domestic routine of Anne and James, in Scotland, is afforded by the royal privy purse expenses, which form a species of daily journal of their harmless lives. Through our long course of biographies we have found that the closer inquisition that is made into the letters and journals of the royal dead, who were most reviled in the 16th and 17th centuries, the more respectable do their characters appear; whether the same rule holds good in regard to those that were lauded to idolatry, our readers will best answer by the perusal of what we have collected; all we can say is, that we "invent nought, and set down nought in malice."

The accounts of the lord-treasurer of Scotland[2] commence but in 1593, and conclude with the accession to the throne of England; many a quaint and naive entry is to be found therein, but we must again warn our readers, lest they marvel at the munificence of our royal oddity, King James the Sext, that his disbursements were made in "punds Scots;" for instance.

"Item, by his majesty's precept, to certain *puir* strangers, Hungarian captives to the Turk, 200*l.*"—"May, 1594. Item, by his majesty's precept, to Helen Laytill, his highness's *awn* nurse, and to Grissel and Sarah Gray, her dochters, for their apparelling again the baptism of his highness' dearest son, the prince, 646*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*"—"Item, by his majesty's command, for transporting of the lion fra Halyrood House to Striveling (Stirling), and there fra back again, 207*l.* 16*s.*"

What part the lion was to play at the royal christening, unfortunately, we cannot explain.

"Item, paid by the queen's majesty's missive, for the furniture of ten great deer hounds, appointed by her to pass into Denmark."

There is an item of their majesties' charity, in *almous*, to a poor destitute wretch, who had laid herself down at the gate of Holyrood palace, in a peculiarly unfortunate situation. Then follows a requisition from the king, for peace and quiet at the royal baptism:—

"James Lenox accompanied three heralds, with their coats displayed, and twa trumpeters, passing to the *Mercat* Cross at Striveling, with letters (proclamation), charging all, and sundry, our sovereign lord's lieges of the *quhat* estate, quality, or degree, *sa*ever they be of, to set apart their particular feuds, quarrels, and grudges, and keep gude peace during the time of the baptism, as they tender his majesty's honour and estimation of their native country."

It is curious to observe, that this precept gives tacit permission for the continuation of the feuds, quarrels, and grudges of the *sovereign*

[2] Printed by the Maitland Club, with the Autograph Letters of the family of James VI., p. lxxi, the following thrifty item in the lord-treasurer's accounts:—"To Elizabeth Moncrief, lavender (laundress) to the prince, his grace, for saip, (soap), *sciffing*, and for wesching his claithes from February to January, 276*l.*, *Scots.*"

lord's lieges, so that they have but the decency to suspend them on this day of high festival.

The prince was baptized according to the ritual of the episcopal church of Scotland. Archbishop Spottiswoode has not disdained to narrate the ceremonial. The countess of Marr, the governess of the infant prince, and the queen's ladies brought him from his nursery, and laid him in a state-bed, in the queen's presence-chamber, from whence they carried him in procession, and delivered him to his nearest relative, the duke of Lenox, by whom he was presented to the ambassador of his godmother, queen Elizabeth, the earl of Sussex. Lord Hume carried the prince's ducal coronet of Rothsay, lord Livingstone the towel, lord Seaton the bason, and lord Semple the laver. The English ambassador, who represented queen Elizabeth, the godmother, followed with the royal babe, whose train was supported by lords Sinclair and Urquhart; and four Scottish gentlemen, of honourable lineage, bore a canopy over him. When the procession arrived at the door, king James, who was seated there, rose and received the English ambassador, who delivered the babe to the duke of Lenox, and seated himself in a stall decorated with velvet. The service was performed by the bishop of Aberdeen. The lord Lion proclaimed the titles of the prince; gold and silver were thrown from the window, among the populace, and then the heir of Scotland was brought back in procession to the state-bed in his mother's presence-chamber.

When the ceremony of baptizing her infant was ended, the queen of Scotland received, in state, the presents and congratulations of the foreign ambassadors who had assisted at this rite. Sir James Melville, who was present on this occasion, gives a lively sketch of the scene.

"I was appointed," says the statesman-historian, "to stand a little behind, but next to her majesty's chair. To the English, German, and Danish ambassadors, the queen made answer herself; but to the States of Holland, albeit her majesty could speak *seemly* French, she whispered in my ear to declare to them her answer. Then every ane of them, by order, made their presents as *god-bairn* gifts. The jewels of precious stones she resavit with her awn hand, and then deliverit to me to put into their cases, and lay them on a table quhilk was preparit, in the middle of the chamber." Queen Elizabeth sent a cupboard of plate, and some cups of massive gold; Holland presented a parchment with a yearly pension of five thousand florins to the little prince. The cups were so heavy, that sir James Melville declares he could hardly lift them. "I leave to others to set down their value; all I know is, they were soon meltet and spendit; I mean, so many as were of gold, quhilk suld have been keepit in store for posteritie. But then they that gaf advise to break them wanted their part, as they had done of the queen's tocher."

Of the amount and times of payment of this said tocher, or dowry, for the squandering of which the Sully of Scotland is so indignant, no very decided account can be given. However, as Melville affirms that a tocher was spent, it is evident some ready cash had been received by king James.

The heart of the young queen was alive to the most passionate instincts of maternity, and these were painfully outraged when she found it was her husband's intentions to leave her young son in the royal fortress of Stirling, to the care of his hereditary guardian, the earl of Marr.[1] The old countess of Marr, the king's former gouvernante, was to be inducted into the same office for the infant Henry, to the queen's extreme grief. She earnestly pleaded to have him with her during his tender infancy, instead of being restricted to occasional visits. It was in vain that king James explained to her that it was part and parcel of the law of Scotland for its heir to be reared in Stirling Castle, under the care of an earl of Marr, and that he owed his own life and crown to this providential arrangement, and that the Erskine family were most worthy of this high trust; but the queen would not be content.

Then began a series of sorrows and disquiets, which not a little impaired the peace of the royal pair; queen Anne, with all the anguish of maternal jealousy, saw the first caresses of her little one bestowed on the old countess of Marr and her son, and she hated them with all the vivacity of her nature. She was at Linlithgow Palace with king James, May 25, 1595, when her little Henry had arrived at the engaging age of fifteen months old; and being in the utmost distress of mind because the Marrs had possession of her darling, of whom she was deprived, she bestowed a curtain-lecture on king James, regarding the subject nearest her heart. The substance of this exordium was, however, overheard and transmitted to England by a spy, at the earliest opportunity.[2] The queen pleaded piteously with her husband that she might not live separated from her infant. She urged her constant affection, and reminded king James "how she had left all her dear friends in Denmark to follow him; she represented that her brother, king Christiern IV., for love of her, had ever been his sure friend, therefore it was an ill return to refuse her suit, founded on reason and nature, to prefer giving the care of her babe to a subject, who, neither in rank nor deserving, was the best his majesty had." This was scarcely just to the earl of Marr, who had been, at the same time, play-fellow and guardian to his orphan king, and was, withal, one of the best subjects he ever had, and he was right to place his infant in the care of one so tried and trusty, even if the law had not prescribed it. King James, in reply to this curtain-lecture, said "that his infant he knew to be safe in Marr's keeping; and though he doubted nothing of her good intentions, yet, if some faction got strong enough, she could not hinder his boy being used against him, as he himself had been against his unfortunate mother."

This reply, which ought to have shown Anne that her bereavement of her babe was not an intentional wrong, but an inexorable necessity, did not bring to her mind the conviction it ought to have done. She pleaded, wept, and even coaxed the king that the matter might be referred to council, in which she had secretly obtained a large faction of persons, who only cared for her wishes as they militated against the earl of Marr. The king perceived, very quickly, indications of rebellion in

[1] Birch State Papers, vol. i. p. 242.

[2] Ibid, p. 243.

his council, and, to his great uneasiness, ascertained that his queen was perversely inclined to be made a tool of the factious.

The correspondence of Anne of Denmark is a very curious feature in her history. It is almost unique, not only among queenly epistles, but is almost deserving a place in the history of letter-writing. She seldom wrote by deputy—her autographs are all holographs, and her letters extant consist of a series of mere notes, in which, though a foreigner, she contrived to infuse her whole meaning. These little missives are written in the most exquisite Italian hand; they are, most of them, spirited and humorous; all are pithy, and to the purpose of the writer. The first note extant in the queen's hand, we are inclined to think, belongs to the time when she was intriguing to get possession of her infant, and was meant to provide funds for her rebellious journey to Stirling. There is a hurry of spirit in its inditing, which could belong to no other period of her life, excepting at another attempt of the kind, made when her husband was absent, taking possession of the English throne: but this document is written in the Scottish dialect, while, to the queen's credit, she had made herself mistress of the English language before she became queen of England, and wrote and spelled it far better than did her great-grand-daughter, queen Anne, of Augustan celebrity. The present document is addressed to George Heriot, banker and jeweller to Anne of Denmark, who is almost as much immortalized by the genius of sir Walter Scott as by his own good works. Unfortunately, Anne of Denmark never dated a note or letter. If she had known what a great inconvenience this careless habit would be to her dutiful biographer, she surely would have amended it for her own sake.

ANE PRESEPT OF THE QUEEN.[1]

"Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes vith all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentie.

"ANNA R."

In the course of a few days, the king informed the queen that, as her heart was so entirely set on seeing her infant, she should go to Stirling Castle forthwith, but she refused, lest it should be supposed that she went thither out of compliment to the earl of Marr, to grace the wedding of lord Glamis. She declared she was not well, and she would not go; but the king obliged her to obey him. She set out on horseback, May 30th, with her train, but either was, or pretended to be, so seriously discomposed by the caperings and rearing of her horse, that she took to her bed at Linlithgow Palace, and professed herself too ill to go any farther. The earl of Marr made a journey to pay his duty to her in her sickness, but was not admitted to her presence, "for fear," as it was said,

[1] Holograph, from original papers, pertaining to Heriot's Hospital, kindly communicated by the Rev. Dr. Stevens, Edinburgh. We are indebted to the great kindness of the Rev. Dr. Stevens, the late learned master of Heriot's Hospital, for the communication of these curious items, from the contemporary inedited records belonging to that noble foundation which he has most generously communicated. We are happy to learn that Dr. Stevens is preparing a history of Heriot's Hospital, from the rich store of documents in the charter-chest of the institution, to which he has, for the last five years, devoted his time and talents.

"that he should perceive her illness to be fictitious." He was, besides, so uncivilly treated by her people, that he was glad to return to Stirling Castle the same day that he left it.[1] The queen added, to the ingratitude of insulting so trusty a friend as the earl of Marr, the folly of an attempt which, in the eyes of a less indulgent husband than king James, would have been considered downright rebellion. She planned an expedition to Stirling Castle, while the king was absent on summer progress: she meant to head an armed band, composed of the lords of her faction and their followers, who were, by force, to take the infant-prince from the earl of Marr. The king heard of this plot, and made a journey, from Falkland Palace, speedy enough to prevent it.[2] He obliged the queen to travel with him to Stirling Castle, but differently attended to what she had devised. Here the king permitted her to see and caress her babe as much as she chose, but was inexorable in his intentions of retaining Marr as his guardian. Indeed, he left the following document in the hands of Marr when they quitted the castle:—

"My lord Marr,

"Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, and I have *concredited* to *yow* the charge of his keeping on the trust I have of your honesty; this I command yow, *out of my own mouth, being in company of those I like*,[3] otherwise, for any charge or necessity which can come from me *yow* shall not deliver him. And in case God call me at any time, see that neither for the queen, nor the estates their pleasure, you deliver him till he be eighteen, and that he command yow himself.

"This from your assured friend,

"JAMES R."

"Striveling (Stirling) Castle, June 24, 1595."

A succession of stormy debates, agitated by the queen's faction in the council, ensued, but all failed in shaking the king's firm trust in the loyalty of the earl of Marr and his lady-mother. To the infinite discontent of the royal mother, her little son remained at Stirling. Whoever glances over the events of the seven successive minorities of the kings of Scotland, will plainly perceive that it was the systematic policy of the oligarchy of that country to get possession of the heir of the kingdom, and, as soon as possible, to destroy the father,[4] and govern, during a long minority, according to their own notions of justice, which was invariably the law of the strongest. To obviate this customary order of affairs, James III. had fortified the castle of Stirling, and educated his heir in that stronghold; but his barons had, at last, obtained possession of the royal boy, and destroyed their sovereign in his name. James VI. and the earl of Marr resolved, that the infant, Henry, should never be set up as a parricidal puppet. The king had studied the history of his

[1] Birch, State Papers, vol. i. p. 258.

[2] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James, p. 185.

[3] This mysterious expression justified Marr in withholding his charge from the king himself, lest he should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be forced to command the surrender of the prince.

[4] Every sovereign of Scotland, from the reign of Robert III., (time of our Henry IV.,) had ascended the throne a minor; hence arose all the misfortunes of the Scottish kings of the line of Stuart.

country; and we have just shown how he had explained to his queen, that he had himself, in his unconscious infancy, been made the instrument of his unfortunate mother's deposition, and that the same tragedy would be repeated if her boy was not left in the keeping of the earl of Marr, who had, even in youth, proved himself well worthy the trust of being hereditary guardian of the prince of Scotland, and captain of Stirling Castle. It must lower the character of Anne of Denmark in the eyes of every one, both as woman and queen, that she was not to be convinced by these unanswerable inferences from the experience of the past, but preferred to indulge the mere instincts of maternity at the risk of involving her husband, her infant, and their kingdom, in the strife and misery of unnatural warfare.

The queen continued to torment herself, and all around her, with her grievances and jealousies regarding her eldest son, till her thoughts were for a time detached by the birth of her second child. In the words of our chronicle,[1] "The queen was deliverit of a ladie at Falkland, August 15, 1596, who was baptisit by the name of Elizabeth." The baptism took place at Holyrood, and the city of Edinburgh stood godmother to the Scottish princess, being represented by the person of the provost. Perhaps, the provost's good dame would have been the more fitting representative of the mural godmother, the romantic city of Dun Edin. The young princess, was the name-child of queen Elizabeth; she lived to be that beautiful queen of Bohemia, the protestant heroine, whose adventures form so romantic an episode in the history of the 17th century; and, who was the ancestress of our present royal family.

The infant princess was given to the charge of lord Livingstone, who, with his wife and family, had been devoted adherents of Mary, queen of Scots. The calvinistic kirk murmured, because lady Livingstone was a catholic.[2] King James answered, he did not give the royal babe to her care, but to that of her husband, though it might have been answered, that lord Livingstone would scarcely know what to do with the infant, without the agency of his lady. The ministers of the kirk were exceedingly malcontent at this period, some of them refused to pray for the queen, and others, when they did pray, did it in such a sort, that it would have been more decent to have let it alone. "Guid Lord," prayed master Blake, in the pulpit, "we must pray for our queen, for the fashion's sake, but we have no cause, for she will never do us ony guid." He added, all kings were the "divil's bairns," and that queen Elizabeth was an atheist. The contumacious prayer-maker was required to ask pardon for all these extraordinary aspirations, especially "for having treasonably calumniated his majesty's bed-fellow, the queen." Master Blake sturdily refused to ask her majesty's pardon; and was banished; but a most notable broil was raised before peace was restored between the court and the kirk.[3]

[1] Life of James the Sext.

[2] Lady Livingstone, one of queen Mary's *Maries*, was for many years a protestant.

[3] Spottiswoode. There was likewise a scuffle between the king and the kirk, whether some English comedians should exercise their vocation or not at Edin-

Anne of Denmark was always looked upon by the presbyterians with a degree of angry jealousy, as a supporter of the episcopal church. She had been brought up a Lutheran, and she naturally leant to that faith which best coincided with the tenets of her own religion. She seldom exercised any self-control respecting her preferences, and had probably incurred the ill-will of the kirk, by expressing imprudent partiality. She appears, for many years of her life, to have been utterly ignorant of the art of governing either herself or others, or of calculating the probable consequences of her word and actions; her chief fault was a passionate temper, which rendered her liable to fits of petulance, like a spoiled child. Her affections were, however, most enduring and tenacious, and when once she formed an esteem for any one, she never deserted that person. "If ever," says sir James Melville,[1] "she found that the king had, by wrong information, taken a prejudice against any of his faithful subjects or servants, she always exerted herself to obtain information of the truth, that she might speak with the more firmness in their favour." As an instance, he mentions, that when his brother, Robert Melville, was disgraced by the king, the queen represented "that he had himself presented the brothers of the Melville family to her in her youth, as tried servants of his grandame,[2] and his unfortunate mother; that he had recommended her to be guided by their advice, and she had found their truth and worth." The king listened to her remonstrances, and restored sir Robert Melville to his good graces.

The queen was brought to bed of a daughter, at Dalkeith Palace, December 24, 1598. The venerable Mr. David Lindsay baptized the child, by the name of Margaret, in Holyrood Chapel. In preparation for the birth of this princess, king James ordered the following articles:—

"Item, by his highness' precept, the furniture following made to the use of his darrest bedfellow: For ane cradle to the bairn, 16*l.* Item, for ane chair for the maistress' nurse, 4*l.* Item, for the seat at the feet. Item, to four stools for the rockers, 2*l.* Item, to the wright's expenses passing to Dalkeith, to set up the work, and to the wright's childer in drink, silver."[3]

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burgh. In November, 1599, James had bestowed on certain *Inglis* comedians the benefaction of thirteen crowns of the sun; how much that might amount to we cannot explain, though there is a notation appended, "that each crown was 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, punds Scots." He ordered sir George Elphinstone to deliver these English players some timber to build a house for their pastime; but when the play was ready, the Scottish kirk thought fit to "pronounce the player-men excommunicate and accursed, and that all their aiders and encouragers were in a reprobate way." Then the king sent William Forsyth to the *Mercat* Cross, at Edinburgh, with a proclamation, that it was his pleasure that the elders and deacons of the hail (whole) four sessions should annul their act concerning the *Inglis* comedians; and, at the same time, he ordered proclamation to be made to all his lieges, that it was his majesty's pleasure that the said comedians might use their *plays* in Edinburgh. How the king and kirk settled the dispute does not appear; but James sent another benefaction to the proscribed players of 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, punds Scots. Lord Treasurer's Accounts, lxxv.

[1] Melville's Memoirs, pp. 403, 404.

[2] Mary of Lorraine, queen regent of Scotland.

[3] Lord Treasurer's Accounts. Maitland Papers, lxxiv.

For the infant princess herself, there is little outlay, except for *mutches* of *laine*, (flannel night-caps,) and pearling, to hem the same. She died in infancy.

In the same accounts occur many entries for silk stockings, for the queen and her children, but they are called by the disagreeable name of *silk shanks*. A purchase was made for the princess Elizabeth, of "ane *birse* to straik (stroke) her hair with," and this we verily believe to be no other than a hair-brush. A small piece of satin is charged to make the little princess a mask, and "twa babies (dolls) bought for her to play with."

As the century waned to its close, and queen Elizabeth's years approached old age, the balance of power in the island began to incline, most unusually, towards the northern kingdom. Flattering intimations from the English nobility ever and anon arrived at the Scottish court, from the secret recognition, by some one or other among them, of James's hereditary right to their throne. He subsequently declared he possessed, for the last seven years of queen Elizabeth's reign, more power in the English privy-council than that queen herself. This was but according to the law of retribution, for, during the chief part of that century, English intrigue had repeatedly revolutionized Scotland, and fostered therein a party and religion, whose professed principles were those of democracy. The Ruthven party in Scotland was the germ of that republican faction, which afterwards extended to England, and, in the middle of the next century, made the whole island-empire shudder, under the scourge of revolutionary anarchy.

The early leader of the democratic party in Scotland was the head of a family of respectable rank among the lower nobility of Scotland, named Ruthven, which subsequently attained the earldom of Gowry. In three distinct assaults on the personal liberty of the sovereign, the family of Ruthven were the instigators and principals. The brutal conduct of lord Ruthven to Mary queen of Scots, when Rizzio was assassinated, is universally known. Then his son, the earl of Gowry, led the revolutionary movement, called the "Raid of Ruthven," when her son, while yet a youth, was seized, and held captive, till he effected his escape. Gowry was beheaded, but his young sons were not deprived of his family property. The young earl of Gowry was educated in France, and his brothers and sisters were reared and educated at court, and given advantageous places about the person of the young queen, when she first came to Scotland. Her attachment to two of them, Alexander and Beatrice, who had both grown up under her protection, has involved her name in a series of dark and obscure scandals, of which most readers have heard, but of which no history has ever traced the origin, or even defined the relative positions of the parties.

It was very seldom that such a pertinacity of turbulence occurred, as that manifested by three successive generations of the Ruthven family, without the persons agitating had some claims to royal descent and connexion. It will be remembered that Henry VIII.'s sister, Margaret Tudor, queen of Scotland, set him the example of his bigamies, by marrying and putting away a plurality of husbands, and the Ruthvens claimed

descent from a daughter of this queen by her third husband, lord Methvin. Genealogists declare that this daughter of queen Margaret was the first wife of lord Ruthven, and died childless, but all the facts of the case strongly support the tradition that the earl of Gowry was her son, since the very circumstance that James VI. bestowed personal patronage on the children of this his mortal foe, brought them up in his palace, and placed them about his queen, proves that they had claims of near relationship to himself, though he could not, and would not, own them as princes of the blood-royal of England: for if he had done so, he must have illegitimatized his own father's descent, since the second husband of his great-grandmother, queen Margaret (from whom lord Darnley was descended), *survived* her third husband, lord Methvin; consequently, they could not both be her legal spouses; neither could the children of both marriages be legitimate.

The domestic crimes of Henry VIII., it is well known, produced much bloodshed and civil calamity in England; nor was Scotland without her share of the miseries of civil war, induced by the ill conduct of his sister: it is certain that the Ruthven family aided in three several insurrections, disturbing public peace, and occasioning more or less bloodshed, because it was supposed that they were a branch of the royal family, possessing certain reversionary rights on the English birthright of James VI., if he and his children were removed.

Anne of Denmark has been implicated with the Gowry plot, a mysterious conspiracy against the life of her husband, of which the young Ruthvens were the leaders; but she is only connected with it by a tie slight as a silver ribbon, according to the following tale of court gossip:

"One day, in the summer preceding the birth of Charles I.," says a very scandalous chronicle, "the queen was walking in the gardens of Falkland Palace, with her favourite maid of honour, Beatrice, when they came up to a tree under which Alexander Ruthven, who was but a youth of nineteen, laid fast asleep, overcome by the heat, or violent exercise. The queen, it is said by some,—and by others, his sister, Beatrice Ruthven,—tied a silver ribbon round his neck, which had been given to the queen by the king, and left him sleeping. Presently, king James himself came by with his attendants; the silver ribbon caught his attention, and he bent over the sleeper and gazed on it very earnestly. The king, instead of waking Ruthven (who, by the way, was a gentleman of his own bed-chamber), and asking him how he came by the ribbon, went his way, leaving the sleeper still sleeping. Back instantly came Beatrice Ruthven, who had been anxiously watching the demeanour of the king, twitched the ribbon from round her brother's neck, and fled, leaving him, it must be supposed, in a sleep as sound as the Celtic hero, Oscar, who could only be roused by a monstrous stone being hurled against his head. Meantime, Beatrice rushed into the queen's presence, and threw this ribbon into a drawer, telling her majesty, 'that her reason for so doing, would be presently discovered.' King James, directly after, entered on the scene, and demanded the sight of his silver ribbon, in the tone of Othello, asking for the fated handkerchief; but the queen of Scotland, more lucky than

Desdemona, quietly took out the silver ribbon from the drawer into which Beatrice had just shut it, and placed it in his hands. James examined it earnestly for some time, and then pronounced his oracular sentence in broad Scotch:—'Evil take me, if *like* be not an ill mark.'"

From this pantomimic story, the writers of the seventeenth century have drawn the inference, that king James himself contrived the Gowry plot against his own life, in order to revenge his jealous suspicions against the youth, Alexander Ruthven, and his queen;[1] yet, as the sister of the hero of the tale was concerned throughout the whole of the fantastic trifling with the silver ribbon, there is no reason to fix any stigma on the queen, or on any one else. But those acquainted with the physiology of plots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will not be surprised that a great calumny should have as slight a foundation.

To enter into the long details of the Gowry plot here would be impossible: it is, almost to this hour, a subject of party discussion; and volumes of controversy have been written on the subject, the only advantage of which is, that many particulars have been preserved as evidence on one side or the other, throwing light on the manners and customs of a very obscure epoch. In the endeavour to recriminate the Gowry plot on the king's party by foreknowledge of the calamities awaiting the house of Ruthven, the following incident[2] is related of the queen's pet-maid of honour:—Beatrice Ruthven was a girl of great vivacity and joyous spirits, more like the Beatrice of Shakspeare than the heroine of the puritan party in Scotland. One day she was laughing at Dr. Herries, one of the magnates of the Scotch episcopal church, on account of his club-foot, or, as she called it, his "bowit-foot;" when the doctor, annoyed at the discussion, took her hand, opened it, peered curiously into it, and said, "Mistress, leave laughing! for I see, ere long, that a sad disaster will befal you." The doctor merely meant to tame a teasing coquette by an unlucky prediction, which might mean anything, from the death of her lap-dog to the loss of her lover; but, as the incident befel within two days of the miserable catastrophe of her brothers, Dr. Herries got the credit of being a deep wizard, by one party, and of foreknowledge of the Gowry plot, by the other.

The queen and her ladies had been, since the second week of July, 1600, settled in her summer palace of Falkland, where the king joined them, meaning to reside there to hunt, during the month of August, in the neighbouring woods of Perth. The queen was awakened, much earlier than usual, by the king rising to go hunting, on the morning of the 3d of August. While he was dressing in his hunting-garb, she asked him, "Why he went out so early;" to which he replied, "That he wished to be astir betimes, as he expected to kill a prime buck before noon."[3] This trifling incident the queen afterwards thought was prophetic of the bloodshed which occurred on that disastrous day.

The king was certainly going hunting, but that was not his primary object. He had been informed, by his gentleman of the bed-chamber,

[1] Life of the earl of Gowry, by Pinkerton, who draws his intelligence from a writer who bore the appropriate name of Cant.

[2] Calderwood, Gowry Plot.

[3] Steward's Collection.

young Alexander Ruthven, that a jesuit, with a bag of gold, had just been seized near Perth, and was then detained, at Gowry House, in that town, till the king would please to examine him, which he could do privately while refreshing from hunting. Such an incident was thoroughly in unison with the customary proceedings of that era; for, be it observed, that when any person, above the grade of a common robber, had a mind to a bag of gold found on a traveller, the most strenuous efforts were forthwith made to prove both traveller and gold to be jesuitical. Meantime, king James, who reckoned on enjoying, besides his morning hunt, two prime diversions, being a controversial dispute with a recusant, and counting over a bag of Spanish gold, slipped away from the chase at noon, and, with only an attendant or two, came to Gowry House, in Perth.[1] He was received by the earl of Gowry, young Ruthven's eldest brother, who had not long returned from the court of queen Elizabeth. After dinner, on a sign from Alexander Ruthven, the king withdrew with him, expecting to be introduced to the jesuit and his gold. In that idea, the king followed Alexander Ruthven, without suspicion, up various winding stairs and intricate passages, into a strong circular chamber, the prison-hold of the Gowry family: here, instead of seeing the jesuit and his gold, the king beheld a portentous figure of a gigantic man, clothed completely in black armour, while Alexander Ruthven cut off all retreat by locking the heavy door. He then made a murderous assault on the king, reproaching him with the death of his father, the late earl of Gowry. King James, who was unarmed, kept him at bay as well as he could; and the black giant took no part in the struggle. The king remonstrated with Alexander, "told him that he was a child, under tuition of a regent, when the late earl Gowry was beheaded, and reminded him of the great affection the queen bore to Beatrice, and how kindly he himself had been treated during the whole of his reign." This discourse was of no avail. After a pause, young Ruthven made a second, more violent, attack on the king, who would have been murdered, but for the vigilance of his page or henchman, young Ramsay.

This gallant youth, missing his royal master, and mistrusting his hosts, was already searching for him through the intricate defiles of the house. While so doing, he heard the king's voice shouting for rescue. On this, Ramsay forced a turnstile, which guarded the way to some back stairs leading to a private door into the circular room, and appearing suddenly on the scene, flew at Alexander Ruthven, and dragged him from the king's throat. King James had struggled manfully for his life; he had got to the window in the scuffle, shouting for help all the time, but the odds were still fearfully against him. For two of the Gowry

[1] This antique baronial residence, sometimes called Gowry Palace, and sometimes Gowry House, (the locale of the plot and tragedy) was only pulled down in the present century, 1807. It was situated in Perth, on the left bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets, called the Water-street and Spey-street. Part of the structure was of date immemorial, and when pulled down, concealed pits and dungeons were found therein. It had, in later times, been used as a barracks. (Rev. John Scott's Life of Gowry.)

servants, with the earl himself, alarmed at Ramsay having forced the turnstile, rushed into the circular room to the assistance of young Ruthven, who was wounded, and struggling with Ramsay; but one of the servants, not liking the task of king-killing, aided king James. At this juncture the rest of the royal hunting-party had arrived, and were thundering at the great door of the circular chamber. The remainder of the narrative is supplied from the deposition, on oath,[1] of the duke of Lenox, the king's kinsman. He declared "that he, and the earl of Marr, and the rest of the royal hunt, being alarmed at missing the king, had, about two in the afternoon, galloped into Perth, they traced him to the neighbourhood of Gowry House, and drew up near it"—as he said, "avising together *quhair* (where) to seek our king, when incontinent," continueth this deponent, "we heard ane voice crying for help, and I said to the earl of Marr, 'It is our king's voice that cries, be he quhair he may!' And so they all lukit up to the window, quhair they saw his majesty, looking furth, without his hat; his face was red, and a hand sharply gripet his cheek and mouth. The king cried—'I am murtherit! Treason! Help—help, lord Marr!' And, incontinent, I ran, with the earl of Marr and company, up the front stairs leading into the Gowry chamber where his majesty was, to have relievet him, but found the door of the chamber fast; but seeing ane ladder standing beside, all rushed at the door with the ladder," evidently using it as a battering-ram, "when the steps of the ladder brake: and notwithstanding great forcing with hammers, they got not entry into the said chamber, till after the earl of Gowry and his brother, Alexander, were slain!"[2]

Such is a brief account of the celebrated Gowry conspiracy, which occasioned as great consternation in Scotland, as the Gunpowder Plot did, some years subsequently, in England.

It was dark before the tumult and confusion in Gowry House, and the excitation of the alarmed population of Perth subsided sufficiently for the king and his retinue to set out on their return to Falkland Palace. The night set in black and gloomy, with howling wind and rain; but, notwithstanding, all the people of Faikland swarmed out of their houses to meet their king, on the road, running by his side, with torches, and manifesting, by their acclamations, excessive joy at his escape from assassination.[3]

The rumour that the king had slain the earl of Gowry and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, was brought to the queen, and Beatrice Ruthven, without any account of the rest of the particulars. Beatrice fell into agonies of grief for the loss of her brothers, and the queen, afflicted at the sufferings of her friend, and the sudden death of a person who had been domesticated with her for eleven years, was found, by king James, crying piteously, instead of joyfully welcoming him and congratulating him, on his narrow escape from death. Moreover, the queen, recalling the king's words in the morning, when dressing, (and being always most

[1] Pitcairn's State Trials.

[2] Sanderson's Life of queen Mary and king James; likewise Archbishop Spottiswoode.

[3] Scott's Life of Gowry, p. 154, 155.

imprudent in uttering her feelings without due consideration,) affirmed that Alexander Ruthven had been his victim, instead of a conspirator against his life. Such expressions naturally roused the jealousy and anger of king James, and certainly gave rise to most of the malicious aspersions on him in regard to the Gowry plot; they were, withal, eagerly repeated by the party, which had always been headed by the family of Ruthven.

James found it hard to forgive the misplaced sympathy of his queen, and few who have read the circumstances, can wonder at his displeasure; and she who, when she had taken a notion into her head, was as pertinacious as himself, continued to assert, as long as she lived, "that nothing could make her believe that her young friends and affectionate attendants of the Ruthven family had been disloyal to king James," and whenever the matter was spoken of, she added, "she hoped that Heaven would not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of the Ruthvens."[1]

Ruin of the most overwhelming kind fell on the unhappy survivors of the family of Ruthven; all their property was confiscated, and their name abolished. Poor Beatrice, though not implicated in her dead brother's malefactions, was torn from her royal mistress, and thrust out to utter destitution.[2] The queen retired with a sorrowing heart to her palace at Dunfermline, and there, in very weak health, she awaited her accouchement, her sole diversion being the superintendence of her builders and decorators, who were giving the last finish to her improvements at that favourite abode.

The king was that autumn engaged with his parliament, which sat in judgment, according to the ancient Scottish law, on the dead bodies of the two Ruthvens.[3] The same day appointed for the quartering of their remains, her majesty brought in the world her second son, the 19th of November, 1600.

When the news was brought to king James, that the queen had presented him with a second son, on the 19th of November, he made the following speech: "I first saw my wife on the 19th of November, on the coast of Norway; she bore my son Henry on the 19th of February; my daughter Elizabeth on the 19th of August; and now she has given

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[1] John Scott's Life of Gowry, p. 154, quoted from historical MSS., to which he had access, and confirmed by the traditions of Perth.

[2] Superstition was greatly excited by the death of the earl of Gowry and his brother. Calderwood relates that the Sabbath-day after their death, which fell on August 10, the most appalling apparitions were seen at Gowry Palace, or House. The windows of the room where the tragedy took place were flung violently open, flashings of fire were seen, and armed men leaned out of the windows, weeping and wringing their hands, and the most doleful moanings and screaming resounded for many nights throughout the desolate house, such as thrilled the hearers with horror.

[3] Robertson. This was according to the established laws of Scotland, and was nothing new, though James has been much reproached on the subject by historians who are not antiquarians; before he was born, the earl of Murray had "salted the body of the earl of Huntley," after the battle of Pinkey, and brought it thus for trial.

birth, at Dunfermline, to my second son, on the anniversary of the day on which we first saw each other, the 19th of November, I being myself born on the 19th of June."

There had certainly been some coolness between the king and queen before this auspicious event put him in good-humour. He immediately went to visit her at Dunfermline. He found her very ill, and the newborn prince so weak and languishing, that his death was hourly expected. The king, therefore, ordered him to be baptized immediately,[1] according to the rites of the episcopalian church of Scotland; giving him the name of Charles, which was, in reality, his own first name, and at the same time that of his uncle, (lord Darnley's brother,) lord Charles Stuart. The king rewarded the queen's attendants with his own hand, according to the following entry:

"November. Item, his majesty's self, given out of his own hand, to Jonet Kinlock, midwife of her majesty, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, pound Scots. Item, by his majesty's special command, given to John Murray, for bringing the first news of the birth of duke Charles, 16*l.*, Scots."

The royal infant had a state baptism, at Holyrood, for he was conveyed thither the month after his birth.

"December, 1600. Item, to Abraham Abircrumby, sadler, for repairing her majesty's litter-gear the time the duke of Albanie (Charles I.) was transported fra Dunfermeline to Holyrood House." Likewise, "Item, given in December, to the heralds, to be *cassin furth* (thrown to the populace), in sign of largess, at the baptism of the duke of Albanie," (Charles I.)

The new year opened more peacefully on the royal pair; and we find that king James became the customer of Jingling Geordie, to the following effect:—"Item, payit by commandment of his majesty's precept, to George Heriot, goldsmith, for ane jewel, *quhairvith* his highness *propinet*, his dearest bed-fellow, in ane new year's gift."[2] The propine for queen Anne cost 1333 (*pounds Scots*).

The infant, Charles, was nursed at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife. The young prince struggled with difficulty through the first years of his infancy; and, while he remained in Scotland, suffered much from weak health.

The lord-treasurer's accounts speak much of a younger son of James and Anne, born the year after Charles I. This infant lived to have a grand baptism, and to receive the Christian name of his illustrious ancestor, Robert Bruce. Several quaint entries are found touching the baptism of her majesty's dearest bairn, duke Robert. Her majesty again received a *propine*, or propitiation, of jewelry, being a pointed diamond, in May, before the baptism of duke Robert. Isabel Colt, the *maistress nurse*, was likewise propitiated by her royal master, with "ten elnes and a half of Tours taffeta, for a gown; four elnes and a half of black *velvot*, to be her skirt, and to lay out the hem of her gown; and ane quarter of black velvot, to ane mutch for her head." John Arnott, merchant-burgess of Edinburgh, was to send to Dunfermline, "for the use of the king's darrest son, *duik* Robert, ane silver plate and ane silver spune."

[1] Spottiswoode.

[2] Lord Treasurer's Accounts. Maitland Club, p. lxxviii.

"Ninety-six pounds, *Scots*, was casten furth amangst the people at the baptism of duik Robert, in name of largess." Likewise, there is a most conscientious entry, on the part of good king James, to the following effect:—"Item, to ane honest man, in Dumfermeline, for reparation of the scathe, quilk he sustainet *in his corns*, at the rinning of the ring, after the baptism of his majesty's son, duik Robert." Perhaps it is as well to explain that the scathe, or harm, which the honest man sustained was in the corn on his ground, not the corns on his feet, the wording of the entry being rather ambiguous. Fortunately for *duik* Robert, the next entry sums up the total of his small history; he was spared the woes attendant on the existence of a royal Stuart, by the following requisites being provided for his use and occupation:—"Item, payit to Thomas Weir, pewterer, for ane lead kist, and for expense for riding to Dunfermline, and for ane kist of aiken timber, to lay duik Robert in after his death."

The time that intervened between the birth of duke Robert and the death of Elizabeth, was spent by the royal family of Scotland eagerly looking forward to the southern land of promise; these hopes being now and then enlivened by some enigmatical token that the king and queen of Scotland would, before long, reign over the whole island.[1]

[1] Of this kind was the mysterious present sent to the king by queen Elizabeth's favoured godson, sir John Harrington. The donor has left the following quaint description of his gift: "It was a dark lantern, made of four metals—gold, silver, brass, and iron, the top of it being a crown of pure gold, which did also serve to cover a perfume pan." There was within a shield of silver, embossed to give a reflection to the light, on one side of which was the sun, moon, and planets, by which were implied the king and queen of Scots, with their progeny. On the other side was the story of the birth and passion of Christ, as it is found graved by a king of Scots,[1] who was prisoner in Nottingham, in a cell called, to this day, the King of Scots' Vault. The motto to this was the prayer of the penitent thief—*Domine memento mei cum veneris in regnum*—"Lord, remember me when you come to your kingdom;" and a little beneath, *Post crucem lucem.* The wax candle was arranged to be removed at pleasure to the top, which was made as a candlestick stand in a foot of brass; the snuffers, and all the outside of the lantern, of iron and steel; the perfume in a little silver globe filled with musk and amber. On the globe, the following verses were written in Latin, with an English translation, by Harrington himself:—

"Excellent prince! and our Apollo rising,
Accept a present sent in like disguising;
And though it come in feigned name unknown,
Yet love unfeigned may therein be shown.
Silver is closed in steel—in darkness, light;
Only the crown apparent stands in sight;
In argent shield are sacred stories shown,
Stories to your great ancestor well known,
Who, shut in Nottingham, and kept apart,
'Graved there this goodly monument of art.
This story at his fingers'-ends he knew,
For with his fingers'-ends the same he drew.
Eke other fancies lurk in this our present,
The use and sense of which is not unpleasant.

[1] David Bruce, during his confinement in that castle, is said to have sculptured the passion of our Saviour on the walls of his apartment.

All the ambassadors' journals, private news-letters, and other documentary sources of intelligence, written in the course of the year 1602, are replete with dark hints that Anne of Denmark had been detected conferring with some persons concerned in a plot against her husband's life. The sole foundation of this report was her charity to the innocent and destitute survivors of the unfortunate family of Ruthven.[1]

Sir Thomas Erskine, who was commander of the king's guard, and who hated the whole Ruthven faction heartily, discovered that the queen had procured a secret interview with Beatrice, and had *furnished her.* This term, in the phraseology of that day, means provided her with necessaries and comforts. No doubt the unfortunate young lady greatly needed them; for when she was deprived of her place in the queen's household, she lost, at the same time, every kind of maintenance.

The queen had a feeling heart, and to those desolate as the young Ruthvens, she often showed the most disinterested kindness and compassion—qualities which counterbalanced many flaws in her temper, and errors in tact and judgment. "The king," says a contemporary letter, "has great suspicion that the Ruthvens come not but on some dangerous plot. The day of my writing last, he discovered that mistress Beatrice Ruthven was brought to the queen's apartments by my lady Paisley,[2] and the mistress of Angus, lady Margaret Douglas, as one of their gentlewomen, and *stowed* away, till evening, in a chamber prepared for her by the queen's direction, where her majesty had much conference with her." This interview, which took place at Holyrood Palace, was detected by the vigilance of sir Thomas Erskine, the king's cradle-partner and playfellow, and now the valiant captain of his guards. Sir Thomas detested thoroughly the persons and party of the Ruthvens, and would not believe but that a fourth plot was concocting, when he detected that the poor desolate Beatrice was smuggled into the palace, to be comforted and relieved by her affectionate royal patroness. He therefore flew, with the tale of his discovery, to the king, who likewise remained much affronted and aggrieved, and very suspicious of the interview, which it does not appear that either he or sir Thomas Erskine ventured to interrupt.

Four metals, ages four resemble do,
Of which the golden age God sent to you:
Of steel, I wish small use and little lasting,
Of brass, gold, silver, plenty, never wasting.
The sun, moon, stars, and those celestial fires,
Foretell the heavens shall prosper your desires.
The candle, emblem of a virtuous king,
Doth waste his life to others light to bring.
To your fair queen and sweet babes, I presume
To liken the sweet savour and perfume;
She sends sweet breathed love into your breast,
She, blessed with fruitful issue, makes you blest.
Lastly, let heavenly crowns this crown succeed,
Sent sure to both—to neither sent with speed.

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James, p. 227.

[2] Daughter of the loyal lord Seaton, and wife to lord Claude Hamilton (Scott's Gowry.)

Beatrice Ruthven staid in the queen's apartments a night and day, and it is said they had many sad communings on the dreadful past, and that the queen mentioned many secret surmises relative to the Gowry plot, which, being reported, much incensed the king, and must be considered an imprudent effervescence of feeling on the part of the queen, since it gave her husband's enemies some grounds for animadversion. Beatrice departed from her royal mistress laden with gifts, or, as the contemporary authority says, "well furnished;" in all probability, on account of her approaching marriage, for this desolate young lady was, soon after, honourably married to sir John Home, of Cowdenknows.[1]

The king, who was at first very jealous of all that was going on, thought proper to reprove the queen severely for this affair. He likewise examined all her household, who were concerned in the introduction of Beatrice Ruthven, and, at the end of this inquisition, he declared "he found that no wrong had either been done, or meant, in the matter, and therefore resumed his usual affectionate manner to the queen."[2] Such were the incidents on which the spies at the court of Scotland founded many calumnious hints against the queen, in 1602.

At last, the hour sounded which summoned queen Elizabeth from this world, and which, at the same time, united the British islands under one sovereignty. King James had, long before, established spies at the court of England, who, by a system of concerted signals, were to give him the earliest intimation of this great event, which was communicated to him by a near and favoured kinsman of queen Elizabeth. The manner in which this news was conveyed to the Scottish court shall, however, be told in sir Robert Carey's own words. It has already been shown, in the biography of queen Elizabeth, how he had received the signal from the window of the royal chamber, at Richmond, by means of his sister, lady Scrope, that queen Elizabeth had just expired. The race he rode with the news to king James is, perhaps, unexampled, except by Turpin, the highwayman. "Very early on Saturday," says he, in his autobiography, "I took horse for the north, and rode to Norham about twelve at noon, so that I might have been with king James at supper time; but I got a great fall by the way, that made me shed much blood. I was forced to ride at a soft pace after, so that king James was newly gone to bed, by the time I knocked at his gate. I was quickly let in, and carried up to his chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his titles of king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland." Other accounts add, that Carey was a deplorable spectacle, his face being stained with the blood from his fall, which he had not paused to wash away. "The king," he continued, "gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome. He inquired of the manner of queen Elizabeth's death and sickness. He asked, 'What letters I had from the privy council?' I told him 'None; yet had I brought him a *blue ring* from a fair lady, which I hoped would give him assurance that I reported the truth.' He took it, and

[1] Scott's Life of Gowry, where it is likewise asserted that her grandson was created earl of Hume in the seventeenth century.

[2] Nicholson's Letters. Birch's State Papers.

looked upon it, and said, 'It is enough; I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the care of the lord Hume, charging him that I should want for nothing. He sent for his surgeons to attend me, and, when I kissed his hand to withdraw, he said these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman,[1] and a loving mistress; but here, take my hand, I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward."[2]

The hurried expedition of sir Robert Carey was quickly followed by an express from the English privy council,[3] inviting king James to come to London, and take possession of his hereditary right, as he had been proclaimed, on the 24th of March, king of England, by the title of James I. When the hour of parting from his Scottish subjects arrived, although that hour had been eagerly anticipated by the king, the queen, and the whole Scottish people, as a wonderful exaltation and advancement, it was found to be a very sorrowful event. The separation between Scotland and her monarch took place in a primitive manner, more like the parting of the father of a numerous family, who, having inherited a great estate, has to undertake a dangerous voyage to gain possession of it. The Sunday before he set out for England, king James escorted his queen from Holyrood to St. Giles' Church, which was crowded with the people of Edinburgh. A sermon was preached, by a popular minister, on the occasion of the king's departure. At the conclusion, king James rose up in his place, and made a speech to his people, bidding them a most loving and piteous farewell.[4] No formal official reply was made to an address which evidently sprang fresh from the heart, but the voice of weeping and loud lamentation responded to it, and resounded through the antique pile.

King James commenced his journey to England, April 5, 1603. He bade farewell to his queen in the high street at Edinburgh.[5] They both were dissolved in tears. The whole population of the metropolis of Scotland witnessed this conjugal parting; and now, anticipating all the tribulations of absenteeism, from which they afterwards suffered very long, the people lifted up their voices, and loudly mourned the departure of their sovereign, and joined their tears to those of his anxious consort.

When it is remembered how fatal England had been to all his imme-

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[1] Sir Robert Carey and his sister were cousins, in the third degree, to queen Elizabeth, by descent from Mary Boleyn and William Carey.

[2] The king, a few days after, asked Carey what reward he wished, who replied, to be made a gentleman of his bedchamber, and after to taste of his bounty. "I was then sworn of his bedchamber, and that very evening I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed."

[3] State Papers. At the same time, they greatly reprobate the officiousness of the self-appointed envoy, sir Robert Carey; this, probably, caused his hoped-for reward to be delayed some months. He mourns over his disappointed hopes, in his autobiography, with so little disguise of his selfishness, that his lamentations are truly laughable.

[4] Spottiswoode.

[5] Time Triumphant—a very scarce contemporary tract, reprinted in Nichols' Progresses of James.

diate ancestors, it will be allowed that some physical, as well as moral, courage, was needed by king James to enter the land in peaceful confidence, without any army, or even means of resistance. His new subjects had occasioned, either actively or incipiently, the deaths of his mother and of the kings of Scotland, her father, and grandfather; moreover, the strifes fostered by their intrigues had certainly induced the assassinations of his father, lord Darnley, and his grandfather, the regent Lenox. James, therefore, determined to try the experiment of entering England alone, without his family, not being willing to risk these dearest objects of his heart before he had tested the loyalty of the south. Prince Henry he left, sedulously guarded by a strong garrison, at the fortress of Stirling, under the care of the earl of Marr.

King James quitted Scotland too hastily to visit the prince; but he wrote to him a letter, at his departure, which remains extant, and is highly to his credit as a father—

"My Son,

"That I see you not before my parting, impute to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious, but that shall, by God's grace, be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me ever after.

"Let not this news[1] make you proud or insolent, for a king's son ye were, and no more are you yet; the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burden. Be merry, but not insolent; keep a greatness, but *sine fastu;* be resolute, but not wilful; be kind, but in honourable sort. Choose none to be your playfellows but of honourable birth; and, above all things, never give countenance to any, but as ye are informed they are in estimation with me Look upon all Englishmen that shall come to visit you, as your loving subjects, not with ceremoniousness as towards strangers, but with that heartiness which at this time they deserve.

"This gentleman, whom the bearer accompanies, is worthy, and of good rank, and now my familiar servitor, (*probably sir Robert Carey;*) use him, therefore, in a more homely, loving sort than others. I send you herewith my book, lately printed, (the Basilicon Doron); study and profit in it as you would deserve my blessing; and as there can nothing happen unto you, whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices with the rules there set down, allowing and following their advices that agree with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise you to the *contraire.*

"Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at your meeting with me I may praise you for your progress in learning. Be obedient to your master for your own weal, and to procure my thanks; for in reverencing him ye obey me and honour yourself. Farewell.

"Your loving father,

"James R."

The commencement and conclusion of this letter are truly admirable in their noble truth and simplicity; and even the species of absolutism, in which the author-king refers to his "booke latelie prentid," as the unalterable code of laws, by which his boy, of ten years old, was to regulate his mind and conduct, can scarcely be blamed when their relative situations are considered. It was entitled, "The Basilicon Doron; or, his Majesty's Instructions to his dearest Son, the Prince." Had it been written by any other man than the reviled James I., it would have been

[1] The succession to the English crown.

universally admired. It has, however, met with the approbation of Bacon, Locke, Hume, and Percy. The following sonnet, extracted from the preface, is a fair epitome of its precepts. In point of poetic construction, as bishop Percy justly observes, it would not disgrace any author who was the contemporary of James :—

"God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on the throne His sceptre do they sway;
And as their subjects *ought*[1] them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye[2] would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.
If His lieutenant here you should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true and plain,
Repress the proud, maintaining aye the right;
Walk always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane.
And so shall ye in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty king divine."

It has already been shown, that the king did not mean to trust his volatile partner with the least political authority in case that a minority had occurred; and he was equally unwilling that the admirable education he was giving prince Henry, under the care of Adam Newton, should be interrupted by her fondness and caprice. She had, however, her own peculiar plans in cogitation, which she acted upon directly her husband was at a convenient distance. She was, at that time, in a situation which required consideration; but it was hoped that her journey might be safely accomplished before her accouchement, which was expected in June. When the king bade her farewell, he appointed her to follow him in twenty days, if affairs in England wore a peaceable aspect.

In reality, the English not only received their new sovereign peacefully, but with a vehemence of affection which seemed to amount to mania. The excessive love of change which, in all ages, has been a leading propensity in the national character of our countrymen, sometimes manifests itself in these delirious fits of loyalty, which seldom last more than a few months, but are exceedingly deceptive to royal personages who are thus, for a short time, unduly deified, and are very speedily, as unduly, vilified. The king's Scottish attendants were utterly astonished at the extravagant popularity of James in England; and he himself, to one of his old friends, made the pithy remark: "Thae people wul spoil a gude king."

The fact was, no person gave the king any trouble, at this important crisis of his life, excepting his queen, who without any criminal intention, but from mere folly and perversity, had nearly stirred up a rebel-

[1] The sentence means "owe to them obedience." "They *ought* them," for "they *owed* them," is still used in the East Anglican countries, which conjugate the verbs *owe*, *give*, *may*, with obsolete tenses closely in unison with their German origin.

[2] Prince Henry, to whom this grand exhortation is addressed, is here personally called upon.

lion in Scotland soon after his departure. It has been shown that the feelings of maternity amounted, in the bosom of the queen, to passion of an uncontrollable nature; and these feelings were newly excited by a letter written by her eldest son, from Stirling, congratulatory on the peaceful possession his father had taken of his English inheritance. In this letter the royal boy naturally lamented his absence from both his parents, and expressed an ardent desire to see the one whom distance had not rendered inaccessible—

"Madame and most honoured mother,[1]

"My humble service remembered, having occasion to write to the king, my father, by this *accident* (opportunity), which has fallen out of late, I thought it became my duty by writing also, to congratulate your majesty on the happy success of that great turn, almost above men's expectation, the which I beseech God to bless in the proceeding, as he has done in the beginning, to the still greater increase of your majesty's honour and contentment. And seeing, by his majesty's *departing* (departure), I *will* (shall) lose that benefit, which I had, by his frequent visitation, I must humbly request your majesty to supply that lack by your presence (which I have more just cause to crave, since I have wanted it so long, to my great grief and displeasure), to the end that your majesty, by sight, may have, as I hope, the greater *matter* (reason) to love me, and I likewise may be encouraged to go forward in well doing, and to honour your majesty with all due reverence, as appertains to me, who *is* your majesty's most obedient son.

"HENRY."

The king soon found that the presence of the earl of Marr was necessary in England; because, that faithful friend had been ambassador there in 1601, and had entered into such negotiations with the English courtiers of influence, that he secured the throne to his master. James, it seems, needed his personal attendance, in order to ascertain the amount of the bribes promised. When queen Anne was certain of the departure of Marr—whom she hated with all her heart, as the watchful sentinel who guarded her eldest son from the effects of her injudicious fondness—she thought she was mistress of the ascendant in Scotland, and set off immediately for Stirling Castle, accompanied by a strong party of the nobles of her faction, hoping to intimidate the old countess of Marr, into the surrender of the prince.[2] Poor lady Marr was in the utmost perplexity; she had, however, been accustomed to carry a firm command in the garrison of Stirling, in somewhat worse times than the present. When formerly governante of king James in his infancy, she had been used to see the powers of two hostile factions alternately gather at the base of the lofty towers of Stirling, raging for admittance, and for the surrender of her young charge. It was not, therefore, very probable that her firmness would give way before any array, headed by a leader of no greater prowess than Anne of Denmark. Lady Marr, therefore, flatly refused admittance to any of the queen's armed partisans; and, when her majesty entered the castle, with her usual officers and attendants, and prepared to take her son away, she declared "that she had the king's warrant for retaining the prince under her charge.

[1] Harleian MSS. 7007.

[2] Spottiswoode; and Birch's Life of Henry, prince of Wales.

and till she saw equal authority for surrendering him, she must, perforce, keep him still." The queen threw herself into a tempest of passion at this refusal, and her delicate situation rendered such transports of temper peculiarly dangerous. All her attendants exclaimed loudly against lady Marr's unprecedented wickedness, in detaining the child from the mother. Lady Marr showed them the king's positive warrant for her conduct, and said, "she dared not disobey it." The queen threatened force, and some say, swords were actually drawn. The stormy scene ended by the queen becoming hysterical, and she was carried lamenting to the royal apartments in the castle. Lady Marr instantly despatched messengers to the king in England, and to the council at Holyrood, craving positive orders and directions for her conduct at this juncture. The queen roused herself from her fit, and wrote her version of the affair, and despatched special messengers both to the king in England, and to the Scotch council.

When the queen's letters arrived at Holyrood, a deputation from the council hurried to Stirling Castle. No very distinct detail exists as to what her majesty said or did, when they arrived, excepting that they were all in the utmost consternation at the passions into which she was pleased to throw herself, when she found that they would not enforce her commands, and take her son from the guardianship of lady Marr The end of all these furious agitations was, that she became so extremely ill, that her life was despaired of for many hours, and that she was put to bed of a son, born prematurely, and dead. The queen's almoner, Spottiswoode, (afterwards archbishop of Glasgow, and the historian of the Scottish church,) set off with this bad news to the king, and was charged with a dismal list of her complaints and injuries:[1] but this worthy ecclesiastic was far from flattering the whims of his royal mistress, or ranking himself among the partisans of her rash and unreasonable conduct.

Lady Marr, and the lords of the council who were at Stirling Castle, seemed in equal danger of being considered answerable for the death of the infant prince, and the perilous state of the queen. Lord Montrose, one of the king's most trusted counsellors, wrote a piteous letter of exculpation, dated May 10, to his majesty,[2] affirming most truly, that the queen's expedition to Stirling was no fault of his. Lord Fife, the president of the council, wrote another despatch, which is surely a most naive and amusing document: the conclusion evidently shows that he had promised that the froward patient should have her own way; such promises being, however, subject to the revision of his majesty's own oracular decisions.

"I was at Dumfermline," wrote this faithful counsellor and friend,[3] "when this stir fell forth, and came not to Stirling till I was sent for by her majesty, who was then in the extremity of her trouble, which state would not admit all that good reason might have furnished to ony of us to be said to her majesty. Your highness's advocate chanced to be with her majesty at the verie worst. Now, your highness has had proof

[1] Archbishop Spottiswoode's Ecclesiastical History.
[2] Bannatyne Papers. [3] Balfour Papers, 54.

before of his wit and guid behaviour; but, at sic a time, in sic an accident, and to sic a person, *quhat* could he do or say? He was not ignorant of the great care and tender luve your majestie has to her highness's royal person, and to dispute quhat reason or wisdom would urge, was but the way to incense her majesty farder against us all, and to augment her passion to greater peril, *quhilk* he was certain would have annoyed your majesty above all, and might have been justly impute to lack of discretion on his pairt. All being weighed, the best expedient was to comfort and encourage her majesty, and to gif her guid heart." This considerate man sums up the case in these words:—

"Physic and medicine requireth greater place with her majesty, at present, than lectures on economie or politic. (Perhaps meaning political economy; and this was undeniably true.) Her majesty's passions could not be sa weil mitigat and moderat as by seconding and obeying all her directions, quhilk alway is subject to zour sacred majisty's answers and resolves as oracles."

It is a bold assertion,—but, surely, never was any man in this world more thoroughly plagued with the petulant contradictions of a silly, spoiled wife, than poor king James, at such an important crisis. When the news arrived of the queen's dangerous illness, and the disaster that had befallen his expected offspring, all anger was lost in the conjugal tenderness which, as lord Fife plainly declared, he bore to his perverse partner. He had just been received with enthusiastic loyalty in London, where he was anxiously expecting his faithful earl of Marr; he was, nevertheless, so much troubled with the news from Scotland, that he begged his cousin, the duke of Lenox, whom he greatly trusted, to hasten home to the north, "that he would meet Marr on the road, and when he met him, he must beg of him to return to Stirling in his company, and pacify the queen as well as he could." This was an awkward commission, for Lenox and Marr were rivals in the king's favour, and leaders of different factions. The king sent, at the same time, a letter to Marr, which he was to deliver to the queen, authorizing her to receive the prince into her own custody, at the palace of Holyrood.[1]

The earl of Marr and the duke of Lenox met at York, and travelled on this errand to Stirling, where the very name of the poor earl of Marr threw the royal patient into a fresh access of rage. She was so very ill on the 12th of May, that the council wrote thus to the king:[2]—"We thought it our dewtie, hearing of her majesty's disease, to repair in haste to your castle of Stirling, *quhair* (where) we remain, *put* in guid hope of her majesty's convalescing shortlie; and being met and convened in council, the earl of Marr, lately returned from the court at London hither, did affirm he had received information that it was the intention of certain evil disposit persons to seize the person of the prince." Such was, indeed, the case; the violent controversies at Stirling had roused the seditious spirit of the Scottish nobility into activity, and meetings were held at Torwoodlee, by large bodies of the leading gentry, to prevent the heir of Scotland being carried to London; for they chose he should remain in the north, and be brought up as a Scotchman.

[1] Spottiswoode, p. 477.

[2] Melross Papers

The king had sent orders, that the great point of giving up the prince was to be yielded to the queen; but her majesty was by no means contented with having obtained her own way, which we humbly opine that every lady ought to be. She refused to receive the prince if he was delivered to her by the earl of Marr,—refused to see the earl, or let him present her with the king's credentials on the subject,—and she refused to depart from Stirling to Edinburgh, either with the prince or without him, if the earl of Marr travelled in the prince's company. But Marr was forced to do so, since his commission specified that he was not to yield up his important charge, till they all arrived at Holyrood. Montrose again wrote to his royal master, pathetically demanding, in broad Scotch, how all these new freaks of her majesty were to be guided.[1] "I maist humbly beseech zour highness," wrote this worthy lord of the council, "to provide remeids, how the queen's grace may rest contentit, and the earl of Marr exonerat of that greit charge that lies on him, of the said prince, and sum order to be taken, how this controversie, likely to arise amang the nobilitie, may be setlet and pacifiet. *Quhareat* (whereat), I doubt nocht, zour majisty will foretell ane means to help the same, according to the wonted proof of zour majisty's wisdome and forsight, kythed heretofore in sic matters; quhilk, as we adore and admire, so we rest sorie and discontent to be sa far removit and separatit from the same."

This quaint despatch, together with some others, written by the aggrieved Erskines, complaining that they were accused by the queen and her faction of unheard-of barbarities, committed against the royal person, at length put the much-enduring monarch into a towering passion. He swore a great many oaths,—swearing being, indeed, his besetting sin,—and wrote, forthwith, a letter of remonstrance, to his perverse better half, garnished, it must be owned, with more expletives than is becoming to its style, otherwise the letter is both rational and affectionate. It was in reply to a series of recriminations and complaints written to him by his angry helpmate, which is not forthcoming:—

JAMES I. TO ANNE OF DENMARK.[2]

"My Heart,—

"Immediately before the receipt of your letter, I purposed to have written to you, and that without any great occasion, excepting to free myself from the imputation of severeness, but now your letter has given more matter to write, though I take small delight to meddle in so unpleasant a process.

"I wonder that neither your long knowledge of my nature, nor my late earnest *purgation* (exculpation) to you, can cure you of that rooted error, that any one living dare speak to me anywise to your prejudice, or yet that ye can think those are your *unfriendis* (enemies), who are true servants to me. I can say no more, but protest, on the peril of my salvation or condemnation, that neither the earl of Marr, nor any flesh living, ever informed me that ye was upon any Papish or Spanish course, or that ye had any other thoughts than a wrong-conceived opinion, that he had more interest in your son than you, and would not deliver him to you. Neither does he further charge the noblemen that are with

[1] Bannatyne Collections.

[2] The letter, in the original orthography, is printed in Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. i., p. 152.

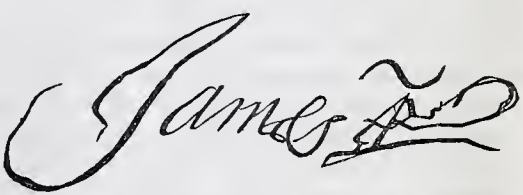
you there, except that he was informed, that some of them thought to have assisted you in taking my son by force out of his hands. But as for any papist or foreign force, he doth not so much as allege it. Wherefore, he says, he will never presume to accuse them since such may include your offence. Therefore, I say over again, leave these froward, womanly apprehensions, for, I thank God, I carry that love and respect to you, *quhich* (which), by the law of God and nature I ought to do to my wife, and the mother of my children — not for that ye are a king's daughter, for *quither* (whether) ye were a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being once my wife. For the respect of your honourable birth and descent I married you; but the love and respect I now bear you, is, because ye are my married wife, and so partaker of my honour as of my other fortunes. I beseech you, excuse my rude plainness in this: for casting up of your birth is a needless impertinent argument to me."

From this observation it is evident queen Anne had urged her royal birth as a reason why she was to have her own way, in this irrational whim. James, who was clearly in the right, proceeds in terms which do great honour to him as a husband, for the very homeliness of his appeal to his domestic affections proves they were felt in the royal family with the same force as in private life.

"God is my witness, that I ever preferred you to my *bairns*, much more than to any subject; but if you will ever give ear to the reports of every flattering sycophant that will persuade you, that when I account well of an honest and wise servant for his true and faithful service to me, that it is to compare, or to prefer him to you, then will neither ye or I ever be at rest or peace.

"I have, according to my promise, copied so much of that *plot* (plan) whereof I wrote to you in my last, as did concern my son and you, *quhich* is herein enclosed, that ye may see I wrote it not without cause; but I desire it not to have any secretaries but yourself. As for the *dool* (lamentations) ye made concerning it, it is utterly impertinent, at this time, for *sic* reasons, as the bearer will show to you, *quhom* I have likewise commanded to impart divers other points to you, which, for fear of wearying your eyes with my rugged hand, I have herein omitted. Praying God, my heart, to preserve you, and all the bairns, and send me a blyth meeting with you, and a couple of them.

"Your awn



The queen was neither penitent nor satisfied on perusing this letter; she continued her displeasure against the earl of Marr, and proposed that the whole house of Erskine should be visited with condign punishment, or that the earl of Marr should make her a humble public apology. This the earl sturdily refused to do, for the council of regency declared, "that none of the Erskine family had done her majesty the least wrong, or given her any offence, excepting in the course of their most dutiful and loyal obedience to the king;" with which decision her majesty was pleased to remain more incensed than ever.[1] The king then penned another letter to his wife, which was, no doubt, a royal curiosity in its

[1] Balfour Papers. Abbotsford Club, p. 60.

way; but, unfortunately, it is not forthcoming; it was to the effect, that "she would do wisely to forget all her grudges to the earl of Marr, and think of nothing but thanking God for the peaceable possession they had got of England, which, next under God, might be ascribed to the wise negotiation of the earl of Marr."

The queen received this intimation with great wrath, and replied, petulantly, "She would rather never see England, than be, in any sort, beholden to the earl of Marr."[1]

If the king had not tenderly loved his consort, she could not thus have risked the quiet of his two kingdoms, by her petulant tempers. He had, nevertheless, the justice to adhere to his trusty friends, the Erskines, in the dispute. He wrote to lord Marr a letter, dated Greenwich, May 13th, in reply to one of his, stating "that the queen would not receive the prince from him, nor the letter from his majesty, of which he was the bearer:"

"As for our letter sent by you to our dearest bed-fellow, it is our will that ye deliver the same to any of the council, to be given to her and disposed of as she pleaseth, in case she continue in that wilfulness that she will not hear your *credite* (credentials), nor receive the letter from your hands."[2]

He then directed Marr to deliver the prince to the duke of Lenox, who would consign him, with all due ceremonies, to the queen, and come, with all speed, to him in London, where he wanted his presence exceedingly. This prudent arrangement somewhat pacified the queen, who removed forthwith to Holyrood, and began to occupy herself with preparations for leaving Scotland.

While king James was on his progress through England, and before his arrival in London, a curious correspondence had taken place between him and the English privy council relative to his queen's outfit. From these documents the inference is plainly to be drawn, that her majesty's Scottish wardrobe was altogether considered unfit to be produced before the purse-proud magnates of the southern kingdom. In consequence, the king commanded the English council "to forward such jewels and stuffs, and other furniture, as coaches, horses, and litters, which had pertained to the late queen Elizabeth, and all things which they might deem fit for the use of queen Anne." The English council viewed this demand with remarkable distrust, and sent word, "that they considered it illegal, and against their oaths, to send any of the crown-jewels out of England." The consequence was, they sent nothing. The king wrote a second letter to them on the same subject, full of reproof and explanation. He declared that it was his intention to bring into England his wife and his two elder children, who were able to endure the long journey; that he neither expected nor demanded to have any of the state-jewels appertaining to the crown sent so far; but he wished the council to consult some of queen Elizabeth's ladies regarding the jewels and dress "needful for the ordinary apparelling and ornamenting her. He, like-

[1] Spottiswoode, p. 477.

[2] The parcel of original autograph letters, from which those of king James and prince Henry were taken, were found among the papers of Mr. Cunmyng deputy lord Lyon of Scotland. Nichols' Progresses.

wise, requested that, as soon as queen Elizabeth's funeral was over, some of her ladies, of all degrees, were to journey to Berwick to meet queen Anne with such usual jewels and dresses as were proper for her appearance in England."[1] This was accordingly done.

By the 2d of June, her majesty, queen Anne, found herself sufficiently recovered from her maladies in body and temper to commence her journey to England. She set off, however, in a most implacable spirit towards the earl of Marr. Therefore, Montrose, that considerate counsellor, thought it only proper to give his king a seasonable hint regarding the mischief which might be made, between his majesty and his faithful adherents, when this angry and beloved consort came to give her version of her affronts and injuries to him in person:

"And now her majesty," wrote Montrose,[2] in a despatch, dated June 1st, "praisit be God, having returnit to Edinburgh, the prince and princess being with her in cumpanie, intending *the morn* (next morning) to tak journey to Berwick, rests as yet unreconcilet with the earle of Marr (who has made his departure to your highness), which wrath of the queen's grace, if it be not appeasit, na doubt the uttering of her discontentments will breed small pleasure to zour majesty. But lest her highness' wrath continuing, suld hereaftir produce unexpectit *tortures* (*broils and heart-burnings*), I would maist humblie entreat zour majesty to prevent the same, according to that prudent foresight, heretofore *hythet* in your former proceedings, and not suffer this canker to have any farder progress."

The queen, like most weak women, had been kept in a thorough state of exasperation by listening to all the gossip connected with this broil, and had been peculiarly enraged by a report current in Scotland, that she had not been put to bed of any child, dead or alive. To convince the king of this falsehood, the corpse of her infant was carried in a coffin[3] with her royal cortêge.

To lord Harrington was consigned the care of the princess Elizabeth, her former guardian, lord Linlithgow, having resigned his charge to that English nobleman. This was done at the same time that the prince was given to his royal mother by the duke of Lenox. The second prince, "babie Charles," as the king and queen familiarly termed him, was left in Scotland, at the queen's palace at Dunfermline, under the care of lord Fife, who wrote the following droll despatch, descriptive of the princely nurseling, about the same period:—"Zour sacred majesty's maist noble son, duke Charles,[4] continues (praisit be God) in guid health, guid courage, and lofty mind, although yet weak in bodie, is beginning to speik sum words. He is far *better* (forwarder) as yet of his mind and tongue, than of his bodie and feet, but I hope in God, he sal be all weel and princelie, worthie of zour majesty, as his grace is judged to be by all very like in lineaments to zour royal person."

The spirit of contradiction which had taken possession of her majesty queen Anne, in Scotland, was not altogether removed; for, when the

[1] Dated Topcliff, April 15.
[2] Balfour Papers, p. 54.
[3] Miss Aikin's James I., vol. i.
[4] He had been created, by his father, duke of Albany, which was always the title of the second son of Scotland; as Orleans was of France, and York in England.

ladies met her at Berwick, with the dresses and jewels of their defunct queen Elizabeth, she refused to appoint any of them, excepting lady Bedford, to offices in her bed-chamber, though such were the king's orders. She meant to retain the friends and familiars she had had about her since her girlhood in Scotland, and these she was determined should suffice for her household in England. She chose to keep her chamberlain Kennedy in his place, against the king's express injunctions. Enough had been seen by king James, of the English jealousy of strangers, to convince him, that his new subjects would not suffer the principal posts in the royal household to be occupied by the Scotch. He appointed sir George Carew to the post of queen's chamberlain. Her majesty persisted in retaining Kennedy.

The queen's household was to be settled at Berwick, in order that the English might behold her with all the accustomed retinue pertaining to queen-consorts. But the queen, and her husband, could not agree regarding the persons who were to be appointed; the queen kept sending a number of applicants to be confirmed in places, which her royal spouse had destined for other persons. His majesty swore awfully at the arrival of every one of the queen's candidates; but, when Kennedy presented himself, to be confirmed as chamberlain, he flew into a still more ludicrous passion. He bade him "Begone!" assuring him, at the same time, "that if he caught him carrying the chamberlain's staff before his wife, he should take it out of his hand, and break it across his pate."[1] On which intimation of the royal intentions, Kennedy very prudently made the best of his way back again to Scotland. The duke of Lenox, who had taken much thankless pains in travelling backwards and forwards, with the laudable endeavour of arranging her majesty's household to the king's satisfaction, received a severe rating on this occasion, and was sent to the borders, to inform the queen, "that his majesty took her continued perversity very heinously." In fact, Henry VIII. would have cut off the heads of two or three wives, for a tithe of the contumacity her majesty, queen Anne, had been pleased to display, since she had become queen of England. She was, however, perfectly aware of the disposition of her man, and of her own power over him, and arrived at Berwick, with the full intention of settling her household of ladies, according to her own good pleasure, if she could not have her own way in regard to her chamberlain.

At Berwick, she found waiting her arrival, the earls of Sussex and Lincoln, and sir George Carew, who was to be her chamberlain, the countesses of Worcester and Kildare, and the ladies Scrope, Rich, and Walsingham, but not one of these would the queen appoint to her service. She only accepted lady Bedford, and lady Harrington, who had travelled all the way to Edinburgh, of their own accord, to pay their duty to her.

It was the king's intention to have met the queen at York, but either his displeasure continued, at her contrary temper, or she moved forward quicker than he anticipated, for the meeting did not not occur till she had advanced to the midland counties.

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[1] Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. iii. p. 12.

Silver cups, heaped with gold angels, were the propitiations with which the northern cities welcomed the queen and family of their new sovereign. Queen Anne, her son, and daughter, were received in York with solemn processions of the lord Mayor, and civic authorities. They stayed there during the Whitsuntide, and when they left the city June 15th, were conducted on the road to Grimston, by the corporation of York, in their robes. The royal party took their way through Worksop, Newark, and Nottingham, being splendidly entertained at each of these places. At Dingley, near Leicester, the seat of sir Thomas Griffin, her majesty tarried for some time, as this was the appointed place for her parting with her daughter Elizabeth, who was to go from thence to Combe Abbey, near Coventry, the seat of the Harringtons. It was to Dingley, that the celebrated Anne Clifford, heiress of the earldom of Cumberland, came to pay her homage to her new queen. This lady seemed to have brought with her a considerable stock of north of England prejudices against the Scotch, for she affirms, that while waiting to pay her respects to the king in the royal ante-chamber, which was guarded by sir Thomas Erskine, she and her party were infested with insects of a class in entomology too disreputable to be named in modern times, either by word of mouth or book. The fair Clifford, however, called the creatures by their ugly names, without any such scruples.

"About this time," says Anne Clifford, in her journal, "my aunt of Warwick went to meet the queen, having Mistress Bridges with her, and my cousin, Mistress Anne Vavasour. Then my mother and I went on our journey, and killed three horses that day with the extremity of the heat." At Rockingham Castle, the Cliffords met the countess of Bedford, "who was so great a woman with the queen, that every one much respected her," she having attended her majesty from Scotland. The next day they were presented to the queen, at Dingley, "which was the first time," continues Anne Clifford, "I ever saw her majesty and prince Henry, where she kissed us all, and used us kindly." Queen Anne's court had increased prodigiously during her journey. Lady Suffolk, lady Derby, and lady Walsingham, came to pay their duty to her at Dingley.

On the morning of the 25th of June, the queen parted from her daughter Elizabeth, who left Dingley in company with her governesses, lady Kildare and lady Harrington, for Combe Abbey, near Coventry, the seat of lord Harrington, where she resided during her youth, and completed her education.

The following letter, without date, written to king James by the queen during this progress, is the first she wrote in England. Her letters, though short, are all holographs, or written throughout with her own hand. It will be recollected, that in James's admirable letter of remonstrance to her, written during her pettish behaviour, he had properly requested, that when she wrote to him she would employ no secretary but herself. There is always to be found a shade of familiar playfulness in Anne's little notes, without she was in a very bad temper indeed; and this letter shows she had regained her good-humour:—

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I am glad that Haddington hath told me of your majesty's good health, which I wish to continue.

"As for the blame you charge me with, of *lasie* writing, I think it rather rests on yourself, because you be as *sloe* in writing as myself. I can write of no mirth but of practice of tilting, of riding, of drumming, and of music, which is all, wherewith I am not a little pleased.

"So, wishing your majesty perpetual happiness, I kiss your majesty's hand, and rest your ANNA R."

The next station of the royal progress was Althorpe, where an exquisite fête, aided by all the ideality of Ben Jonson's genius, was in course of preparation, to welcome the queen. No painted canvas, or coarse theatrical illusions, accompanied this first masque of the mighty master. The scenery was the magnificent woodlands of an English park; instead of boards, was the velvet green-sward under foot; and in the place of evil-smelling lamps, the glorious lights of heaven beamed down, through a midsummer night, on the Masque of the Fairies. The queen, the heir of England, and the heir of Spencer, were themselves part of the dramatis personæ in this poetic welcome. Never, never more can our island behold the like; the world has grown too old—too hard—too much addicted to bitter sneering, to permit poetry to blend thus exquisitely with historical reality, in our days.

The queen rested, during the heat of the day, at the antique royal palace of Holdenby, which she examined.[1] The intense heat of that midsummer forced the royal party to proceed, in the cool of the evening, to Althorpe. "That night," says Anne Clifford, "we went along with the queen's train, in which was an infinite number of coaches." Four miles from Northampton, they arrived at Althorpe. As the royal cortêge advanced through the park, concerts of wind instruments played at various stations; and as they approached a copse of young wood near the gardens, the Masque of the Fairies was commenced by a satyr, perched in a tree, who thus expressed himself:—

"Here, there, and everywhere,
Some solemnities are near;
As these changes strike mine ear,
My pipe and I a part will bear."

He then leaped down from the tree, and peered in the faces of prince Henry and the queen; then resumed—

"That is Cyparissus' face,
And the dame hath Syrinx grace—
Sure they are of heavenly race."

He then hid himself in the wood again, while, to the sound of soft music, hidden in the copse, a bevy of fairies and their queen (who were acted by the fairest young ladies of Northamptonshire) appeared, and after dancing various roundels on the park-sward, queen Mab addressed her majesty—

[1] Here were curious figures of giants among the ornaments, like those at Guild hall; but giants, palace, and all, were demolished by Cromwell and his destructives.

"Hail and welcome, fairest queen!
Joy hath never perfect been
To the fays that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground,
With their feet, in figures round,
Marks which ever will be found."

The satyr peeped out of the thicket, and interrupted Mab by saying to the queen—

"Trust her not, you bonni-belle,
She will forty leasings tell.
Queen Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue — it runs too fleet.
I do know your pranks right well.
Satyr. Not so nimbly as your feet,
When, about the cream-bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet.
This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy.
She can start our franklins' daughters
In their sleep with shrieks and laughters,
And on sweet St. Agnes' night
Feed them with a promised sight—
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers;
And in hopes that you would come here,
Yester eve, the lady Summer,[1]
She invited to a banquet.
Fairy. Mistress, this is only spite,
For you would not, yesternight,
Kiss him at the cock-shut light.
Queen Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue!
Now you have him, make him rue."

The fairies pinched him, and he ran away, crying for mercy, into the wood. Queen Mab then addressed her majesty:—

"Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common to the sylvan train
That do skip about this plain.—
Elves, apply to your gyre again;
And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, while some shall sing
Oriana's welcoming.

SONG TO THE QUEEN.

This is she, this is she,
In whose world of grace,
Every season, person, place
That receives her, happy be.
For with no less
Than a kingdom's happiness
Doth she our households bless,
And ours above the rest.

[1] From these lines, it appears that Anne of Denmark was expected at Althorpe on Midsummer eve, but did not come till the evening of Midsummer day.

Long live Oriana
T' exceed (whom she succeeds) our late Diana."

The masque then led to the desirable incident of presenting the queen with a jewel, which was thus elegantly effected :—

Queen Mab. Madam, now, an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take,
Only for the fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.
'Tis done only to supply
His impaired courtesy,
Who, since Thamyra did die,[2]
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,
Nor allow'd about his place
Any of the female race;
Only *we* are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase;
For which bounty to us lent
Of him, un'knowledged or unsent,
We prepared this compliment."

Mab then presented her majesty with the jewel; and after due warning that fairy-gifts were never to be mentioned, she and her elves performed fantastic roundels, and departed into the thicket, with these words :—

"Highest, happiest queen, farewell!
But be sure you do not tell."

The satyr, on the departure of his fair enemies, then skipped out of the wood, and, after some preamble, introduced the heir of sir Robert Spencer, a boy of twelve years old, leading a dog at the head of a troop of young foresters, the sons of the neighbouring gentry, dressed in hunters' garb. The youthful lord was presented to prince Henry, and made obeisance to his royal guests, while the satyr pronounced these words :—

"See, for instance; where he sends
His son, his heir, who humbly bends
Low as is his father's earth,
To the queen that gave you birth.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say:
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince;
And with you these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn
By Orion often worn.

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[1] Ben Jonson, the poet of Anne of Denmark, celebrated her under the names of Oriana and Bellanna; by "our late Diana," he alluded to queen Elizabeth.

[2] The grief of sir Robert Spencer, for the loss of his beloved consort Thamyra, the daughter of sir Francis Willoughby, thus beautifully alluded to by Ben Jonson, was no poetic fiction. He had lost her in 1597: she left him several children; but though he survived her thirty years, he never made a second choice. Sir Robert Spencer was ennobled soon after this elegant reception of the queen; he is supposed to have been absent at this juncture. See Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. i., p. 182, for the whole of this rare masque.

The dog of Spartan breed, and good,
As can *ring* within a *wood*—
Thence his name is[1]—you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport than coursing. We will prove
Which her highness most doth love.
Hunters, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground."

At this point, the woods of Althorpe rang with the music of horns, and a brace of fine deer being turned out, "were fortunately killed," adds Ben Jonson, "just as they were meant to be, in the sight of her majesty, queen Anne."

The next day was Sunday, and it is emphatically noted that the queen rested. But little rest there was for her on the morrow, when the population of the mid-counties thronged to Althorpe, and sought audience in such numbers, that the rest of Ben Jonson's entertainment could not be heard or seen. A comic address was prepared, to be spoken by Nobody, who ushered in a ballet of country morris-dancers. Nobody was attired in a pair of trunk hose, which came up to his neck; his arms were put through the pockets; his face was extinguished with a hat that came down to his chin. His address commenced with—

"If my outside move your laughter,
Pray, Jove, my inside be thereafter.
Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!
And I hope no mortal sin
If I put less ladies in.
Fair, saluted be ye all,
At this time it doth befall;
We are usher to a morris,
A kind of masque, whereof good store is,
In the country hereabout."——

But here the throng of country gentry, pressing to pay their homage to their new queen, overwhelmed the morris-dancers above-mentioned, and reduced Mr. Nobody to his original insignificance, by cutting short the remainder of his harangue. There was likewise an address to the queen, prepared for a youth who headed a deputation of boys, the sons of the neighbouring gentry:—

"And will you, then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? Not my master's heart,
Which pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?

Prince Henry was then addressed:—

"And you, dear lord, on whom my eager eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy;

[1] The name of the dog presented to prince Henry was "Ringwood." The whole of this masque raises alternate remembrances of Shakspeare and Milton; but the Midsummer Night's Dream certainly preceded it.

Oh, shoot up fast in spirit as in years,
Then when upon her head proud England wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon;
Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,
And when slow Time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, who grow up here,[1]
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

Such was the first introduction, to Anne of Denmark, of the poetic genius of her era, which shone so brightly during the reigns of her husband and her son. To do her justice, she appreciated the noble powers of him who was only second to Shakspeare: Ben Jonson was henceforth the queen's poet, *par excellence*, and the author of most of the beautiful masques with which she afterwards amused her court.

"From Althorpe," continues the journal of lady Anne Clifford, "the queen went to sir Hatton[2] Fermor's, where the king met her, and there were such an infinite company of lords and ladies, and other people, that the country scarcely could lodge them. From thence the court removed, and were banqueted, with great royalty, by my father, (George, earl of Cumberland,) at Grafton, where the king and queen were entertained with speeches and delicate presents." Grafton, the ancient royal seat, so linked to the memory of queen Elizabeth Woodville, was now the property of that splendid noble, George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, who, in a singular manner, distinguished himself, on land and sea, as "chevalier at tournaments, ruffling gallant at court, gambler, author, pirate, and maritime discoverer." It may rationally be supposed, that the "woman who owned him" *was* to be pitied! Such, indeed, was the case; for a few curious scenes took place at Grafton, illustrative of the matrimonial infelicity of the redoubted Clifford of Cumberland's wedded lady, while Anne of Denmark sojourned there. The countess of Cumberland, who had previously been received by her majesty very graciously, joined the royal party at Grafton, thinking that her lord, at such a time, could not deny her the proper privilege of doing the honours of her own house. She was mistaken; earl George merely tolerated the presence of the wife whom he hated. "My mother was at Grafton," says her daughter, lady Anne, "but not held as the mistress of the house, by reason of the difference between my lord and her, which was grown to a great height." Besides playing the courteous host to his royal guests, earl George found time nearly to demolish Henry Alexander, one of their majesties' Scottish favourites, who ventured to break a lance with "Clifford of Cumberland," in the jousts, which formed part of the entertainment—stirring employments for the hottest midsummer that ever shone on a royal progress. Lady Cumberland found no shelter, for the night of the festival, at Grafton, and took refuge with her daughter, at Dr. Challoner's, of Amersham, an old friend of her father, the

[1] It will be remembered, that these majestic verses were written for the young gentlemen of Northamptonshire, who were about the age of prince Henry.

[2] Mr. Nichols, in his Progresses, says sir George Fermor.

earl of Bedford. "The next day," continues lady Anne, "the queen went to a gentleman's house, where there met her many great ladies, to kiss her hand." It was at Salden House, the seat of the Fortescues. The principal ladies were the marchioness of Winchester, and the countesses of Northumberland and Southampton. Lady Anne Clifford observes, elsewhere, "that queen Anne gave great dissatisfaction for slighting the stately old dames of Elizabeth's court, and bestowing all her attention on young, sprightly women of her own age." This, if impolitic, was by no means unnatural, since Anne was but twenty-eight when she became queen of England.

The royal progress ended at Windsor Castle, where the king held a solemn chapter of the Garter, July 2, when he made his son, prince Henry, knight of the order, with the duke of Lenox and other nobles. Half a century had elapsed since a king of England had held one of these high festivals. The prince was presented to his royal mother in his robes of the Garter, which he was considered especially to become. The queen's brother, the king of Denmark, was likewise elected to the order. The princess Elizabeth and lady Anne Clifford stood together in the shrine, in the great hall, to behold the feast, but it does not seem that the queen, her daughter, or ladies, appeared in any way, at this celebration, excepting as spectators. The queen held a great court at Windsor, where all the nobility of England were presented to her. The unhealthy state of the metropolis kept the court at a distance, the great heat of the weather having produced many instances of the plague.

The very day of the great Garter festival, the hatred and jealousy, which had, during the progress, begun to show itself between the English and Scottish nobles, broke out, and some very sharp quarrels took place, while they were settling themselves in their several lodgings in the royal castle; and when these feuds were, with much exertion, pacified, the very next day the English nobles began to quarrel among themselves, and not only with one another, but with the queen herself. She, instead of feeling her way on the unknown ground, and, with delicate tact, accommodating differences instead of inflaming them, plunged boldly at once into a stock dispute, on which feuds still ran high, and expressed her opinion of the rash conduct of the late earl of Essex. The queen's observation was ungracious, if not ungrateful, for Essex had been a faithful supporter of king James's title to the throne of England.

Lord Southampton, the friend of Essex, took fire, and retorted, fiercely, "that if her majesty made herself a party against the friends of Essex, of course, they were bound to submit, but none of their private enemies durst thus have expressed themselves!"

Lord Grey, of Wilton, a professed enemy of Essex, imagined that this defiance was peculiarly addressed to him; he made a sharp reply. The lie was exchanged on the spot, between these fiery spirits, in the queen's presence, and a personal combat was likely to ensue. The queen, who was not celebrated for much foresight, had certainly not calculated on the result of her observation. She was astonished at the storm her careless words had raised on a sudden; but, nevertheless, assumed a tone of royal command, bade the belligerents "remember

where they were," and, forthwith, ordered them off to their sleeping apartments, escorted by a guard. This was by no means a prosperous commencement of the career of Anne of Denmark as queen of England. The next day the delinquents were ordered into the council-chamber, at Windsor, and were severely lectured by the king, for the wrong and injury they had offered to her majesty. They were, as a punishment, confined for a short time in the Tower, from whence the king had very recently released lord Southampton, who had been prisoner there since the execution of Essex. It is extremely probable that this quarrel was connected with the mysterious plot discovered a few days after, in which lord Grey, lord Cobham, sir Walter Raleigh, and the faction which had brought Essex to the block, were deeply implicated. Their object was to prevent the coronation of the king and queen, and effect a revolution in favour of lady Arabella Stuart.

The king did not confine his reproofs to the contumacious English lords; he likewise blamed the queen for her hastiness. These circumstances gave rise to an angry epistle from her majesty, beginning with a stiff "Sir," instead of her usual loving address to her royal spouse, of "My Heart."

The witness to whom she appeals, in her billet, is sir Roger Aston—a favourite and factotum in the royal household, who was withal the bearer of the despatch. Although her words would induce the supposition, she is certainly not angry with sir Roger Aston, but with the king himself, for receiving one of the noblemen who had defied her, with whom James considered it politic to remain on good terms. The queen's letter is much scribbled, being evidently written in an access of choler:

[1] QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"Sir,—What I have said to sir Roger is *trew:* I could not but think it strange that any about your majesty durst presume to bring near where your ma^tie is, *on* (one) that had offered me such a publicke scorn, for honore gois (*goes*) befor lyfe, I must ever *thing*.[2] So *humble* kissing your majestie's hands, I rest ever yours, "ANNA R.

"I refarre the rest to sir Roger."

The approaching coronation fortunately absorbed all the queen's attention, and forced her to forget this wrangle with her new subjects.

St. James's day was appointed for the coronation, but fears of pestilence, and the discovery of the revolutionary plot of Cobham and Raleigh, threatened to diminish its splendours. The court had left Windsor Castle, and were abiding at Hampton Court, when several persons died of the plague, in the tents pitched for the accommodation of some of the queen's servants, at the gates of the palace. The king issued, in consequence, several sanitary proclamations, and, as much for

[1] This is taken from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

[2] The queen, in her flurry, has spelled this word first rightly, then wrongly, it is at first *think*, which she has scratched out. All the small words are spelled according to modern orthography, in general far better than the best of her contemporaries, excepting she has spelled one *on*, a mistake which rendered the whole incoherent; but the sense is comprehensible if read as now printed.

fear of plots as the plague, required the nobility to retrench their retinues to the smallest possible numbers, and the attendance of all those who had not positive claims and offices was declined. When their majesties removed to St. James's Palace, about the 23d of July, the king made knights of the Bath for the occasion, instead of holding court for that purpose at the Tower. He forbade the usual fair to be held adjacent to the palace, called, in ancient time, "St. James's Fair," lest the pestilence should be increased by it.

These precautions were not without cause, for the plague, which had been dallying with London, at various times, in unhealthy seasons, during the last years of Elizabeth's reign, now concentrated its powers, and began to rage in London, during the coronation-week, with a violence only equalled by the pestilence, called the "black death," in the 14th century. The king's coronation, although a ceremony more than usually requisite in his case, had been delayed from time to time; and, when it did take place, the ancient procession from the Tower, through the city, to Westminster, was, for the first time, dispensed with, on account of the infected state of the metropolis, to the infinite disappointment of the populace, who were extremely desirous of beholding their new king, his queen, (still a young and pretty woman,) and their children. The lamentations of London for this disappointment, and its cause, were not inelegantly rendered by Henry Petowe, in his poem on the coronation, called "England's Cæsar."[1]

"Thousands of treasure hath her bounty wasted,
In honour of her king to welcome him;
But woe is she! that honour is not tasted,
For royal James in silver Thames doth swim.
The water hath that glory—for he glides
Upon those pearly streams unto his crown,
Looking with pity on her, as he rides,
Saying, 'Alas! she should have this renown!'
So well he knew that woeful London loved him
That her distress unto compassion moved him."

No queen-consort had been crowned since the days of Anne Boleyn; yet no king and queen had been crowned together, since Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; yet the dreadful state of the pestilence, restrained public curiosity so much, that the august ceremony of the double coronation was almost performed in private. The royal party went by water the short distance between Whitehall stairs, and privy stairs of Westminster Palace, on the morning of the procession; their only processions were, therefore, the short distance between the abbey and the hall. A describer of the scene[2] mentions, "that queen Anne went to the coronation with her seemly hair down-hanging on her princely shoulders, and on her head a crownet of gold. She so mildly saluted her new subjects, that the women, weeping, cried out with one voice, "God bless

[1] See the reprint of this scarce tract, in Nichols' excellent work, the Progresses of King James.

[2] Gilbert Dugdale. See Nichols' Progresses, vol. i., p. 414. It does not appear the king and queen dined at Guildhall on this occasion; but Charles I. and his queen did so.

the royal queen! Welcome to England, long to live and continue!" This coronation took place on St. James's day. A promise was made, that after the pestilence had abated, the king, the queen, and prince Henry, should visit the city, and share in the high festival the civic authorities were to prepare for them; and this took place with great splendour in the succeeding spring. Thus the original procession of the English sovereign through the metropolis from the Tower, which had been observed, from a very early period, as a species of recognition by the citizens, was, for the first time, infringed through the accident of the plague. At this coronation, queen Anne gave great scandal to her new subjects, by refusing to receive the sacrament, according to the rites of the church of England.[1] This refusal caused her majesty to be grievously suspected of an "affection to popery." The religious pliability of the queen had been already too considerably tested; she had been required, in Scotland, to forsake the Lutheran faith, in which she had been educated, for the Calvinistic; now, she was required to communicate with the church of England. If she thought three changes of creed too much even for three crowns, her moral principles were the more respectable. It ought to be added, that the prelates of the church of England were satisfied with her religious principles. "We have not the daughter of a Pharaoh, of an idolatrous king, nor fear we strange women to steal away king James's heart from God, but a queen as of a royal, so of a religious stock, professing the gospel of Christ with him—a mirror of true modesty, a queen of bounty, beloved by the people." This panegyric is from the pen of the bishop of Winchester.[2]

A more rational suspicion was raised by the report of her having received a present of pictures, and other trinkets, from the pope, through sir Anthony Standon;[3] yet, such ought not to have stamped her a catholic, because, though the pope was the head of the Roman church, he was, at the same time, the patron of virtu, his metropolis being the centre of the fine arts, of which Anne of Denmark was an ardent patroness.

But, while the religious jealousies of the English people were thus excited in regard to their Lutheran queen, they imposed upon their king the same coronation oath, which Elizabeth had taken at her catholic inauguration. He swore to preserve religion in the same state as did Edward the Confessor![4] The privy council and senate had every fair opportunity of arranging this oath similarly to that of Edward VI., before they admitted the king into England, if they had chosen so to do. How they expected their sovereign to make his oath and his practice consistent, is an inexplicable riddle. Blood had been shed profusely, and more was to flow in persecution, in order to produce conformity with the established church; and yet, such was the oath imposed on

[1] Birch's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 504.

[2] Preface to the works of king James, 1616.

[3] Birch's State Papers.

[4] In Mr. Arthur Taylor's Glories of Regality, most ample proof is brought that such was the coronation oath, from the era of William the Conqueror till the revolution, with the exception of Edward VI., whose oath was more consistent with the protestant church. Sandford, the antiquarian, asserts the same fact.

the Stuart sovereigns, and the only man who kept it was dethroned! Appalling as the wickedness of the 16th and 17th centuries may be, the inconsistencies of legislation therein is still more astounding to the exa miners of its documentary history.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF JAMES THE FIRST, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

The appointments of a queen-consort obsolete in England—Queen's council, attorney, solicitor, &c., appointed—Sketches of her ladies in waiting—Maids of honour—Her secretary—Her manners to the people—Kindness to sir Walter Raleigh—Dull sojourn at Winchester—Incidents of her city visit, and abode at the Tower—Queen sends to Dunfermline, for prince Charles (Charles I.)—Her magnificent masques—The queen's accouchement of her third daughter (Mary)—First royal protestant baptism in England—Ceremony of the queen's churching—Gunpowder Plot—Queen and lord Herbert—Birth and death of the queen's seventh child (Sophia)—Arrival of the queen's brother (Christiern IV.)—Queen calumniated, as sharing the orgies of the two kings—Her weak health, and close confinement—Farewell to her brother—Vexatious embroilment with lady Nottingham—Takes possession of Theobalds—Her portrait—Her sylvan sports—Kills the king's best dog—Death of the queen's youngest child—Earl of Salisbury's praises of the queen—Their quarrels, &c.—Queen's encouragement of poetry and the fine arts—Queen's magnificent revels at the installation of the prince of Wales—His influence—Her hatred of Carr and Overbury—Attends a ship-launch, with her son—Her despair at his decline and death—Witnesses the marriage of her daughter—Goes to Bath, for recovery of her health—Return—Unexpected visit of her brother, king Christiern—Queen patronises George Villiers (afterwards duke of Buckingham)—Autograph letter to him—Queen's exaggerated taste in dress—Portrait—Patronises the Deptford boarding-school—Befriends sir Francis Bacon in the king's absence—Dialogue with him—Long decline—Intercedes for Raleigh—Lingering death-bed at Hampton Court—Jealousy of her foreign attendants—Interview with the queen and the archbishop of Canterbury—Satisfactory confession of faith—Delays making her will—Dialogue with her son Charles, prince of Wales—Death—Funeral—Epitaphs—Missing treasure—The king remains a widower.

Upwards of half a century had elapsed since a queen-consort had existed in England, and her privileges and endowments had become almost obsolete. An active inquisition was therefore instituted by king James, at his accession, regarding the lands and dower to which his consort was entitled. Sir Robert Cecil examined state documents as far back as the era of Katherine of Valois, queen of Henry V., but the dower of Katharine of Arragon proved the model from which that of Anne of

Denmark was settled. The income of Katharine of Arragon, when queen, amounted to 5500*l.* per annum. The manors which pertained to this dower were settled on Anne of Denmark, in addition to which she had Somerset House, Hatfield, and the royal palaces of Pontefract and Nonsuch. This jointure amounted to 6376*l.* "The whole was to be expended," as Cecil remarks, "in wages to her servants, apparel to herself, and gratuities, the king charging himself with all her other expenses of household and stable." Anne still enjoyed her dower as queen of Scotland. Her private residence, in London, was Somerset House, (named, after she became queen-consort, Denmark House,) where she afterwards expended a large sum in improvements and embellishments. Twelve councillors were appointed to assist the queen in regulating the expenditure of her dower; and, according to the circular despatched to these functionaries, "her princely desire and pleasure was signified, that, when her majesty's abode was better settled, and the infection (of the plague) was less rife, that the knights of her council should repair to court, there to kiss her royal hand, and to receive such charge for her service as would be thought advisable."[1]

Mr. Hitcham, of Gray's Inn, was made the queen's attorney, and had her hand and signet to practise within the bar, and to take place next to king's counsel; Mr. Lowther was her solicitor.

"Now," says a courtly correspondent, "I must give you a little touch of the feminine commonwealth, called the household of our queen. You must know, we have ladies of divers degrees of favour,—some for the private chamber, some for the drawing-chamber, some for the bed-chamber, and some whose appointments have no certain station, and of these only are lady Arabella and my wife, (lady Worcester.) My lady Bedford holdeth fast to the bed-chamber; lady Hertford fain would, but her husband hath called her home. Lady Derby, (the younger,) lady Suffolk, lady Rich, lady Nottingham, lady Susan de Vere, lady Walsingham, and of late lady Southwell, for the drawing-chamber; all the rest for the private chamber, when they are not shut out; for many times the king and queen lock their doors. But the plotting and malice among these ladies is so great, that I think envy hath tied an invisible snake about their necks, to sting each other to death. For the present, there are now five maids, Carey, Middlemore, Woodhouse, Gargrave, and Roper; the sixth is determined, but not come. God send them good fortune, for as yet they have no mother!"[2] In Anne of Denmark's household was an office filled by an old lady, called "the mother of the maids;" a functionary whose vocation was to keep the fair bevy in order.[3]

The gem and star of the court of queen Anne was lady Arabella Stuart. Her approximation was near to the throne of Scotland, while, by her descent from lady Margaret Douglas, she was next heir to that of England, after James I. and his family. Before king James arrived in England, the wild plot for setting lady Arabella on the throne of Eng-

[1] Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 62–70.

[2] Lodge, vol. iii. pp. 83–96. Letters of the earl of Worcester, sir T. Edmondes, Mr. Speaker Crew, &c.

[3] Ibid.

land, had been concocted by sir Walter Raleigh, lord Cobham, lord Grey, and others of that faction, which had brought the earl of Essex to the block in the preceding reign. It does not appear that the liberty taken with the name of lady Arabella by the conspirators, had the slightest ill effect on the mind of James I.; so thoroughly convinced was he of her innocence, that he distinguished her with favour, and allowed her the rank, which was her due, of first lady at court next to his queen, during the tutelage of the princess royal.

While describing the queen's household, her private secretary and master of requests, Mr. William Fowler,[1] must not be forgotten. How she came by so pragmatical a coxcomb in a station which required, at all times, good sense and delicate tact, is not exactly defined, but we suppose he was drafted from her Scotch establishment; and having a southern name, and connexions long used to the English court, he was retained, when many a douce and faithful Scot was dismissed to humour the English jealousy. The passion of this presuming official for lady Arabella Stuart, formed the amusement of the court of Anne of Denmark.

The following is a specimen of the mode in which Mr. secretary Fowler used to communicate the compliments, or commands, of his royal mistress, queen Anne, to the magnates of the English court:—

To the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury.[2]

"May it please your honours,—

"True it is that I did, with all respect, present your honours' humble duties, accompanied with your fervent prayers, for and to her majesty, who not only lovingly accepted of them, but did demand of me if I had any letters from your honours; which being excused by me, through your reverent regards for her, avoiding always presumption and importunity.[3] The queen answered, 'That in case your honours had written unto her, she should have returned you answer in the same manner;' and I had commission to assure both your honours of her constant affections towards you, both in absence and in time coming.' So that your honours shall do well to continue her *purchased* (obtained) affection by such officious insinuations, which will be thankfully embraced; to which, if I may give or bring any increase, I shall think me happy in such occasions to serve and honour you."

The court sojourned, after the coronation, at Woodstock. On their way thither, the king and queen dined at the lodge at Ditchley, with sir Henry Lee. They remained at Woodstock Palace till the middle of September. Yet, the pestilence seemed to pursue their steps, and again great alarm was occasioned by several servants dying of the plague, in the tents at the palace gateways. The queen's court was nevertheless brilliant with foreign ambassadors extraordinary, who came on errands of congratulation. Count Aremberg came to compliment her on the king's accession, from the sovereigns of Flanders, the archduke Albert,

[1] Thomas Fowler, an English spy, whose perfidious letters to Burleigh have been quoted, was one of James I.'s gentlemen at the time of his marriage. Officials of the name of Fowler were likewise in the families of Edward VI. and lady Margaret Douglas.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

[3] He merely meant to say that he had told the queen he had brought no letters from either lord or lady Worcester.

and the infanta Clara Eugenia, and presented her with the miniatures of their imperial highnesses, most excellently drawn.[1] The Spanish ambassador, too, was in attendance; and, sad to say, was in far greater favour with queen Anne and her ladies than the illustrious Sully, who (under the title of the marquis of Rosny) had lately been on especial embassy of congratulation from his master, Henry the Great. Queen Anne, and even the highly-gifted Arabella, joined in preferring, to Sully, the ambassador of Spain—a coxcomb of the first water, who distributed exquisitely embroidered Spanish gloves to the ladies, and perfumed leather jerkins to the gentlemen of the queen's court, a mode of proceeding which made him very popular with them. So much for the appreciation of contemporaries! They preferred this flatterer to "him of the pen and the sword," the warrior-statesman and historian of his times, whose renown is as immortal as that of his royal master and friend, Henry the Great, and, in truth, is far better deserved.

The brother of queen Anne, Ulric, duke of Holstein, had arrived, to congratulate his sister. He was reckoned comely, but was suspected by the English of poverty — a deadly sin in the seventeenth century. Duke Ulric was charmed with lady Arabella, who only laughed at his wooing, and called him the *Dutchkin* to her familiar friends. Although she flouted the brother, she cherished a sincere esteem for his royal sister, whom she considered the only person whose manners were unexceptionable at her own court. The queen became very popular in Oxfordshire, by graciously acknowledging the acclamations and blessings of the people, when she rode out, taking off her mask,[2] whenever they thronged round her, and speaking to them courteously, after the example of queen Elizabeth. Lady Arabella deprecated the idea of "telling tales out of the queen's coach," but this intelligence is gathered out of her charming letters, which rival those of Madame de Sévigné.

The whole court removed to Winchester Palace, on the 17th of September, where they were obliged to spend the entire autumn, perhaps for personal security, for the king and council determined that the conspirators of the Raleigh-Cobham plot should be tried at Winchester. These precautions imply that this conspiracy was really more dangerous than it has been considered in after times. The king and his council were wholly absorbed in deep deliberation on this dismal occasion; and the abode of the queen and her ladies in the antique quarter of Winchester Palace, called "the queen's side," was very dull, and devoid of amusement. In November, the conspirators were brought from the Tower to Winchester in coaches, when the populace pelted Raleigh with tobacco-pipes.[3] The king had contrived a curious drama in real

[1] Letter of lady Arabella Stuart; Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., p. 26.

[2] The fashion of masks, worn by the ladies to preserve the complexion in riding or hunting, had been prevalent from the earliest years of Elizabeth's reign.

[3] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., p. 15. George Brooke and the priests had been put to death at Winchester, previously. Raleigh had been, during the last years of Elizabeth, one of the most unpopular men in England.

life, in the course of which, when the conspirators condemned to death were brought on the scaffold, they were separately reprieved from death, by means of a warrant written by the king's hand, and sent by his faithful servant, Johnnie Gibb. It was the first time such an experiment of mercy had been tried by an English sovereign, but had king James decimated half the villages in a county, as his predecessor did, so much abuse would certainly not have been levelled at him by historians, who wrote in his century, as for this act. The sentences of these conspirators, who, to use their own words, had agreed to "kill the king and his cubs," were commuted either to banishment or imprisonment. Raleigh was not among those publicly reprieved, and his sentence remained to be put in force against him at pleasure. The queen regarded him with pity and interest, and he owed most of his indulgences to her intercession,[1] through which, though a prisoner in the Tower circle, he retained not only his actual property, but his income of 200*l.* per annum, as governor of Jersey.

Queen Anne and her ladies, while king James and his councillors were deliberating on the delinquencies of this plot, were so dull and moped, immured in Winchester Palace, that they were reduced to play at all sorts of childish games, to enliven the long November evenings. The queen and her maidens constituted a mistress of the revels, and all the ladies were forced to tax their youthful recollections, in order to furnish some babyish play that might be new to the rest of the court. They played at "Rise pig and go;" "One penny follow me;" and "I pray, my lord, give me a course in your park;" and another game called "Fire!"[2] They began these amusements at twilight, and did not cease till supper-time. Such were the queenly diversions of Anne of Denmark, when oppressed with ennui, in the antique palace of Winchester.

The only diversions the queen had at this time, were the entertainments she received at Basing House, where that experienced courtier, the marquis of Winchester, gave some grand fêtes, and her majesty was

[1] Sir Walter Raleigh's own words, regarding the protection the queen extended to him, are as follow, in a letter of his to secretary Winwood, quoted in Howell's Remarkable Trials in Great Britain, p. 134: "The queen's majesty informed herself, from the *beginning*, of the nature of my offences; and the king of Denmark, her brother, at both times of his being here, was thoroughly satisfied of mine innocency; they would never otherwise have moved his majesty on my behalf." He likewise mentioned the interest prince Henry took in him, and added, "The wife, brother, and son, of a king, do not use to sue for men suspect(ed)." This quotation is by no means brought forward as a proof that Raleigh was innocent of the conspiracy for which he was tried, but to show that queen Anne took pity on him at the time when he was so cruelly browbeat and reviled by Coke, on his trial. Coke was not Raleigh's judge, according to the common version of his story, but the attorney-general, who pleaded on the side of the crown against the conspirators. His judge was lord chief-justice Anderson, who behaved with more decency towards him. Great abuse has been levelled against James I., because he restored Durham House, in the Strand (of which queen Elizabeth had given Raleigh possession during her life), to the see of Durham, from which it had originally been reft.

[2] Autograph letter of lady Arabella Stuart, quoted in Nichols' Progresses of king James, vol. iv. Appendix.

pleased to dance indefatigably. At these balls the king's fair kinswoman, the lady Margaret Stuart, conquered the valiant heart of the ancient hero of the Armada, lord Howard of Effingham. This lady and the queen were never on the best of terms, and we shall see, hereafter, that their differences rose to a great height. The king made himself exceedingly busy in promoting the marriage of his blooming cousin of nineteen with the great captain, who had out-numbered the years allotted to man by the Psalmist. Anne of Denmark surveyed the whole comedy, in which her king was a very active agent, with a sort of laughing scorn, as we may gather from her lively billet to her royal spouse, whom she designates as Mercury, and the lady Margaret and her mature lover as Mars and Venus.

QUEEN ANNE TO THE KING.[1]

"Your majesty's letter was welcome to me. I have been as glad of the fair weather as yourself. In the last part of your letter you have guessed right that I would laugh. Who would not laugh, both at the persons and the subject? But more so, at so well chosen a Mercury, between Mars and Venus, and you know that women can hardly keep counsel.

"I humbly desire your majesty to tell me how I should keep this secret, that have already told it, and shall tell it to as many as I speak with. If I were a poet, I would make a song of it, and sing it to the tune of 'Three fools well met.' So kissing your hands I rest

"Your

"ANNA R."

The Christmas festivals atoned for the dismal manner in which her majesty spent the autumn, by a commencement of those magnificent masques and ballets, for which the court of Anne was afterwards so much celebrated. Sir Thomas Edmonds wrote to the earl of Shrewsbury, that a very grand ballet was in preparation.

"Both the king and the queen's majesty have a humour to have some masques this Christmas time; the young lords and the gentlemen took one part, and the queen and her ladies the other. As there was great ingenuity in the ballet, Mr. Sanford had the drilling of the noble dancers." "I have been," continues another courtier, "at sixpence charge to send you the book."[2] This was the programme of the ballet, in which was noted the names of the ladies who acted the parts of goddesses; but this little pamphlet was a contraband article, suppressed by the king as soon as beheld in print. "The king dined abroad, with the Florentine ambassador, who was, with his majesty, at the play last night, and then supped with my lady Rich[3] in her chamber. The French queen," (Mary de Medicis,) "hath sent our queen a very fine present, but not yet delivered, in regard she was not well these two days, and came not abroad. One part is a cabinet very cunningly wrought, and inlaid all over with musk and ambergris, which maketh a sweet savour, and in every box was a different present of jewels and

[1] The fac-simile, from the original (a very well-written holograph), may be seen in the Letters of the Family of James VI., published by the Maitland Club.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

[3] This was Penelope, the sister of Essex, who has been frequently mentioned in the preceding biography.

flowers, for head tiring."[1] The excellence of French artificial flowers, for ladies' caps, is thus proved to be coeval with Camden, Spelman, and Stowe—that elder race of antiquarian historians, who have perversely neglected to leave any information on so important a subject. Gifts from the queen of Spain were, likewise, presented to the queen; one of them, a gown of murrey-coloured satin, ornamented with cut leather, gilded. The Spanish ambassador continued to pay assiduous court to the queen, to the great jealousy and anger of the French resident ambassador, Villeroi, who declares that the Spaniard, being discontented with a seat on the queen's left hand, went round and took a place at her right hand, among all her ladies, who regarded his intrusion with displeasure and astonishment. Astonished they might be; but it appears, by contemporary court letters, that this Spanish ambassador was a very general favourite with the queen's ladies.

The king and queen redeemed their promise of paying a visit to the city, in lieu of the Tower procession, delayed by the pest at the coronation. The 15th of March was the day appointed for this grand festival. Two days previously the king brought the queen privately in a coach, on his way to the Tower, to examine Gresham's Exchange, and see the merchants on their separate walks, without being known. This plan was in some degree frustrated, by the London populace recognising their majesties, and giving a great shout, began to run about and crowd on them, so that the queen was much alarmed at their unruly conduct, and the attendants had much ado to shut the Exchange gates on the mob, and bar the doors to the stairs that led to the upper stories. From one of the windows, the king and queen had a view of the assembled merchants, who kept their stations, and, though aware of the royal visit, appeared to be conferring on business. With this sight the royal pair expressed themselves infinitely pleased, and James declared "that it was a goodly thing to behold so many persons, of various nations, met together in peace and good-will." An observation highly creditable to James, and which placed his pacific character in a more respectable light than history usually views it; but the philosophy of modern times will do better justice to such sentiments, than an age in which "revenge and all ferocious thoughts" were virtues.

The king further observed, "that when he next came to visit his people, he hoped they would not run here and there as if possessed, ramping as though they meant to overthrow him and his wife;" he recommended, "that, like his good douce lieges of Edinburgh, they would stand still, be quiet, and see all they could." Advice which ought never to be obsolete to a sight-loving people.

That day the king and queen arrived at the Tower, whereof they visited the Mint, and the king, with his own hand, coined some money, and made the queen do the same. They then went to see the lions, and the king expressed a wish for a lion-bait, for the amusement of the queen and his young son, as well as for his own diversion. The queen, who was a very great huntress, and therefore used to sights of cruelty, did

[1] Lodge.

not make the objection she ought to have done, and the savage exhibition took place, with some dogs, which were brought over from the Bear Garden, in Southwark, to fight the lions.[1]

Such were the royal diversions at the Tower, till the day of the grand festival of the royal procession, through the city, to Westminster. An extraordinary display of pageantry took place, in which the queen and her young son expressed as much delight as any of the humble spectators. Prince Henry could not restrain his glee, and the bows and smiles with which he greeted his father's new subjects, obtained for him a degree of popularity which his real worth of character rendered afterwards permanent. It would be as tedious a task to narrate, as to peruse, the description of these entertainments, yet a trait or two may be detached, as amusing illustrations of manners and costume. At the Conduit, Cheapside, was a grand display of tapestry, gold-cloth, and silks, and before the structure, "a handsome apprentice was appointed, whose part it was to walk backwards and forwards, in his flat-cap and usual dress, addressing the passengers with his shop-cry for custom, of 'What do you lack, gentles? what will you buy? Silks, satins, or stuff-taffetas?'" He then broke into premeditated verse:

"But stay, bold tongue! I stand at giddy gaze;
Be dim mine eyes, what gallant train are here,
That strikes minds mute, puts good wits in a maze?
O 'tis our king, royal king James, I say!
Pass on in peace, and happy be thy way,
Live long on earth, and England's sceptre sway.

"Thy city, gracious king, admires thy fame,
And all within pray for thy happy state;
Our women for thy queen—Anne, whose rich name,
To their created bliss has sprung of late,
If women's wishes may prevail, thus being,
They wish you both long lives and good agreeing."

It has been before observed, that the queen left her second son, prince Charles, at her palace of Dunfermline, where he was languishing under delicate health, occasioned, very probably, by the bad mode of nursing, prevalent at this time, which regularly killed two-thirds of the children born into the world. Sir Robert Carey, whose headling career into Scotland, with the news of the death of his royal kinswoman, queen Elizabeth, had by no means been rewarded according to his own ideas of his deserts, had taken into his head a notion, by way of speculation, of attaching himself to this young prince,—a desperate speculation, since sickly and rickety as Charles was, in the cold, blighting air of his native north, there did not seem a remote chance of his surviving, to attain

[1] Gilbert Dugdale, whose description of these pageants may be read at length (reprinted from a scarce tract) in Nichols' Progresses of king James, vol. i. The old custom of the king of England, and his queen and family, sojourning for some nights at the Tower, after his accession, was only altered after the demolition by Cromwell of the royal lodgings at the Tower. Gilbert Dugdale notices that all the prisoners, sir Walter Raleigh, lord Grey, and Cobham, were sent out of the Tower, and drafted to the Marshalsea and other prisons, while the royal visit took place.

the graceful stature and fine constitution which afterwards distinguished him. Sir Robert Carey had made an officious journey to Scotland, in order to pay his court to this royal infant; and he brought to queen Anne doleful accounts of his miserably crippled state, and cadaverous appearance. The queen of course was anxious, in this case, that her poor child should be near her, and entreated king James to send for "baby Charles," instead of permitting him to remain in Scotland, as intended, for the purpose of retaining the attachment of the northern people to his family. Lord and lady Dunfermline were commanded to bring prince Charles to England, in the summer of 1604, and the queen, desirous of embracing her sickly little one, set out on progress to meet him. She had advanced as far as Northamptonshire, and was at the seat of sir George Fermor, when "baby Charles" arrived safely under the escort of his noble governor and governess, and of sir Robert Carey.

The royal infant was between three and four years old; and, if the representations of sir Robert Carey be not exaggerated, it was to the exertions of lady Carey, and to her sensible management, that the preservation of Charles I. from deformity may be attributed. The description of the manner in which lady Carey guarded her young charge from the injurious experiments which the indiscreet affection of king James urged him to inflict on this suffering child, are replete with a lesson of great utility, by proving how far patient care and excellent nursing, aided by the bland hand of nature, are superior to surgical operations, in restoring the tender organs of children, injured by disease or bad treatment. The queen deserves the full credit of choosing so excellent a foster-mother for her afflicted child as lady Carey, and supporting her in her judicious plans when he was committed to her care. "The queen, by the approbation of the lord-chancellor," wrote sir Robert Carey, in his memoirs, "made choice of my wife, to have the care and keeping of the duke of York. Those who wished me no good were glad of it, thinking, if the duke were to die in our charge, (his weakness being such as gave them great cause to suspect it,) then we should be thought unfit to remain at court after. When the little duke was first delivered to my wife, he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ankles, insomuch many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle had my wife with the king, but she still prevailed. The king was desirous that the string under his tongue should be cut, for he was so long beginning to speak, that he thought he would never have spoken. Then, he would have him put into iron boots, to strengthen his sinews and joints, but my wife protested so much against them both, that she got the victory, and the king was fain to yield." The queen firmly supported lady Carey in all her judicious arrangements, and the king found contention against the will of two ladies unavailing, especially when they decidedly had the best of the argument.[1] The consequence was, that, as sir Robert Carey says,

[1] Had the queen and lady Carey read and studied Dr. Arnott's work, the Elements of Physics, she could not have coincided better with the precepts of that great physician and physiologist.

"Prince Charles grew daily more and more in health and strength, both of body and mind, to the amazement of many, who knew his weakness when she first took charge of him. The queen rejoiced much to see him prosper as he did, and my wife for her diligence, which was indeed great, was well esteemed of both her and the king, as appeared by the rewards bestowed upon us."

The king, in the autumn of 1604, established himself at his hunting-seat at Royston, in Essex, where his queen, whose passion for the chase equalled, if not exceeded, his own, used to visit him, and share in the sports of the field. Her brother, duke Ulric, still continued his long visit in England. He was invited to remain till after the accouchement of the queen, because he was to stand sponsor to her infant. "He lodgeth in the court in my lord-treasurer's lodging,[1] and his company in my lord of Derby's house, in Canon Row. He hath twenty dishes of meat allowed every meal, and certain of the guard bring him the same, and attend therewith. To-morrow, the king goeth towards Royston, and this duke (of Holstein) with him, for fourteen days."

While the queen's brother was at this hunting-party at Royston, a hint was given, by some of the gentry of that country, of the inconvenience of the royal visit. "One of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, was missing one day. The king was much displeased at his absence: he went hunting, notwithstanding. The next day, when they went to the field, Jowler came in among the rest of the hounds: the king was told, and was glad of his return, but, looking on him, spied a paper about his neck. On this paper was written, 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king, (for he hears you every day, and so he doth not us,) that it please his majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent, and we are not able to entertain him longer.'" The king laughed at this intimation, as a good jest, and it was passed over; but the king intimated that he intended to remain at Royston for a fortnight longer.[2]

The little prince Charles, who had been called duke of York since his father's accession to the English crown, was, on Twelfth-day, 1605, formally installed as such. Several knights of the Bath were created on this occasion; among others, the royal boy himself, who, though he had just completed his fourth year, could not walk in the procession, but was carried in the arms of the lord-admiral, the venerable hero of the Armada.[3]

The queen celebrated this gala-day by a masque at the banqueting-house, which was no other than Ben Jonson's celebrated masque of "Blackness," in which her majesty and ladies chose to sustain the characters of twelve nymphs, daughters of the river Niger. At the upper end of the banqueting-room, she was seated in a throne, made like a

[1] Lodge, &c., vol. iii., p. 106; Letter of Lord Lumley.

[2] Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., p. 109; Letter of Edmund Lascelles, groom of the privy chamber, afterwards recommended, when in great distress, by queen Anne to her brother-in-law, the duke of Brunswick, in whose service he remained the rest of his life.

[3] Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii., p. 43.

great scallop-shell. She was attired like a Moor, with her face blacked, likewise her hands and arms above the elbows. Her ladies surrounded her in the same disagreeable costume, which was considered, by sir Dudley Carleton, as excessively unbecoming; "for who," as he wrote, "can imagine an uglier sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors?" She danced in this disguise, that evening, with the Spanish ambassador, who did not forget to kiss the royal hand, notwithstanding its assumed ebony-hue, which the by-standers mischievously hoped would leave part of its colouring on his lips.[1] It was unwise of the queen to adopt a costume which hid her ivory skin, and revealed the thinness of her face. She had fine hair, and bright-brown eyes; but these personal advantages were completely compromised in the masque of Blackness," in which, however, the beauty of the poetry somewhat atoned for the obscuration of the charms of the court belles.

A foreigner,[2] who visited England at the accession of James, draws an unfavourable portrait of the queen. He says: "she has an ordinary appearance, and lives remote from public affairs. She is very fond of dancing and entertainments. She is very gracious to those who know how to promote her wishes; but to those whom she does not like, she is proud, disdainful—not to say insupportable." Another Italian, cardinal Bentivoglio, is in ecstasies at her grace and beauty, and, above all, her fluency in speaking the Italian language, of which he was an undoubted judge. It would be difficult to ascertain what sort of persons Anne and the king, her husband, were, from the descriptions of contemporaries, so strongly did prejudice imbue every pen. There is no reason to suppose that Cardinal Bentivoglio was inclined to flatter James I., for he mentions, with much displeasure, his hostility to catholics; yet he describes his person in very different colours from the sectarian authors of the same century. "The king of England," he says, "is above the middle height, of a fair and florid complexion, and very noble features; though, in his demeanour and carriage, he manifests no kind of grace or kingly dignity."

The accouchement of her majesty was hourly expected in March, 1605; such events had been of rare occurrence at the court of England, Jane Seymour being the last queen who had given birth to a royal infant. In the lapse of a large portion of a century, old customs, relating to the royal lying-in-chamber, had been forgotten, though queen Anne's household were, on this occasion, very active in collecting all reminiscences of such occasions. Sir Dudley Carleton wrote to secretary Winwood thus on the subject: "Here is much ado about the queen's down-lying, and great suit made for offices of carrying the white-staff, door-keeping, cradle-rocking, and such like gossip's tricks, which you should understand better than I do."

A grand court was kept, at Greenwich, throughout March, and prayers were daily said in every church for her majesty's safety. She was in her withdrawing-room, at Greenwich Palace, on Sunday, the 7th of

[1] Winwood's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 43.
[2] Molino on England. (See Raumer's Contributions to History, p. 461.)

April, and on the following day gave birth to a princess, named Mary, in memory of its unfortunate grandmother, Mary queen of Scots, whose tomb king James ordered to be commenced at Westminster on the very day of his little daughter's birth. The young princess, whose entry into life was thus connected with the memory of the dead, did not reach her third year.

The new-born lady Mary was baptized in the chapel of the royal palace at Greenwich. This was the first protestant baptism of a royal infant in England, for we have shown that Elizabeth and Edward VI. however champions of the protestant cause, were certainly christened according to the catholic ritual. Lady Arabella Stuart was the godmother of the infant Mary Stuart, assisted by the countess of Northumberland; the godfather was Ulric, duke of Holstein, the queen's brother, and Arabella's contemned lover. The ceremony was, in all points, performed according to the church of England, and when it was over, Garter king-at-arms, making a low reverence to the king, who stood at the chapel-closet window, rehearsed the title of "the high and noble lady Mary." The sewers then brought in voiders of wine and confections, and the noble train formed their homeward procession, towards the queen's apartments, across "the conduit court," the gifts of the sponsors being carried by six earls.

The queen was churched the following Whitsunday. First the king went into the royal closet at Greenwich chapel, and heard a sermon by the bishop of Chichester; he then went down into the chapel and offered at the altar, and withdrew himself behind a curtain on the right side. Queen Anne came from her chamber, attended by a grand train of her ladies, and was supported to the altar between her brother, the duke of Holstein, and the king's relative, the duke of Lenox. She made low reverence before the altar, and offered her *bezant*,[1] and then retired behind a curtain, on the left of the altar, and, kneeling, offered her thanksgiving for health and safety, according to the form prescribed in the Common Prayer, by the church of England, which finished with anthems, sung to organ, cornet and sackbut. At the conclusion, king James and queen Anne came forth from curtained seats, and met before the altar, where they affectionately saluted and greeted each other, and the king handed the queen to his presence-chamber door.[2]

The queen's personal demeanour in this ceremonial was evidently prescribed by an etiquette of great antiquity, as may be gathered from the coin named as her offering, which was little known in Europe after the era of the Crusades, though the term *bezant* still lurks among heraldic nomenclature.

With the Gunpowder Plot, the history of Anne of Denmark is little connected, excepting that she is usually enumerated among the intended victims, but this must have depended on the circumstance of whether she meant to have accompanied the king and her son, at the ceremonial of opening parliament, November 5, 1605. It is certain that although

[1] An ancient coin, current through Europe during the existence of the Greek empire.

[2] Nichols' Progresses, vol. i. p. 514.

the intentions of the conspirators were revealed, as to their projected disposal of the queen's younger children, Elizabeth and Charles, there was no mention of her or of her infant daughter Mary. The terrors of this plot have been rendered farcical by the absurd mummery which has celebrated its anniversary down to our times; but to appreciate the appalling effect it must have had on the royal family, the murderous Gunpowder Plot in Scotland should be remembered, which occurred February, 1567–8, at the Kirk of Field, which destroyed the king's father, lord Darnley, and which his mother, queen Mary, ever earnestly protested was laid against *her* life likewise, had not the chance of her unexpected absence preserved her, to endure the worse effects of the calumny attending it till death. The discontented catholic gentlemen, who planned the 5th of November plot, must have been greatly encouraged by the triumphant prosperity that attended its precursor, hatched by the more cunning brains of Murray, Morton, and Bothwell.

A thanksgiving, for the preservation of king, prince, lords and commons, who were all to have been destroyed, at one fell swoop, by the explosion of the mine beneath the antique Whitehall of Westminster Palace, was, as everyone knows, added to our liturgy, by the king, as head of the church, with the aid of the episcopacy. This was the second service of the kind which occurred in the course of every year of the reign of James I. All the court, and as many of the people as were very loyally disposed, being expected to fast and pray, and listen to sermons, a few hours long, every 5th of August, in memory of the king's preservation from the Gowry conspiracy.

Before the queen obtained possession of Theobalds, she usually passed her summers, (when not on progress,) at Greenwich Palace, where her two youngest children were born. Here she was residing when lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who afterwards implicated her majesty's name in his conceited autobiography, returned from his travels. He brought with him a scarf, wrought by the hands of the princess of Conti, as a present from her to queen Anne. Such a token, it was understood, in the code of gallantry, was designed as a challenge, for the gentlemen of England to tilt with sharp lances, in honour of the beauty of both princesses. Lord Herbert, on his arrival, sent the scarf to queen Anne, through her favourite maid, Mary Middlemore.[1] The queen commanded lord Herbert to attend her, that she might consult him respecting the message of the French princess. She asked many questions of her ladies regarding this noble, who was not only the great literary lion of his era, but had attracted unusual notice by making himself and his gallant adventures the theme of all he said. He was ostensibly much alarmed lest the queen should be too much devoted to him, for he believed she was already in love with him, by report. He declares, too,

[1] The king afterwards granted a patent for Mary Middlemore, maid of honour to his beloved consort, queen Anne, to search for treasure among the ruins of the abbeys of Glastonbury, Rumsey, and Bury St. Edmunds. It is probable that the queen, who being very profuse, was always in distress for money (particularly towards the end of her life), was the real instigator of a treasure-seeking expedition, only worthy of the renowned Dousterswivel.

in his memoirs, that she had obtained a picture of him, painted surreptitiously. He very affectedly declined the interview of explanation regarding the scarf, deeming it an assignation: "God knoweth," he says, "I declined to come not for honest reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because such affection had passed between me and another, the fairest lady of her time, so that nothing could divert it!" Out on such vanity! as if a queen of England could not wish to behold a literary lion, who had made himself as much by his egotism as his talents, the theme of every tongue, around her, without being in love with him!

Lord Herbert had drawn much court gossip on himself by an exploit in defence of Mary Middlemore. This damsel was sitting reading in the queen's apartments at Greenwich Palace, when one of the king's Scotch gentlemen of the bedchamber surprised her, and carried off, against her inclination, a top-knot from her hair, and henceforth wore it, despite of all her remonstrances, twisted in his hat-band. Lord Herbert, who was panting for an opportunity of showing off his knight-errantry, hearing the bitter complaints of the aggrieved damsel, demanded the top-knot of the Scotch lover, who contumaciously refused to surrender it, on which lord Herbert seized him by the throat, and almost throttled him. These antagonists were dragged asunder by their friends, lest they should incur the penalty of losing their hands, by striking in the royal palace. They exchanged a cartel to fight unto death, in Hyde Park, but the king and the council tamed their pugnacity with the wholesome infliction of a month's confinement in the Tower. Neither would the king suffer the tilting *a l'outrance* to take place, in honour of the queen's beauty, or that of the princess of Conti, and very much in the right he was.

"Na, na," said the philosophic monarch, "thae madcaps may seek their diversion otherways than breaking the peace of my kingdom, and their awn fules' heads, at the same time, though the best that can be said of their body-armour is, that it not only keeps its wearer from being hurt himself, but prevents him from doing any vera great harm to any ane else."

The queen was confined at Greenwich, June 22d, 1606, with her seventh child, a daughter; she was herself very ill and weak for some time afterwards. The infant only lived to be christened Sophia, the name of the queen's mother. The child was buried privately, being carried up the Thames, to Westminster Abbey, in a funeral barge, covered with black velvet.

The queen's brother, Christiern IV., king of Denmark, had been expected daily about the same time; but contrary winds detained his navy till July 16th, when the queen was far from convalescent. He landed at Greenwich Palace-stairs, with king James, who had travelled from Oatlands to Gravesend, where the Danish ships anchored. The king of Denmark went direct to his sister's chamber, and a very tender interview between these long-parted but affectionate relatives, took place. The royal Dane is described by those who saw him, as a person of stately presence, though but of middle height; that he was, in face and complexion, so like his sister, queen Anne, that a painter who had seen the one could easily draw the picture of the other. His dress was black,

slashed with cloth of silver; round his hat he wore a band of gold, shaped like a coronet, studded with precious stones.[1]

The two kings were invited to a grand festival at Theobalds, which was then the favourite seat of the prime minister, Cecil, earl of Salisbury. The revellings there were disgraced by scenes of intemperance, which have acquired an historical celebrity. Hitherto, the refined, though rather fantastical tastes of the queen, had given a tone of elegance to the British court, and public decorum had never been very flagrantly violated by the inclination king James and his Scottish peers felt to indulge in riotous carouses. The queen was, perforce, absent at this time, and her husband and brother gave themselves up to unrestrained intoxication.

Unfortunately, some writers of the last century, too eager in their attacks on royalty, to be very accurate in their comparison of time and place, have accused poor queen Anne of the derelictions from propriety, committed at Theobalds, by a certain queen, who having swallowed deeper potations than became her, when performing in a masque, reeled against the steps of king Christiern's throne, and threw the salver of refreshments, it was her business to present, into his majesty's bosom. This queen was, however, only the queen of Sheba, personated by a female domestic of the earl of Salisbury, and not the queen of Great Britain, as any person may ascertain, who takes the trouble of reading sir John Harrington's letter,[2] this being the sole document on which modern authors have founded the widely-spread accusation of inebriety against Anne of Denmark. Her habitual delicate health, and her etiquette of mourning for her infant, occasioned her to be a recluse in her lying-in chamber, where her month's retirement was not completed at the very time when these uproarious revelries were held by her king and brother, to mark their temporary escape from the wholesome restraints of a female court. Theobalds has been greatly identified with the name of Anne of Denmark, but it was not in her possession till a year afterwards. She could not, therefore, be accountable for the orgies performed there, while secluded in a chamber of illness and mourning, at Greenwich Palace.

Both the kings came from Theobalds to Greenwich, to be present at the churching of the queen, which took place there, August 3d—another sure proof that her majesty may be acquitted of all blame connected with the orgies at Theobalds. It is expressly affirmed, that even so late as August 4th, "she had not been partaker of any of their kingly sports."[3] The first day in which she took part in any festivity, was Sunday, the 10th of August, when she went down the Thames with her son, her brother, and king James, to assist at a splendid aquatic banquet, held on

[1] From a contemporary letter, quoted in Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 53.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ, by sir John Harrington; likewise quoted in Nichols' Progresses, which, by the quotation of every document relative to the queen's retirement, gives most satisfactory evidence that this accusation is a most irrational calumny. It is extremely widely diffused, and has just been reiterated in the Penny Magazine, whose unusually excellent pages are devoted to the instruction of the people. (See April, 1842, p. 155.)

[3] See Nichols' Progresses of king James, vol. ii. pp. 88, 89.

board the Elizabeth Jonas, one of the largest of the English ships, lying at Chatham. The ship was hung with cloth of gold on this occasion; the queen and her royal party dined in a beautiful pavilion fitted up in the orlop deck. They went on shore at Upnor Castle, and the queen stopped on Windmill-Hill, whence a noble view of the whole navy was had. There the king of Denmark left them, and went on board his own fleet, for the night, that he might make preparations for a grand farewell banquet, he meant to give his sister, on board the ships of her native country. In the morning, by ten, the queen, her son, and husband, arrived at the side of the largest ship, which bore the flag of the Danish admiral, and was then riding at anchor before Gravesend. "It was a gallant ship of very high and narrow building, the beak, the stern, and three galleries, were richly gilded, and the waist and half-deck hung with arras, and adorned with costly ornaments; here the queen and her spouse were feasted by her royal brother. As they sat at the banquet, they pledged each other to their continuing amity, and, at every pledge drank, the same was known straightway by sound of drum and trumpet, and cannons' loudest voice, beginning ever in the Danish admiral, seconded by the English block-houses, prolonged by the Danish vice-admiral, and echoed by the six other Danish ships, ending with the smallest."

How minutely has Shakspeare followed this Danish etiquette of drinking royal healths:

> "No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
> But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
> And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
> Then speaking earthly thunder."

The king of Denmark concluded his entertainment with a wonderful pageant, a firework contrived by himself, which would have certainly proved the finest display of pyrotechny ever seen in England, if it had had but Egyptian darkness to set off its merits. Unfortunately, the exigence of the royal departure forced it to be ignited in a splendid August afternoon, and it was still cracking and snapping, three quarters of an hour afterwards, when queen Anne and king James, with streaming eyes, bade farewell to their loving brother, king Christiern.

At this leave-taking, the queen was involved in a most vexatious misunderstanding between her brother, king Christiern and the aged hero of the Armada. This nobleman, as lord high-admiral, had the command of the ship, which was to take king James and the queen back to Woolwich. He came on the deck of the Danish admiral, to inform his royal master, that if he did not take leave directly, and return on board his own vessel, he would lose the benefit of the tide up the river, which served at four o'clock. The king of Denmark told him, in his own language, "that it was but two o'clock, therefore he need not lose his sister yet." The lord high-admiral understood no Danish, and king Christiern no English. The royal Dane had, therefore, recourse to signs; he showed him (the admiral) that it was but two by his watch.

The lord high-admiral, who was not in the best of humours, still urged the departure of his king and queen.

The queen came to her brother's assistance in this dilemma, where he stood on the deck, with his watch in one hand, and holding up two of the fingers of the other, to signify it was but two o'clock. The queen laughed heartily, probably at her brother's perplexity, but the lord-admiral fancied that the queen and king Christiern were rudely jeering at him, on account of his young wife. The by-standers saw "that the lord-admiral took some secret dislike," but when he returned home, and talked over the matter with his countess, they both worked themselves up into a state of excessive indignation. His countess, that Margaret Stuart, whose marriage has been mentioned, immediately wrote a letter to one of king Christiern's confidential servants, (sir Andrew St. Clair,) expressing her displeasure at his master's uncivil behaviour. When this letter was, by queen Anne's express desire, communicated to the king, her brother, he was so much annoyed, that he wished to return immediately to England, to vindicate his conduct. He explained, very earnestly, by means of St. Clair, "that he never thought of making the signs to insult the lord-admiral; all he wished him to understand was, that it was only two o'clock, as he might see by the watch he held in the other hand, and that he needed not to be deprived of his sister so soon."[1]

Notwithstanding this explanation, which appears a very probable and rational one, lady Nottingham continued to utter many vituperations, reproachful to the whole royal house of Denmark, to mark her indignation at the insult she supposed was levelled against her by the queen's brother. At last, queen Anne lost her patience: it is said she threw herself on her knees before king James, and entreated him to banish lady Nottingham from the court.[2]

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[1] Egerton Papers, Camden Society, p. 469.

[2] This very incident is a proof of the extreme caution with which the stories contained in ambassadors' journals must be received, and of all journals of the kind. that malicious one published by Raumer, written by the French ambassador, Beaumont. France, indeed, viewed the union of the whole British island under one monarch with jealous displeasure; and the hatred of this court is apparent in every line written home by French ambassadors. Beaumont, in his despatch home, August 21, 1606, writes an account of this scene, for the diversion of Henry IV. He says, (see Raumer's Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii. p. 216,) "The lady of the lord high-admiral, in her letter to St. Clair, told him that the king of Denmark *was but a petty king*, and she as virtuous a woman as his wife, his mother, *or his sister—that her child belonged to her husband, so as none of those the queen had borne belonged to the king.*" "Truth," says an eastern proverb, "goes on two legs—a falsehood, on one;" but the inventions of this ambassador we may suppose progress upon three, being a mixture of truth and falsehood, difficult, indeed, to rectify, excepting by the actual comparison of the identical document, which, being recently published by the Camden Society, from the family papers of lord-chancellor Egerton, is here offered for comparison. (See Egerton Papers, p. 468.) These are the *real* expressions of the aggrieved countess, addressed to sir Andrew St. Clair:—

"Sir,—I am sorry this occasion should have been offered me by the king, your master, which makes me troublesome to you for the present. It is reported to

King Christiern distributed many costly presents at his departure; one of his gifts was a real exemplification of the principle which led all sovereigns, in that century, to deem the property of the state their personal chattels, to be disposed of at their caprice. He presented his nephew, Henry, prince of Wales, with his best ship of war, valued at 25,000*l.*

The queen received from her brother his portrait, richly set with jewels; to the king he gave a rapier and hanger, worth 7000*l.*; to the English courtiers, gold chains and jewels, to the amount of 15,000*l.* King James made a very liberal return, nearly to the same amount; but the ship of war still left an enormous balance on the side of Danish munificence.

The queen accompanied king James to Windsor, when her brother had taken leave, and there they finished "their summer hunting."

At some tilting pageant, about this time, one of the young squires of lord Hay was thrown from his horse, near the king, and broke his leg. This accident interested the humanity of the king for the sufferer, who proved to be a son of Carr, of Fernihurst, a faithful servant of the king's mother.[1] The young man had served as a little page to king James, before leaving the Scottish court to be educated in France. As Robert

me, by men of honour, the great wrong the king of the Danes hath done me when I was not by to answer for myself; for if I had been present, I would have letten him know how much I scorn to receive that wrong at his hands. I need not write the particular of it, for the king knows best. I protest to you, sir, I did think as honourable of the king, your master, as I did of any one prince; but now I can persuade myself there is as much baseness in him as can be in any man; for although he be a prince by birth, it seems not to me that he harboureth any princely thoughts in his breast, for either in prince or subject the basest part that can be is to wrong a woman of honour. And I would the king, your master, should know that I deserve as little that name he gave me, as either the mother of himself or his children; and if ever I come to know what man hath informed your majesty so wrongfully of me, I shall do my best to put him from doing the like of any other; but if it hath come by the tongue of any woman, I dare say she would be glad to have companions. So leaving to trouble you any further, I rest yur friend,

"Margaret Nottingham."

The false version of this letter is apparent to every eye, for we have put the interpolations in italics; nor is there any reason that the rest of the French ambassador's narrative is more to be relied on, when he says, "the queen sent for the poor lady, uttered a thousand coarse expressions, drove her from court, and struck her off the list of her establishment." All this storm was raised by the misapprehension of a crusty old officer, whose intellect was not what it had been, who was uneasy at the difference of years between himself and his wife, and perplexed by the conversation in a language he did not comprehend. As for his lady's *real* letter, it is dignified and womanly; and the sedulous manner in which she avoids *all* allusion to *her queen*, shows great tact, though it is most apparent that she has heard an exaggerated version of the affair, since she mentions that there was an epithet *spoken*, while the whole misunderstanding arose from the fact, that the Danish king was unable to express himself in English, and had recourse to signs.

[1] Carr, of Fernihurst, is repeatedly mentioned in the Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, at the earlier period of her English imprisonment, as her friend. See Letters of Mary, queen of Scots, edited by Agnes Strickland.

Carr was a yellow-haired laddie, of tall stature, embellished with round blue eyes, and a high-coloured complexion, he was considered very handsome, and a showy ornament to the court. The king took him into favour, and he soon obtained no little influence with him.

The last vestige of the famous seat of Theobalds at Cheshunt, has vanished from the face of the earth; but its name is familiar as a sylvan palace of the royal Stuarts. Queen Anne induced Cecil, earl of Salisbury, to exchange it, at a great advantage, for her dower palace of Hatfield. Possession of Theobalds was given to her majesty, May 22, 1607, with a courtly fête and an elaborate masque, by Ben Jonson, who celebrated the queen, under her poetical name of Bellanna.

This was one of the most beautiful among the elegant entertainments of the kind patronised by Anne of Denmark. In the course of its representation, that enchanting lyric, by Ben Jonson, was introduced, expressly written in compliment to her majesty's passion for hunting—

"Queen and huntress, chaste as fair."

Theobalds was the admiration of England for the architectural taste displayed in the new buildings erected by lord Burleigh and his son, the prime minister of king James. "It was described in the Augmentation Office (after it was marked for destruction by Cromwell) as a quadrangle of a hundred and ten feet square, on the south of which were the queen's chapel, with windows of stained glass, her presence-chamber, her privy-chamber (private sitting-room), her bed-chamber, and *coffee*-chamber, (this was probably coffer-chamber.) The prince's lodgings were on the north side, cloisters were on the east side, and a glorious gallery, 112 feet in length, occupied the west. This palace was destroyed in 1650.

The queen lost her infant daughter, the little princess Mary, in the autumn of 1607. The child died of a catarrhal fever at Stanwell, the seat of her foster parents, lord and lady Knevet, who had, agreeably to an ancient custom (not disused in the days of the first James), received the young princess for nurture and education at a stipulated remuneration. The queen received the news of her child's death with calmness. According to the narrative of the messenger, "she pre-supposed what the tidings might be;" she requested that the king might be informed of every particular, and she desired that the body might be opened, and the cause of death ascertained; she likewise begged that some cost might be bestowed on her child's funeral.[1]

The princess was interred in Westminster Abbey, in queen Elizabeth's vault. King James was the last of our kings who bestowed any attention on monuments for his relatives; he ordered the tombs for this child and her sister Sophia, which are still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of queen Elizabeth. The little princess Mary, a child of two years and a half, is represented by a queer effigy, in a small farthingale, tightly-laced boddice, and cap without borders, and looks much like a small Dutch frow of fifteen. Such was, however, the costume worn by the infants at this era. The king was engaged on a western

[1] Earl of Worcester's letter; Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii.

progress, and did not return till some days after his daughter's death. The queen retired, during the mourning, to Hampton Court, where she completely secluded herself from state ceremonial, so that Rowland Whyte wrote to lord Shrewsbury, "the court officers had leave to play, and are gone every one to his own home; only lord Salisbury went to Hampton Court to comfort the queen." This prime minister held up the queen's example of patience to his wife, and begged lord Shrewsbury to tell her, "that some ladies take crosses with more resignation than she would do, for my mistress, the queen, though she felt her loss naturally, yet, now it is irrevocable, she taketh it very well and wisely."[1]

Notwithstanding these zealous commendations from the pen of the prime-minister, the queen sometimes fell out with "the little man." Her points of difference with him were regarding the great sums she expended in building and improving Somerset House, which she chose to be called Denmark House. One day, when she found he was opposed to her extravagance, she told him, in a rage, "that the king had a hundred servants that were as able to do him service as he was."

"Yes, madam," replied the earl, "but they must first serve out their apprenticeship."[2]

Her majesty's animosity did not last long; the earl of Salisbury had been used to flatter adroitly the caprices of female royalty, to which, indeed, "he had served his apprenticeship" in the reign of Elizabeth. He put himself to great expense in a new year's gift for queen Anne, of a grand bed of green velvet, richly embroidered.

The succeeding summer the king bent his progress towards Northamptonshire, leaving the queen to preside over the court in the metropolis. He visited Holdenby, and was sojourning at the ancient royal palace there, on the 5th of August, the anniversary of the Gowry conspiracy, when bishop Andrews preached a thanksgiving sermon. The same day, he rode to Bletsoe, the seat of lord St. John, whence he despatched a singular letter to his prime minister, lord Salisbury, in which he affected a jocular jealousy of the queen's affections. It is addressed to "*my little beagle*;" this epithet was given to Salisbury by the king, in reference to his diminutive person, and to his sagacity in scenting out political plots. The letter is partly written in cipher; the king designates the nobleman, he supposes in gallant attendance on the queen, by the figure 3. The explanation is not preserved; but as the king jokes on his grey hairs and celibacy, one of the antiquated gallants of the Elizabethan court of high rank is meant. Lord Northampton, the youngest son of the gifted earl of Surrey, seems the man.

My little Beagle,

"Ye and your fellows there are so proud now, that ye have gotten the guiding again of a feminine court in the old fashion, that I know not how to deal with ye; ye sit at your ease and direct all; the news from all parts of the world comes to you in your chamber; the king's own resolutions depend on your posting despatches; and *quhen* ye list ye can, sitting on your bedsides, with one call,

[1] Letter of the earl of Salisbury to the earl of Shrewsbury, September 18, 1607. Ledge, vol. iii. p. 324.

[2] Bishop Goodman's Court of James.

or whistling in your fist, make him (the king) post night and day till he come unto your presence.

"Well, I know Suffolk is married, and for your part, maister 10,[1] who are wifeless, I cannot but be jealous of your greatness with my wife; but, most of all, am I suspicious of 3, who is so lately fallen in acquaintance with my wife; his face is so amiable, as it is able to entice, and his fortune hath ever been to be great with she-saints, but his part is wrong in this, that never having taken a wife himself in his youth, he cannot now be content with his grey hairs to avoid another man's wife.[2] But for expiation of this sin, I hope ye have *all three* taken *ane* cup of thankfulness for the occasion, *quhich* fell out at a time *quhen* ye durst not avow me."

This was the anniversary of the Gowry plot, 1608, which king James caused to be observed in England, as well as Scotland, with solemn thanksgiving. Of course, Cecil and his colleagues durst not avow him as their king when it happened, because it was during the lifetime of queen Elizabeth. The king concludes his queer epistle with this allusion to its recent celebration at Holdenby.

"And here hath been this day kept the feast of king James's delivery at Saint John's-town, in St. John's House.[3] All other matters I refer to the old knave the bearer's report. And so fare ye well.

"JAMES R."

The queen joined her consort, the next month, in a visit to the earl of Arundel, her majesty having promised to stand sponsor to his infant. Better times had dawned on the noble representatives of the ducal house of Howard since the unfortunate Philip Howard, earl of Arundel, had pined to death in the Tower. The long-suffering countess of Arundel was now the happy grandmother of a lovely race, restored to the proud hopes of their birth. If it was not in the power of James I. to revenge himself on his mother's foes, to do him justice, he never forgot her friends. He bestowed the staff of hereditary earl-marshal to its rightful owner, and other marks of favour. Queen Anne and her eldest son became sponsors for the second son of lord and lady Arundel, as the king had given his name to the elder. How they settled the fiercely disputed points of the ancient and the recently established churches in the rites of baptism, the dowager-countess Arundel does not say; perhaps the infant was only name-child to the royal visitors. The noble mother of the infant was much afraid lest it should die out of the pale of Christianity, because the queen's ill-health, and the death of her own children, had prevented her from fulfilling her promise. At last, the matter was happily accomplished, September 15, 1608, and the young Howard named by the prince of Wales, his own name reversed, Frederic Henry; "and the queen's majesty," writes the dowager, lady Arundel, "and the sweet prince and my lady Elizabeth's grace were all well pleased for anything

[1] He seems to designate Salisbury himself as cipher 10.

[2] This sentence shows that 3, the pretended object of the king's jealousy, was one of the highest officers left in charge of queen Anne's court, and equal in rank with Cecil lord Salisbury, who was lord-treasurer.

[3] The ancient names of Perth and the king's palace there; the scene of the Gowry conspiracy.

I saw or heard, only the foul weather kept back the pretty duke;" this was Charles duke of York.

Economy could never be reckoned among the royal virtues of Anne of Denmark. She was melancholy and dispirited in the winter of 1609. On inquiry, it was found that she was in debt, and her jointure was not fully to her liking; wherefore, to give her contentment, the king added to it 3000*l.* per annum out of the customs, with 20,000*l.* to pay her debts. With this reinforcement of funds, she commenced the summer progress with great spirit, though a disaster, which happened at Royston, July 24, had nearly put an end to her hunting that year.

"Yesternight," says lord Worcester, in one of his amusing gossiping court journals, "about ten or eleven o'clock, the king's stable fell on fire by the negligence of setting a candle on a post, which fell into the litter, and set the place in flames. Twenty or thirty horses were in the stables. I waited on the king, as my duty was, with the news. Out of four horses that were burnt, he lost a pad-horse, I lost another; he[1] one hunter, I another. All our saddles were burnt." Those who have seen what capacious machines saddles were in those days, especially the demi-pique saddles of this very earl of Worcester, in which he sat entrenched as in a fortification, will conclude this loss was by no means a slight one. The queen had her share in the disaster, for her coach-harness was burnt. "While this tragedy was acting, it was worth hearing the reports here; some said it was a new gunpowder-treason; an Englishman swore he saw a Scotchman, with a link, fire the stable; others said it was a device to set the stable on fire to draw all the guard thither, that they might work some evil to the royal family; but God be thanked, neither king, queen, or prince, slept the worse, or ever waked until the morning at their usual hour.

One of the proudest and happiest periods of queen Anne's life, was that in which her eldest son was created prince of Wales. This august ceremony had been delayed till the noble-minded boy could enter into all the historical interest of the scene. It was celebrated, not only with the splendour of state pageantry, but heralded with all the glory of poetry, being illustrated by the queen's favourite dramatist, Ben Jonson, in verses which finely recapitulated the deeds of Henry Stuart's predecessors in the dignity of prince of Wales. This address was mixed with a masque, in which the prince was represented as wakening and reviving the dying Genius of Chivalry. A prince of Wales had not been created since the time when Henry VIII., as a youth, was invested with that dignity.

The queen, the princess, and king James, and the little prince Charles, stood in the privy-gallery, at Westminster Old Palace, to see prince Henry's arrival from Richmond, his own private residence, whence he came, in state, down the Thames, escorted by the lord-mayor and city authorities, in their gay barges. London, as usual, contributed its thousands, who, floating in their pleasure-boats on the Thames, rendered their voluntary assistance in the gay aquatic procession. The prince landed at the Queen's Bridge,[2] Westminster, May 31, 1610, and was re-

[1] Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii., p. 117.

[2] This was a long causeway, or jetty, projecting a considerable way into the

ceived by his delighted mother in the privy-chamber; but the grand festival prepared by her did not commence till some days after, when the prince of Wales was introduced, in state, by his father, to the assembled houses of parliament, and his solemn investiture took place June 4th. The next day the queen appointed for her *second* grand masque, in honour of her darling son, in which she personally took a part, with her ladies and her little son, prince Charles, who had, by this time, overcome the weakness of his early years, and grown a very beautiful boy.

This "glorious masque" was not written by Ben Jonson, yet by a poet of no mean order—Daniels, the tutor and biographer of the celebrated heiress of the house of Clifford. The whole court of England, queen, princess-royal, their kinswoman, lady Arabella Stuart,[1] the noble Clifford heiress, and all the aristocratic beauties of the day, were busy devising robes, arranging jewels, and practising steps and movements, for this beautiful poem of action, in which music, painting, dancing, and decoration, guided by the taste of Inigo Jones, were all called into employment to make the palace of Whitehall a scene of enchantment. These beautiful masques were the origin of the opera; but how lifeless in poetic spirit, how worthless in sentiment and association of ideas, is the tawdry child of modern times, when compared to its predecessor—coarse and common as the boards of a theatre, compared with the marble floors and inlaid *parquets* of princely Whitehall, once trod by the lovely ladies and chivalric peers of the olden time.

It was a beautiful idea in this masque, to cause the court ladies to personate the nymphs of the principal rivers which belonged to the estates of their fathers or husbands. The queen represented Tethys, the empress of streams; her daughter Elizabeth, princess-royal, was the nymph of Thames; lady Arabella Stuart, the nymph of Trent; the countess of Arundel, the Arun; the countess of Derby, the nymph of Derwent; lady Anne Clifford represented the naïad of her native Aire, the lovely river of her feudal domain of Skipton; the countess of Essex, then a girl-beauty of fourteen, unscathed as yet by the blight of evil, was the nymph of Lea; lady Haddington, as daughter of the earl of Sussex, represented the river Rother; and lady Elizabeth Gray, daughter of the earl of Kent, the Medway. The little prince Charles, in the character of Zephyr, was to deliver the queen's presents, attended by twelve little ladies, to his elder brother, the newly created prince of Wales. This was the ostensible business of the masque, which was thus mingled with historical reality. Eight of the handsomest noblemen of the court per-

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Thames, which was probably constructed by Edward the Confessor, for the convenience of the queen-consort's barge: it led to the queen's apartments in the Old Palace, Westminster, and to the Whitehall Chamber; now, in the reign of James, considered exclusively the House of Lords.

[1] Soon after taking her part in this scene, this interesting and unfortunate lady married, privately, the earl of Hertford. The union of the titles of both to a reversionary claim on the crown, caused a revival of the cruel persecutions of those branches of the royal family who married without the consent of the sovereign. She was incarcerated in the Tower, and, after in vain endeavouring to escape, died in 1614, insane. We have reason to suppose that she was a catholic.

formed as Tritons, and were the partners and attendants of the river-nymphs. These Tritons commenced the masque by the following song, in four parts, accompanied by the soft music of twelve lutes; it was addressed to the queen, as the river-empress, Tethys, and is not unworthy of that thrice-glorious era of British poetry:

"Youth of the spring, mild Zephyrus, blow fair,
And breathe the joyful air,
Which Tethys wishes may attend this day,
Who comes her royal self to pay
The vows her heart presents
To these fair compliments.

Breathe out new flowers which never yet were known,
Unto the spring, nor blown
Before this time to beautify the earth;
And as this day gives birth
Unto new types of state,[1]
So let it bliss create.

"Bear Tethys'[2] message to the ocean king;[3]
Say how she joys to bring
Delight unto his islands and his seas;
And tell Meliades,[4]
The offspring of his blood,
How she applauds his good."

The chief Triton then deposited the queen's presents, which were a cross-handled sword, enriched with gems, to the value of 4000*l.*, and a scarf of her own work, for the prince of Wales; and a golden trident for king James, as king of the ocean; the Triton then spoke this address, in allusion to his royal mistress, and her attendant nymphs:

"From that intelligence which moves the sphere
Of circling waves, the mighty Tethys, queen
Of nymphs and rivers, will here straight appear,
And in a human character be seen.

* * * * * *

For she resolves to adorn this festal day
With her all-gracing presence, and the train
Of some choice nymphs, she pleased to call away
From several rivers which they entertain.
And first the lovely nymph of stately Thames,[5]
The darling of the ocean, summoned is;
Then those of Trent and Arun's[6] graceful streams,
The Derwent[7] next with clear-waved worthiness;
The beauteous nymph of crystal-streaming Lea[8]
Gives next attendance; then the nymph of Aire,[9]
With modest motion, makes her sweet repair;
The nymph of Severn[10] follows in degree,

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[1] The long-dormant titles of the prince of Wales.
[2] Queen Anne. [3] King James.
[4] This was the classic appellation of Henry prince of Wales.
[5] Elizabeth, princess royal.
[6] Lady Arabella and lady Arundel. [7] Lady Derby.
[8] Frances Howard, afterwards divorced from the earl of Essex.
[9] Anne, heiress of Clifford. [10] The countess of Montgomery.

With ample streams of grace; and next to her
The cheerful nymph of Rother[1] doth appear,
With comely Medway, ornament of Kent;
And then four goodly nymphs which beautify
Cambers' fair shores, and all that continent;
The graces of clear Uske, Olwy, Dulesse, and Wye.
All these within the goodly spacious bay
Of manifold unharbouring Milford meet,
The happy port of union, which gave way
To that great hero, Henry,[2] and his fleet."

The nymphs of the Milford Haven rivers, named in this poem, were personated by lady Katharine Petre, lady Elizabeth Guildford, lady Winsor, and lady Winter; and the first scene represented the scenery of Milford Haven, and Henry VII.'s fleet.

The anti-masque commenced with the appearance of little prince Charles and his young ladies; they were all of his own age and height; they were the daughters of earls or barons, and personated the naïads of springs and fountains.

Prince Charles was dressed as Zephyr, in a short robe of green satin, embroidered with gold flowers. Behind his shoulders were two silver wings, and a fine lawn *aureole*, which Inigo Jones is much puzzled to describe. On his head was a garland of flowers of all colours; his right arm was bare, on which the queen had clasped one of her bracelets of inestimable diamonds. His little naïads were dressed in satin tunics of the palest water-blue, embroidered with silver flowers; their tresses were hanging down in waving curls, and their heads were crowned with garlands of water-flowers. The ballet was so contrived, that Charles always danced encircled by these fair children. They had been so well trained, that they danced to admiration, and formed the prettiest sight in the world. This infant ballet was rapturously applauded by the whole court. When the first dance was ended, the scene of Milford Haven was suddenly withdrawn, and the queen, as Tethys, was seen seated, in glorious splendour, on a throne of silver rocks; round her throne were niches, representing little caverns, in which her attendant river-nymphs were grouped. Her daughter, the princess Elizabeth, as the nymph of Thames, was seated at her royal mother's feet. There were dolphins in every shade of silver, and shells and sea-weed in every coloured burnish that could be devised.

Glittering waterfalls and cataracts, gleamed round the grotto, in which, the noble river-nymphs were grouped about the throne of the queen. Her head-dress was a murex shell, formed as a helmet, ornamented with coral, a veil of silver gossamer floated from it; a boddice of sky-coloured silk was branched with silver sea-weed; a half tunic of silver gauze, branched with gold sea-weed, was worn over a train of sky-coloured silk, figured with columns of white lace, of sea-weed pattern. All this would have been elegant, and appropriate enough, only it is to be feared, that it was rendered ridiculous by being worn with a monstrous farthingale: for, whether arrayed in courtly costume, or in a

[1] Viscountess Haddington. [2] Henry VII.

hunting-dress, Anne of Denmark, was never seen without that appendage, in its most exaggerated amplitude. As Inigo Jones mentions the high ruff, she added to the costume of the river-goddess, Tethys, there is little doubt that she likewise afflicted the classical contrivers of the masque, by assuming a farthingale, as large as a modern tea-table.

As the poem, which explained the motive of the masque, proceeded, the reciter put into the hands of prince Charles, the trident, which he gave to his father, and the queen's splendid present of the sword and scarf, which he gave to his brother, the prince of Wales. His next office was to court her majesty to descend from her throne, and dance her ballet with her river-nymphs. The little prince, having performed all appointed *devoirs*, with much grace and self-possession, returned to the middle of the stage, where he and all his little ladies went through another dance of the most intricate changes. They then gave way for the queen's quadrille; "and by the time that was finished, the summer sun showed traces of his rising, and the courtly revellers retreated to bed." So closed a festival which was probably the happiest in the life of Anne of Denmark, if we may judge by the acute sorrow with which her memory, in after days, recurred to it.

Prince Charles, having now attained as much strength as his royal parents could desire, and with it a very considerable share of beauty, was taken from his tender nurse, lady Carey, and placed under the care of masters, selected by his brother, the prince of Wales.[1] Sometimes the prince would tease him, and even make him weep, by telling him that if, as he grew up, his legs were not handsome, he should make him take orders, and give him the archbishopric of Canterbury; because the robes of the church would hide all defects." "However, in the fulness of time," says one of Charles's historians, "when he began to look man in the face, those tender limbs began to knit and consolidate, and the most eminently famed for manly and martial exercises were forced to yield him the garland."

The queen retained her girlish petulance after she had been for years a matron, and even when she was the mother of a grown-up son; that son, the joy of her heart, and pride of her existence, sometimes used a

[1] Sir Robert Carey, though almost as amusing a journalist as Pepys himself, was evidently a narrow, selfish character. When prince Charles's household was formed, Henry, prince of Wales (whose early wisdom was most extraordinary), wished much to place immediately about the person of his young brother, as master of the robes, sir William Fullarton, a man of enlarged mind and piercing intellect. Henry was, however, unwilling to show slight to the Careys, from whom his brother had derived such inestimable personal advantages. He, therefore, offered sir Robert Carey (who was excessively acquisitive) the choice between retaining his place of master of the robes to Charles, or the more profitable post of surveyor of his revenue. Sir Robert chose to retain his old place, saying, that, "if he excelled in anything, it was in knowing how to make good clothes;" a sentiment truly Pepysian in the royally connected Carey, proving that "some men are tailors by inclination, some are born tailors, and others have tailoring thrust upon them." No doubt, this absurd reply increased Henry's wish for more enlightened companionship for his young brother; however, he kept his royal word, and sir Robert Carey remained master of the robes.

little playful management to obtain peace in the circle of royal domesticity, where occasional outbreaks of temper, on the part of her majesty, produced, at times, considerable disquiet. With this very justifiable view, prince Henry wrote the following letter, in which he mediates, with wonderful tact, considering that he was but sixteen, between his father's jealousy of the queen's want of attention to his gout, and her infirmity of temper, if subjected to the slightest reproof, or contradiction :—

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, TO KING JAMES.

"According to your majesty's commandment, I made your excuse unto the queen for not sending her a token by me, and alleged that your majesty had a quarrel with her for not writing an answer to your second letter, written to her from Royston, when your foot was sore, nor making mention of receiving that letter in her next, some ten days after; whereas, in your majesty's former journey to Royston, when you first took the pain in your feet, she sent one on purpose to visit you.

"Her answer was, 'that either she had written or dreamed it, and, upon supposing so, had told first, my lord Hay, and next, sir Thomas Somerset, that she had written.' I durst not reply, as you directed, 'that your majesty was afraid, lest she should return to her *old bias*,' for fear such a word might have set her in the way of it, and, besides, made me a peace-breaker, which I would eschew. Otherwise, most happy, when favoured by your majesty's commandments, is he who, kissing your majesty's hands, is your majesty's most dutiful son, and obedient servant,

"HENRY."

It is amusing to note the judgment displayed by so young a man, on the delicate point of saying too much, in the mediation of a matrimonial dispute. The queen's "old bias," to which he feared she would return, was indulgence in sullenness, for a length of time, if contradicted or reproved. His careful abstinence from mischief-making, by declining to repeat to his mother messages sent in a passion by his father, proves that the praises for wisdom lavished on this prince by his country, were by no means exaggerated, because temper and forbearance exercised in the domestic connexions of life, is one of the highest proofs of elevation of character.

The queen always manifested the utmost disgust at the spirit of injustice and rapacity she found prevalent at the English court—no new traits, as the preceding memorials of the Tudor courts may witness. She carefully guarded, by her advice, her young friend, lady Anne Clifford, from being plundered by the venal swarm who watched round the king for prey. George, earl of Cumberland, preferred his brother to his daughter, and disinherited her illegally. The king wished the young lady, who appealed to law, to submit to a private arbitration from those he should appoint, "but queen Anne, the Dane," says the lady Anne, "admonished me to submit to no such decision." This is the first instance which can be quoted of sensible advice given by the queen, but from this time incidents frequently occur which show her capable of right judgment, as well as good feeling. She saw, with infinite aversion, the increasing profligacy of Carr and his faction, who were completely reckless in their abuse of the king's favour. The functions of a court-favourite, in earlier times, are little understood at the present era; in

the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century, the office of king or queen's favourite was more distinctly defined than that of prime minister.

In the dark ages, a monarch was expected to be himself his own prime minister and general; when he became something more than the leader of a barbarous horde, such tasks could not be performed by him singly, and he naturally called in the aid of any friend whose conversation was most agreeable to him. If this assistant was *not* a dignitary of the church, he was viewed invidiously by the people, and called a favourite. Sometimes churchmen were hated as favourites, but this was seldom, for the power of governing communities systematically, was the great science of the prelates of the ancient church. But these sagacious observers of their fellow-creatures could only preside over the civil department of the state; the king's lay-favourite usually superintended the armed barbarians who constituted the military force. But woe betided him and his master, if the military leader or lay-courtier aspired to the office of prime minister, and laid his unprivileged hand on the ark of the civil government, as may be seen by the fates of Hubert de Burgh, Gaveston, Despenser, Michael de la Pole, and many others.

The Reformation brought as great a revolution in the business of state in this island, as it did in the religious ritual. Laymen now performed all the offices of government, civil as well as military, and divided their labours into numerous offices. But the king, in whose person was combined all the reverence formerly shared between the regal and pontifical offices, interfered, unavoidably, in the guidance of the whole machinery. A mediator was soon found necessary between the ministers and the monarch—a person sufficiently beloved by him, to induce him to attend, at proper seasons, to the despatch of business, and to learn his will in matters on which he would not give distinct orders, but expected his ministers to know his pleasure intuitively. Instances occur of queen-consorts taking upon them this diplomatic office, and there is reason to believe, that Anne of Denmark had thus interfered much in the government in Scotland; but after she became queen-consort of England, she sedulously avoided all state business; leaving it wholly to the demi-official, called the king's favourite—a person regarding whom, by the way, the king always required her to go through the ceremony of recommending to him.

The royal favourite, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, filled the office of confidential secretary, which included that of decipherer of the private letters received by the king and queen — the most important part of whose correspondence was, in that intriguing era, written in cipher. This office was, therefore, no sinecure; it required the possession of considerable acquirements, and if these were united to strong mental abilities, the favourite became a formidable power behind the throne. The king himself tried to educate Carr, but his capacity was so mean, that, shrinking from the onerous tasks laid upon him, he clandestinely obtained the assistance of his friend, sir Thomas Overbury This person was clever and learned, but arrogant and ambitious in no slight degree. He was resolved *not* to be kept in the background; and

by way of proving how deeply he was concerned in state secrets, he talked publicly of the contents of some of the queen's letters which had passed through his hands.[1]

In all probability, it was this breach of official confidence, in regard to the private letters of the royal family, which occasioned the great aversion Anne of Denmark always manifested to Overbury. This occasioned her to write to the earl of Salisbury the following letter,[2] (preserved by bishop Goodman,) with the explanation that the term of "that fellow" alludes to Overbury:

"My lord,

"The king hath told me that he will advise with you, and some other four or five of the council, of *that fellow*. I can say no more, either to make you understand the matter or my mind, than I said the other day. Only I recommend to your *care* (attention) how public the matter is now, both in court and city, and how far I have reason in that respect. I refer the rest to this bearer, and myself to your love, ANNA R."

On the death of the earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612, Robert Carr, who had been recently advanced to the titles of viscount Rochester and earl of Somerset, succeeded to the public offices of that statesman, and he and his friend Overbury become more arrogant and offensive than ever, and, at the same time, more than ever the objects of Anne of Denmark's dislike, which she certainly did not manifest in a very dignified manner. One day, Somerset and sir Thomas Overbury were walking in the queen's private garden, when her majesty was looking out of the window, and she evinced her spleen at the sight of them, by saying aloud to her attendants, "There goes Somerset and his governor!" At that instant, sir Thomas Overbury burst into a loud laugh; and the queen, forgetting that she had begun the hostility, imagined that he had overheard her words, and derided her, upon which she brought a bitter complaint of his insolence to the king. Overbury, however, explained, "that he did not hear what her majesty was pleased to say, but his laughter proceeded from his friend the earl of Somerset, having repeated to him a right merry jest king James had made that day at dinner."[3] The queen was forced, on account of this adroit explanation, to remit Overbury's punishment; but soon after, he thought proper to enter her garden, and march backwards and forwards before her bay-window, with his hat on, though she was sitting there. For this contempt she prevailed on the king to commit him to the Tower, where he remained a few days.[4] These seem very trifling offences to raise a desire of ven-

[1] Sanderson's Lives of Mary and James VI., p. 416. In bishop Goodman's Court of James, occurs a letter from sir Thomas Overbury to the earl of Salisbury, in which he declares, "that he very humbly puts himself at the queen's mercy," but adds, "that he hears her majesty is not satisfied with the integrity of his intent." The letter is dated September 11th, no yearly date; but, by a letter of sir T. Somerset to Edmondes, it appears that Overbury was restored to court-favour in 1611.

[2] This letter, like all of those written by Anne of Denmark, is dateless; but it must have occurred before the death of Cecil, earl of Salisbury, May 16, 1612.

[3] Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 145.

[4] Arthur Wilson's Life and Reign of James I. White Kennet, vol. ii., p. 692.

geance in the breast of a queen who had shown so many traits of good nature; but the flagrancy of Somerset's deeds makes her aversion to his whole clique almost an act of virtue.

The queen was persuaded by her son, Henry prince of Wales, to attend, at Woolwich, the launch of one of the largest ships that had ever been added to the British navy. It was built by the prince's favourite naval architect, Phineas Pett. Young as Henry was, he had already supported this valuable servant of the country against the insolence and oppression of the arbitrary junta, of which the king's favourite, Somerset, was the tool. The queen threw all her influence in the support of her virtuous and right-judging son, not because he was virtuous and just, but because her strong maternal instinct, and her queenly pride, were alike centred in her first-born, who was the darling of her heart and the delight of her eyes.

The prince expected that every underhand malicious project would be employed against his protegé, Phineas Pett, by Carr and his faction. At the momentous crisis of the launch, he, therefore, was determined to be on the ship's deck at the time she went off. The queen and her train went on board the mighty fabric, and examined it before they took their places in the stand, from whence they expected to see it dash into the Thames. Phineas Pett himself wrote a quaint narrative of the scene. He says: "The noble prince himself, accompanied by the lord-admiral, was on the poop where the great standing gilt cup was ready filled to name the good ship, as soon as she were afloat, according to ancient custom and ceremony performed at such times, by drinking part of the wine, giving the ship her name, and then heaving the cup overboard."[1] This is the only record of an ancient custom, probably derived from pagan times, when old Father Thames and his naïads were thus propitiated, even as the Adriatic by the ring of gems, yearly flung, by a doge of Venice, from the deck of the Bucentaur. Prince Henry had, however, resolved to preserve the cup, and place it in the hands of the worthy naval architect; but, unfortunately, the ship, though she moved majestically forward for a few moments, stopped half-way, and positively refused to take her plunge into the river. Witchcraft was instantly suspected, for the ship remained stationary, and the royal party waited hour after hour. At five in the afternoon, the queen and all her train departed to Greenwich Palace, where the royal household abode at that time. Prince Henry stayed a good time after their majesties were gone, conferring with the lord-admiral and Pett as to what was best to be done. He then took horse, and rode after the queen to Greenwich, but returned at midnight, when the ship was successfully

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It is extremely difficult to arrange the queen's contests with Overbury in anything like chronological order, in the utter absence of the dates, the death of Salisbury, and the new title of Somerset, being the chief data that can be found.

[1] The ship was named "The Prince," on board of which, prince Charles, on his return from Spain, rode out that tremendous tempest, off the Channel Islands, which fully tested Phineas Pett's able workmanship. The above narrative is drawn from Phineas Pett's own narrative, printed in Nichols' Progresses of James I.

launched, and the prince brought the good news himself to their majesties at Greenwich Palace.

In the autumn of 1612, the remains of Mary queen of Scots were, by the orders of king James, transferred, with royal pomp, to the costly sepulchre he had previously prepared in Westminster Abbey. Popular superstition was on the *qui vive* at this occurrence, and the curious superstition was repeated, that the grave was never disturbed of a deceased member of a family without death claiming one or more of that family as a prey; and when the promising heir of Great Britain, Henry, prince of Wales, began to droop with ill-health, the foreboding was deemed amply fulfilled. Like his ill-fated grandfather, lord Darnley, he was a very handsome "lang lad," having attained the height of six feet before his seventeenth year; and having a fair complexion and Grecian profile, an unhealthy season was only required for the national pest of consumption to claim such a person as her own. As the personal prowess of the champion was still required by this semi-barbarous age in a prince, greater exertions had been made by Henry in the tilt-yard than suited the strength of a rapidly-growing youth. He had likewise injured his health by swimming, after supper, in the Thames when he was residing at his palaces of Ham and Richmond. Towards the end of September, 1612, his illness could not be concealed by any exertions of his own, and his cough excited the alarm of his mother, when he joined the royal party on a homeward progress from the midland counties. An intermittent fever attacked him after his return to St. James's, and for these fevers no specific was then known; they were the scourge of our island, and generally, in the autumn, degenerated into the worst species of typhus.

The arrival of the count Palatine in England to receive the hand of his sister, Elizabeth, caused Henry to rally and struggle a little time against his fatal illness.

The queen had ambitiously set her mind on an alliance with Spain. She wished the prince to marry an infanta, and her daughter, Elizabeth, to be given in wedlock to the young king of Spain. She had greatly raised the suspicions, and exasperated the protestant prejudices of her subjects, by carrying on a secret diplomatic treaty with the Spanish government respecting these marriages. Her son, Henry, though he took no part in the polemic cant of the day, was a well-principled protestant, and, in his early wisdom, foresaw that a royal household divided in religion could not prosper; he, therefore, declined a union with a catholic princess of any country, and earnestly promoted the wedlock of his sister with a protestant prince, though of inferior rank. The excessive love which the queen bore her son caused her to withdraw her active opposition to the union of her daughter with Frederick count palatine. She received this prince, on his arrival, with a sort of displeased quietude, and only vented her displeasure by little taunts in private, calling her daughter, whom she had hoped to see a queen of first rank in Europe, "Good wife," and "Mistress Palgrave."

The prince of Wales struggled against his fatal illness, and was able to go through the ceremonies of welcoming the princely stranger he was

anxious to call brother. The royal family had promised to dine, in great state, with the lord-mayor, on the 24th of October, when the prince of Wales became so violently ill, that he was forced to keep his bed. He was worse on the 29th, when, to the great terror of the populace, that phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, occurred, and lasted seven hours; to the excited imaginations of the beholders, it seemed to span exactly that part of St. James's Palace where the sick prince's apartments were situated. The people stood about the palace in crowds, foreboding the most fatal results from this aerial phenomenon.[1] They were so far right, that meteors seldom occur, excepting in most insalubrious seasons.

The prince had been visited by the queen and his beloved sister, Elizabeth, when he was first confined to the house. The intermittent soon after was declared to have degenerated into a putrid fever, virulently infectious, and the royal family were debarred from approaching him. The queen had always manifested a childish terror of contagion, nor could the love she bore her eldest son surmount her fears for her own life, but she remained in a pitiable state of wretchedness. In this perturbation, she sent to sir Walter Raleigh, with whom she had frequently conversed, to request of him a nostrum she had formerly taken with success in an ague, which she thought would cure her son. Sir Walter had been regarded with some favour by the prince, and was now overwhelmed with sorrow for his danger, which traversed all the hopes he had formed for better times for himself. He had great faith in the piece of quackery, which the queen approved, and sent it for the use of the prince, unfortunately, accompanied with a letter to her majesty, containing the empirical assertion, "that it would cure all mortal malady, excepting *poison*."

The queen sent the nostrum to her dying son; it was apparently some very strong stimulant, for he revived a little after swallowing it, but he expired, nevertheless, just before midnight, on the 5th of November, 1612. The people were swarming round St. James's Palace, ever and anon pausing from the grotesque and quaint pageantry, with which they kept the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot, to listen, and gather the news of his last agonies. He had been prayed for as one in extremity, in the service of commemoration of that day, and the catholics, to whom the 5th of November was often a period of severe persecution, had not scrupled to recriminate a judgment. London must have presented a strange scene that night of the 5th of November. Crowds blocked up every avenue, from St. James's Palace, to Somerset House. Some wept, and groaned, and howled, as tidings of the increasing death-pangs of the heir of England were brought out to them, from time to time. Their cries were even heard round the bed of Henry. The fiercer fanatics celebrated the Gunpowder Plot festival, and the idle and mischievous added their restlessness to the agitated multitude.

The queen, under the terrors of infection, had retired from Whitehall, to her own palace of Somerset House, and there she was when the news of her son's demise was brought to her. The revulsion she felt was

[1] Narrative of the death of prince Henry, by Cornwallis.

dreadful, for a few hours before, she had been informed that the nostrum of sir Walter Raleigh was working wonders. Rage mingled with the paroxysms of her grief and despair. She recalled the message of sir Walter Raleigh, "that his nostrum cured all fevers, but those produced by poison," and in her ravings, she declared her dear son had had foul play, and was the victim of some murderous poisoner. The sinister-visaged sir Thomas Overbury, with his arrogant pretensions, and dark-working intellect, mysteriously eking out the paucity of his patron's capacity, was the object of the wretched queen's suspicions.[1] He was still in the full sunshine of Somerset's favour, and an uncompromising antipathy had existed between the virtuous prince of Wales and the profligate favourite. All suspicions of this kind would, in these times, have at once been silenced, by the report of the physicians, who made a *post mortem* examination of the prince's body. The minutes of their report, still extant, have brought historical conviction that he died a natural death.[2] The queen herself was probably convinced by them, when the effervescence of grief had subsided, for she certainly had sufficient intellect to be amenable to the testimony of science, since it was her particular request, that the body of her little daughter Mary might be opened, and the cause of her death ascertained. A circumstance which shows she had more strength of mind than many mothers in this enlightened era.

Nevertheless, the words she uttered in the first delirium of her grief, were quite sufficient to form the foundation of horrid calumnies in an age, when scandal was more shamelessly reckless than at any time, since the human tongue had acquired skill in falsehood. The poor king was not spared in these reports, but, surely, never did calumny wickeder work, than when it insinuated that James I. had, even in thought, harmed his son. Whatever errors king James might have regarding political economy, his conduct was admirable as a father, he had given Henry an education, which was a model for all princes; not by lucky accident, but with earnest intent, founded on proper principles, and the result was excellent; and, moreover, the most familiar friendship reigned among the royal family. The king had shown manly courage, when the fever assumed an infectious character; he disregarded all the medical warnings, and remained by the bed-side of his son, while the disease was at its worst, till the prince lost his senses in the agonies of death.[3] Then, the

[1] Nichols' Progresses.

[2] Arthur Wilson's Life of James I. A curious portrait of sir Thomas Overbury is among the collections of Wenman Martin, Esq. His face is singularly forbidding, but expressive of abilities; his face is horse-shaped, with a strange rounding out of a very long upper lip.

[3] The autumn of 1612 was remarkably sickly; intermittent fever raged like a pest in London, and many persons laid sick with the same putrid fever that had carried off the prince of Wales. A handsome young student escaped from Lincoln's Inn, in the delirium of the same fever, and came all undressed to St. James's, having hidden his clothes in an open grave. The royal corpse laid in state at St. James's, and the poor lunatic declared he was the ghost of prince Henry, come from heaven on a message to his parents. The poor creature was kept at the porter's lodge all night, without his clothes, and was given some lashes by the prince's servants to induce him to confess who set him on; his

miserable father, sick and wretched, retired to Theobalds; but, in the restlessness of his suspense, he would return to the vicinity of the metropolis, and took up his abode in the house of sir Walter Cope, at Kensington, now Holland House. "Of this place he was quickly weary," wrote Mr. Chamberlayne, in one of his news-letters to sir Dudley Carleton, "for he said the wind blew through the walls, and he could not be warm in his bed." In short, the impatient anguish with which both the king and queen took the death of their son, rather scandalized all the religious professors at their court.

The marriage of the princess Elizabeth, had been long deferred by the sickness, death, and burial of the prince of Wales, and the count palatine had remained in England several months, at a great expense, and inconvenience. It was, therefore, needful that the betrothal and marriage should take place as soon as possible after the funeral. The queen was too ill and dejected to be present at the betrothment of her daughter, which was done while the court and even the fiancée herself wore mourning. The marriage took place on the 14th of February, three months after the death of the prince, when the queen was present, and was inclined to more maternal kindness towards her son-in-law, than she had yet shown, in remembrance of the brotherly friendship he had testified towards her lost son, when on his death-bed, and when he attended his body to the grave. The queen was present, when her daughter Elizabeth, and the count palatine, were united at Whitehall Chapel; it was the first royal marriage celebrated according to the form of the Common Prayer in England; from these ancestors, her present majesty derives her hereditary title to the English throne.

When the princess Elizabeth finally departed from England, with her spouse, the queen sunk into a depression of health and spirits, which gave some cause of fear for her life. She was advised by her physicians to try the waters of Bath, to renovate her constitution; and, accordingly, she commenced a western progress in the following April. She was entertained on the way at Caversham House, the seat of lord Knollys. She was welcomed, at various stations in the avenue and gardens, with a champêtre-masque, by Campion, of the same species as Ben Jonson's elegant dramatic poem of "The Fairies," from which specimens have been given. Her majesty, in the evening, was so much pleased with a continuation of the same masque, that, forgetting her ill health, "she vouchsafed to make herself the head of the revels, and graciously to adorn the place with her personal dancing." Lord and lady Knollys, the four sons of the lord-chamberlain, sir Henry Carey, and lord Dorset, were the performers in the masque.[1]

The queen spent the rest of the spring at Bath. She seemed to derive benefit from the springs, though she was once, while bathing, ter-

tormentors having no faith in the Shaksperian aphorism, "that a madman's revelations are no gospel." The king had the poor youth released when he heard of the adventure; and desired that he might be taken care of; but he escaped, and was never more heard of; he probably threw himself into the Thames.

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii. pp. 629–638.

ribly frightened by a natural phenomenon, which appeared when she was in the king's bath. Close by her there ascended, from the bottom of the cistern, a flame of fire, like a candle, which rose to the surface of the bath, and spread into a large circle of light on the top of the water, to the great consternation and alarm of the queen, who certainly believed it a supernatural messenger from the world below, and nothing could induce her to enter the king's bath again. The physicians in vain assured her that the apparition proceeded from a natural cause. Her fears were far from being appeased by their explanations, so she betook herself to a bath, which a benevolent citizen had secured, on the dissolution of the monasteries, for the use of the poor. Here, being assured that no subaqueous candles ever intruded themselves, she bathed during her stay. The citizens ornamented the bath she used with a cross and the crown of England, and the inscription, in gold, of "Anna Regina Sacrum." From that time it has borne the appellation of "the queen's bath."[1]

The hateful and disgraceful proceedings of the divorce of lady Frances Howard from her husband, the earl of Essex, took place whilst the queen was absent in the west, the same spring. As she was by no means concerned in any part of that iniquitous business, its discussion is gladly avoided here.

In her homeward return, the queen was encountered, on Salisbury Plain, near a wild ravine, by the Rev. George Fereby, who had instructed his parishioners in church music; he approached the queen's carriages, and entreated that her majesty would be pleased to listen to a concert performed by them. When the queen signified her assent, there rose out of the ravine a handsome company of the worthy churchman's parishioners, dressed as Druids, and as British shepherds and shepherdesses, who sang a greeting, beginning with these words, to a melody which greatly pleased the musical taste of her majesty:—

"Shine, oh shine, thou sacred star,
On *seely*[2] shepherd swains!"

We should suppose, from the commencing words, that this poem had originally been a Nativity hymn, pertaining to the ancient church, and it is possible that the melody might be traced to the same source. For the great English sacred composers, Tallis, Blow, and Bull, evidently caught the last echoes of the cloister ere those strains were silenced for ever in the land.

The music, the voices, and the romantic dresses, so well corresponding with the mysterious spot where this pastoral concert was stationed, greatly captivated the imagination of the queen. She appointed the reverend George Fereby one of her chaplains, and always regarded him and his compositions with a considerable degree of favour.[3]

The queen was usually involved in pecuniary difficulties. Notwithstanding the enormous increase to her income, granted by the king, she had incurred debts in the years 1613 and 1614. The genius of sir Walter

[1] Warners' Bath, p. 328.
[2] Harmless.
[3] Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. ii. p. 666.

Scott, in its comic mood, has often made our readers laugh at the *sifflication* presented by Richard Moniplies to James I.; yet a more naïve and characteristic supplication could scarcely have been devised than the following, which was presented by Heriot himself to the consort of that king:

To the Queen's most excellent Majestie.

"The humble petition of George Heriot, your majestie's servant,

"Most humbly sheweth, that whereas, the last time your gracious majestie was pleased to admit your servant to your royal presence, it then pleased your highness to regret that your gracious intentions, towards the payment of your debts, were much hindered by the scarcity of your majesty's treasure; whereupon your *suppliant* did resolve, and as he still doeth, to forbear to trouble or importune your majesty until it *suld* please God to second your royal disposition with greater plenty than now is. Only his most humble suit, at this time, is, in *regaird* of the extreme burden of interests wherewith he is borne down, and which he must shortly pay, or perish, together with some other urgent necessities. That your majesty *wald* be graciouslie pleased to give your highness' warrant to the right honourable the lord[1] ——, for the discharge of the *raymnent* (remnant) of an account acknowledged, under your majesty's hand, and direct to the lord Knyvet, in anno. 1613, together with some other *litle* things, delivered, for your majesty, to Arthur Bodrane, page, for your majesty's use, in July and August last past, and your petitioner shall ever pray, &c."

About this period of her life, after her recovery from the deep dejection that followed the loss of her son, she caused her favourite artist, Van Somers, to paint several portraits in different costumes, which still remain at Hampton Court. Her costume, when she followed the chase, must occasion both amusement and amazement to persons interested in hunting. In the first place, she was pleased to ride hunting on a peaceable-looking, fat, sorrel steed, with a long cream-coloured mane—altogether, looking as if it claimed kindred with that valuable breed of cart-horses called the Suffolk Punch—good creatures, but never meant for the sports of the field.

When mounted on this most unique hunter, she wore a monstrous farthingale of dark green velvet, made with a long tight-waisted boddice, a very queer grey beaver hat, of the clerical shape, called a shovel, with a gold band and a profusion of fire-coloured plumes, and this formidable head-tire is mounted on a high head of hair, like a periwig, elaborately curled and frizzed. The corsage of the gown is cut very low, but the bosom is covered with a transparent chemisette and a Brussels lace collar, and Brussels lace cuffs of the three tiers; buff leather gloves, with gauntlet tops, complete this inimitable hunting-dress. The queen's features are rather handsome; she has lively brown eyes, a clear complexion, and an aquiline nose, which droops a little towards the mouth; the expression of her face is good-natured, but rather bold and confident.

Sometimes, when hunting, the queen took cross-bow in hand, and shot at the deer from a stand. But the only instance recorded of her majesty's exploits in hitting a living object, is that she killed king James's

[1] The queen's treasurer, whose title seems unknown to Heriot's scrivener Heriot uses, as customary in all documents of that era, the titles majesty and highness in the same sentence, to specify the same person. This paper is one of the Heriot documents, edited by the Rev. Dr. Stevens.

beloved dog Jewel, or Jowler, "his special and most favourite hound." The king, seeing his canine darling lie dead, stormed exceedingly for a while, before any one dared tell him who had done the deed; at last, one of the queen's attendants ventured to break the matter to him, saying, "that the unlucky shaft proceeded from the hand of her majesty," which suddenly pacified him in the midst of his wrath. "It seemed," said the writer of the letter which preserves this odd incident, "that the affection of king James for his queen increases with time, for they never were on better terms. He sent word to her not to be concerned at the accident, for he should never love her the worse. Next day he sent her a jewel worth 2000*l*., pretending it was a legacy from his dear dead dog."[1]

The queen's little dogs wear ornamented collars, round which are embossed, in gold, the letters "A. R.;" they are miniature greyhounds, a size larger than Italian greyhounds. These little creatures, we think, were at that time used for hunting hares. The queen holds a crimson cord in her hand, to which two of these dogs are linked; it is long enough to allow them to run in the leash, by her side, when on horseback. A very small greyhound is begging, by putting its paws against her green cut-velvet farthingale, as if jealous of her attention. The whole composition of this historical portrait recals, in strong caricature, the elegant lines of Dryden:

> "The graceful goddess was arrayed in green;
> About her feet were little beagles seen,
> Who watched, with upward eyes, the movements of their queen."

The building seen in the picture behind the queen's left shoulder, represents the lower court of Hampton Court Palace, before the trees had grown up[2] by the wall bounding the green, or the gate was altered by Charles II. It has been said the scene was Theobalds, (the queen's favourite hunting-palace, now defunct;) but many of the features still coincide with the court of Hampton Palace, nearest the river. The queen appears to have stood on the pretty triangular plain, fronting the royal stables, which now appertain to the Toy Hotel. This plain, in the eras of the Tudors and Stuarts, (and perhaps of the Plantagenets,[2]) was the tilting place, and indeed the grand play-ground of the adjoining palace. Here used to be set up movable fences, made of net-work, called *toils*, or *tois*, used in those games in which barriers were needed, from whence the name of the stately hostel on the green is derived.

The queen was standing on this green, ready to mount, when Van Somers drew this picture. Her negro, or black-a-moor groom, had just led from under the noble arch of the royal stables, (which may be supposed opposite to the queen,) her tame fat hunter, accoutred with the high pommelled crimson velvet side-saddle, and rich red housings fringed with gold. Surely when mounted on such a hunter, and in such a hunting garb, her majesty of Great Britain was a sight to be seen. Her painter, Van Somers, has added this notation at the left corner of

[1] Nichols' Progresses, vol. ii., p. 668.

[2] Hampton Palace was a residence of Elizabeth of York; this is evident from her privy purse expenses. George, duke of Clarence, was ranger of Bushy Park The stables of the Toy are much older than Wolsey's building.

the picture, on which he has, with Dutch quaintness, imitated a scrap of white paper, stuck on with two red wafers—"Anna R. Dei Gratia Magna Brit., France, Hibernia. Ætatis 43."

The affection subsisting between the queen and her brother, the king of Denmark, was great; his second visit to England had no object but the pleasure of seeing her and giving her a happy surprise. He arrived in Yarmouth Roads, July 19, 1614, accompanied by his lord-admiral and lord-chancellor; he landed privately, travelled with post-horses through Ipswich, and slept at Brentwood, without the slightest idea of his royal rank transpiring on the road. Thus, incognito, he arrived at an inn in Aldgate, where he dined; from thence he hired a *hackney coach*,[1] and bent his course to the queen's court at Somerset House, where he entered her presence-chamber before any one of her household was aware of his arrival in England. His royal sister was not in her presence-chamber at the moment; she was dining privately in the gallery. While the king of Denmark mingled unknown with the courtiers, who were awaiting queen Anne's entrance into the presence-chamber, Cardel, the dancer, looked in his face very earnestly, and then said to a French gentleman, one of her majesty's officers, "that the stranger-gentleman, close by, was the greatest resemblance to the king of Denmark he ever saw in his life." The Frenchman had seen the king on his previous visit to England, and the moment his attention was drawn to him, recognised his countenance. He immediately ran to his royal mistress, and told her that her brother was certainly in her palace. The queen treated the news with scorn, as an idle fancy. While the matter was in discussion, the king of Denmark entered the gallery, and raising his hand as a signal of silence to the attendants, he approached his sister's chair, who sat with her back to him, and putting his arms round her ere she was aware, gave her a kiss; "whereby she learned the verity of that she had before treated as falsehood." The queen, in great joy, took off the best jewel she wore that day, and gave it to the Frenchman whose tidings she had mistrusted; she next despatched a post with the news to king James, who was absent on a distant progress, and then devoted all her attention to her brother's entertainment. King James made such haste home from Nottinghamshire, that he was

[1] This narrative is drawn from a contemporary letter, written by Mr. Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering. It shows hackney coaches were in common use in the reign of James I. The term hackney, merely means something in common use: it was an English word in the time of Henry VIII. and bore the same meaning. This is not the only instance of hackney coaches being in common use in the reign of James I. Bishop Goodman, in his gossiping memoir of the court of that prince, tells, that when the archbishop of Spalatro, a temporary convert to the church of England, was seeking to return to his own country and old religion, having sold his own coach, and all he could turn into money, he hired a *hackney coach*, and, sitting *at the side*, went to every noted bookseller's shop in London, asking them to sell him books which he knew they had not, and all to show that he was not a prisoner, as reported. It must not, however, be supposed that these coaches, or any other, at this epoch, resembled the coaches in present use: they were rather like small benched wagons, with leather curtains.

at Somerset House on the Sunday, where he, with the queen, the king of Denmark, and prince Charles, were present at a sermon preached by Dr. King, bishop of London.

The politicians of the day exhausted their ingenuity in guessing what great scheme or necessity had induced this flying visit of the royal Dane. After all, they were forced to conclude that it was the mere yearning of natural affection in the wish to spend a week with his sister. Hawking, hunting, bear-baiting, and running at the ring, were the daily diversions of the king of Denmark, and plays were acted every night for his entertainment, Sunday excepted, on which evening he entertained the English court, at his expense, with fireworks, in Somerset House Gardens, after a manner of his own devising. He seems to have had a peculiar taste and genius for pyrotechny; for these fireworks were the most beautiful and successful ever exhibited in England.

It was guessed that king Christiern meant to have complained of repeated insults that had been offered to the queen by the Somerset faction, especially by the earl of Northampton, but, finding that nobleman just dead, and the favouritism of Somerset on the decline, he abstained from all allusion to former grievances. Christiern took leave of his royal sister, August 1st, and went, with king James and prince Charles, to Woolwich, where they were received by the famous ship-builder, Phineas Pett,[1] who showed the royal party a beautiful ship, nearly finished, called the Mer Honneur. From Woolwich, the two kings went to Gravesend, where they dined together at the Ship Tavern. Finally, king James escorted king Christiern to his own ship, which had come round from Yarmouth. After this visit, Christiern saw his sister no more; but he was in continual correspondence with her, of the most affectionate nature, till her death. Since the insult offered to the princess of Cleves by Henry VIII., little intercourse had subsisted between England and Germany, however desirable it was that a mutual interest should unite protestant nations. It was to the numerous family connexions of James the First's consort, that the close intercourse England has maintained with Germany for the last two centuries, may be traced. The queen's sisters married the dukes of Brunswick and Hesse, and the heirs of those dominions were, as they are at present, near kinsmen of the royal family of Great Britain.

At this very juncture occurred the poisoning of sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower. This was the effect of the vengeance of the countess of Somerset, because he had endeavoured to prevent her marriage with Somerset after her divorce from the earl of Essex. Somerset was

[1] James II.'s favourite ship-builder was likewise named Phineas Pett. Naval architecture was a science which rose under the patronage of the Stuart kings, who all understood its principles. James IV. was the best practical naval architect of his day. It is certain that naval architecture in this island owes as much to James IV. as in Russia it does to Peter the Great, since when he built the greatest ship ever known in this island, he planned her himself, and worked in her with his own royal hands, as an example to his destructive countrymen. Alarmed at the navy his brother-in-law was creating, Henry VIII. ordered the construction of still larger ships, and gave great encouragement to his navy.

at that time lord-chamberlain, a function that fitted the calibre of his intellect far better than that of confidential secretary to the king. To this office (which seems synonymous with that of favourite), there was now another aspirant, much patronized by the queen. This was an English youth, of elegant manners and person, named George Villiers, first taken notice of by the king, owing to his resemblance to the beautiful head of St. Stephen, in one of the Italian master-pieces at Whitehall. From this resemblance was derived the pet-name of Steenie, by which the new favourite was designated in the royal family. The king first noticed George Villiers at his visit to Cambridge, in 1615. Just before this time the murder of Overbury began to be whispered against Somerset, who was, in a few days, arrested with his wife, and both were conveyed to the Tower.[1]

The king stood on the punctilio that the queen should recommend Villiers to the office of his confidential secretary, perhaps because this office would render him a frequent witness of their domestic life, and because part of her own private correspondence would pass through the hands of this young man. Yet she demurred at the idea of being thus rendered responsible for his conduct, in the giddy career of royal favouritism she perceived he was destined to run. Experience, as she advanced towards middle life, had given her some insight into human character, and the probable results of an intoxicating prosperity. When archbishop Abbott took it upon him to obtain from the queen the required formal recommendation of Villiers to her royal spouse, she made this sensible answer:

"My lord, neither you nor your friends know what you desire. I know your master better than you all. If Villiers once gets this place, those who shall have most contributed to his preferment will be the first sufferers by him. I shall be no more spared than the rest. The king will, himself, teach him to despise us and to treat us with pride and scorn. The young proud favourite will soon fancy that he is obliged but to his own merit for his preferment."[2]

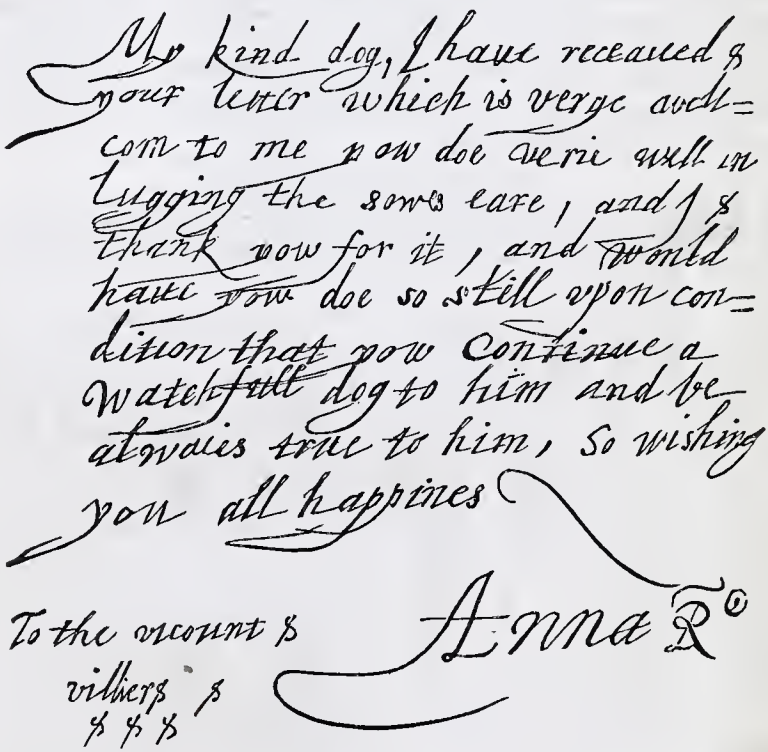
It is, however, certain, whatever were her misgivings on the subject, that she complied with the request of the archbishop, and introduced Villiers to his first step in court-honour in the following manner: — On St. George's day, her majesty being with prince Charles, in the privy-chamber, told the king she had a new candidate for the honour of knighthood, worthy of St. George himself. She then requested the prince, her son, to reach her his father's sword, which he did, drawing it out of the sheath. She advanced to the king with the sword; he affected to be afraid of her approach with the drawn weapon; but,

[1] A long series of trials took place for poisoning and witchcraft, and a horrible effusion of blood ensued of the minor agents in the murder. The malice and folly of the countess of Somerset had set a great number of atrocious agents at work; and the lieutenant of the Tower, with some of the lowest servants of that prison, were executed, yet the countess was spared, though she pleaded guilty. Somerset never would acknowledge guilt; nor would any jury, in these days, have found him guilty.

[2] Archbishop Abbott's Journal, quoted in Kennet.

kneeling before him, she presented to him George Villiers, and guided the king's hand in giving him the accolade of knighthood. James, either being very awkward, or too powerfully refreshed at the festival of St. George, had nearly thrust out his new favourite's eye with the sword, in the course of this ceremony.

Perhaps Villiers conducted himself more gratefully to the queen than she anticipated, for no traces exist of any quarrel between them. Some autograph letters are extant, in her hand, by which it appears she entered into a friendly compact with him, for the reformation of the king's unmannerly habits and personal ill-behaviour.



My kind dog, I have receaued & your letter which is verye welcom to me you doe verie well in lugging the sowes eare, and I & thank you for it, and would have you doe so still upon condition that you continue a watchfull dog to him and be alwaies true to him, So wishing you all happines

Anna R.

To the vicount & villiers & & & &

The truth was, king Jamie, when his animal spirits ran away with the little discretion he possessed, was wont to comport himself, according to the apt simile of sir Walter Scott, "exceedingly like an old gander, running about and cackling all manner of nonsense." His loving queen likened him, less reverently, to a sow. And her majesty charged her protegé, George Villiers, to give his royal master some hint, imperceptible to the by-standers, when he was transgressing the bounds of what she considered kingly behaviour. Thus, Villiers was established as a sort of monitor or flapper of Laputa, to recal the dignity of the monarch, when it was going astray. He was compared, in the circle of the royal family, to a faithful dog, who lugged a sow by the ear when transgressing into forbidden grounds, and the queen facetiously called the admo-

nitions of the favourite, "lugging the sow by the ear;" without such coarse and quaint comparison, it is very likely the admonitions would not have been graciously received. The following letter, copied from the original autograph, was written in answer to a letter of Villiers, informing queen Anne, "that, in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." Some other notes, by the queen, on the same subject, follow. She seldom wrote a long letter.

"My kind Dogge,—

"Your letter hath bin acceptable to me. I rest already assured of your carefulness. Yowe may tell your maister that the king of Denmark hath sent me twelve fair mares, which I intend to put in Byfield Parke; where being the other day a hunting, I could find but very few deare, but great store of other cattle, as I shall tell your maister myself when I see him. I hope to meet you all at Woodstock, at the time appointed, till when I wish you all happiness and contentment. ANNA R.

"I thank yow for your paines taken in remembering the pailing of me parke. I will doe yow anie service I can."

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"I am glad that our brother's horse does please you, and that my dog Stennie does well: for I did command him that he should make your ear hang like a sow's lug, and when he comes home I will treat him better than any other dog."

Sometimes these admonitions were to remind the king of certain promises he had made for the advancement of her majesty's pecuniary interests, for she was very extravagant, and always in want of money.[1]

When the king was settled with a confidant of more respectability than Somerset, the queen ceased to interfere with state affairs. This is the only instance in which she had thrown her influence into the scale since her arrival in England; her contemporaries gave her credit for considerable abilities, if she had chosen to plunge into the troubled sea of politics: she certainly showed greater wisdom by amusing herself with her masques and festivals, which fostered the fine arts, and encouraged the talents of her two especial protegés, Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. She was a good linguist, because, in addition to the French, German, and English languages, she was a fine Italian scholar, for cardinal Bentivoglio, then resident as nuncio at the court of Brussels, who had evidently visited England (probably in disguise), mentions that she possessed this accomplishment. He praises, too, her beauty excessively, but perhaps he was no great judge of female charms, and her absurd pictures at Hampton Court will scarcely bear out the assertion; but when he speaks of her knowledge of his own elegant language, it will be allowed that is a matter on which he was fully able to decide.

The queen's bad taste in dress led her to exaggerate, rather than banish, the hideous costume prevalent in all the courts of Europe for half a century. This style of dress would have caricatured the Venus de Medicis herself, had she assumed farthingale and *tête de mouton*. There is a picture of this queen dancing merrily, with a very self-satisfied smirk, in a corner of one of the rooms at Hampton Court. A

[1] Harleian MSS., fol. 6986.

little, absurd, white beaver hat is perched at the top of her elaborately curled hair, and three little droll feathers peep over the summit. No one can look at the portrait without laughing, yet the face is rather handsome, and the design very animated; the figure seems as if it meant to dance into the midst of the room. The dress is white, with a waist five inches longer than any natural waist, and withal, she wears a farthingale so enormous that her hands, which are certainly beautiful, just rest on it, with the arms extended, and hang over the extreme verge of its rotundity. Think of a dress that would not let a woman's arms hang down by her sides, if she chose! In fact, a farthingale must have been a habitation, rather than a garment,[1] and must have been as troublesome to carry about as a snail-shell is to its animal. The inconveniences attending this ridiculous dress at last exhausted the patience of king James, who issued a formidable proclamation[2] against the whole costume, declaring that no lady or gentleman clad in a farthingale should come to see any of the sights or masques at Whitehall, for the future, because "this impertinent garment took up all the room in his court."

A most ridiculous incident had thus roused the legislatorial wrath of king James. At one of the masques, performed by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn at Whitehall, there was a great anxiety manifested by the ladies to obtain places, but unfortunately, four or five were wedged in the passage by the size of their farthingales; others pressed on, and likewise stuck fast. Thus, the way was utterly blocked up with ladies, pushing, squeezing, and remonstrating with no little din of eloquence, while the beautiful masque was played out to the king and queen almost solus. Next day, the king issued his fulmination against farthingales, and it appears, from this proclamation, that the gentlemen, willing to be of as much consequence in the world as the ladies, had padded, or wadded their garments in proportion. Mr. Chamberlayne, whose letters preserve the memory of this proclamation, expresses his satisfaction, "that it would certainly cause the extirpation of this unbecoming costume." Greatly mistaken was he, when he supposed it was in the power of a royal edict to banish a fashion, before the ladies themselves were tired of it. If the king objected to farthingales, he should have commenced by regulating the costume of her majesty, the leader of fashion, but this was an experiment he was not very likely to try. In the very face of his proclamation, the obnoxious garments continued to increase in amplitude for the remainder of his life, and very perversely went out of fashion at his funeral.

The king went early in the new year of 1616 to Newmarket, but the severe weather prevented his favourite amusements. His majesty, there-

[1] In a trial for witchcraft in Lancashire, Margaret Hardman, a young lady who thought herself bewitched, thus described the sort of garment she chose her familiar to provide: "I will have a French farthingale. I will have it low before, and high behind, and broad on either side, that I may lay my arms on it."

[2] The proclamation was to his own court and guests. It was not a sumptuary law, ratified by act of parliament, like those in which Elizabeth set the fasmons of her subjects.

fore, having nothing better to do, vented his spleen in a humorous sonnet to January, in which he says:

"But now his double face is still disposed,
With Saturn's aid, to freeze us at the fire,
The earth, o'er covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast;
The chilling cold *lets*[1] every thing to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast."

The queen stood godmother, the same summer, at Wimbledon, to the daughter of Thomas, earl of Exeter, (lord Burleigh's eldest son.) She seems to have invented the name of Georgianna for the benefit of her goddaughter; for the register of the parish says, "The ladie Georgi-Anna, daughter to the earl of Exeter, and the honourable lady Frances, countess of Exeter, was baptized the 30th of July, 1616, in the afternoon; queen Anne, and the earl of Worcester, being witnesses, and the bishop of London administered the baptism."

Court gossip affirmed, that the queen was very anxious for the departure of her consort, on his long-projected visit to Scotland, in order that she might reign as queen-regent over England in his absence. But this was scandal, since good proof exists, that she was very anxious to have him home again, before he was ready to return.

King James set out on this expedition, from her majesty's palace, at Theobalds, March 14, 1617; she bore him company as far as Ware. The king did not arrive in Edinburgh till May. The extravagant English nobles, who accompanied him, had much to say in scorn of the utter absence of pageantry, in the welcome given to the long absent king. But, if sparing in pageantry, the Scotch were profuse in Latin orations, and scholastic disputations, which infinitely comforted and refreshed the pedantry of his soul.

It is difficult to detail the usual proceedings of the royal humorist with gravity; yet, it would be unjust not to put in a serious word of commendation in regard to the real good James effected, at this time, in the land of his birth. His primary object in his visit, was to oblige the privy-council of Scotland to establish schools in every parish, likewise parish registers.[2] We do not scruple to affirm boldly, that the king, whose heart was set on such improvements for the lower orders, was *not* the beast and fool which it has pleased party calumniators to represent him; three words, at least, might be uttered in reply to their railings —these are, parochial-schools, registers, colonies.

The benefits of these establishments are felt to this hour, and the paternal wisdom of their peaceful founder ought to be better appreciated now, than in his own age of blood and crime.

But to turn to lighter matter, if the king's English train were discon-

[1] Hinders. The word *let*, as well as *prevent*, has become the very reverse of its former meaning.

[2] Those who can read the quaint journal of council, written by the lord-chancellor of Scotland, may be convinced, if they choose, that these beneficial improvements emanated from James himself. This document is printed by the Maitland Club, with letters to James VI.—*See* Introduction, p. 63.

tented at the absence of the pageantry usual in England on all festive occasions, the Scotch were as much astonished that such trifles could give pleasure to grown men, and began to question among themselves, whether the English worshipped these images, and whether they were really the idols they heard so much about from their calvinist preachers. However, among the rest of the diversions prepared for king James, there was, to be sure, one red lion, made of plaster, at Linlithgow, and certainly, the address of this lion, in which was enclosed James Wiseman, schoolmaster of the said town, was better worth attention, than any other of the northern recreations.

"Thrice royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, hear a lion's speech;
A miracle, for, since the days of Esop,
No lion, till these times, his voice dared raise up
To such a majesty; then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who (though he now be here enclosed in plaster),
When he is free, is Lithgow's wise schoolmaster."

Whilst his majesty was absent, the queen dreamed a very fearful dream,[1] respecting his personal safety, and despatched a special messenger with the particulars of it, begging him withal to hasten home to her. For once in his life, king James paid no heed to the call of superstition; perhaps, in regard to the supernatural, he attended to the crotchets of no brain but his own, for he did not particularly hasten his homeward progress.

Her majesty sojourned at Greenwich Palace during the king's absence. The young gentlewomen of Ladies' Hall, a great boarding-school at the neighbouring town of Deptford, performed a masque for the diversion of her majesty. In the course of the prologue, the queen was thus addressed:—

"The lovely crew
Of Lady's Hall, a pure academy,
Where modesty doth sway as governess,
These pretty *nimps* (nymphs) devoted to your grace,
Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
On Candlemas night, with due solemnity,
And great applause."

Hymen was the hero of the masque; but the instructors at Ladies' Hall considered it only proper that so impertinent a god as Cupid should be banished from all association with that respectable divinity. All cupids being contraband articles at the Deptford school, patronized by her majesty queen Anne, and the court at Greenwich. The piece was therefore entitled "Cupid's Banishment;" and being written under the immediate surveillance of Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Ladies' Hall, ought to have been the very pink of propriety. Indeed, Cupid is railed at in good set terms, from the beginning to the end of the masque; as, for instance—

[1] Letter of archbishop Toby Matthews, dated Pocklington, May 17, 1617.

THE NIMPS' SONG AND JOY THAT CUPID IS GONE.

"Hark, hark! how Philomel,
Whose notes no air can parallel;
Mark, mark, her melody!
She descants still on chastity;
The diapason of her tone is 'Cupid's gone.'
He's gone, he's gone, he's quite exiled!
Venus' brat, peevish imp, Fancy's child,
Let him go! let him go! with his quiver and his bow."

In the course of the masque a concert was performed, considered unrivalled.

Twelve young ladies as nymphs entered, dressed all in white, their hair hanging down their necks, adorned with jewels, necklaces on their *heads*, and coronets of artificial flowers, with a puff of *tinsie* rising in the midst. They paced towards her majesty, and, after the first strain of the violins, commenced dancing "Anna Regina" in letters. That is, as they stood or moved, linked hand in hand, they formed a figure which constantly presented to the eyes of the beholder the queen's written name. Their second dance was "Jacobus Rex," in compliment to the king; then Carolus P., for prince Charles, "with many excellent figures falling off, devised by Mr. Ounslo, tutor to Ladies' Hall," who was doubtless a most exalted personage that night, in his own opinion. The ballet having ended, master Richard Browne,[1] the heir of Sayes Court,[2] Deptford, who had acted Diana in the masque, presented to her majesty, with a flourishing speech, her two god-daughters, young mistress Anne Sandilands and young mistress Anne Chaloner, who had danced in the ballets, and were among the scholars at Ladies' Hall. They brought the queen gifts of their needlework, one offering a pattern of acorns, and the other of rosemary, the initials of which were the same as her majesty's name "Anna Regina." The girls then retired, making their honours and obeisances, two by two, squired by master Richard Browne, otherwise Diana.

Such is the earliest notice of a boarding-school to be found among the memorials of English costume. Schools of the kind had, at this epoch, succeeded the ancient convents, where the young females of this country were formerly educated. Ladies' Hall was evidently the most *recherché* of the kind; it was situated near the court at Greenwich, where the queen had her god-daughters, and perhaps her wards, educated under her own eye. There are some traces of the modern dancing-master's ball to be found in this description. In modern times, however, a whole boarding-school of young ladies, if honoured by the patronage of majesty, would never have been chaperoned to the foot of the throne by a great boy dressed as Diana!

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[1] His daughter, the heiress of Sayes Court, married the illustrious John Evelyn. There is reason to suppose, from a passage in Evelyn's diary, that the parents, or near relatives of sir Richard Browne, kept this ladies' school.

[2] The MSS. from which Mr. Nichols printed this masque, was found in the library of Sayes Court, written, it is supposed, by sir Richard Browne. (Nichols' Progresses of James I., vol. iii. p. 283.) Sir Richard Browne was afterwards one of the most elegant cavaliers at the court of Charles I.

Sir Francis Bacon, who had been newly installed as lord-keeper,[1] was the person who governed England in the king's absence. He excited great wrath among the nobility left at court, by the regal airs he gave himself; many ran to tell tales to the queen, but this was of no avail, for the great Bacon was very evidently a favourite with her majesty. They complained that he took possession of the king's own lodging, gave audience in the great banqueting-house, and if any privy-councillors sat too near him, bade them "know their distance," to their infinite indignation; secretary Winwood was so enraged, that he took himself away, and would not enter his presence. He complained, withal, to the queen, and wrote an angry despatch to the king, "imploring him to make haste back, for his seat was already usurped, and he verily believed Bacon fancied himself king." "I remember," continues sir Antony Weldon, who relates this anecdote in his satirical gossip, "king James reading this letter to us on his progress, and both the king and we were very merry."

As for queen Anne, she did her best to make peace between the belligerents, and asked Bacon, in a friendly manner, "Why he and secretary Winwood could not agree?"

"I know not, madam," replied the great philosopher, with simplicity, "excepting it be that he is very proud, and so am I."[2]

The candour of this reply pleased the queen. As to the king, when he returned, in September, he silenced all the tale-bearers who had made malicious observations on Bacon's conduct, by bearing witness, "that he had, while exercising the power which had been viewed so invidiously, never spoken ill of any one, or endeavoured, either by word or letter, to prejudice him or Villiers against a living creature."[3]

It was about the time of the king's return from Scotland, that apprehensions were first entertained that the queen's life would be a short one, and the expression used would indicate that her loss would be felt as an evil. "The queen is somewhat *crazy* (sickly) again; they say it is the gout, though the need of her welfare makes the world fearful." Soon after, "the queen continues still indisposed, and though she would fain lay all her infirmities upon the gout, yet her physicians fear an ill habit through her whole constitution."[4] In her notes written to the king, about this time, she often alludes to bodily malady; yet, at the same time, she dwells on her favourite amusements of hunting or of hawking. All her letters are dateless. The following seems written just before king James returned from Scotland:—

[1] The lord-chancellor is now a movable minister, who goes out of office with his party. Till the revolution, he was seldom removed but by death or impeachment. If he pleaded infirmity, a *lord-keeper* of the great seal was appointed to act for him as long as he lived.

[2] Letter of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, October 11th, 1617.

[3] James has been most unjustly charged with persecuting lord Bacon, by displacing him when his miserable dereliction from integrity, in his office of lord-chancellor, was discovered. But those who look steadfastly into the facts of the case (see State Trials) will be convinced, that if James was to blame, it was for over-indulgence to this "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

[4] Letters of Chamberlayne to sir Dudley Carleton, Oct. 18 and 25, 1617.

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I crave pardon that I have not sooner answered your m(ajesty's) letter. You shall not feare the paine in my fingers: you shall find them will (well) enough for you when you come home.

"I think it long to see my Gerfaulkon flie, which I hope to see when I shall have the honore to kisse your m(ajesty's) handes. Yours,

"ANNA R."[1]

The next billet to her royal spouse was evidently written during her long sojourn at Oatlands, whither she went for the recovery of her health, in the autumn of the year that the king returned from Scotland:

QUEEN ANNE TO KING JAMES.

"My heart,

"I desire your majestie to pardon that I have not answered your majestie sooner upon your letters, because I would knowe the truth of the park at Ottelands, as I understand there is near forty *grossi beastiami*, of divers kinds, that *devours* my deere, as I will tell your majesty at mieting; whereas, your majestie wolde have me to meete you at Witthall. I am content, but I feare som inconveniens in my leggs, which I have not felt hier. So, kissen your majestie's hands, I rest your ANNA R."[2]

The court intelligence, at the new year, 1617–18, thus spoke ominously of the queen's health: "Her majesty is not well—they say she languisheth, whether with melancholy, or sickness, or what not; yet is she still at Whitehall, being scant able to remove."[3] Three years previously, her physicians had treated her for a confirmed state of dropsy, and now this disease made an attack on her which threatened to be fatal. She removed to Somerset House, to be out of the bustle of the carnival, Shrovetide being kept nearly as riotously at the court of James, as it is at present on the Continent.

In the midst of the mad revelry, the king was taken ill with the gout in his knees; some rantipole knights of his bedchamber, sir George Goring, sir Thomas Badger, sir Edward Zouch, and others, tried to amuse him by acting some little burlesque plays, called "Tom-a-Bedlam," "The Tinker," and "The Two Merry Milkmaids." But the gout and the cold weather pinched the king, and nothing could put him in a good humour. "He reproved his knights for ribaldry"—not without reason; "called their little burlesque plays (probably the same as modern farces) mad stuff, and was utterly unmanageable by his masculine attendants."

The poor sick queen was forced to make several journeys from Somerset House, to see him while he was confined to his bed, and at last took him away with her to Theobalds, where he had better nurses than his rantipole knights, and soon recovered the proper use of his limbs and of his temper.

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[1] Original in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. It is printed here in the queen's orthography.

[2] The original is in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. This little familiar letter is transcribed, according to the queen's spelling, from the fac-simile published by the Maitland Club.

[3] Birch MSS., 4174.

Queen Anne continued to decline during the summer: as the autumn wore on, she suffered much with a cough, accompanied by bleeding of the lungs, so that she was one night nearly suffocated in her sleep, and her physicians were sent for in great haste. She removed from Oatlands, and remained at Hampton Court, where illness made her more infirm. The king, when not confined by sickness himself, went to see her twice and often thrice every week. She evidently had not the least idea of her danger, and did not lack flatterers to persuade her she was convalescent. Sick as she was, she was not so completely absorbed in her own sufferings as to forget her old protegé, sir Walter Raleigh, in his extremity, who made a last earnest appeal to her compassion, in verse: the words he addressed to her are as follows:—

"Then unto whom shall I unfold my wrong,
Cast down my tears, or hold up folded hands
To her to whom *remorse*[1] does not belong;
To her who is the first, and may alone
Be justly termed the empress of Britons:
Who should have mercy, if a queen has none!"

These lines conclude with a passionate exhortation to—

"Save him who would have died for your defence!
Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!"

This appeal induced the queen to make one of her last efforts in state affairs, by way of an earnest intercession to save him from the block. Even those who weigh the actual deeds of this brilliant man in the unerring scales of moral justice, and who fix their attention on the fact which occasioned the execution of his long-delayed sentence, will wish that the pleadings of Anne of Denmark had been heeded, and that the following letter had met with the attention it deserved.

THE QUEEN TO THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM.[2]

"My kind Dog,

"If I have any power or credit with you, I pray you let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the king, that sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands, and rest one that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still (as you have been) a true servant to your master, ANNA R."

Notwithstanding this intercession, Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, soon after it was made. He suffered death ostensibly on the sentence which we have seen passed on him in 1603, but he was respited through the entreaties of the queen and prince Henry. There was something extremely repulsive in thus putting him to death for a crime for which he had virtually been forgiven. His real crime (and one of great magnitude it certainly was) had been committed in the preceding year, when he had employed an expedition, entrusted to him for the purpose of discovery, in a cruel attack on an unoffending colony

[1] He uses remorse as a synonyme for pity, or compassion.

[2] Birch MSS., 4162, article 60. The original of the letter, entirely written in the sick queen's hand, is in the Advocate's Library, at Edinburgh; and a fac simile may be seen in the elegant volume published by the Maitland Club, a copy of which has been most kindly presented to us by A. Macdonald, Esq.

belonging to a nation at peace with England. King James had not the moral courage to bring the perpetrator of this outrage to trial, because his people had not made a sufficient advance in moral justice to consider such piratical descents on struggling colonists in their true light. But James, whose peaceful policy had first opened for over-populated England those safety-valves called colonies, felt how severely Spain could retaliate Raleigh's aggression on the English settlements, beginning, under his auspices, to stud the coasts of North America and the West Indies. The nineteenth century has made sufficient progress in moral rectitude and statistic wisdom, to blame equally Raleigh's crime, and the illegal and shuffling mode of inflicting his punishment.

How the queen received the news of the death of the man she had so many years protected, is not known. Her own life drew near its close. She was in great danger throughout the month of December. "Nevertheless," says a contemporary writer, "she cannot fail to do well who has every one's good wishes.[1] The king went to stay at Hampton Court with her, on St. Thomas's day, and the physicians spoke doubtfully of her recovery; but I cannot think," adds the courtly correspondent, "the case desperate, as she was able to attend to a long sermon, preached by the bishop of London, in her inner chamber. Yet, I hear the greedy courtiers already plot for leases of her lands, and who shall have the keeping of Somerset House, and the rest who shall share her *implements* and moveables, just as if they were about to divide a spoil. I hope they may come as short as they who reckoned on dividing the bearskin; yet we cannot be out of fear till we see her past the top of May hill." But she never saw the month of May.

The king was very anxious that she should dispose, by will, of the immense property she had invested in jewels, which he was afraid she would dispose of out of the kingdom. It is probable she meant to bequeath some of it to her daughter Elizabeth, the wife of the count Palatine, who was involved in the deepest distress, by the assumption her husband had made of the crown of Bohemia. It is certain she had laid aside a casket full of most valuable jewels for the queen of Bohemia; and as she was anxiously expecting the arrival of her brother, the king of Denmark, he was probably the medium to whom she meant to consign them.

King James had travelled from London to Hampton Court, to see his dying wife, thrice every week during the winter. He was now laid up with a severe fit of illness, at Royston, which many persons thought would have been fatal. His illness was aggravated by the prospect of losing a partner, with whom he had spent the best days of his life; and though they had, like most married persons, some matrimonial wrangling, yet he had never given her a rival, and was decidedly (as we have given ample proof) the most indulgent of husbands.

He was very anxious that the queen should exercise her privilege of making a will, not on account of anything he might gain, because, if she died intestate, her property *must* have fallen to himself, but her majesty had two favourite attendants, Danish Anna, and a Frenchman

[1] Birch's MSS. (British Museum), 4174.

called Pierrot, who were objects of great suspicion and jealousy, respecting her jewels. The desire of the king that his consort should make a will was most likely because such document would have been accompanied by schedules of her jewels, which remained at the mercy of these persons. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London had previously taken upon themselves to hint at the propriety of her majesty making a will, by exhorting her on the uncertainty of human life, and the necessity for every sick person to set their affairs in order. The queen, however, would not take any hint that she was near death, and observed, "that they spoke thus because their visit happened to be on Candlemas, (February 2,) which," she added, "the English usually called 'the dismal day.'"[1]

Like many persons who have declined long, she was carried off suddenly, at last. Notwithstanding all the jealousies regarding her attachment to the catholic church, she died in edifying communion with the church of England, as distinctly specified by an eye-witness.[2]

"She was reasonably well recovered to the eyes of all that saw her, and came to her withdrawing-chamber, (drawing-room,) and to her gallery, every day almost, yet still so weak of her legs, that she could hardly stand; neither had she any stomach for her meat, for six weeks before she died. But this was only known to your countryman, Pira (Pierre), and the Dutch (Danish) woman that serves her in her chamber." This was Danish Anna, of whom mention has been made at her Scotch coronation. "They kept all close from the physicians, and everybody else; none saw her eat but these two. Meanwhile, she was making preparation for a visit from the king of Denmark, whom she expected to receive at her house at Oatlands, when a cough, that often troubled her, suddenly took the form of a consumptive cough, in February, while she was still at Hampton Court. She took to her bed, but first had the bed she 'luved best set up.'"

The queen's physicians were Dr. Mayerne, Dr. Atkins, and Dr. Turner; and it is a very curious circumstance that they had all been recommended to her "by sir Walter Raleigh, because they knew his secrets and medicaments of physics."[3]

The queen became worse after taking possession of her favourite bed, and desired her son to be sent for, and he came to her directly, but the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London preceded him, coming to wait on her accidentally; when she heard they were desirous of seeing her, she requested their presence, and they came in, and knelt by her bedside.

"Madam," said one of them, "we hope that as your majesty's strength fails outwardly, the better part grows stronger." They said a prayer, and, word by word, she followed them. Then the archbishop said, "Madam, we hope your majesty doth not trust to your own merits, nor to the merits of saints, but only to the blood and merits of our

[1] Chamberlayne's letter to sir Dudley Carlton.

[2] Abstracted from a letter to a French lady, from one of the queen's attendants, printed in the Miscellany of the Abbotsford Club, pp. 81–83.

[3] Letter of Gerard Herbert to Dr. Ward. Court of James, by bishop Goodman, vol. ii., p. 187.

Saviour." "I do," she answered, and withal she said, "I renounce the mediation of saints and my own merits, and only rely on my Saviour Christ, who has redeemed my soul by his blood." Which declaration gave great satisfaction to the prelates and those who heard her.

Charles, prince of Wales, her son, then arrived; he was conducted to her, and she welcomed him, and asked him, "How he did?" He answered, "At her service," and a few trifling questions passed cheerfully. The queen, who seems to have dreaded the presence of the great crowds, which, in those days, ever surrounded the death-beds of royal persons, implored him to go home. "No," replied Charles, "I will stay to wait upon your majesty." "I am a pretty piece to wait upon, *servant*," replied the dying queen, calling her son by a pet name, derived from the code of chivalry, she ever used in their affectionate intercourse.[1] She then implored him to go to his own chamber, and she would send for him soon. He obeyed her unwillingly. The archbishop then said to her, "Madam, all I have to say to your majesty is—set your heart upon God, and remember your poor servants." She knew he meant to urge her to make a will—a measure, it seems, that the two domestics, to whom she utterly consigned herself in private, were most unwilling she should take, lest they should be forced to account for treasures in their rapacious hands. "I pray you," replied the queen, "to go home now, and I will see you on Wednesday." This was Monday afternoon, and all about plainly discerned, that, by the time she named, she would be with the dead. The archbishop left the royal chamber, but the bishop of London, "a very good man," still lingered, as loth to depart.

"Madame," he said, "heed not the transitory things, but set your heart on God."

"I do," she answered, yet still bade him, "Go home, and come again on Wednesday night."

"No," he answered, "I will stay and wait upon your majesty *this* night."

Her desire to have them gone, she said, was because she knew there was no proper lodgings for them prepared; and she felt no symptoms of dissolution.

The prince retired to his chamber, the archbishop returned home, but the bishop of London remained at Hampton Court. The lords in attendance went to supper, and all the queen's ladies, among whom, the principal in waiting were, the countesses of Arundel and Bedford, and lady Carey. The countess of Derby arrived, that afternoon, and earnestly entreated to see the queen, who declined the interview, yet, on lady Derby's extreme importunity, admitted her, and after asking her two or

[1] It was etiquette for Anne of Denmark's correspondents to style themselves her *servants*, not her subjects. Lord Carlisle said, that at her first coming to England, a courtier had termed himself her subject at the end of a letter, on which king James either put himself into a great passion, or affected to be in one, and vowed "he would hang the writer." The circumstance seems to have passed into a household jest in the royal family; indeed, a great many stories of James I., gravely told by historians as portentous truths, indicative of cruelty and tyranny, were merely dry gibes of the royal humorist.

three *merry* (cheerful) questions, begged her to go to her supper. After supper-time, prince Charles entered her chamber, and spoke to her, but, at her earnest entreaty, retired soon.

All her attendants were most desirous for her to make her will, but she prayed them to let her alone till the morrow, when she would. She was cold and pale, but her voice was strong; none durst come into her chamber, for fear of offending her, it being against her will; yet all stayed in the ante-chamber, till she sent a positive command for it to be cleared, and all to go to bed, forbidding any watch to be held. Her physicians came to her, at twelve o'clock; when they were gone, she called to her maid, Danish Anna, that sat by her bed, and bade her fill some drink to wash her mouth; she brought her a glass of Rhenish wine. The queen drank it all out, and said to her woman, "Now have I deceived the physicians." She bade Danish Anna lock the door, and keep all out that were out.[1] "Now," she said, "lay down by me, and sleep, for in seeing you repose, I shall feel disposed to sleep." Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed, when she roused her woman, and bade her bring some water to wash her eyes; with the water, Danish Anna brought a candle, but the darkness of death had invaded the eyes of the queen, and she saw not the light, but still bade a candle be brought. "Madame," said Danish Anna, "there is one here—do you not see it?" "No," said the queen. Then her confidential attendant, finding that death was on her royal mistress, was terrified lest she should die locked up alone with her. She unlocked the doors, and called the physicians, they gave the queen a cordial, and sent for the prince, and the lords and ladies of the household. The clock then struck one. The queen's hand was then placed on prince Charles's head, and she distinctly gave him her blessing. The lords presented a paper to her, which she signed as she could. It was her will, in which she left her property to her son, likewise rewards to her servants. The bishop of London made a prayer, and her son, and all about her bed, prayed. Her speech was gone, but the bishop said, "Madame, make a sign, that your majesty is one with your God, and long to be with him." She then held up her hands, and when one hand failed, held up the other, till both failed. In the sight of all, her heart, her eyes, her tongue, was fixed on God; while she had strength, and when sight and speech failed, her hands were raised to him in supplication. And, when all failed, the bishop made another prayer; and she laid so pleasantly in her bed, smiling as if she had no pain, only at the last, she gave five or six little moans, and had the happiest going out of the world, that any one ever had.[2] Two days after, her corpse looked better than she had done at any time within this two years. "Her loss was almost absorbed by dread of a greater loss, the king was extremely ill, and never king bewailed more than he; but, praise be to God, on Good-Friday he began to recover and now, thank God, is past fear!"[3]

[1] Sir Dudley Carlton's letter. Abbotsford letter.
[2] Letter in the collection of the Abbotsford Club, dated March 27, 1619.
[3] Ibid.

The queen's body was brought by water-procession from Hampton Court to Somerset House, where it laid in state till the 13th of May, the day of burial. The royal corpse was attended to the grave by most of the nobility then sojourning in London; yet an eye-witness observed, that it was but a drawling, tedious sight, and though the number of the lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all apparelled alike in black; and they came lagging, tired with the length of the way, (from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey,) and the weight of their mourning, every private lady having twelve yards of broadcloth about her, and the countesses had sixteen yards of the same, a great weight to carry at a walking funeral in May. The countess of Arundel was chief lady-mourner, being supported by the duke of Lenox and the marquis of Hamilton, (both relatives of the royal family of Stuart;) the other ladies who followed, had some one to lean on, or they could not have borne up, on account of the weight of their garments. Charles, prince of Wales, came after the archbishop of Canterbury, who was to preach the funeral sermon, and went before the corpse, which was drawn by six horses. The queen's palfrey was led by her master of horse, sir Thomas Somerset. The banners of the Goths and Vandals were carried by the heralds, at this funeral, among the banners of Anne of Denmark's German and northern alliances. Her corpse was carried to the grave by sir Edward Bushel, and nine other knights of her household.[1]

The queen had never visited Scotland since she left it; but her death was duly commemorated there, when the tidings of it arrived. Lord Binning wrote to king James, "that when the sorrowful news of his blessed queen's death came to Edinburgh, he had sent to the magistrates, and to Mr. Patrick Galloway, and the other ministers, that honourable remembrance might be made, in their sermons, of her majesty's virtuous life, and Christian death."[2]

The poets in England offered many tributes to her memory. Camden has preserved two elegiac epitaphs, which possess some elegance of thought:

EPITAPH OF ANNE OF DENMARK.[3]

"March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall;
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring:
Thus March's winds hath caused April's showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers."

[1] Camden's MS. in Harl. MSS., 5176. A tragic accident happened to a spectator of the queen's funeral, who lost his life in a strange manner. He was standing on a scaffold, raised underneath Northumberland House, in the Strand, when some persons, leaning over the leads to get a better view of the procession, knocked a gigantic letter from an inscription, which then went round the structure. It fell on the gentleman below, and gave him a mortal blow on the head. He was carried into St. Martin's churchyard, and presently expired, surrounded by a crowd of persons. A scrivener's wife, who witnessed the dreadful occurrence, was literally terrified to death, for she died directly she returned home. (Nichols' Progresses.)

[2] Melross Papers, p. iii.

[3] Camden's Remains, 397.

Another, in which is an allusion to the comet, supposed to forebode her death:

"Thee to invite, the great God sent a star;
His nearest friend and kin good princes are,
Who, though they run their race of man and die,
Death serves but to refine their majesty;
So did our queen her court from hence remove,
And left this earth, to be enthroned above;
Then she is changed, not dead,—no good prince dies,
But, like the sun, doth only set to rise."

The king arrived at Greenwich a few days after his queen's funeral. "All her coffers and cabinets were brought from Somerset House, in four carts, and delivered, by inventory, to his majesty, by sir Edward Coke and the queen's auditor. The king examined all. He found that the queen had received from Herrick, her jeweller,[1] thirty-six thousand pounds' worth of jewels, of which no vestige appeared. The jeweller produced the models, and swore to the delivery of the property. Pierrot, the queen's French attendant, and her favourite maid, Danish Anna, were suspected of the embezzlement of these jewels, and of a vast mass of ready money, which their royal mistress was supposed to have hoarded. Both were examined, and afterwards committed to the custody of justice Doubleday, to be privately imprisoned in his house. But it does not appear that any trace was ever gained of the missing treasure."[2]

Anne of Denmark's hearse remained standing over the place of her interment, at Westminster Abbey, the whole of the reign of James I. It was destroyed during the civil wars, with many a funeral memento of more durable materials. She had no other monument. Her death occurred in the forty-sixth year of her age. She left but two living children, Charles, prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., and Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, both of them singularly unfortunate. James I. survived his consort seven years; he never encouraged the idea of a second marriage; but the manners of his court became extremely gross and unrefined, for ladies no longer came there, after the death of Anne of Denmark.

[1] Father to the elegant poet, Robert Herrick, one of the ornaments of that brilliant literary era.

[2] Birch's MSS. Brit. Museum.

END OF VOL. VII.